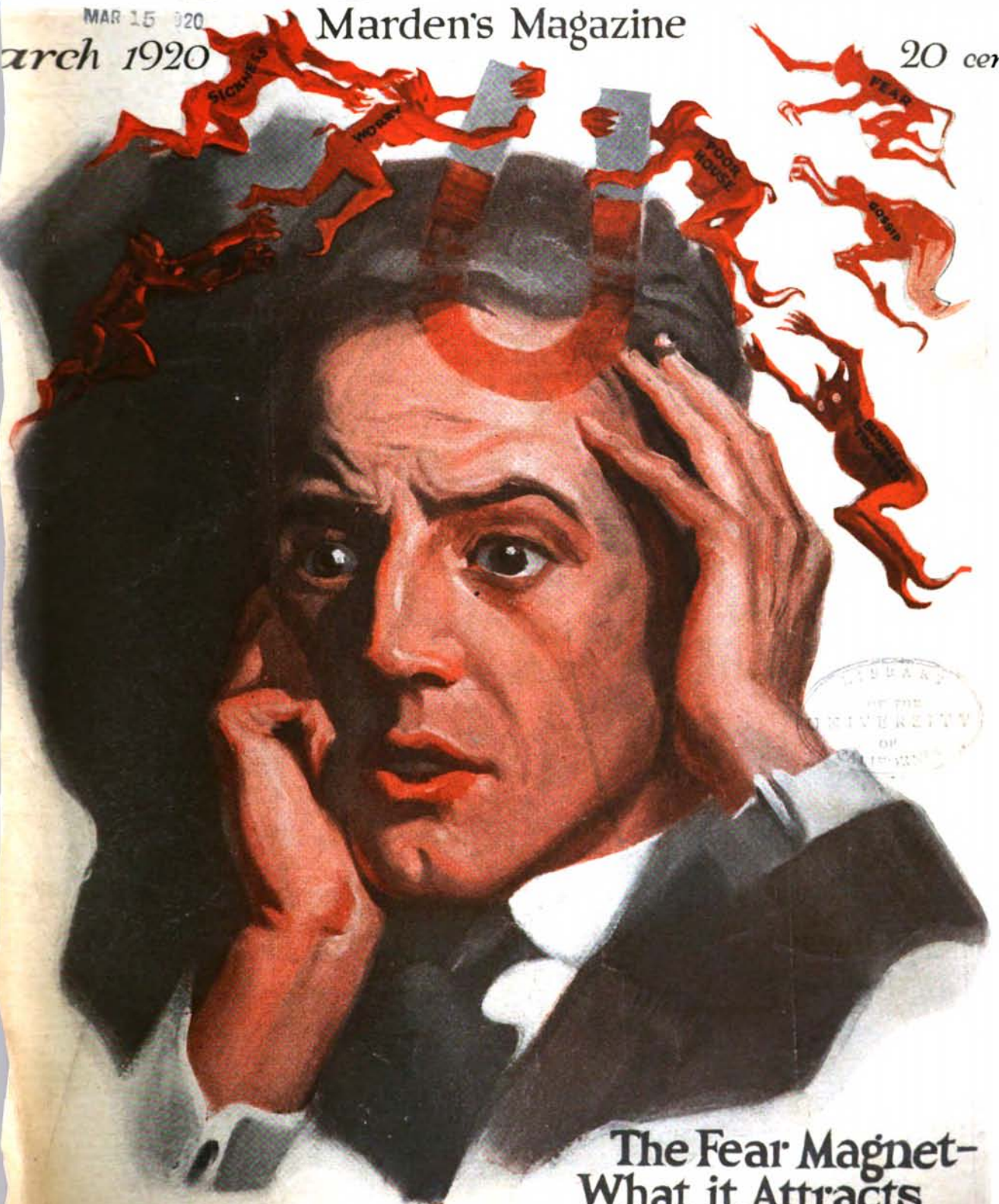


SUCCESS

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March 1920

Marden's Magazine

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The Fear Magnet—
What it Attracts

THIS ISSUE 185,000 COPIES

Do You Know Why Some Men Are Rich And Others Are Poor?

*You Can Learn the Secret of Making Money And Apply
It to Your Affairs so as to Escape Poverty and Attract Affluence*

FOR there is a law of life that controls your financial affairs just as surely, just as positively, as the law of Gravitation holds the world steadfast in its course through the heavens.

Grasp the secret of this law and apply it intelligently to a definite plan of action and all good things of life are opened to you. It is no longer necessary for you to put up with poverty and uncongenial surroundings, when by the application of this law you can enjoy abundance, plenty, affluence.

Rich Man? Poor Man?

The only difference between the poor man and the rich man, between the pauper and the well-to-do, between the miserable failure and the

man who is financially independent, is an understanding of this fundamental law of life; and, the degree of your understanding of it determines the degree of your possession.

Few successful men, few men who have attained position and wealth and power, are conscious of the workings of this law, although their actions are in complete harmony with it. This explains the cause of sudden failure. Not knowing the real reasons for previous success, many a man by some action out of harmony with the Law of Financial Independence has experienced a speedy downfall, sudden ruin and disgrace. Others stumble upon good fortune unconsciously by following a line of action in complete harmony with this law of life, although they do not know definitely the reason for their success.

No Chance—No Luck

But, when you know the basic principles of this law, when you understand exactly how to place yourself in complete harmony with it, there will be no longer any luck, chance or circumstance about your undertakings. You will be able to plan your actions intelligently so that you may reach a definite goal—a goal that may be as modest or as pretentious as your own desires and wishes. There is nothing difficult or mysterious about placing yourself in complete harmony with the Law of Financial Independence. All you need is a firm resolve to follow a definite line of action that will cost you no self-denial, no unpleasantness, no inconvenience.

The way has been made easy for you as Dr. Orison Swett Marden has written a booklet called "THE LAW OF FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE," in which he tells how you may apply to your daily life the basic principles of financial success so as to realize an abundance of all good things. Thousands of men and women all over the

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Read what a few of these people say about what they have been able to accomplish financially after reading Dr. Marden's writings and applying his philosophy to their daily lives:

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—Leonard A. Paris, Muncie, Ind.

Twenty years ago, J. C. Penney was a \$12.00 a week clerk in a small western town. Today he is the head of a \$20,000,000 business. He attributes the beginning of his success to Dr. Marden's writings and writes: "Until 17 years ago I had never made a right start. I was working for little better than starvation wages. I was pretty much discouraged over my lack of prospects. Then something happened to me that influenced and dominated my whole career—I came upon the inspirational writings of Dr. Orison Swett Marden. So, you see, I owe a great deal of my success and the success of the J. C. Penney Co. to Dr. Marden."

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"Your words started a train of thought in my mind that is still helping me onward and upward. One of the fruits is a \$10,000.00 home, besides other material prosperity."—H. A. Burr, Centralia, Ill.

"When I began reading your writings, I was making an average of \$150.00 a month in a little country village. Your philosophy changed the course of my whole life and enabled me to get away from poverty until today my practice runs about \$2,000.00 per month."—So writes a prominent doctor in a Western city.

Mail Coupon To-day

Surely, you also can profit greatly by this same philosophy and you can secure Dr. Marden's booklet "The Law of Financial Independence" free of cost by subscribing to THE NEW SUCCESS for a year, either for yourself or for a friend, at the regular price of \$2.00 (Canadian \$2.50; Foreign \$3.00). If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended for a year if you mention that your order is a renewal. This booklet cannot be secured at any price except in combination with a subscription to this magazine. You may secure two copies by sending \$4.00 for 2 years' subscription, or three copies by sending \$5.00 for 3 years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. Therefore, fill out and mail the coupon opposite before this special offer is withdrawn, or write a letter if you do not wish to cut your copy of the magazine.



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ROBERT MACKAY—MANAGING EDITOR

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Number 3

The Fear Magnet

What the Greatest Enemy of the Human Race Attracts

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

DO you know what the greatest enemy of the human race is?

War, Disease, Crime, Famine, Insanity, Poverty, Failure, Death?

No; it is none of these alone; but is the parent of all of them and of many more lesser evils. The greatest enemy of the human race is FEAR.

In this issue, our cover artist gives us a graphic illustration of the state to which FEAR can reduce God's masterpiece—MAN.

Ruin, the failure of his business, the hunger wolf, poverty, worry, misery and want for those he loves, disease, envy, hatred, strife, calumny, disaster—every evil that the imagination can visualize is crowding in upon him, torturing the wretched victim and driving him to the verge of insanity.

Why does he permit these imps, the imaginings of Fear, to torture him? Why does he suffer passively without making an attempt to get away from his tormentors? Is there any sense in a great strong man, a son of God, heir to all the good and beautiful things an omnipotent Father has provided for his enjoyment, to allow himself to be reduced to such a pitiable condition?

There is a Japanese fable that tells of a man who is cruelly

tortured, night and day, by a demon. The man, feeling that he has never done anything to merit such frightful punishment, asks the demon to explain why he tortures him so.

"Thou hast created me and fashioned me to be such as I am," replied the demon. "My nature is such as thou hast given me. Blame, then, thyself for thy sufferings."

Fear is the self-created demon that spoils more lives, ruins more promising careers, and causes more misery and unhappiness than any other thing. It drives more people to insanity, to suicide, to failure, to want, to crime, than all other causes combined. There is no evil thing we can imagine that it does not draw upon us.

WHEN you were a boy experimenting with your little steel magnet, didn't you often try to make it pick up wood, copper, rubber, or some other substance different from itself? And, of course, you found that it would not, because it had no affinity for things that were unlike itself. You found that it would pick up a needle but not a toothpick. In other words, you demonstrated the law that—*Like attracts like.*

Did it ever occur to you that this law is forever operating on the mental as well as on the physical plane? That men and women

It is what we believe, what we think, what we expect, that shapes and determines our lives.

are human magnets? That we are constantly drawing to us, and establishing relations with, the things that we hold in the mind?

Not a day passes that we do not see this law demonstrated in different ways in human life. Sometimes the demonstrations are very tragic.

Only a short time ago, a little eight-year-old girl, the daughter of a Pennsylvania farmer, died from fright in a dentist's chair, where she had been placed to have a tooth extracted. Altho the child knew nothing about the law, it worked just the same. Like Job, the thing she feared had come to her.

LAST summer I read of a woman who, during a severe thunderstorm, became unconscious from fright and died. There was no heart trouble, and lightning had not touched her; but all her life the woman had felt a nervous fear of thunder and lightning, and that, at length, had brought to her the thing she had held in mind—the thing she had long feared and expected.

It is well known that, in the past, during epidemics, multitudes of people who had not contracted the disease died of fear. They expected to contract it, and feared they would die; and again the law worked; the thing they feared and expected came to them.

Multitudes to-day are seriously affected thru fear of disease. They fear and expect influenza or pneumonia, and so invite these diseases. Their fear destroys their disease-resisting power and predisposes them to become victims.

Whatever depresses, distresses or worries, lowers the vitality and injures the health. Fear and worry are the most deadly of depressants. They tend to close up life's avenues; they take away the appetite, check the circulation of the blood and seriously impair the nutrition of the entire system. They are negative, the denial of good, and hence, always and everywhere, blighting, destructive forces.

BY the operation of the same law that draws to us disease and death, we draw to ourselves success or failure. We are all human magnets, and are continually drawing to us the things we think about. It doesn't matter whether they are the things we want or the things we dread, the thought attracts the thing like itself.

Most of us are attracting the wrong things because we do not know the law. We have never learned that the great secret of health, happiness and success lies in holding the positive, creative mental attitude—the attitude which builds, which constructs; the mental attitude which draws to us the good things we desire. We have never learned the tremendous difference between the positive and the negative thought, that it is the difference between building and tearing down, the difference between success and failure. In fact, whatever comes to us in life, in our undertakings, great or small, is largely a question of the kind of thoughts we hold in our mind.

A business man I have known for some years always thinks he is going to get the worst of it in whatever he undertakes. If he invests in anything he will say: "Of course I'm sure to lose. It is just my luck. When I buy, the market always begins to fall. The good things fly away when I purchase. Failure is forever pursuing me."

If he starts something new in his business, he immediately begins to talk gloomily about it. "It won't go. I have a feeling that it won't win out," and so on. He is always talking about poor business, predicting that business is going to the bad, and that "it will have to be worse before it is better." There will be a slump, a panic, or hard times. He fears this and he fears that,

and is constantly worrying and fretting about something or other. He is forever expecting that he is going to get the worst of it; that his enterprises will fail, that his investments will turn out badly, that he will fail in whatever he undertakes; and, of course, good things do not come his way, for what we expect tends to come to us. This man hasn't nearly as much money as he had several years ago, and his losses have come largely from his sour mental outlook, his lack of confidence in his judgment, his perpetual anticipation of loss and evil.

ON every hand we see this law of like attracting like exemplified in the lives of the poverty-stricken multitudes, who, thru ignorance of the law, keep themselves in their unfortunate condition by saturating their minds with the poverty idea, thinking and acting and talking poverty, living in the belief in its permanency, fearing, dreading and worrying about

IF fear, in all its phases, could be removed from the human mind, civilization would go forward by leaps and bounds. It is this ghastly spectre that is holding many people down. It causes more suffering, more loss, more misfortune, more failure, than any other actual human factor.

it. They do not realize, no one has ever told them, that as long as people mentally see the hunger wolf at the door and the poorhouse ahead of them; as long as they expect nothing but lack and poverty and hard conditions, they are headed toward these things; they are making it impossible for prosperity to come in their direction.

The way to attract prosperity and drive poverty out of the life is to work in harmony with the law instead of against it. To expect prosperity, to believe with all your heart—no matter how present conditions may seem to contradict—that you are going to become prosperous, that you are already prosperous, is the very first condition of the law of attaining what you desire. You cannot get it by doubting or fearing. Whatever we visualize and work for we will get.

The saying "Money attracts money," is only another way of stating the law, "Like attracts like." The prosperous classes think prosperity, believe in it, work for it, never for a moment doubt their right to have all the money and all the good things they need—and, of course, they get them. They are living up to the very letter and spirit of the law of attraction.

WHAT we most frequently visualize, what we think most about, is constantly weaving itself into the fabric of our lives, becoming a part of ourselves, increasing the power of our mental magnet to attract those things to us. It doesn't matter whether they are things we fear and try to avoid or things that are good for us, that we long to get. Keeping them in mind increases our affinity for them and inevitably tends to bring them into our lives.

The subconscious or subjective mind receives every impression made upon it by the conscious or objective mind; and whatever impression it receives, whatever suggestion is made, it tends to carry out. Just in proportion to the depth, the intensity and duration of the impression made, whether it be harmful or helpful, will be the measure of the thing you shall receive.

THE difference in the condition of the great majority of men and women is a difference of mental attitude, the difference between positive and negative, constructive and destructive, thinking. What we get out of life we do not get by physical force, but by the subtle power of mental attraction. We bring it to ourselves by making our minds magnets to attract it. Out of the great ocean of supply that surrounds us we attract the things for which our mental attitude has an affinity. Some attract success, some failure; some attract opulence, plenty, others poverty and lack. It all depends upon the difference in thought, whether it is positive or negative, constructive or destructive.

The great fact for us to remember is that we are human magnets, mental magnets, and that it is for us to decide the quality of the magnetic current that shall flow out from us. On this everything depends, for the inflowing current will be like that

which we send out. The mind is always a magnet, sending out and attracting something; and this something which flows back to us always corresponds to the mental outflow. You can magnetize conditions. You can make yourself a magnet to draw to you whatever you desire.

WHAT is fear? Whence comes its power to strangle and render weak, poor, and inadequate the lives of so many? It has absolutely no reality. It is purely a mental picture, a boggy of the imagination, and the moment we realize this it ceases to have power over us.

GOLD lay hid in the mountains,
Flecks of light here and there,
Ages and countless ages
Ere its hiding place was bare.

Gold was picked from the mountains
In weary, sodden toil,
And the marts of mighty cities
Received the yellow spoil.

And the arts of the earth paid tribute
To the art of its fashioning
Till the goldsmith's window held it,
A finished and perfect thing.

THE ARTIFICERS

BY EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

Worthy the praise of princes—
Fitted to deck a bride—
Man's toil and art's long dreaming,
That Beauty might abide.

WORDS lie hid in the language—
Common dust of our days—
Till the poet's fancy welds them
Into a perfect phrase.

Between the flesh and the spirit
Making mere words the bond,
Polishing, gemming, adorning—
The Vision always beyond—

Toiling—mightily dreaming—
Fusing with art supreme,
Until labor is lost in beauty
And men behold only the Dream.

Why Clemenceau Was Defeated and Deschanel Elected President of France

A Keen Analysis of the "Ingratitude of Republics"

By JOHN T. DRAYTON

European Correspondent of "The New Success"

THE recent defeat of Georges Clemenceau, the "Tiger of France," for the Presidency of his country, and the selection of Paul Deschanel for that office, brings to light a curious and important difference between the functions of the Chief Executive of France and the Chief Executive of the United States.

Clemenceau was literally defeated because he was "too big for the job"—"not temperamentally suited" for it—because he is a fighter and a doer, not a social diplomatist. And this reflects not in the least upon Deschanel, who is conceded to be ideally equipped for the office.

Clemenceau is believed by his friends to be a greater figure in the history of France in spite of his failure to succeed to the presidency. In his own words, at the end of the World War, "The Tiger" voiced his own view of the situation: "I ought to die now," he declared. "Then they would at least give me a funeral."

Apparently there is nothing of the "ingratitude of republics" in the preference of Deschanel for president. France loves Clemenceau as the man who saved her from the Prussian, the man who led the Tricolor thru the darkest days of its history to the greatest victory since the birth of the nation. But France did not want Clemenceau for President.

The Nation's Symbolic Head

HERE is the reason: The French President is not unlike the King of England in his functions, and in his position in regard to affairs of State. To the French mind the activities of a Wilson or a Roosevelt would be a national scandal. For a President to attempt to dictate the policies of State would be a high crime against the people. He may use his influence, as did Edward VII, of Great Britain, but he may not come out openly and attempt to influence legislation or declare policies which he desires or intends to carry out. He is an official figurehead with "tremendous unofficial power." What he may be and may do, personally, is another matter; but he must do it suavely, quietly and diplomatically. He is the nominal and symbolic head of the nation—he represents France—but he must not, openly at least, try to dominate France.

And what most ardent admirer of Clemenceau could

imagine him sitting passively in the presidential chair under such conditions?

Not Elected by Direct Vote

THE procedure is this: The French people do not vote directly for their Chief Magistrate as we do in America. He is chosen by the joint secret ballot of the members of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, which correspond to the United States Congress. This joint session is held at the historic Palace of Versailles every seven years. In this magnificent building Germany forced France to sign the humbling terms of the treaty which followed the Franco-Prussian War, and, more recently, the Allies drafted there the terms of the Peace Treaty, which ended the World War. The exception to this procedure is that such a session occurs if, for any reason, the presidency is vacated before the lapse of seven years—and this has happened with great frequency under the Third Republic of France.

It was on January 16, 1920, that the delegates gathered to choose the successor of Poincaré. Their balloting resulted in 408 votes for Deschanel against 389 for Clemenceau. "The Tiger" smiled and at once withdrew his name. In the formal balloting the following day he received 56 complimentary votes, and Deschanel was elected by a huge majority. He received 734 of the total of 889 votes cast—the largest majority accorded to a French President since the election of Thiers, who was the unanimous choice of the delegates following the dethronement of the ill-fated Napoleon III.

Clemenceau's defeat is probably most clearly expressed in a New York Times editorial: "The war is over, peace has been declared, the nation is no longer in danger. Senators and Deputies felt free to give

way to their personal feelings and, as might well be imagined, the sensibilities of a good many members must have been ruffled by 'The Tiger.' He is a tremendously strong personality, and that often makes for enmities; besides, he has commanded support by sheer moral and intellectual force rather than by the art of the politician. He has little time to waste in soft flatteries and propitiations."

(Continued on page 46)



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PAUL DESCHANDEL

The New President of France.

His first public statement was this message to the United States:

The changing tides of politics cannot affect that which has a great ideal for its foundation. Throughout the crisis in which humanity's age-long strike for liberty and justice was on the verge of collapse, American democracy has remained the champion of the most noble cause. Together we may now face the future with confidence.

PAUL DESCHANDEL.

Twenty Years with a Cranky Boss!

*Being the True Story of
a Man Who Knew How
to Adapt Himself*

By A. OWEN PENNY

MY boss is concededly a hard man to please. He says of himself, "I suppose I am pretty cranky," and most of us are inclined to assure him that he is. He is critical to the point of fault-finding; exacting to the point of domineering. More than one person has said, "I could not stand that man five minutes." Yet I have "stood" him for twenty years.

His sharpness of speech is not confined to his employees. Customers and others with whom he has dealings are subjected to the same treatment. Some people refuse to have anything to do with him on this account. But because he is rendering a service that is indispensable, many endure him with what restraint they can command. Others would have broken with him but for my mediation.

Why have I stayed with such a man all these years, when, if I left him to-night, I could have a new position to-morrow morning with men of easier disposition? I will tell you.

WHEN I entered William Bradley's employ, I had studied every other firm in his line of business that I had ever heard of. I had learned that in this particular field he was without a peer. Every other man in the business took off his hat to him. Clearly then, having determined that this was the line I wanted to follow, it was to my interest to associate myself with the man who could teach me most about it.

Accordingly, I studied William Bradley minutely, for the sole purpose of learning how to adapt myself to him. Almost immediately I found that he was a crank of the purest type, but that underneath his roughness, his impetuosity of speech and his seeming disregard of people's feelings, he had a heart like a mother. His pocket was open to everyone in need. He was ready with his sympathy and counsel toward everyone who had a problem; and in spite of his whip-like tongue, his sense of justice was very keen. Prove to him that he was wrong and no one could be quicker than he to make things right.

Thus assured that the man's character had a foundation of real goodness, and knowing that he was rendering a service of genuine value to the public, I determined to understand and please him. More than that, I undertook to teach others to understand him, both employees and public, for if he were the kind of man he was, if he were unable to exercise tact and self-control, then the rest of us must.

ONE of the first things I discovered about the boss was that he liked fast work. "What is the use of taking ten minutes for something that you can do in five?" he asks. He himself is absolutely the quickest man about his office I ever saw. Few are they who can keep up with him, and those who cannot now and again meet sharp re-

buke. As for myself, I am naturally very deliberate; I never like to be driven; yet I have sped up my motions to such a degree that even the chief has been surprised.

Another trying quirk of Bradley's is his dislike of having to make explanations. He takes it for granted that everyone about the place knows just what ought to be done and how. For example: After I had been with him a few years, he selected me to do all his banking. Now I knew next to nothing about banking, so was compelled to seek instruction. I had asked possibly two questions when something about Bradley's eye and voice indicated that if I were not equal to this little task, he could find someone who was. Rather than put him to this trouble, I took my problem to Bradley's bankers and learned from them how he was in the habit of handling his finances.

Since then I have never asked the chief for information if I could possibly obtain it elsewhere. However, this trait was obviously very unreasonable, and has provoked much ill-feeling among the employees. Lately many of them have taken to coming to me for instructions, and thus we keep a measure of peace in the family.

Bradley's narrowness shows itself in queer ways. When the 'phone rings he

wants it answered at once. If we wait two seconds he will leave his desk and take the call himself, then rip out. "That's a good way to lose valuable business!" When I suggested that he hire a telephone operator to attend exclusively to the instrument, he snapped back, "That's a needless expense. The one nearest the 'phone and least busy can answer it."

I might have let things take their course, with the inevitable train of delay, impatient customers, lost orders and fired clerks, but I had too much interest in the business. So I quietly took two of the older men into my confidence and now one or another of us manages to take 'phone calls with a minimum of delay.

I HAVE emphasized Bradley's faults for the purpose of showing that it is possible to adapt yourself to almost anyone if you have the mind to; but it would be unfair not to give at least one example of the old fellow's finer nature.

Sometimes he has done or said things that have almost "gotten" even me. A fellow has his own off days, you know, and often I am as unwilling to take sharp words as the next man. In this particular instance the chief made a remark that offended my self-respect. After I had regained my self-control, I went into his private office and shut the door.

"Look here, chief," I said, in the familiar way that he secretly rather liked, "Chapin quit for less than you gave me just now, and there are others who are still here only

(Continued on page 79)

I Am—?

I AM the foundation of national life.

I am the starting point of the world's great men and women.

I am the crown of every normal human being's ambitious dream.

I am the fountain head of all virtue in civic and in national life.

I am that which stands for refinement, for culture, for purity, for unselfishness, for service, for sacrifice, for the spirit of "one for all and all for one."

I am that which raises the struggle for life to a high and holy plane. Without me it would degenerate into a brutal battle in which victory would go only to the physically strong.

I am the mother of civilization, the rallying point of mankind. Upon me rests everything noble, glorious, and inspiring in civilization. Without me there would be no unselfish love, no divine enthusiasm, no safety for the weak and helpless, no great ideals, no universal training-schools for the development of the best in men.

I am the model on which true democracy, all governments, all institutions, all movements for the elevation and welfare of humanity are based. Without me men and women would shrivel, would never reach their loftiest ideals.

I am the conservator of health, the motive of progress, the sweetener, the enricher of life, the generator of love, the soother of sorrow, the refuge in time of trouble and disappointment, the mainstay of the family.

I satisfy as nothing else can the cravings of the human heart. I draw men and women together; my influence extends into every phase of life; there is no quarter of the earth in which I am not known and loved. Some say I'm losing my hold, that my influence is waning, that the American home is passing; but they don't know human nature, who say this. So long as man lives, so long shall I.

I am the very heart of the nation; the station from which the life blood is pumped thru its every artery and vein—social, political, economic, industrial, agricultural, educational, artistic, religious—all the channels of human life.

I am the staunch foe of anarchism, bolshevism, syndicalism, Bourbonism, of every "ism" that would lead people away from fundamental justice, true citizenship and loyalty to the spirit of fair play, the policy of "Live and let live," with equal rights and opportunities for all.

I am to man what the earth and air and sunshine, the rain and dew are to the seed that is sown in spring. I give him in his tender years the nourishment, the stimulus, and the care that develop a stalwart, noble, manly character. The impress that I leave on him is ineffaceable.

I am the dream of every normal young man. I go hand in hand with his ambition to reach the top in his chosen calling. But instead of dividing his interest in his specialty, as other things might, I stimulate it and make him more eager to get on and up.

I am the "dream come true" of countless men and women. The vision of me has nerved mankind in every age to brave the terrors and dangers of the unknown—wild beasts and savage, untamed Nature. To win me men have journeyed by land and sea, thru the pathless wilderness, over frozen lakes and rivers, over snow-capped, forest-clothed mountains and deep abysses. It is the age-long quest for me that has developed the finest qualities of men and women.

I am more closely and intimately linked with the history of man than anything else. I have made the greatest vocation in the world possible; and, altho it has taken centuries of evolution to bring me up to my present stage, my possibilities are still unlimited. Science and efficiency are bringing humanity closer and closer together in one great solidarity, and every invention and discovery is, directly or indirectly, affecting me, bringing me to a higher level.

I am the highest and finest influence in married life. Without me both husband and wife are subject to all sorts of temptations that otherwise would not come to them; they lack one of the most stabilizing and inspiring motives that it is possible for them to share in common. I draw and hold them together, happy and united, as nothing else has power to do.

My beginnings were very humble, and I still have many faults, many imperfections, but my progress toward perfection, tho slow, is steady. Scientific methods and the use of electricity, which has given us so many labor-saving devices, are constantly eradicating my defects, making me more attractive, more popular, more desirable than ever.

I am the world's most precious possession; of more intrinsic value than all the gold and diamond mines ever discovered. Yet I am within reach of the poorest who are willing to work for me.

I am the finest product of the united efforts of intelligent, high-minded, ambitious men and women, eager not only to advance their own interests, but to make the world a better and happier place for all.

Wealth cannot purchase me. I am more often found among those of moderate means—where there is neither great wealth nor great poverty—than anywhere else. There are many surious imitations of me, but the reality of me is found only where order, love, harmony, and unselfishness reign.

I AM THE HOME.

O. S. M.



“To-morrow” Baxter

*The Story of a Man Who Had No
Use for To-day*

By KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

Author of “Cecilia of the Pink Roses” and other stories

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

“**T**O-MORROW” BAXTER was a young gentleman who possessed much charm, an unassailable good nature and a decided tendency never to do to-day what he could do to-morrow; and his to-morrows, by the way, renewed themselves quite as do notes in bank that will not get themselves paid.

But—this afternoon, which was a warm spring one, found him uninfluenced by the soft hazy green of the rolling fields, or the gossamer promise of summer shade which had begun to blur the harsh outlines of winter-blackened boughs. No, “To-morrow” was not feeling this; he was in the grip of something which he could not postpone and that was a rage, a wild, red rage, which was scratched into more violent being by jealousy.

“Hang it all,” he thought—and if his thought had been spoken it would have arrived in the open thru tight-set teeth—“Rose should have known I meant to propose to her! Always meant to—” He pounded on thru the open country for several long yards, thinking of how he had meant to. Why, he mused, he’d planned the whole thing—planned it all, but somehow—he’d sorta put it off. And she’d had the effrontery to go to see “Head Over Heels” with Ted Marshall (“To-morrow” had meant to ask her, but he’d sort of put it off) and

then, told him she was going to be busy Wednesday evening, when, for years, he had called on her Wednesday evening—that is, when he didn’t call her up and tell her that, if it was just the same, he’d come around Thursday evening instead.

“Weren’t we as good as engaged?” he made loud demand of the landscape. No response forthcoming, “To-morrow,” having worn off some of his irritation-manufactured energy, sat down to ponder the question.

A wall made a good spot for reflection, and here “To-morrow” perched. He began again to stir the subject, turn it over, inspect it on all sides, and to wonder why, since he had put into it his best ingredients, it had failed to rise as he wished.

In the middle of this he was interrupted by the chug of a motor and, when he looked up to see the approaching car, his expression changed. With an unusual alertness he slipped from the wall and went to plant himself in the middle of the road. Naturally, the car stopped.

“Rose,” said “To-morrow,” “I want to talk to you. You owe me an explanation.”

“Very well,” said Rose, half smiling. After which she turned off the motor, put on the brake and settled back.

“There are some things that I want to understand,” went on “To-morrow,” with a

“I can tell you, as an old friend, that I may marry Ted Marshall. I am not certain whether I will, but I may. I don’t love him, but I have a real affection for him—and gratitude.”

lowering look toward the very pretty girl who graced the trim, small roadster.

“Don’t act like a brigand,” said Rose, “but—come in here and sit down. Then I’ll explain. It is quite a story. It all started with a little boy who allowed a little girl to be teased by the school bully, and crying (because he even then really liked her, I think), whimpered ‘You just wait! To-morrow I’ll lick yuh!’ Do you recall that that was how you won your charming nickname. You won’t like this narrative, Jim.” She had never called him “To-morrow.” “But since you ask for an explanation—”

SHE finished her words with a wave of her hands—pretty hands which were faintly pink at finger tips and small at joints. With that wave she deposited all the unpleasantness of the story on the person who had asked for it.

“Go on,” said “To-morrow,” who had gotten in the car and settled by her. He was staring straight ahead.

“I care for you,” she said very gently, “I think you know that. But—you were turning all my life bitter by your failures. And I decided, half a loaf, sweet, was better than eight large loaves, sour. Think, Jim, of the millions of occupations you have planned for your life and your failure to ever even try one. Think of that first,” she paused. “Then go on,” she continued, “and realize that what has kept you lazy has been a trifling inheritance which, well-invested, has given you enough to live on comfortably, but no more. I suppose that was the reason you haven’t asked me to marry you?”

“No,” said “To-morrow.” “I always meant to—but—”

“Oh, one of those to-morrow affairs of yours? Well, no matter. But—I suppose

you know that you, marked devotion has put me in a curious position, sometimes? Lately, it has made people pity me. One day, last week, I went to a tea; crowded affair, and people had to scream to make themselves heard. One of my friends screamed too loudly. 'Poor Rose,' she said, 'it's a shame. Jim will never ask her, and, of course, no one else will pay her any attention now. She's too old.'

"The old cat!" said "To-morrow" viciously.

"Nothing of the sort. But she was wrong. I can tell you, as an old friend, that I may marry Ted Marshall. I am not certain whether I will, but I may. I don't love him, but I have a real affection for him—and gratitude. He doesn't forget to send me violets on my birthday. He doesn't tell me he 'meant' to take me somewhere or other, but 'sort of put it off,' he doesn't let laziness make him ignore the little touches that do matter. Sorry, Jim."

"I'd dreamed it all very differently," he said stiffly. His lips had grown rigid, as she told her tale, and they made speaking difficult.

"So had I," she acknowledged. He did not see that her eyes filled with tears.

"To-morrow," very white, and with tragic eyes fixed straight ahead, spoke.

"I don't suppose you think I ever will succeed?" he asked.

"I don't suppose I do," she admitted. "But—please understand, I don't care about what the world calls 'success.' I think it was Stevenson who said that success lay in honest working and not in what came from it. I can't quote it well enough to do his thought justice, but I mean that what I want for you is a willingness to plod, and not to accept life as it goes along and make no effort to change it. To go with the current only and not to make an effort to go somewhere in spite of the current—that's what hurts me—can't you see, Jim?"

"Oh, I see," he answered bitterly.

"And think of the schemes you've had!" she wailed, "those schemes I really believed you were going to work out: raising ducks in Northern Pennsylvania, nuts in California, a chain of garages—and heaven knows what not. And think of how you read up on every one of those subjects. How you knew them! If you had done something and not talked it and that alone, I could forgive you!"

"You're pretty frank."

"I have to be," she replied.

He got out, raised his hat and turned away.

"Jim—" she whispered, in a half appeal. Perhaps he did not hear her; at any rate, he went on and she started her motor and sped toward the town. The tears that filled her eyes did not slip overboard, because she was the sort who knows control and how to use it. But—when in a suburb she encountered Ted Marshall and gave him a lift, she allowed herself to flare.

"Saw your old friend 'To-morrow,' yesterday," he said blithely. (She was looking very pretty, he thought; very pretty!) "He is now planning to rebuild the Jamison flats into a working-girls' lodging-house. He showed me how he could make two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in two years, with an outlay of ten thousand dollars, and be doing some real good to humanity in the bargain."

"That's Jim's way—" said Rose. "He has a good head—"

"Which he'd rather die than use for anything but cloud touching. When I was in school in my little town, I learned to speak pieces. You know that ph'loserphize one? Applies to Jim. Goes this way:

*"And then he'd set and ph'loserphize
'Bout schemes for fencin' in the skies;
And lettin' out the lots for rent
So's he could make an honest cent.
And if he'd find it pretty tough
To borry cash for fencin' stuff.
Or if t'was best to save his wealth
And go to Yurru for his health,
Or save his cash till he'd enough
To buy some more of fencin' stuff—"*

"Forget how the rest goes," Ted went on, "but there's another refrain that fits, too. Eating is all that 'To-morrow' ever does, isn't it? Runs like this:

*"And if his wife would ask the gawk
If he wouldn't kinder try to walk
To where she had the table spread,*

drive by and say, "How I misjudged him!"

Or, now that prohibition seemed a certainty, he'd buy and manage a chain of ice-cream saloons. Not so dignified; but money! Great Scott! but there was money in it. The Greeks had the right idea, and with their ideas and adding a few good American pep-lined affairs, how it would boom. Then, in perhaps five years—five years would do it—Rose would say, "Who is this Baxter who owns all the ice-cream places around here. I see them everywhere!" Then someone would tell her and she would recognize how greatly her judgment had erred and, perhaps, be sorry!

"Hi, 'To-morrow'!" called some one who was driving by in a surrey, "whatcha doin'? Thinkin' up a way to preserve daylight fer evenin' wear?"

To this satire, "To-morrow" paid no heed.

"Guess your girl got kinda tired of setting around and waiting for the balloon to go up?" went on the old meddler, who was the town physician of long standing. He looked over his glasses, and not in an unkindly way, after his words. "To-morrow" slid from the wall and went to stand by the carriage.

"Look here," he said, "you've known me for ages. What's wrong?"

"Weak on the start," replied the old gentleman. "Not that that's a sign you can't go. Remember Silver Heels, that Virginia colt that belonged to Judge Hector? Never saw a peiskier animal to start, but when she got to going—*whoops!* Didn't take anyone's dust after that. No, sir! Remember one time I had a bet with Sephus Lemley—"

"You told me about that," said Jim. "Look here, Doctor Barlow—could you prescribe for me?"

"I could."

"Cure me?"

The old fellow in the carriage nodded heavily. "If you took my dose," he added.

"I'll take it, if you give it to me," promised "To-morrow." The doctor looked at him quizzically, doubtfully; shook his head and then got out a prescription pad and wrote hurriedly. This is how it read:

WILLIAM BARLOW, M. D.

5 High Street

Middleborough, Pennsylvania

Invest all your money in next scheme you think of. Work on the principle that you must leave town on the first train to-morrow morning. Hurry like mad.—Dismiss all reflection that cannot be used in real work. Don't allow your energy to degenerate into clouds, however bright they may seem.—W. B.

In the April

THE NEW SUCCESS

Is a remarkable short story

THE SECOND CHANCE

By JOHN WEBSTER

Illustrated by Robert A. Graef

It tells about a methodical and accurate private secretary who went along for years without making an error, but who finally slipped a cog at a terrible cost. It is a story which proves that nobody but a fool makes the same mistake twice.

*And kinder get his stomach fed,
He'd leap for that there kitchen door,
And say, 'Why didn't you speak afore?'
Then when he had his supper et
He'd set and set and set and set
And nod his head and blink his eyes
And set and set—and ph'loserphize.*

"Wish I knew who wrote that," said Ted, "but I've forgotten."

"I don't see why it applies to Jim," she answered sharply, and then added with sudden chill, "Jim is a friend of mine, Ted, I like him; I'll ask you to remember that—"

And there was silence.

MEANWHILE, out in the country, a jolted young man again sat on a wall and did some hard thinking. In it he took mental invoice of his traits, and from them—what he had lost. He decided he did not blame Rose.

But old habits made his fancies soar and he began to plan how he would show her. He'd buy that Jamison building, use half of his capital for it, put tennis courts back of it, a strip of green with trees before it, call it the Baxter Building—neatly chipped in stone over the front door—and *she*—would

"To-morrow" read it, and looked up. "I'll take it," he said.

The doctor nodded, clucked at his horse and, without another word, drove on. "To-morrow" turned toward town. When he reached the outskirts he began to think of Rose and dismissed the memory of his later encounter with an old fellow who knew human nature as well as human bodies. "To-morrow" again decided he would show Rose! Some day she would be sorry. He pictured her remorse and deep sorrow so vividly that he almost pitied her, and then—he looked up and saw the empty corner-store room where Heine Brumbaugh had once so suc-

cessfully dispensed certain brands of refreshments.

"Just," thought "To-morrow," "the place for an ice-cream and candy store. Restaurant, too—light stuff: soups, sandwiches, pastries. Men used to turning in here; women would, if they did. And I'd make 'em anyway."

He slid his hand in a pocket and touched a crumpled bit of paper. Then he moistened his lips. To leave all certainty and face uncertainty—the risk loomed large; almost sickening. But "To-morrow," for once, meant to do it immediately.

"Wonder what I'll call it?" he questioned of himself.

HE called it "Holland," and it took all his twenty-five thousand dollars to furnish—and then some. And the "some" he borrowed from an old physician who was treating his case.

There were spiky pink tulips in blue-and-white pots. Windmills and canals and dykes disported themselves on the walls. A pair of wooden shoes, filled with tulips, centered a front window that looked clean and amazingly interesting from the varieties of candies that lay on lacy paper mats.

Of course there were mirrors, but not too many, because "To-morrow," whose reasonings were now all one-channeled, felt sure that some young persons in the courting stage would like a few corners where reflections were absent. He recalled vividly how he had once kissed Rose's finger tips, and then looked up to confront a mirror and someone else's laughing eyes. Something about that recollection made his throat tighten. He wished he had done in those days what he would do to-day. That afternoon, he sent her violets and lilies of the valley, and he asked her not to thank him, but to be kind enough to accept them. "I am making a new start," he ended, "and this is something I owe myself."

But she did thank him. "It wasn't the lack of offerings," she wrote at the end of her note, "but the lack of caring you showed, by ignoring small things." And then she said she was glad he was in business and wished him all sorts of luck. He appreciated that in spite of the fact that Ted Marshall and Rose were now judged to be, in the voice of the more rural part of the community, "setting up," which was only a prelude to "getting spliced."

However—to return. "Holland" flourished, and how could it help doing so? There was an atmosphere of cordiality about the place. "To-morrow" had always been liked! There was a prettiness the women adored—the room was a triumph in blue and silver and white, with just enough pink from the tulips to warm it—and there were comfortable chairs around tables; and, in a front corner, a table with new magazines on it and various cookbooks that employ things like marshmallow paste which the "Holland" sold. Women began to drop in there to meet, before going somewhere or other. "To-morrow," who was as full of schemes as ever but now using them, prompted this.

"Meet your friend at the Holland," he advertised. "Cars for all points of the city pass the door." And he gave a car schedule, for he felt that people would clip that out, if they wouldn't his following admonition which was spread in large type and read, "And, While Waiting, Try the White Rose Sundae. A Triumph in Sweets!"

A sandwich board on the outside of the

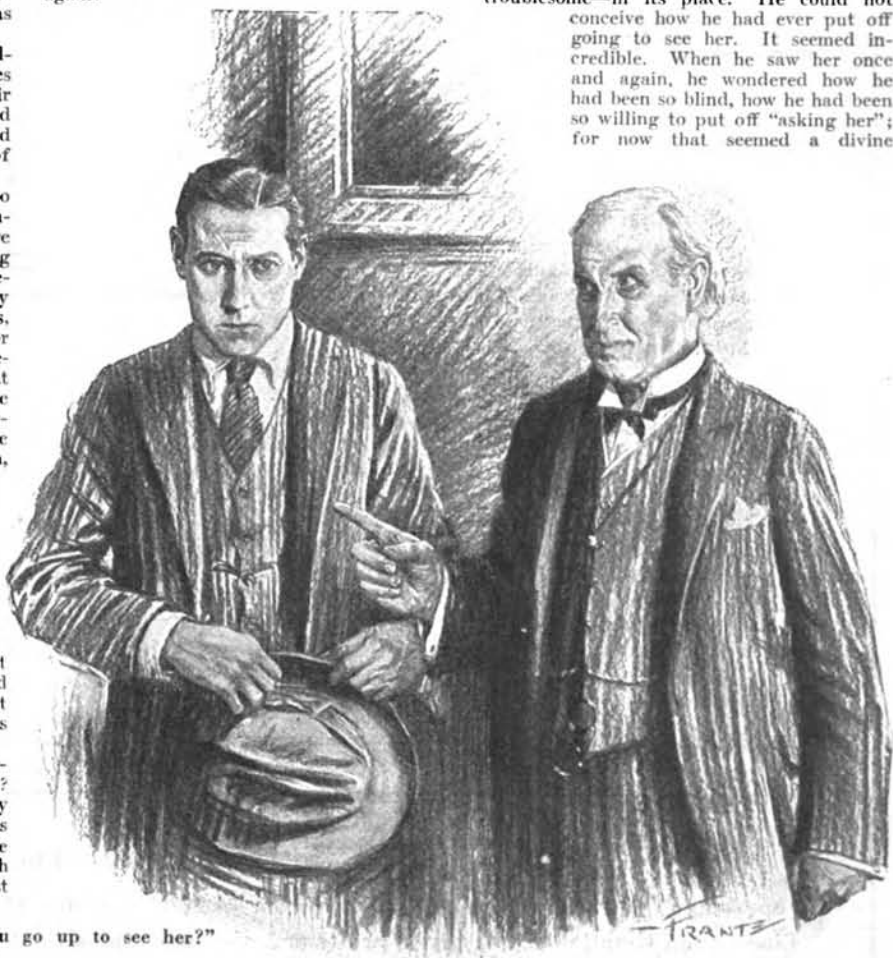
walk hailed passers by; and on this, every day or so, "To-morrow" had posted the fruits of his fancies. He began to thrill over using these.

"It's much better than just thinking 'em," he confided to his physician, whom he went to see regularly. "There's—there's something about it that makes you feel well!"

"Hum—" said the old doctor. "Knew I could do it! Knew it!"

"Come down and have a hot sandwich," invited "To-morrow." "We're making a specialty of them, and real coffee together, this week. Men like 'em. See my sign?"

The doctor nodded and grinned. On the sandwich board of that time was written, "You used to know how to get in this door, boys! Why don't you try again?"



"Why don't you go up to see her?" asked Dr. Barlow.

"I will to-morrow," announced "To-morrow."

"Oh, no! Let it go till next week," said the man who knew his patient.

TWO months passed and "To-morrow" annexed the upper rooms of the building. In one of these he put a good floor, and borrowed money for a piano which ran for a nickel a dance. In the other rooms he had furnishings to suit different tastes, and these he advertised for private use, such as teas, luncheons, etc. He found himself using the town cateress pretty regularly and put a kitchen upstairs.

"So much less trouble," he advertised, "to let the 'Holland' serve that luncheon you feel you must give your friends. A reasonable charge is made, and perfect service and food guaranteed." The cateress preferred the arrangement to restrictions of an unknown kitchen; and the trimmings, such as patty cases, meringues, mints, and

bon bons, were of course, as well as the room rent, part of the profit. With Mrs. Bigley's help—Mrs. Bigley was the cateress—"To-morrow" began to evolve little cakes made from breakfast food and chocolate, small affairs that were really good and cheaply made; and these, with the constant new varieties of sundaes, became some of the "Holland's" specialties.

"To-morrow" was, for the most part, busy enough to be content. Each day he worked on the principle that he must leave town on the first train of the following day, and with three months of it, this became an instinct. But—occasionally old habits recurred and, in these relapses, he thought a good deal, and miserably, of Rose.

His wish for her admiration was fading; but another wish was growing large and troublesome—in its place. He could not conceive how he had ever put off going to see her. It seemed incredible. When he saw her once and again, he wondered how he had been so blind, how he had been so willing to put off "asking her"; for now that seemed a divine

privilege—one that he would stumble over approaching, but which he, nevertheless, would surely and swiftly approach.

She never came into his place and so, one day, on meeting her, he asked her if she would not. She promised, again told him she was glad he was doing so well, and with a small smile, hurried on.

Miserably, he supposed she didn't care. He didn't see how she ever had. But since she said she had and he was a little less a no-good than he had been—why then, why couldn't he start it again?

He went to his physician.

"Why don't you go up to see her?" asked Doctor Barlow.

"I will, to-morrow," answered "To-morrow."

"Oh, no! Let it go till next week," said (Continued on page 76)

The Transient Patron

BY CHARLES HORACE MEIERS

Illustrated by Glenn Pierce



"The patron who came in one day."

DO you remember, Mr. Businessman,
The transient patron who came in one day—
The one you cheated by a crafty plan,
Which left you chuckling as he went away?

You may not be quite able to recall
The one I mean. I hardly think you can.
Perhaps your memory cannot hold all
Such incidents. No matter. I'm that man!

I was a stranger, somewhat pressed for time,
And keenly you commercialized that fact;
You sold inferior goods, with look sublime
And manner fraught with salesmanship and tact.

I had no time for bickering just then,
And did not note the flimsy quality
Of what I bought; but, later, I did, when
On close inspection, it was clear to me.



You rubbed your hands together in delight;
Two dollars extra on that sale you made.
I came not back to kick; therefore, that night
You deemed yourself a wizard in your trade

But you were not aware that on that day
I made arrangements to take residence
In that same town, as transients often may,
And soon returned my home there to commence.



"Two dollars extra on that sale you made."

For ten years I remained there close to you,
And profit your competitor received
Was not far from a thousand times the two
Dishonest dollars made when you deceived.

The transient patron of to-day may be
The customer to-morrow who will pay
Huge profit in the course of years; for he
May be just moving to your town to-day!

Where Roosevelt First Used the Phrase, "The Strenuous Life"

IN speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preeminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life—the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.—*Theodore Roosevelt in a speech delivered before the Hamilton Club of Chicago, April 10, 1899.*

Many people queer their success at the very outset by *expecting* that they are going to fail, *believing* that the chances are against them.

The Wealth You Carry with You

Don't let people say this of you: "He has
money, but little else."

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IF you think you are a back number, that there is something the matter with you because you have not been able to make a fortune and keep up with your neighbors—who have everything that money can buy, don't lose heart, you may still be a success in your own line. There is a much greater wealth than that reckoned in dollars and cents. There is the wealth of a fine character, made up of honorable living, kindly deeds; this sort of fortune anyone may possess.

Unfortunately, many people put a false estimate on money and the things it will supply. When we see wealth flaunted about us on all sides, when we see others who, we believe, do not have as much ability, or are not as deserving, as ourselves, riding about in fine automobiles, spending extravagantly, and living in luxury, while we are denied all these things and find it difficult to supply the mere necessities of life, we are apt to feel rebellious and discouraged. These material things seem very necessary and desirable, and we begin to think there must be something the matter with us, that we are deficient somewhere, because our condition is so different. We envy the rich man, and fail to consider that he often lacks qualities of character possessed by the so-called poor man he passes in the street, that all his wealth cannot purchase.

Money-Worship Crowds Out Higher Things

I WAS recently talking with a prominent business man who, for years, has been dealing with self-made men who have become very wealthy, and he said he had rarely ever seen one man among them who was really living, who was a real success, except in that one particular—accumulating money. They had centered their life on that one aim, the accumulation of a fortune, until it had crowded out all the higher, finer things. The men who have concentrated with great intensity upon one idea—that of accumulating money—are, as a rule, very one-sided men, and are not successes in any other respect. They are not successful husbands or fathers, or successful neighbors or friends. They do not stand for very much in their community; it is not very proud of them. Their social faculties were early deadened, and all that was best in them was sacrificed to the money god. Their development was, consequently, one-sided.

What Sort of Success Are You After?

IT is easy to say that a man cannot develop all sides of his nature equally, because only by vigorous concentration can a man win out in any large way in any one thing.

Concentration is, indeed, a very important factor in success; but when a man sets out to make his life worth while, he should not concentrate on material things to the destruction of the higher life. He should keep his manhood, his integrity alive, and not barter it or swap it for any special advantage or gain. If he does, he will not be truly successful, no matter what his fortune may be.

It is a great thing for a man to keep a level head, to develop himself in an all-round way, and not merely to nurture a money-gland in his brain, letting the rest of himself go practically out of business for want of cultivation. The great money-gland which secretes dollars is a monstrosity, considered from nature's standpoint. Nature regards as a successful man, one who is symmetrically developed. The man who sacrifices health or character in accumulating his fortune is not a successful man.

The story is told of a young man anxious to succeed in life who went to a multi-millionaire, the late Collis P. Huntington, for advice as to how he should proceed.

"Take ten thousand dollars and go into the business of raising rubber trees," said the railroad magnate, as if ten thousand dollars were a bagatelle that anyone could lay his hands on at a moment's notice.

But the young man didn't have ten thousand dollars, and didn't know how or where to get that sum, so he went away sorrowfully.

This recalls the story of that other young man who was anxious to succeed, and who went to the Christ for advice. "Lord, what shall I do that I may gain eternal life," he asked. "Go, sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow me," answered the Christ. And the young man turned away sorrowfully, for he had much goods.

The man who doesn't want to succeed is not worth his salt. But there are many brands of so-called success, and the supreme question is: What sort of success are you after?

Why "Money Magnets" Are Failures

THE aspiration of the young man who went to Collis P. Huntington for advice was a perfectly legitimate one. He wanted to raise himself to a position of independence, which must be the aim of every young man who will ever amount to anything. When a man ceases to have that ambition, the salt will have gone out of him. Equally, if he becomes so absorbed in the pursuit of material gain that he develops into a mere money magnet, he is as great a failure as if he had never aspired. For the meaning of any

success worthy the name, is Service—Service to mankind. This is the lesson that Christ taught to all men thru the young man in the Gospel, and thru the entire course of His life on earth. But the young man was not willing to serve in the way the time needed and our Divine Master wanted him to serve. He was not ready for that. His heart was wrapped up in his possessions, and so, when he was asked to part with them, he turned away sorrowfully—probably to spend the rest of his life adding to them.

While your fortune has been growing, have you been growing yourself, or have you been shriveling? If all of your energies have been concentrated in chasing the dollar, while you have neglected the man, neglected to grow, to absorb knowledge, to improve yourself in every possible way by reading, by thinking, by observing, you have not been a success. On every hand we see men who have acquired money, but their lives have been coarsened, their ideals blurred, their ambition cheapened in making it.

In the final summing up of your life's work, these questions will be asked, "How much of a man do you bring to the judgment; how much of a man have you developed; how much are you intellectually, morally, spiritually? How much does the man in you weigh; what are the dimensions of your intellectual expansion?"

If there is anything in the world pitiable to me, it is to see a weazened, dried-up, mentally poverty-stricken, undeveloped scrub oak of a man standing beside a huge pile of dollars.

Don't Measure Yourself by Money

MANY of the most successful men in the world have not been money-makers. They have been failures financially, but they have rendered the world untold service.

It is said that the most money Ralph Waldo Emerson ever made in a single year was twelve hundred dollars. This was a banner year with him. But what multi-millionaire ever rendered such service to mankind, or ever influenced civilization as has Ralph Waldo Emerson? Every institution in America is better because Ralph Waldo Emerson lived. He has enriched civilization, and that really is the test of all true greatness, all true success.

The only riches that are worth while are the riches that enrich other lives.

There is only one kind of millionaire that is worth while, comparatively, and that is the millionaire of character, of manhood, of nobility—the millionaire of integrity, of square dealing, of helpfulness—the millionaire of hopefulness, cheerfulness, and good will.

Many of the men who have done the most for humanity have died very poor. Lincoln left almost nothing to his widow who, after his death, received only a small pension from the Government. When Lincoln was elected President, he borrowed money to move his family to Washington, and it is recorded that he borrowed money to buy a suit of clothes when he was elected to the Illinois legislature, walking a hundred miles to take the seat. Yet this man, who was very poor, as we measure worldly things, was so rich in character that he towered among men as a giant and, we are told, made his associates at Washington look like pigmies beside him.

Many of the world's greatest benefactors have died in the poorhouse or in a condition of great poverty. The greatest wealth a human being ever acquires is not in his pocketbook, but in his manhood, in his character, his per-

sonality. These are the riches that count, and the world finally gives its verdict to character.

How quickly many millionaires drop out of the world's eye, out of the world's regard! The men who live in history, the men to whom the world builds her monuments are those who rendered unselfish service—service of value to the world.

Not long ago, a man died in New York who owned no home, and who did not have a thousand dollars in the world, but about twenty-five thousand people attended his funeral on a rainy day. This man had possessed the wealth worth while, the wealth that the world appreciates.

IT is a sad fact that a majority of fortunes represent colossal selfishness, in many cases greed; a grasping career in which getting something away from somebody else who happened to have it, by any possible means, was the chief aim. The world doesn't care for that sort of thing. The men who are always looking out for themselves, always considering their own good, are quickly forgotten.

Many rich men impoverish civilization, impoverish their community. They are like the poisonous weeds which kill and stop the growth of everything near them.

What are you calling out of yourself in your vocation, what is the result of your straining and striving and struggling? Is it merely dollars? Are you developing a fortune at the expense of the man, or is the development of a magnificent manhood your chief aim? What will you have to show for these years of hard work, what will be your inventory?

Wouldn't you rather have the satisfaction of having everybody say, "There goes a man, a man with a heart in him; one of God's grandest creations, but he has never accumulated money," than to have people say, "There goes a man with lots of money, but no character; he is hard-hearted; his affections are marble?"

The enlargement of life should be the chief ambition, and the enlargement of a fortune should be secondary, for "the life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment." A man's position may be much, but the man is everything.

The ambition to be a man first, a man before you are a lawyer, a real man before you are a physician, a merchant, or an inventor, this is the only ambition worth while.

Character Is the Greatest of Riches

THE only asset which we carry away at the close of life is the asset which inheres in character, in individuality. What we have copied, what we have accumulated from without, will not count for much. We can only take with us what we are—solid, stable character. We can only take with us the wealth which inheres in our personality, the wealth of our individuality. Naked we came into the world, and naked we go out of it.

There is no other wealth as great as the riches of a fine personality. These are the greatest riches, compared with which money wealth is poverty itself.

"He has money, but little else." Don't let people say this of you. But let them instead, say as Lincoln said of Walt Whitman, "There goes a man." Whatever else they say, let them say that you are a real man, that you have enriched the world by your life, that you have made others happier by your service, that the world is better because you have lived in it.

Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been—*Mark Twain*

A Barefoot Boy's Journey to Congress

Harold Knutson, of Minnesota, Tells THE NEW SUCCESS How He Climbed from Poverty to a Position of Importance

By H. O. BISHOP



© Harris & Ewing
Washington

CONGRESSMAN HAROLD KNUTSON

"I guess I have only one hobby—my mother. She is now over seventy. The greatest satisfaction I get out of being a congressman, is the fact that it enables me to have my mother in Washington and to provide her with every possible comfort and pleasure that I can think of."—HAROLD KNUTSON.

A BAREFOOT boy, fourteen years of age, of Scandinavian parentage, with two patches on his little overalls and a happy smile on his face, was listening to former Senator Charles A. Towne making a speech to his constituents in Minnesota during the Bryan-McKinley campaign in 1896. At the close of the address, the lad turned to his brother earnestly declaring, "When I grow up and get big, I'm going to be the congressman from this district."

Just twenty years later that boy was elected to Congress by a large majority. His name is Harold Knutson.

He is the present Republican whip of the House. The "whip" is responsible for the presence of the members when a vote is to be taken on party measures. He must know at all times where every member of his party can be located and, what is still more important, he must display the fine art of diplomacy in such a way as to have them on hand. Mr. Knutson is said to be the only congressman ever elected assistant whip during his first term, and whip at the beginning of his second term.

At the time of the Towne incident Harold Knutson's daily life consisted of milking eighteen cows each morning, walking two miles to the little country school, carrying his dinner—which was invariably frozen hard as a bone when he got there. Returning at night, those same eighteen cows again required milking, and the big wood-box needed replenishing for the long winter evenings. One day at school an old legislative manual came

into his possession. While poring thru it he discovered there were such things in the world as pages who worked in the legislatures and received the undreamed-of salary of \$2.50 daily.

"I never wanted anything so badly as a pageship. But to get it required a trip to the State capital, and I had neither clothes nor carfare. But my mother, God bless her, overcame the clothes problem by cutting off the sleeves and legs and taking in the seams of my older brother's Sunday suit. On Saturday my brother and I cut wood and hauled it seven miles to town, selling it for \$1.35 a load. In this way we made carfare expenses to St. Paul.

"There is where I had my first experience in active politics. To my dismay I found the representative from my district had promised to work for another boy. But I wanted that job, so I proceeded to interview every member of the legislature. Everyone of them positively refused to listen to me, explaining that they were committed to someone else.

"I was growing desperate. Having read that J. F. Jacobson was the boss of the legislature, I decided to tackle him as a last resort. I had never seen the man in my life, but nevertheless I got him out of bed at six o'clock the next morning. This was necessary because my money was all gone and my train left for home at seven o'clock. I told him how very much I wanted to be a page. He sat on the edge of his bed and grinned at me as if he thought it was a big joke. After asking me all sorts of questions, he finally said: 'By thunder! I've never asked for the appointment of a page; but I think I will. You run along home, sonny. You'll get a wire in a few days.'

"I was the happiest boy in Minnesota when I did receive the telegram saying the job was mine and to come at once.

"Not having time to cut and haul more wood, my brother and I somehow managed to borrow the necessary carfare. Evidently the representative from my district must have thought I looked a bit seedy, because he advanced me money to buy some clothes, enabling me for the first time in my life to appear in a 'boiled' shirt and stiff white collar. I almost choked and smothered the first day I wore them.

"My experience as a page was worth more to me than a course in college. I became acquainted with prominent men from all over the State, and learned something new from every speech made. I remember I carried a little notebook in my pocket and jotted down every strange word I heard. Each night I would go to the library and hunt up the meaning of those words."

At 18, He Wanted to Be a Railroad President

AT eighteen Mr. Knutson thought he would become a railway president like the late James J. Hill. Packing his other suit of underwear, shirt, socks, a history of the United States, a dictionary, and the "Life of Abraham Lincoln" in an old carpetbag brought by his parents from the old

country when the lad was four years old, he started for St. Paul to learn telegraphy, expecting to rise to the presidency of some western road in rapid stages. His capital consisted of \$130, made by working in the harvest fields.

Free Board Only Pay for Six Months

THE editor of the local weekly—with job printing in conjunction—was at the depot looking for news when the embryonic railway magnate and his baggage arrived. That editor painted so vividly the attractiveness and future possibilities in reporting, editing, printing and press running that, ten minutes later, the train pulled out without Knutson aboard. His journalistic apprenticeship lasted two years. In addition to mastering all branches of newspaper work, it was also his duty to feed and milk the family cow, curry and feed the horse, chop and carry in wood for four stoves, and at odd times run the village telephone exchange, which was one of the editor's sidelines. His remuneration for all of this work was free board for the first six months; board and fifty cents weekly the second six months; board, clothes and \$1.50 weekly the second year. This income was slightly augmented by making an odd dollar now and then as correspondent for other papers. The second year he became quite opulent by renting an acre of ground and planting it in potatoes, selling them in the ground for \$350.

"I thought it was better to start at the bottom and work up, rather than start at the top and slide down," he said to me. "I wanted to learn all there was to know about the business, so that I could make good at it when my apprenticeship was finished. I believed then, and still think, that to make a success of life it is necessary to go strong on concentration, sticktoitiveness, and ability. These elements, to my notion, give the best result when apportioned as follows: Concentration, 40 per cent; sticktoitiveness, 35 per cent; and ability, 25 per cent. I have known people with 100 per cent ability who could get nowhere because they were short on the other two.

"I think one of the greatest faults of our young folks to-day is that they are interested too much in immediate results and not enough in the years to come. Offer a young man a job and he will ask, 'How much is the pay and what are the hours?' Seldom does he ask 'What can I learn?'

"Robert Louis Stevenson had the right idea of life when he wrote: 'To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation above all, on the same given condition to keep friends with himself. Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.'"

Milked Cows to Defray Expenses

FOUR months after engaging in newspaper work, Harold Knutson's first big test came. The editor took a trip, leaving Knutson in charge. A tramp printer, hired temporarily, showed up drunk. As boss, Knutson thought it devolved upon him to lecture the tipsy one. The interview made it necessary for the printer to be fired. Then Knutson was badly scared. He had forgotten, for the moment, that the next day was day for going to press, and the boozy printer was the only one who knew how to "make up." But right there is where Knutson's three success elements came in handy. He worked twenty-four hours straight, and, with the aid of the Methodist preacher to ink the old Washington hand press, the paper came out—only twelve hours late.

He says this experience gave him more self-confidence than anything that had ever happened.

With his apprenticeship finished, Knutson, feeling the need of a little more education, spent a year at the School of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota. Here he

milked seven cows night and morning to help defray his expenses. Following this educational experience, he blossomed out as a newspaper publisher on his own hook. He leased the *Royalton Banner* without paying anything down, convinced that he would make good and have money when rent day arrived—and he did. It was here that he had his first banking experience. He ordered forty dollars' worth of stock for his job plant, supposing a bill would be sent him in thirty days. But the jobbers knew him not and sent it C. O. D. With streams of worry perspiration running down his face, he explained his plight to the president of the bank, who almost caused him to drop dead by lending him \$200 instead of the \$40 for which he had timidly asked, explaining that he had heard of Knutson and knew him to be honest and a hustler.

"It was a call note, and it was paid before it was called," proudly asserts Knutson. "From that experience I learned," he added, "that there is nothing more important in business life than keeping your credit good."

His Open Fight for Congress

THIS journalistic venture was so successful that, two years later, he had made enough money to buy the *Foley Independent*, which he made the most influential paper in Central Minnesota and himself the political leader of the county. His next advance was to become the associate editor of the daily *St. Cloud Journal-Press*, which position he held for three years. This was followed by a successful venture into real estate, developing the farming section of his State by bringing in experienced farmers from the old States.

Now comes his entry into politics! The congressman from Knutson's district decided he was thru with the political life. Knutson forthwith announced his willingness to enter it. Having served as president of the State editorial association, he assumed all editors would be for him and make his election dead easy. But a smooth old politician who had been congressman ten years previously had quietly lined up sixty of the seventy-three papers for himself. This merely served to make Knutson work harder. He made a personal call on every voter, arousing so much enthusiasm by his energy and good nature that a lot of people peeled off their coats and helped. He was nominated by a majority of 3500. At the general election some shrewd politician muddled the water by inducing a man named John Knutson to place his name on the ticket, supposing that many voters would vote for "John" thinking it was the other fellow. This necessitated Knutson making another personal campaign to explain that he was "Harold" and the other fellow "John." He got more votes than both of his competitors. His district, by the way, extends farther north than any part of the United States. To get to the extreme northern part requires passing over Canadian soil. Get out your atlas and notice the queer joggy corner of Minnesota that extends up into Canada.

I ASKED this interesting man of much experience to tell me what there was about the job of congressman that pleased him most. He answered:

"I guess I only have one hobby—my mother. She is now over seventy. The greatest satisfaction I get out of being a congressman is the fact that it enables me to have my mother with me in Washington and to provide her with every possible comfort and pleasure that I can think of or that she may care for. She went to Minnesota as a pioneer, and for years worked mighty hard raising us children and helping to run the farm. How well I remember how she used to sit up nights alongside of an old oil lamp patching our overalls over and over again until there was not much left but patches. We were mighty poor in those days and money and clothes were scarce. From now on I want her to rest and be happy."



Debt is the devil in disguise. With a whip in hand, debt is driving many a man into a yawning grave.

Keep Your Future Free from Mortgage

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THE great English preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon, declared that Debt, Dirt, and the Devil made up the trinity of evil. Debt can discount the devil at any time for possibilities of present torment.

Saint Paul in his Epistle to the Romans said: "Owe no man anything." This would be a splendid motto to place in every purse, in every counting-room, in every church, in every home in the land!

The young man entering upon life's great highway, he who hopes to achieve the measure of success commensurate with his abilities and ambition, must avoid debt as he would the contagion of a loathsome disease. If he would attain his ideals and reach those heights to which he now looks with longing eyes, he must literally obey the precept of the apostle, "Owe no man anything."

"Debt is the devil in disguise," we have been told. With a whip in hand, debt is driving many a man into a yawning grave. It has dragged many a man down to shame and ruin, moral and physical.

Even in the present generation, of a score of its most gifted sons, the names of at least eight—including a great orator, a novelist, a wit, two jurists, and two statesmen—belong to men who were literally driven to death by the dragon of debt.

"Debt means to owe—

somebody else. It means that you give up what might be yours. It means that you offer a part of yourself for sale for a definite sum. When you owe money you make yourself a slave. The other fellow holds you fast in literal bondage." These are the words of George Matthew Adams. Multitudes of men who are failures can vouch for their truth.

There are hundreds of thousands of people in this country to-day, people with superb ability, who are the slaves of debt. They are always paying interest or trying to get together money enough to make a payment on a mortgage or a note. A large part of their efforts and their energies, their ingenuity and their resourcefulness, are lost in working while so fettered. Their ability is strangled, their efforts chained by their creditors, who are continually dogging their steps.

On every hand we see people splendidly equipped for achievement, but with their talents so handicapped by the entanglements of debt that their efficiency is cut down tremendously. The victims have to work at a stupendous disadvantage. Many men have been forced to remain in positions which their very souls loathed because they needlessly and carelessly contracted debts before they found their

Would thou shut out the
avenues of ill,
Pay every debt as if God
wrote the bill—*Emerson*

niche, and later could not take the chances of causing suffering to others dependent upon them by making a change. If they had not been crippled by debt they could have afforded to make the shift and got into their niche where their powers would count.

THE maelstrom of debt has been the grave of thousands of talented, ambitious men, who might have won honorable distinction and the love of their fellow-men, in their various fields of endeavor, had they not given way at the outset to some petty vice or vanity and, in order to gratify it, borrowed from some friend, perhaps more kind than judicious, the means necessary to do so. Tho the sum borrowed may have been but a trifle, it opened the door to the temptation to borrow, and was the first false step which led to the fatally easy descent into an abyss, of the depths of which they were not aware.

Unless debt is warranted in one's business, unless it is really an economical measure, it should never be contracted, for it means slavery.

UNEXPECTED calamities or disasters, or the failure of judicious and apparently promising enterprises, will often produce great crises in the affairs of prudent, conscientious men—men who have a horror of debt—and literally leave no other course open to them, even from the most conservative standpoint, than to borrow money, if possible. Such as these need no warning to flee the temptation to overdraw their accounts or to live beyond their means. They will follow the admonition of the old Puritan divine, Cotton Mather, to his people, viz.: to "Come into it [debt] with the pace of a tortoise, and get out of it with the flight of an eagle."

"A man who owes a little can clear it off in a very little time, and, if he is a prudent man, will; whereas a man, who by long negligence, owes a great deal, despairs of ever being able to pay, and therefore never looks into his accounts at all," Chesterfield tells us.

"Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity," says Delaney. "Pay your debts and you will not have wherewithal to buy a costly toy or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not have what to lose to a gamester. In short, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences that war against the spirit and bring you into captivity to sin, and cannot fail to end in your utter destruction, both of soul and body."

It is recorded of the eccentric John Randolph that he once sprang from his seat in the House of Representatives and exclaimed in a piercing voice: "Mr. Speaker, I have found it." Then, in the stillness which followed his strange outburst, he added, "I have found the Philosopher's Stone! It is 'Pay as you go!'"

Someone has said it is not the high cost of living, but the cost of living high that cripples so many lives and compels great ability to put up with the returns of mediocrity.

NOT long ago I heard a young man boasting that he got a big salary, but he had never laid up a cent in his life, and that often at the end of a week he was behind and had to borrow money. Think of a young man boasting of this and yet expecting to get on in the world, to stand for something in his community, to be a man of importance among his fellows!

How many young men with moderate salaries run in debt at their tailor's, buy diamonds on instalment plans, and borrow money from everybody who will lend it to them, just to keep up with the procession—straining every nerve to live in fashionable quarters and make a fashionable appearance!

The temptations for young and old to go into debt are multiplied. On every hand in the cities one may read such advertisements as "We Trust You," "Your Credit Is Good with Us," and with these statements come offers of clothing, furniture and what not "on easy payments."

The terrible mania for making a show, of appearing

as well to do as their more fortunate neighbors or friends, is tempting many young men everywhere to go into debt. They borrow money, anticipate their future salaries, and will do anything possible to keep up false appearances. They reckon on the results of the future before they have been worked out. They rob tomorrow of its profit; they become reckless, venturesome, and develop a speculative habit which often ruins them.

We are surprised when these men go to the wall, yet if we would look into the causes we could generally trace them to this fact, that they anticipated their futures. They dreamed of prosperous days always, but made no effort to make them a reality.

Nothing could be more fatal to peace of mind and prospects of happiness in later years than this habit

of borrowing far ahead, of mortgaging a whole lifetime to debt. What freedom or power has a man for a creative, productive career when continually harrowed by debt? It is very easy to lose heart and give up to despair when one sees nothing but a dark future ahead. How can a man work out his life-plan, how can he realize his aspiration under such conditions?

STRUGGLING just for something to eat and something to wear, while forced to give up most of one's earnings for past errors, is not real living. It is not freedom. It is slavery. It is slow strangulation.

The comfort and happiness of many a man's family, as well as his own, have been ruined by this ghost, debt, which will not down.

"Hunger, rags, cold, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable," says Horace Greeley, "but debt is infinitely worse than them all."

The consciousness of being well dressed and yet owing for it, of riding in automobiles which one cannot afford, of wearing jewelry and tailor-made suits which are beyond
(Continued on page 75)

The Web Begun

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

THE words of a wise old adage run:
"God sends thread for the web begun."
Never a need for warp or woof
Under the idler's shabby roof—
Ne'er to his help will the glad fates run:
"God sends thread for the web begun."

WHAT of the work you planned last year—
Plan of your lifetime, plans most dear?
Why did you let the new year start
Leaving you idle of head and heart?
Why at the stint is there nothing done?
"God sends thread for the web begun."

COWARDS plead to be shown the end
Where touch triumphal and plaudits blend.
Waiting this vision, the coward dies,
Bitter tears in his dimming eyes.
Had he but started, he might have won—
"God sends thread for the web begun."

Names That Are Worth Millions

How Fortunes and Big Businesses Were Built on Character and Honesty

By LEWIS WILLIAM KLINKER

Author of "Winning a Fortune"

"CAN a man make a million dollars in a lifetime and make it honestly?" Mr. Klinker has taken time to answer this question in the following articles. He says it can be done, and tells the stories of a number of well-known men who were successful. In each case, the individual supplied something that met a universal demand and made his name stand for excellency. The result: When his product was put before the public a big harvest was inevitable. These particular cases show that there is no quick route to sure wealth, but that there is a route to positive success.—THE EDITORS.

PART I

"CAN a man make a million dollars in a lifetime and make it honestly?" is a question which we often hear asked and as many times discussed. In this day of prosperity and wealth-acquiring each and everyone of us is looking for a chance to add materially to our earthly treasure. It seems to be an innate desire of the average American citizen to become wealthy and, at an early age, he looks for a chance to make his fortune.

The fact that fortunes have been made and are being made right along is too well known to need discussion. The questions which concern us, each individually, the most are: "*Where can I make mine?*" "*What methods shall I employ?*" "*If I do make a million, can I make it honestly?*"

I do not intend to take into consideration the standpoints of the socialist, communist or bolsheviki cults, for they simply assume that no one has a right to a million dollars either in money or property, and they also insist that a million cannot be made honestly. Furthermore, they contend that it should be taken from the accumulator and divided up with those who have nothing and could not make a fortune if they had the chance, or keep it if they had one.

It is the purpose of these articles to recognize the fact that fortunes do exist rightfully, to show how they have been made and, by these examples, to determine if others can be made in the same honorable manner.

It is not my intention to formulate a plan or to point out a quick route to sure wealth. There is a reasonable amount of this world's goods in reserve for each of us, and we must be keen enough and industrious enough to go after it.

The other day I went into a business office on some errand and my eyes caught sight of a motto above the middle door which read:

*Geel! But It Is
Hell to Be Poor!*

For the moment I forgot my errand and stood gazing at the sign, to the amusement of the office force; then my mind reverted to myself and my own experiences, just as the author of the motto intended that it should. I had never thought of poverty in just that way, but in my own acquaintance with this situation I had found it very inconvenient to say the least. Perhaps some of my readers have had experiences which have caused them to look at it as did this business man.

Where Money Nearly Shattered Trust

JAMES A. GARFIELD once told a story about two of his young law friends. They both came from families of poor circumstances, but were determined to secure an education and make something of themselves. They struggled along thru school until they had completed their college course and were admitted to the bar to practice law. Thus they arrived at success in their chosen profession thru a series of hardships and difficulties that made them fully understand every phase of the meaning of poverty. Their ability was just being recognized when they were called upon to prosecute a large damage suit, involving more than half a million dollars, and they won the suit.

The names of these young men were Rosenberg and O'Connor. The first, as his name would indicate, was a Jew; the second an Irish Catholic. During their school-days, and afterwards thru dull times in their office, they argued religion, each trying to convert the other to his particular belief.

After winning this important case, the question as to what fee they would charge for their services came up.

Heretofore Rosenberg had always insisted upon collecting the fees, as he was fond of carrying the pocketbook for the firm. But here O'Connor saw his chance and said that, this time, he would attend to that part of the case himself. Rosenberg objected; O'Connor insisted. Rosenberg finally consented, but said: "Nothing less than five thousand dollars will satisfy me for my part of the fee in consideration for our services in winning this suit."

"Leave that to me," said O'Connor, with an idea of his own as to what should be charged.

"All right," at length acquiesced Rosenberg, badly disappointed, "but remember that nothing less than five thousand dollars will satisfy me," determined to fix that point upon the mind of his partner.

Sayings of Famous Failures

By EDMUND J. KIEFER

LORENZO LASSITUDE:—Give me leisure or give me death!

WALTER WISEGUY:—I came, I saw, I bluffed.

HANNIBAL HASBEEN:—I regret that I had only nine soft jobs on my country!

FERDINAND FUNFIEND:—Hours and hours for diversion but not a minute for self-improvement!

TOBIAS TIPLER:—Don't give up the booze!

SIGISMUND SHARPSTER:—The world expects every man to get his booty.

SEBASTIAN SUCKER:—I'm going to make a clean-up on the stock market, if it takes all summer!

Next day O'Connor went into Rosenberg's room and laid a check for \$25,000 on his partner's desk.

"What is this?" demanded Rosenberg, as his fingers grasped the scrap of paper—his eyes almost popping out with excitement.

"That is your part of the fee," replied his Christian friend.

"All this mine—and you received this much, too?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir!"

"Great Scott!" cried Rosenberg, jumping up and throwing his arms about his partner. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

This Has Made America Prosperous

WHILE we smile at a simple story of this kind, yet it contains more truth than we are wont to believe. In this day of the mad rush for wealth, many of us are willing to do anything and be anything if it will lead us by a short route to a fortune. Many professional and business men are doing the things that they are doing because of the money that they are paid to do those things, regardless of their individual beliefs.

It has been said that the average American chases the dollars like a hound upon a fresh trail, and when it is caught he squeezes it so hard that he almost makes the eagle scream. Taking this latter trait by itself, however, it is not a bad one to possess. It is this distinctive feature that has made America so prosperous and filled her people with energy and ambition until every man has the incentive to become rich. There is absolutely no harm in this—just so the man does not stoop to trickery. But there are those who, if they cannot make a fortune themselves, are so jealous of the man who does acquire it that they would do almost anything to get his wealth away from him. This brands the weak and vacillating character. The man of strength and courage will look carefully and observe how the rich man succeeded in making his fortune and, if he believes there is a chance for another to be made in the same way, he is ready to undertake it.

50,000 Millionaires in America

IT has been said that in the days of Abraham Lincoln there were less than fifty millionaires in the United States. To-day it is estimated that there are over 50,000.

That brings us back to our question: Did they make it honestly?

In my travels over the United States I have taken the time and pains to investigate the making of some of these fortunes. I wished to ascertain how some of the prominent millionaires, who were once poor like you and me, made their millions. I did this with the idea of convincing myself that they had no right to their wealth, for I then belonged to the ever-increasing crowd that sits around damning the millionaires of the country because they have all the money, talking about financial equality, government control of everything and, also, that each individual should be made a cog in the great wheel of business and monetary progress—each cog being of equal size and doing an equal part in turning the machinery of industry, and so forth.

I did not take into consideration the fact that all men are

not born on an equality, either physically or intellectually, and my investigation cured me of all such imaginary reforms, just as it will cure any other man who will take the pains to investigate the making of these fortunes and also to probe into the present conditions of the human race as I have done.

Stagnating the Mental Powers

I HAVE found that some men have, perhaps, a thousand times more ability than others, and if we bring the two down on a level (for it must be *down*—we cannot *raise* the stupid man to the plane of the intellectually brilliant) we eliminate entirely the usefulness of the intelligent man just so surely as the other way about, for he sees that his inferiors can perform the mental work and his mind is running higher.

The waste of his time and talents disgusts him and stagnates his mental powers by holding him down. The man of one talent uses that talent to its capacity and cannot rise any higher, for it is not in him. The environment in which he was born, or some other early cause, has stunted his intellect; perhaps his training and education were wrong, or, maybe, his habits and associations have circumscribed his future and curtailed his ability to win success.

Nature says: "You have violated the laws of health; you have dulled your brain; you have diseased or stunted your body; therefore, thus far and no farther shall you go."

It is now a settled fact that the physical, mental, and social abilities of the race are not on an equality and never can be until all men are born under the same environment, have parents of equal intelligence, are trained in schools of the same character and are thus fitted for the same outlet of brain force in either trade or calling. Thus, under the present circumstances, social and intellectual equality is out of the question. It would be just as sane to advocate that every man born must be five feet nine inches in height and must weigh 150

pounds. Then if one man is too tall and another is too short, just chop off some of the tall man and give it to the short man; or if one weighs too much and another too little, cut off a slice of the one and give it to the other. The whole scheme is so entirely impossible that it reveals itself as the catchininations of an echo from a mythical land.

But, nevertheless, there is a great deal of this handicap that can be overcome. Men of power refuse to use their abilities. For instance, there is the man who sits around and bewails the fact that he never has had a chance in the world and, in consequence, never has made a mark for himself nor done anything for humanity. The progressive and keen-sighted men simply sit back in their chairs, eye the patient for a moment, then laugh up their sleeves and say to themselves:

"What a pity that nature was so cruel as to shove this man off in a corner and never give him a chance to do anything."

Little Obstacles Seem Mountains

FOLLOWING one of my lectures, a minister came to me with the request that I try to get him a place on the Chautauqua platform, saying that he had never had a

(Continued on page 79)

CHEER UP!

By Eliot Kays Stone

THERE is no field so barren,
But some unseen flower
Sheds abroad its sweetness
Hour by hour.

There is no night so cheerless,
But the morning's sun
Drives away the shadows
One by one.

So it is in life, when the
Clouds obscure the sky,
The sun shines all the brighter
By and by.

The High Cost of Real Success

*Why the Goddess of Fame
Is Slow to Recognize Those Who Choose Artistic Careers*

By FREDERICK MacMONNIES

The Eminent American Sculptor

FREDERICK MacMONNIES, the noted American sculptor, has just completed his magnificent "Fountain of Civic Virtue," which will soon be placed in City Hall Park, New York. While many critics consider this his finest work, it is generally believed that the statue on which he is now engaged, "Civilization Triumphant," will prove the highest achievement of the sculptor's career. This statue is to be presented to France by the peo-
tor's career. This statue is to be erected on the bank of the River Marne at Meaux. While Mr. MacMonnies is an American, he knows and loves France, and his heart and sympathy are in this tribute from the United States to her sister Republic.



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FREDERICK MacMONNIES

"Permanent success is not for those who are unwilling to make sacrifices and devote their lives to the object for which they are striving."

EVERY once in a while I read in the newspapers of someone who has risen to fame over night. If he happens to be a painter, a musician, or a sculptor, it is safe to assume that hundreds of young artists struggling in obscurity who read of his success are wondering why the goddess of fame is so slow in recognizing them.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing so detrimental to the progress and growth of an artist as to be "discovered" and exploited by the press; and the chances are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that that which is passed off on the public as genius is in reality nothing more than a facile ability to do something "catchy."

The real success, if it is to be permanent, can only be achieved by the most laborious effort, and this is just as true in the artistic world as it is in the world of business. You do not hear of a newsboy becoming president of a bank over night; and yet there are evidently a great number of people who seem to think that for an artist to achieve fame it is only necessary for him to be born. That, I will confess, is half the battle, but the other half is quite a different story.

WHEN I was a lad of thirteen I left school and pitched in to help support the family. I was living with my father in Brooklyn, and my first job took me every day to New York, where I ran errands and did sundry other things that a young boy usually does when he starts out on

his career. Those were the days of the "awful eighties." Do those, who know old New York, remember the endless rows of high-stoop houses that desolated the eye wherever one went during the "brownstone age"? To me these were things of horror. The only oasis in this desert-like scene was a little bronze tablet on the Benedick Building in Washington Square, the quaint Roman lettering of which I afterwards found to be the work of the late Stanford White.

I had been in the habit of using all of my spare time in modeling at home and, one evening, a friend of my father came to our house and saw some of this work. He was a sculptor named Frederick Muer, and his interest in me and my future did not cease until he had persuaded my father to put me in a studio. Thru the efforts of this man I was finally admitted into the studio of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. I worked there thruout the day and studied at Cooper Union in the evenings.

I SHALL never forget the veritable mine of inspiration which I found in Saint-Gaudens' studio. His wonderful collection of pictures furnished me with a source of

information which I had never dreamed of before, and I plunged almost breathlessly into the opportunities for study and improvement which had come to me almost miraculously, I thought. Furthermore, I was brought into contact with the big artists and architects of those times, many of whom were continually urging me to go abroad and study.

One day, Charles F. McKim, a prominent New York architect of that time, said to me: "MacMonnies, if you save up one hundred dollars I will add fifty dollars to it."

One hundred dollars! That was an immense sum of money. For a long time I scraped and saved every cent I could get my hands on, and when, finally, I was able to muster my share of the fund, Mr. McKim added the fifty dollars. I sailed for Europe by the next steamer.

It seems almost incredible when I recall to what limits I stretched that one hundred and fifty dollars during the

four months I spent abroad. But it must be remembered that those were the days when a man with \$10,000 in the bank was spoken of in awed tones as being "worth" \$10,000. That was equivalent to pronouncing him a gentleman of independent means.

I went directly to Paris and stayed there until the cholera epidemic forced me to leave, and then I left for Munich. The high cost of living was one item which did not bother the students at Munich very much—at that time! My room and board cost me about fifty marks—\$12.50 a month approximately. Most of the theaters were free to students, and we had the free access to the gymnasiums.

I left Munich and made my way, mostly on foot, to Venice, and there my funds gave out. I don't know what would have happened to me had not a timely letter from my brother brought me sufficient money to return to Paris, where I found a request from Saint-Gaudens urging me to return to him at a very good salary. Needless to say, I was in New York very shortly after the receipt of this offer. I spent nine months with Saint-Gaudens and, in that time, I saved enough to enable me to return to Paris and complete my studies.

During my first year at the Beaux Arts an attack of typhoid fever prevented me from entering the competitions, but in the two following years I succeeded in winning the Second Gold Medal, the highest award open to foreigners.

IN the meanwhile my brother, who had often helped me out of financial straits, was drowned; but Stanford White came to my rescue with small commissions which he sent over from America. I then began exhibiting in Paris and, in 1891, I was awarded the Second Gold Medal by the Paris Salon.

It was the first time, incidentally, that this honor had been conferred on an American.

Shortly after this, preparations for the World's Fair at Chicago began, and Saint-Gaudens was retained by the Fair in an advisory capacity. They were very anxious to have him do a fountain for the Central Court, and he

immediately sent for me to come over and assist him. I wrote him that I could not spare the time just then, as I was busy on other things, but I offered to send a clever young Frenchman in my place. Saint-Gaudens insisted on my coming in person, so I sat down, made some designs, packed them in my trunk and started for America.

ON my arrival I tried to persuade Saint-Gaudens that this was a great opportunity and that he should undertake it alone, but he refused to listen to me. Then I showed him my designs, and he became very enthusiastic.

The Committee of Architects in charge of planning and designing the lay-out of the Fair were holding a meeting that day, and Saint-Gaudens sent me before them to submit my design. It was a tense moment for me, for I felt that my big chance finally had come, but the committee decided unanimously in favor of my proposal. The result was that I left soon afterward for Paris, and there I labored for fourteen months on the twenty-seven figures which comprised the decorative scheme for the huge Central Court at the Fair.

Altho I was still in the twenties, my career had definitely begun with my exhibit at the Chicago Fair. I can truly say that that was the beginning of what success I have since achieved in America.

However, I would like to emphasize once more what I said in the beginning, and that is: that permanent success in any line of endeavor is not for those who are unwilling to make sacrifices and devote their lives to the object for which they are striving. The importance of acquiring technique cannot be overestimated, and technique comes only with hard work and long hours.

THE other day a young man applied for work in my studio. He said that he was very anxious to become a sculptor. I became interested in him when I discovered that he was selling soda water in the daytime and devoting the rest of his waking hours to modeling. If he develops the ability, he will succeed as a sculptor, for he is starting out with the right attitude toward his work.

Be Good to Yourself

IF you are not good to yourself you cannot be good to others. If you do not take care of your health, keep it up to standard, you will have to look out for your morals. If you are not good to yourself you cannot be good to your employee, or your family.

Everywhere we see people doing little things when they should be doing big things simply because they do not conserve their physical force; they do not have vitality enough to push their way, to overcome obstacles in their path because they do not take care of their health.

Our first aim in life should be to keep our physical and mental powers up to the highest possible standard; to conserve our energies, to guard our health so that we can be able to make every occasion a great occasion, to grasp every opportunity and make the most of it.

There is nothing more discouraging than to be confronted by a wonderful opportunity when you are powerless to take advantage of it because you have let your energy leak away in all sorts of useless ways. It is a tragic thing to face your great chance with fear and trembling, instead of confidence and assurance, with the consciousness of vigor which underlies all great successes.

Yet there are multitudes of people who have the ability to do big things who keep themselves so demoralized by not taking needed rest, recreation and outdoor exercise, or because of dissipated habits, that they are never in condition to do the best of which they are capable.

The author's book is wishy-washy and does not hold the reader because he had no vigor, no surplus vitality to put into it. The reader is not aroused because the author was not aroused when he wrote it. The clergyman does not get hold of his people because he lacks stamina, force. He is a weakling mentally because a weakling physically. The teacher doesn't arouse and inspire his pupil because he lacks life and enthusiasm himself. His brain and nerves are fagged, his energy is burned out, his strength depleted because he has not been good to himself.

If you would make the most of yourself you must husband your strength, hang on to it with the determination with which a drowning man clings to a log at sea. Stop the leaks of physical and mental power. Conserve every bit of physical and mental force you possibly can for your future achievement material, your manhood timber.

HOW is your employer to know your capacity unless you demonstrate it? It is useless to talk about your great ability. Hot air will take a balloon a long way into the air sometimes, but it will not keep it there. If you want to get up, and stay up, you'll have to climb the hill on your own power. It's not what you "yelp" about that puts you up, it is what you "put over."

YOUR VALUE

By Leston Balliet

Efficiency Engineer, Moore Shipbuilding Company, Oakland, California.

Mr. Balliet has contributed these terse bits of business philosophy to *The New Success*. As Efficiency Engineer of one of the largest shipbuilding companies in the United States he circulated them among the men under him with considerable success.—The Editors.

EVERY employer and manager is a buyer who is buying either the time or the capacity of his employees.

THE buyer who buys merely time buys merely the commodity and not quality. What he pays is a shoddy price and what he gets is shoddy, and the costs are high. No business can be progressive when it is maintained by a buyer who buys time.

EVERY man is a salesman, selling either eight hours of his time or his capacity.

THE salesman who sells merely his time never gets very far in the world. The one who sells his capacity advances just as far as his capacity justifies.

MAKE good; don't make excuses.

THERE are a lot of fellows in every industry who can do bigger and more important things than they are doing, but how are their employers going to find it out? They all look alike when they *saunter* in just as the whistle blows, and drop their tools and *rush* for the time clock or the door at quitting time. They don't accept the chances they have to show their capacity. They will be time-salesmen all their lives.

MUSCLE never raised any man's pay. The ox and the mule get no more compensation for their work to-day than they did a thousand years ago. A man is worth but fifty cents a day from his shoulders down. All he gets above that he earns from his shoulders up.

NOW, you are going to have a lot of excuses and reasons, and offer them in explanation of why you don't sell your capacity—but they will not increase your earnings.

DURING the war I asked a young man why he was not in France. He gave me a lot of reasons and excuses, to which I said, Those are all *your* reasons, not the nation's reasons, and so, if you are not getting more money and better results they are *your* reasons, not the reasons of the business. Do you think that if a new man took your place and obtained better results that your reasons would stand?

EVERY industry pays for but two things, matter and motion. Anything that occupies space is matter. The cost of material, tools, machinery, supplies, etc., is fairly well fixed and approximately the same with all your competitors and yourself. The difference in cost of the finished product depends on what is paid for motion.

NEEDLESS, or wasted, motion costs just as much as that which is used.

YOU would not be credited with good sense if you sent a five-ton truck to the post office for a dollar's worth of postage stamps. It is capable of bigger things. Yet you may have some employees with bigger capacities than you suspect. Maybe you don't give them a chance to earn for you what they are capable of and, if it's your fault, they will not earn any more for you than the five-ton truck will when hauling postage stamps.

IF you are paying a man for his muscle only you're a fool—get a motor, a truck or a horse. If you want a man to think and intelligently direct his energy, give him a chance. Why pay for a whole man and then only use him from his shoulders down?

NOW you are going to offer a lot of excuses and arguments as reasons for your conditions and costs of motion, but that will not lower the costs, nor stop the extravagance.

THERE is just one unpardonable business sin: making explanations why you fail to get better results. And they are not worth listening to. If you don't get the results, there are just two reasons: Either the job is too big for you or you are too small for the job, and you can take your choice. All the explanations and excuses you can think of mean nothing else but that you are not big enough for the job.

Keep in Tune with Your Ambition

WE contact with the thing which dominates our mind, the thing for which we are most ambitious. We make an unseen but powerful relation with our own, wherever it is, the thing we long for and work for.

There is everything in keeping in tune with the thing which runs in our blood, everything in nursing our vision, encouraging it, and never under any circumstances allowing it to dim or fade out.

With most people who have reached middle life, their early visions, the wonderful things they were going to do, the wonderful ambitions which stirred their very soul early in life, have faded out and gradually become dim. Their

ambition has ceased to prod them with any great emphasis. They are half-satisfied to live a half-life, to half try and, of course, the faded vision, the half-hearted effort, does not create anything because it is negative. It is the positive mental attitude that creates.

You must vibrate to your ambition, the thing you are trying to do, or you can never do it. If you are trying to be a lawyer you must vibrate to the law thought, establish relationship with the law idea, keep in close touch with lawyers, with the courts, keep in the law atmosphere. It is the same with whatever else you are trying to do. In other words, you must vibrate vigorously to the thing you are trying to accomplish.

THE LONELY RICH MAN

The Story of Job Hodgson who Lost Touch with Humanity

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

Author of "The Road to To-Morrow" and "The Dollar-an-Hour Philosopher"

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS OF PART I

JOB HODGSON, a wealthy bachelor, discovers that he is a lonely old man without a real friend. He has about him only those who cater to him because of his wealth and position and for the material aid that he can give them. New Year's Eve, during the height of celebration in New York, he walks thru the crowds, looking on but taking no part in the revelry. On every hand is evidence of happiness and good cheer. He marvels that people can really feel such emotions. He meets a little girl of ten years, struggling under the weight of a heavy market basket. For some unaccountable reason Hodgson wants to assist her. He learns that the basket contains the family's New Year's dinner. Hodgson takes the little girl home in a taxi-cab, much to her joy, as she never has ridden in one before. When they reach her home he receives a warm welcome from her mother and brother and learns that, in spite of their lack of money, they are happy in the love of one another. The only shadow is caused by the absence of the father of the little family — and this turns out to be a tragedy which Hodgson decides he cannot let pass unnoticed.

PART II

HE called out the season's greeting, and remarked, "This is going to be the greatest year ever for all of us—and—" Then, seeing Mr. Hodgson, he paused and looked inquiringly at his mother. In a word she explained and presented her son to the visitor. The boy put out his hand in a modest, frank welcome, and, slipping off his shabby coat, sat down on the edge of a cot-bed concealed beneath a rather forlorn cover of chintz.

It seemed to Hodgson that this boy typified something out of which he had been cheated. The love light in the mother's eyes struck home into his heart. Suppose this bright, clean, vigorous lad were his son! Hodgson thought of his handsome town-house, of his motor cars, his yacht. He had everything—yet nothing—because he lacked the enduring love of even a distant relative. He was the last of his race—and alone in the world. He was a pauper for affection, and he knew from bitter experience that affection cannot be purchased. He longed for a touch of sym-

pathy—the touch of brotherhood which inspires, spurs the courage, and uplifts the soul!

It was just the lack of this that had kept him from the popularity for which he sought and strove so hard and so unsuccessfully. He lacked the loving thought, the good will towards others—the unselfish effort to help, that creates and keeps friends. He saw it in the attitude of these kind people. Their cheerful, cordial, yet respectful, humble manner, had won them

to him. Their simple courtesy and consideration had broken down his icy reserve, overcome his natural ill-tempereness and crabbedness. And he saw by the same token that by his attitude he had made them friendly toward him.

What would he have given for the intense personal magnetism of this youth. There was nothing the boy had said or done to lift him out of the ordinary rut of others of his age. It was just his natural radiation of pleasantries that made him welcome everywhere. He had been instantly at-



tracted to Job Hodgson because he had learned of Hodgson's kindness to his sister. His regard was the millionaire's reward for doing a considerate, unselfish, helpful thing.

It seemed to Hodgson that this little group fairly radiated sunshine and helpfulness. He became aware that the hour was late and that, doubtless, these good people were tired. Yet, somehow, he did not want to leave. But he forced himself to arise, and found himself saying good-night. At the threshold, he hesitated and, after a moment, recovered sufficiently from his embarrassment to speak.

"I wonder if I could ask you a great favor?" he said slowly, and the three stared at him in wonderment. What could this gentleman ask of them—what had they to give him?

"I would like to come and take my holiday dinner with you—if you'd let me," he said in an expectant tone. "I am getting old—and I am a very lonely man. I think if you would let me send my dinner down here in the morning—and then come and sit at table with you—it would make this the happiest New Year of my life."

Little Mabel clapped her hands and young

Jim smiled heartily. Mrs. Higgins' eyes brightened.

"We would be very happy to have you come," said the woman. "We shall have plenty in that big basket, I am sure. Someone said there are none so poor that they cannot give in some way; and if we can repay your kindness to Mabel by giving you a pleasant day, it will make ours all the happier. I can't somehow feel that you would enjoy being with us—but if you really would, you will be more than welcome."

"Thank you," said Hodgson, feelingly. "I'll surely be here."

AND so it was arranged that he should come at two o'clock that afternoon. With a cheery "Good night!" ringing in his ears, he started down the dingy stairs. It seemed as if some great change had come over him. These people were not thinking of his money or his position. His name could mean nothing to them. It was true that he had invited himself to their dinner—but their consent had been whole-hearted. They liked and wanted him!

He seemed to feel ten years younger. His step was buoyant as he started up the street.

It was a long walk to his home in upper Fifth Avenue, but he felt that he wished to walk and think over the incident of the evening. He began to see that he had been living a heartless, soul-destroying sort of life. Always he had been striving—and always with the idea of personal gain or personal advancement. His very efforts to attain popularity had been misdirected. His every act had tended to smother the finer things in his nature—to blight his finer sentiments and to shrivel up within him the very thing that wins friendship—consideration for one's fellowmen.

The air was cold and bracing. Most of the crowds had dispersed, but here and there a few belated celebrants passed by. Invariably there was the cheery greeting. There seemed a common bond between everyone, and total strangers evinced the desire to say a kindly word and voice a thoughtful wish. It all seemed strange to Job Hodgson. He was entering upon a new world, experiencing a new and utterly satisfying sensation. Everyone seemed to feel that just because they did not know each other's names, and had never been formally introduced, this was no reason why they should not speak in passing—

no reason why they should regard one another as strangers.

A few hours ago, Hodgson would have passed these people by in cold silence. Now it would have seemed to him unnatural, not to say inhuman and discourteous, to fail to nod to them in a friendly spirit, and he found himself voicing a heartfelt reply, wishing them, in return, the season's greetings.

ARRIVED at his house, Hodgson found Judson, his man, dozing in the hallway. "You should not have waited up for me, Judson," he said considerably, and the man glanced at his employer as tho he could not understand such words coming from him.

"It's a bad night," said the servant. "I thought you might want me for something." Hodgson reached for his wallet. Extracting a hundred-dollar bill, he handed it to the astonished valet. "Maybe this will help to make your year more pleasant," he added.

The man's eyes bulged from his head. He was well paid, but never in his long service, had he received a gratuity from Hodgson, and he was totally at loss to comprehend the new expression that now stood on the millionaire's features.

That night Hodgson slept the sleep of the just. There was a curious sense of contentment in his mind, and he was impatient for the morning. In his dreams he seemed to see the tiny flat he had left—threadbare and worn, but scrupulously clean, and bright with a happiness that exceeded anything Hodgson had ever known before.

For the first time in his life, he was conscious that someone cared for him—for himself alone. He was rid of the thought that the only motive anyone could have in cultivating him, was to get some advantage from his influence or his money. He believed that he had made not one, but three staunch friends—and he was going to a dinner to-morrow—a dinner where he would be a welcome guest, not because, but in spite of, his millions!

It was with this sense of satisfaction that he bathed and dressed the next morning. It was a clear and glorious day and his spirits rose as the odor of the coffee greeted his nostrils. With an enthusiasm that knew no bounds, he gave Judson the address of the Higgins family. He instructed the man to hurry out and make the necessary purchases to supplement the dinner he had helped to carry home in the market basket the night before.

THEN he went out for a walk. In every block he encountered ragged urchins—fantastically dressed and asking for gratuities. This peculiarly New York custom always had struck him as being absurdly annoying until now. But this time it seemed to him delightful. He emptied his pockets of all his change, and then broke a good-sized bill in order that the next grimy little hand extended to him should not be turned away empty.

And with each coin that he gave there was a smile and a little word that brought an additional sparkle of a tiny pair of eyes. The whole thing was new to Hodgson. The experience was so new that he could not quite realize that he had been achieving a natural, unselfish, self-interestless pleasure in joining his money to the needs of others.

(Continued on page 38)

How easy it seemed to radiate a little sunshine into the lives of others! This simple thing that he did—the cost of which was infinitesimal to him—meant more in satisfaction than a million-dollar donation to some institution.





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Enrico Caruso, the "King of Tenors," and Mrs. Caruso

"Self-Confidence Is the Secret of My Success"

So says CARUSO, the great Tenor
In an Interview with The New Success

By WILLIS STEELL

"I HAVE been singing almost constantly for a quarter of a century. I should have been silent nearly that long but for one thing: I believed in myself and I compelled myself to work."

Enrico Caruso, "king of tenors"—his world title—said this one day recently when, after playing a joke on Giulio Gatti-Casazza, managing director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, he felt it incumbent on him to say or do a serious thing. The tenor is a wag, and while poor Gatti-Casazza was tearing out his hair (by no means too voluminous) over the notes that followed each other from his song-birds: "Have the flu." "Pardon, *cher maestro*, but the grippe will prevent, etc."—while these knockout blows fell on the manager, Caruso appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House and, winking, remarked as he went into the sanctum: "Listen for a row!" I had asked him for an interview for THE NEW SUCCESS, and he responded with his customary graciousness.

AND a row started. Caruso rushed out, followed by the distracted manager, who had just heard his tenor say that he could not sing that night. And the opera had already been changed three times on account of illness. It was the last blow, but before Signor Gatti-Casazza rallied, the tenor hastened to assure him that he had played a bad

joke. Then, as if to make up for his prank, he professed himself willing to talk of his voice and his career. It

was with the sentence printed above that he began:

"Why I say that my success is due to my belief in myself, which kept me—and still keeps me—hard at work, is this: The few persons in whom I believed as experts of voice were all of them dubious of my future. In fact, my only teacher, while I was still studying with him, predicted not merely an early failure but a sudden stoppage. When I was twenty-two years old this teacher said that when I reached my twenty-fifth year my voice would be *gone*!"

"'You are the wind, Enrico,' said he, 'blowing past our windows. Now it is large and loud. Then, poof! it is gone.'"

"Well, I am singing yet—twenty-seven years afterwards—singing my two or more performances a week as usual, and have done so, with exceptions due to other causes, every year. And I expect to keep on singing many, many years; how many, do I know? And Guglielmo Vergine, teacher of voice at the Naples Conservatory of Music, author of that fatal prophecy regarding my voice, has long been dead. I wonder if he knows, but"—here Caruso smiled—"I bear my poor, disgruntled old maestro no ill will."

"However, my story would have been quite different if

I had listened to him and to the other croakers of ill omen. I simply closed my ears and put my trust in myself.

"I HAD been singing in a church in Naples since my fourteenth year, singing contralto, but the day arrived when my voice changed and I had reached the age when I must serve my military duty. At Regio, where I performed it, I kept on singing, and there Major Mogliati, of my regiment, heard me. He took me aside:

"'Filio,' said he, 'if you keep on making noises as you make them now you will soon be voiceless.' Ah! that word 'voiceless.' How early it starts up to haunt me! 'You know nothing about breathing, nothing about phrasing; you must learn to sing,' he continued.

"Then he introduced me to a young gentleman of fortune—an amateur himself—who took me to Vergine. Vergine saw no chance for me and at first refused to teach me. I begged him to reconsider, and, at length, he yielded. I became his pupil. At once I changed my life, cutting away from the gay, irregular pastimes of the young man to the routined, careful existence of the student of music who had embarked on a professional life. I did this at nobody's suggestion. My own sense told me the change was essential.

"WELL, I started in to make myself over by the Vergine method; that is, I repressed all natural desire to sing as the spirit of the composer would have me, because, said my master, there is but one way to sing, and that is smoothly, quietly, without any emotion whatsoever and without *forte*.

"*Forte*, according to the teacher I had the misfortune to have selected for me, was the bane of singing. Emotion might be in the music, then let the music—the orchestra—express it. I was to be but an instrument without change of expression—without power to color. It was all contrary to my instinct, but I was nineteen, and what did I know? I did what I was told: I sang like a soulless machine and I produced the effect of a machine.

"All this time of preparation—and it lasted nearly four years—my teacher was never satisfied with me and was always prognosticating evil. I wonder how I stood out against him and continued to have some belief in myself;

but I did, and it saved me. In the meantime, Vergine took care to bind me for five years to pay him twenty-five per cent of all the moneys received by me from singing anywhere. Ah, it was a shame! I was being hemmed in, my voice was being held back, cramped; I was taught to despise the power of emphasis; I was taught to disobey my instinct of color. Alas! so far as natural limitations permitted, I was already a Vergine product.

"NOW the moment arrived when it would be determined whether my faith in myself or my master's lack of faith in me was justified. I secured, for ten lire (two dollars) a night, a job to sing in an opera by Morelli

named 'L'Amico Francesco.' I appeared as an old carpenter with a long beard. I sang the role in the Vergine method and the result was not happy. The people were kind. They said: 'Poor boy, his voice is not bad, but it lacks power.' I was not displeased because, as I now realize, some of the old contralto (soul) quality had persisted in it despite Vergine's rooting, and the freshness of it carried past a bad method.

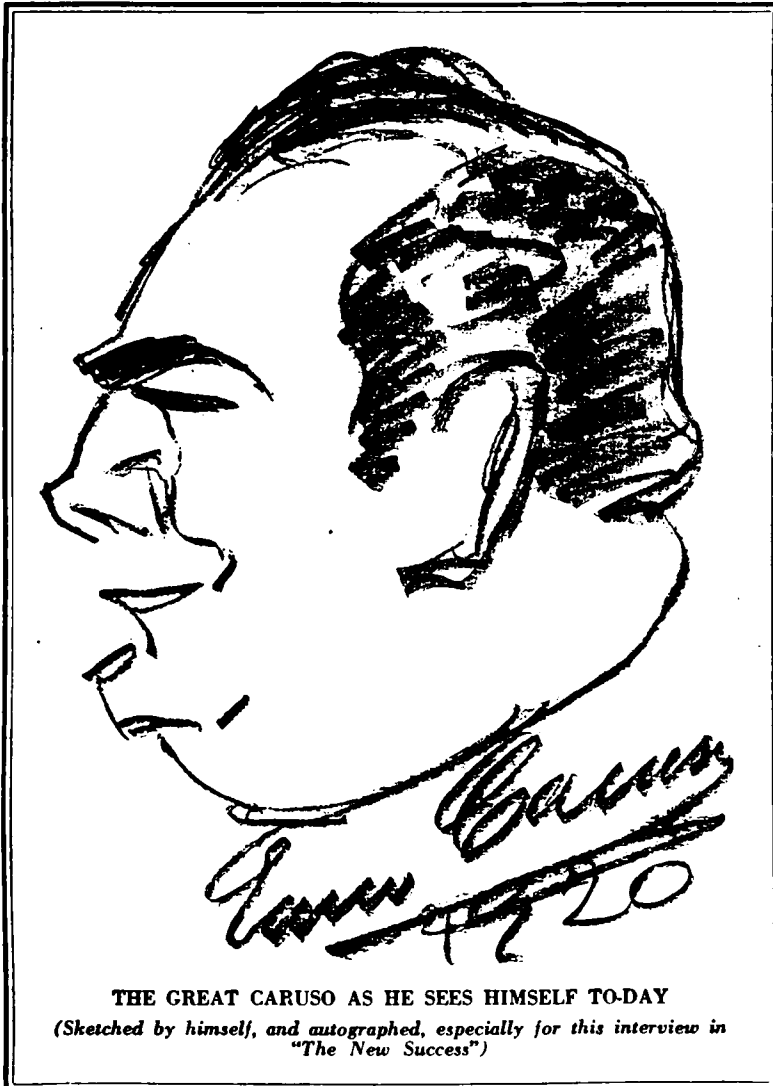
"A second quasi debut followed. I sang *Faust* in Boito's 'Mefistofele,' and right here the dramatic music fired me so that, judged by my master's standard, I made a dreadful fiasco. He was furious, but he took his quarter of what I earned by the engagement.

"My genuine debut took place at Salerno, where by the advice of the great director, Lombardi, I was engaged to sing the tenor role of 'I Puritani.' At first,

when Lombardi proposed me, the directors who had heard of my partial failures in Naples received my name in derision; but he overcame their reluctance and persuaded them to try me in rehearsal. Then he sent for me.

"I cannot believe you are without intelligence," said the great Lombardi, kindly, 'but I have heard you sing, and you sing without using either your mind or your bellows. Make me these few notes.'

"I SANG what he put before me as I had been taught, calmly, correctly, and without expression. Lombardi groaned. 'You have voice, strength, physique, and yet you sing like a young and feeble lady. Try to tell us what



THE GREAT CARUSO AS HE SEES HIMSELF TO-DAY
(Sketched by himself, and autographed, especially for this interview in
"The New Success")

the composer of these words meant. Attack, attack and stand ready to be attacked!

"Without understanding what he meant—for so many methods had confused me and left me without wit—I sang in my old way: big, with full voice and with drama in sound and action.

"The result was wonderful. Lombardi embraced me and exclaimed: 'Sing like that and you will never disgrace me for having suggested your name for "I Puritani!"'

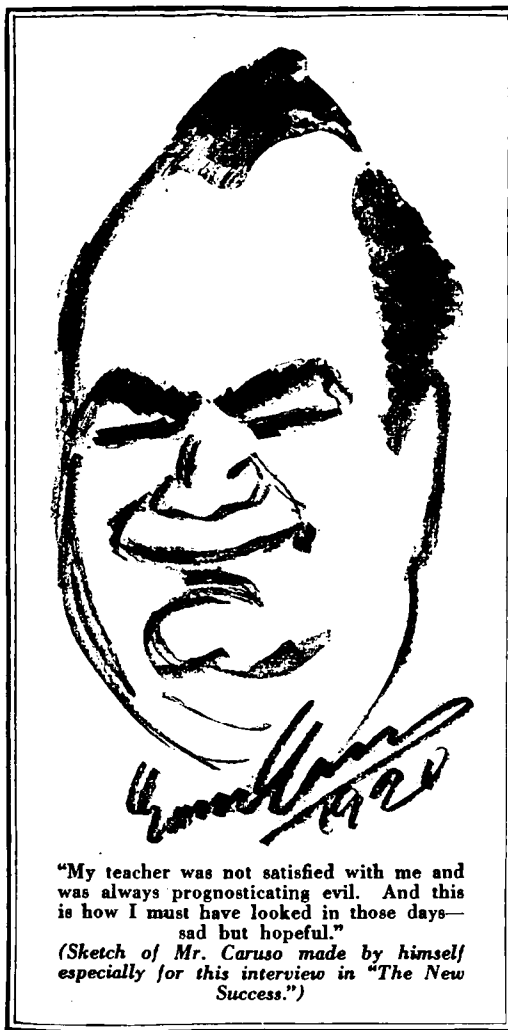
"Thus a great light dawned on me again. I knew how I was created by nature to sing, and, to succeed, I must sing as she taught me: never to hold myself in but to give—to give all that I had, all I could feel. I have never altered my method since.

"IT was after my debut in Salerno that my poor teacher uttered the bad prophecy to which I referred at the outset. I cannot say how glad I am that it was not fulfilled.

"These preliminary shocks served me well, strengthening my will and my belief in myself. Thereafter I was my own teacher. I sought to cultivate my ear, I asked my critics if my voice came from the diaphragm, if my note was full of breath. I listened to it as I would listen to another singer; and I tried to conquer, by myself, faulty delivery and bad diction. I believed that I could get rid of evils and I never stopped watching for them. In vocalizing these are insidious, and a stern guard must be kept or they will creep in.

"FOLLOWING my Salerno experience, I got an engagement at Milan at a salary of 2,000 lire (\$400) a month. I was launched. My engagements then began coming of themselves. I sang at La Scala, Monte Carlo, South America, London and, finally, New York. I worked hard all the time so that I feel justified in saying that to my work is due this upward progress. When Maurice Grau heard me at Covent Garden, he sent for me and asked how I would like to sing at the Metropolitan in New York. Under his guidance, the Metropolitan had reached a very high place, and I expressed my gratification at the opening opportunity. Mr. Grau smiled and said, 'I believe you are sincere, for any artist must be proud to sing there.'

"Our negotiations were finished at Mr. Grau's home near Paris, and it was arranged that I should debut the following fall in New York, in 'La Boheme.' But it was not to be in that way; Mr. Grau died and left me as a legacy to his successor in the management, and that gentleman selected 'Rigoletto' for my debut. I had appeared first in London in that role and this constituted, I thought, his reason; but it was all the same to me. The debut came off, Madame Sembrich was the *Gilda* and the night was more of a triumph to her than to the new 'duke' in the cast.



"My teacher was not satisfied with me and was always prognosticating evil. And this is how I must have looked in those days—sad but hopeful."

(Sketch of Mr. Caruso made by himself especially for this interview in "The New Success.")

"WAS I nervous at this, my introduction to New York? I am not nervous at a first performance or at a debut, but there is a reason for my lack of nerves. It is this: I worked hard before I went on and I left nothing undone to make it a success. With faith in myself, buttressed by a sense of duty done, I see no necessity to tremble.

"Neither do I like you to go away thinking that I am impregnable in self-conceit, for my meaning is quite otherwise. I do not appear at my best at a debut nor at a first production. It is necessary for me to gain a certain familiarity with my surroundings before I am quite at ease; and with subsequent performances of a role, I give better and better representations because I grow somewhat slowly into a part. In 'La Juive,' new to me this season, I feel that I am better at each representation. This was true also on the part of *John of Leyden* which I added to my repertoire last season. Each of these roles took me six months to acquire. This shows that when a singer has passed his forty-fifth year, he does not study as easily as he did at twenty-five. But does any man in any other art or profession? In spite of the extra time I require nowadays, I am as ready as ever I was to study a new role if it suits my

voice. I follow a rule that I made early: never to attempt a part until I feel that I have mastered it.

"MY method of study is to get into the confidence of the composer first of all, to learn what it is that dominated him. As soon as I know his motive, then I begin to be intent upon his score and his words. By the way, the words of my part are as sacred to me as the notes of the score. I study them to the least syllable, and I am never content until I feel that I can give all their meaning.

"I have applied this hard rule to the more than seventy roles in my repertoire. Of these seventy roles, I have no choice. I would as soon sing one as another. The people must choose which they prefer. With many audiences it is 'Marta'; with others it is 'Pagliacci,' and still with others it is 'Manon,' or 'Le Prophete,' or 'Carmen.' These are diverse enough, it should seem, and I do not wish to discriminate between these or the many others artistically. When I say that a role is a role to me, I mean that a role of any opera that is suitable for me to sing is my work.

"LAST fall, I had the charming experience of a six weeks season in Mexico City. It was hard work, but most agreeable, because it had been prepared for. Nothing had been left to chance, and the result proved a triumph for us all. Besides the performances in the opera house, there were others in the great bull ring where we sang out-of-doors to thirty thousand persons. Very

(Continued on page 71)

*Highest-Paid Woman Writer in the United States
Tells of the Days
When She Worked for Almost Nothing to Get a Start*

An Interview with Dorothy Dix

By ADA PATTERSON

THERE are newspaper women and women who write for newspapers. Dorothy Dix is both of these. She has gone out on "stories," dug up mysteries by the roots, placated individuals who resented the intrusion of the press, and come back to the office not too tired to extract the picturesqueness and philosophy from her adventures for publication. Also, she has written for newspapers in the calm atmosphere of her library. She is the best-paid newspaper writer of her sex in the United States.

Hers was no meteoric rise. It was a gradual ascent, as she has told in these words:

"No one could possibly have been less fitted by heredity, by environment, and by training for the work they were to do in the world than I was. I was born and reared on a big race-horse breeding farm on the border line between Tennessee and Kentucky. I was many miles from a really good school.

"A gentle old man, afflicted with melancholia, who was a perfect prototype of *Mr. Dick* in 'David Copperfield,' was one of the hangers-on of my family. He taught me to read and write, and, for the rest, I was turned loose in a fine old classical library where, before I was twelve years old, I not only knew my Scott and Dickens by heart, but had read everything from Smollett and Fielding to the books of Josephus. That was my education.

Hadn't an Idea How to Start

"**I**T was a life almost conventual in its isolation from the world. The community in which I lived was a moral, church-going one in which the only sensation was the annual Baptist revival. Nothing ever happened. We had no 'six best sellers,' no daily papers, we received the mail once a week, and took the weekly *Louisville Courier-Journal*. An editor, an artist, or an actor would have been as strange an animal to us as a megatherium.

"Yet I was to do *yellow journalism* and be a 'sob sister,' and write murder stories and, during the space of twenty years, to interview almost every great man and woman in America or who came to these shores from foreign parts.

"The family fortunes suddenly went to pot, and it became necessary for me to earn my bread and butter and to support others. I hadn't an idea in the world of how to do it. I had not a resource, for, like other Southern girls of that time, I had been trained to no gainful occupation. My despair and helplessness brought on a bad attack of nervous prostration, and the doctor ordered me to the Mississippi gulf coast to recuperate.

"**M**Y good angel sent me, purely by accident—if there is such a thing as accident—into the house next door. It was the home of Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson, the wonderful woman who owned and edited the *New Orleans Picayune*.

"All my life I had been scribbling, but in such awe and reverence did I hold the printed word that it had never occurred to me that what I wrote might possibly be good enough to be published. I had never even sent a contribution to a paper; but under Mrs. Nicholson's sympathy I grew bold enough to confide to her that I had perpetrated certain little stories and verses, and she was amiable enough to offer to look them over.

"One of these, a little negro dialect story, she bought, and paid for it the munificent sum of three dollars! She gave me the money in large silver coins—and I still think they were the most beautiful dollars ever minted, and the most money.

"Anyway, that transaction sealed my fate. I wished myself on Mrs. Nicholson as a private secretary; and eventually, because I should have died with longing if she hadn't done it, she gave me a place on the *New Orleans Picayune*.

"For two years I worked for almost nothing. I lived in one room, cooked my food on a tiny coal-oil stove, walked to save car fare, washed out my stockings in the washbowl and, as a wonderful treat, blew myself to an ice-cream soda on Sundays, but I was as happy as a queen. And I never considered myself ill-paid, because I knew that I was learning my trade.

"I began at the very bottom. I collected vital statistics from the health office, and was triumphant when I got a record of one more baby than the reporter on the opposition paper got, and ready to weep if he scored a death more than I did. I reported the meetings of women's clubs, and picnics, and did all the odd jobs that fall to the lot of the cub reporter. After a while I was made assistant to the literary editor, and learned to handle syndicate stuff and make headlines, and began to write special articles and stories and what is called 'women's stuff.'

Drunk on Printers' Ink

"**I** THINK there was never anybody else who was so drunk on printers' ink as I, or who has loved newspaper work with such a passion. So, altho I worked at least sixteen hours a day, I ate newspapers, I slept newspapers, and dreamed newspapers. I had no thought, or interest, or



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DOROTHY DIX

(Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer)

"If my life has any lesson for girls, it is simply this: That enthusiasm and hard work always win out. Find the thing that you want to do, and in the doing of which you have a pleasure that takes no account of labor, and then go to it."

amusement outside of them. I followed every big story thru every big paper to see how each played it up. I memorized the editorials that I thought particularly good. I tried to catch the trick of every snappy paragrapher, and so, by and by, I began to do the kind of work that was worth paying for, and that other newspapers copied.

"When I had been working for the *Picayune* for four years, on a certain rainy day a New York editor chanced to look over a handful of clippings that had been laid on his desk. One of them was an article I had written, signed 'Dorothy Dix.' It had a new touch that attracted him, and he thought he would investigate who this 'Dorothy Dix' might be and what she had done.

"**BUT** he forgot.

"Came another day when he decided to clean out his desk. He came across the same clipping, and was again attracted to the Dorothy Dix article. This time he wrote to her, asking her to submit samples of her work, which she did.

"The articles gave satisfaction and, four months later, I had joined the Hearst forces, where I worked for seventeen years, only leaving to go to the Wheeler Syndicate in order that I might devote myself to writing the articles for women which I feel to be my especial mission.

"If my life has any lesson for girls, it is simply this: That enthusiasm and hard work always win out. Find the thing that you want to do, and in the doing of which you have a pleasure that takes no account of labor, and then go to it."

A "Center" of Cheer and Humor

WORK and luck!

So, in many "kimono talks," Dorothy Dix always insisted in summarizing her career and accounting for her success. Work was essential. It was indispensable, the *sine qua non*. But she emphasized, too, that there had been an element of luck in the fact that a New York editor had happened to notice and admire her work.

I didn't agree with her in this conclusion concerning herself in our kimono talks. It is my conviction that had not this particular editor, Rudolph Block, cast a searching eye upon the heap of feature-articles placed each day on his desk by "Scissors," the exchange man, another editor would have done so. Dorothy Dix's light was too brilliant to have been hidden forever under a bushel.

REFERENCE has been made to our talks. We had many of them and they were illuminative of character. During the ten years we lived under the same roof we came to know each other well.

Notwithstanding our intimacy and frequent sight of each other, we never differed to the quarrel point. The reason for this may lie in her oft-repeated resolution, "I won't quarrel with anyone."

For me, for her readers, and for all who know her best, she is a radiant center—a center that sends shafts of cheer and humor, of clear sight, of sane philosophy into the dusky aura and the dark corners of every life they touch. I have seen her in the extremes of life, in joyous health and in illness that boded the finality; but always the cheer and humor, the clear sight, and the sane philosophy were evident.

TWO qualities in her richly composite nature seem to me to predominate. They are her selflessness and gameness. I recall a night of her sudden and desperate

illness. A nurse guarded her during the long hours. In the morning I stood beside her bed. Looking up she flung her arms about my neck. She spoke not about her agony of the night; not about her loneliness, with her family half the continent away. What she said was: "My dear, my dear. I pray you may never suffer as I have suffered since I saw you."

Her selflessness was manifest again as she lay in an up-State hospital fanning back the tiny spark of her life. The doctors forbade her to work, but between their visits she wrote her contributions to the home page of the New York *Journal*.

Her gameness was that of the thorobred. She is of the old Tennessee stock. She is of the region that breeds fine horses and fighting men and splendid women. Game—of course she is.

I saw her venerable father, William Meriwether, sit beside her couch and talk of how she had grazed death in that nearly fatal operation.

"I didn't believe you would die, Lizzie," he said, "but I knew that if you did you would be game."

They looked at each other and smiled. They understood each other. There was a proud little flush on her cheeks. She is of the blood that is too proud to whimper.

IT is my privilege to know her method of work. She is a mistress of concentration. The story she is writing is the one thing in the world to her while she is writing it. The subject she is studying for an article or a series of articles is the all-absorbing thing to her while she is at it.

She possesses the divine fire of enthusiasm. During a famous murder trial in New York the other women reporters who had been assigned to write their impressions of it grew weary. One woman left the court-room because she disliked the district attorney's plain speech, and never came back. Another confessed that she could "see nothing in it," and another told her editor that she must really get back to her departmental work on the paper. But Dorothy Dix stuck. Her interest in the unfortunate young woman involved never flagged. Her keen sympathy transformed this sorry "heroine" into something finer and nobler than she was.

"I understand your success now," said the late Sam S. Chamberlain, an able editor.

"Yes?" she queried, her black, birdlike eyes focusing their intent gaze upon him.

"Yes," he said, "you have a child's fresh view and the wisdom of a woman."

Gloom Has No Place in Her Philosophy

HER method is that of intensive farming. Whatever she handles, whether it be a square inch or a square mile, or a half-round-the-world theme, she digs deep and extracts from it all that it can be made to yield. Which, perhaps, is another way of saying she is a thoro craftsman.

While I write this, Dorothy Dix is on an eight-months' tour of the world. It is a joy-ride. Even from Hong Kong, where she was a patient at a hospital, she wrote, "I hated to be sick because China is so fascinating. I don't want to miss a minute of it." In truth her passage through this world is a joy-ride, because she *will* have it so. Gloom has no place in her philosophy.

"Enjoy everything and help everyone," is her life slogan.

Think and say only that which you wish to become true.

Can the Dead Speak?

How the World War Has Aroused Universal Interest in the Possibility of Communication with Those Who Have Passed On

Sir Oliver Lodge's Faith in the Visitations of
His Son, Raymond, Killed in the War

By HAROLD AMES

THIS is Part II of "Can the Dead Speak?" which was begun in THE NEW SUCCESS for December, 1919. Our delay in presenting it is due to several causes: principally the non-arrival of some of the manuscript from London and the printers' strike of last fall (which severely upset our mechanical plans for a period of eight weeks). Sir Oliver Lodge is now in America and great interest is being taken in his lectures. We present herewith some of his most pertinent views on the subject in which the great scientist is so vitally interested. We do so purely as a matter of public interest. We have no opinion in the matter. The subject, we admit, however, is one that is attracting wide attention and many eminent men and women are giving it serious thought. It is for those who feel they can consider its vastness calmly, clearly and without emotion.

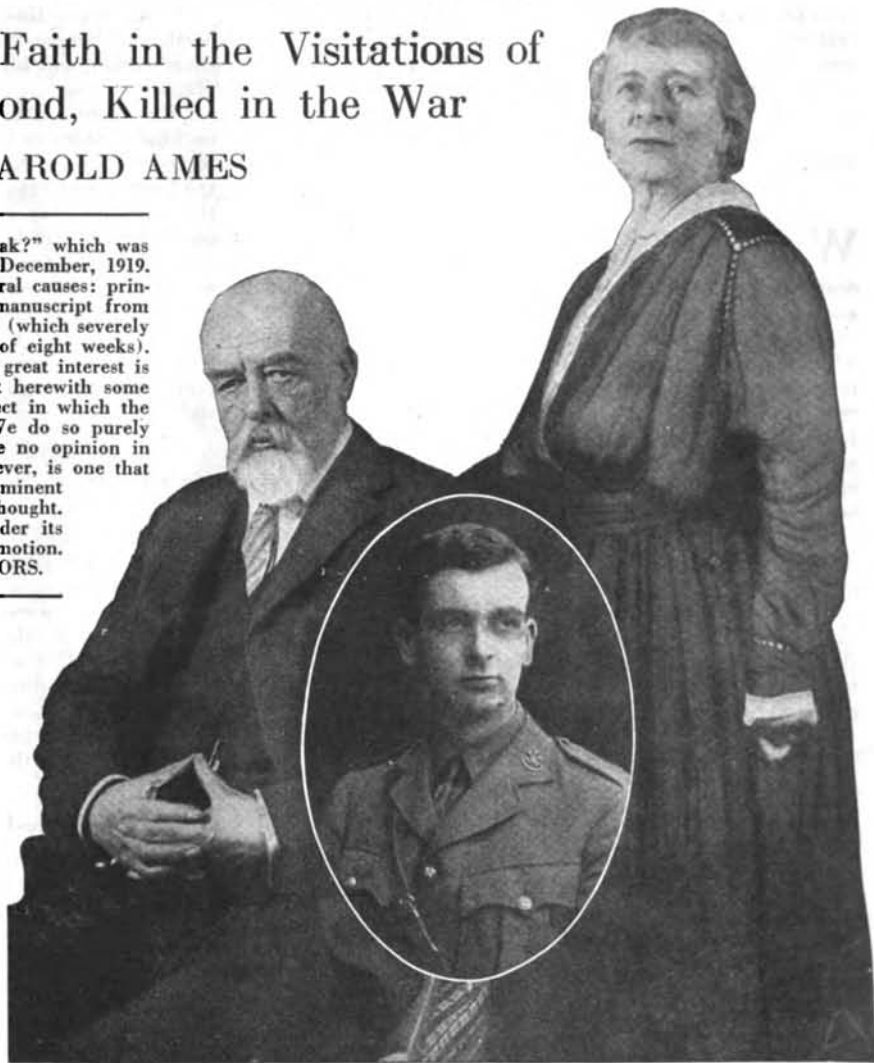
—THE EDITORS.

IT is no exaggeration to say that in Great Britain everybody is interested in spiritualism. Even King George is said to be. The World War has robbed millions of people of their loved ones. Naturally they turn again to the age-old hope of learning where the dead go, how they fare, what they do, and whether there is a possibility of holding communion with them.

In England men of the highest intellectual and scientific attainments, after the most careful investigations, have been firmly won to the conviction that the dead do live—and in much the same way as we ourselves—that memory survives, that they are only too eager to keep in touch with us and help us, and that they can be communicated with—imperfectly, perhaps, but to a provable certainty.

Sir Oliver Lodge, famous physicist, one of the founders of the system of wireless telegraphy, and pioneer in many other branches of applied science, is probably the highest authority in the world upon matters touching spirit communication. Sir Oliver's book, "Raymond, or Life and Death," published in 1916, is well known to American readers. It was the first book of its kind to be put forth by a scientific man of the highest rank, and is a touching memorial to a son of remarkable ability and character. Lieutenant Raymond Lodge was killed in the attack on Hooge Hill (Ypres) on September 14, 1915, at the age of twenty-six. A few days after this Sir Oliver Lodge received the first message from his son, and from that time forward he has communicated with him, and still does so, much as a person would call another upon the telephone.

"Isn't it true," I asked the great scientist, "that your belief in personal survival and in the communication



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Sir Oliver Lodge, Lady Lodge, and their son, Raymond, killed in action September 14, 1915. The dead boy is the subject of Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond, or Life and Death."

between the living and those we have called dead is based on something more than emotion, on such proof as appeals to the investigator of natural phenomena?"

"Quite true," he replied. "I first received such proof back in the eighties. I had irrefutable confirmation in '87. But for years I kept to myself my beliefs and the evidence on which they were founded. Then, in 1906, I came out and said what conclusions I had reached.

"You know what Einstein is doing to the law of gravity! There is no fixed point in science. The fact of spiritual communication is at least on the same basis as the atomic theory of matter—an excellent working hypothesis, a tenable theory with plenty of proof back of it.

"I have a good deal of sympathy for the skeptics. For some years I did not believe in personal immortality. It is

difficult to believe the dead communicate with the living without some personal experience in the matter. I probably shouldn't be convinced of it myself if I had merely listened to what others have said on the subject."

"**WHAT** is communicating with the dead like?" I asked.

"Communication with the dead," Sir Oliver answered, "is like using the telephone or wireless telegraphy, except that we cannot call them up. We can only leave the lines open and have the instruments ready. Those who have died at the end of a long life are not usually anxious to come back. But the young, the boys we lost in the war, they are so eager to get thru! Their interests are in this world, and they are eager to tell us so."

A Father Interprets a Message

WHEN asked if there had been any new and striking evidence to strengthen his own conviction of life after death, he told this story, which he said was authenticated and of recent occurrence:

"A mother was receiving communications, spelled out, which she was convinced came from her son, who was killed in the war. She tried to get her husband to come and receive them, too, but he said it was all nonsense and refused. After a time evidence accumulated and the husband was persuaded. He appeared unexpectedly, while the mother already was in communication with the boy. The lad broke off suddenly and this message came:

"Ulloerb."

"The medium said it was all nonsense, but the father cried:

"I know what it means. He says 'Ullo Erb,' and, oddly enough, Erb is what he used to call me."

"That was so striking the father was convinced, and thereafter he received many messages."

We Go Wrong Because We Are Weak

I QUOTE at random some of the most remarkable things Sir Oliver has said on this subject:

"Most people are rather weak. That is why they go wrong; not because they want to. I think we all want to do better and that we will have a chance over there. At any rate, that is what the young fellows killed in the war say.

"I have talked with a good many of them. They are quite happy and active. They find a job and they only hope people over here won't grieve too much for them and think they have gone out of existence. They haven't gone out of existence. They can't. I have known a few who tried to and couldn't.

The Power of Ether

"**EVERYTHING** you or I pick up has an ethereal as well as a physical aspect. There are atoms of matter, but what holds them together? My doctrine is that ether holds them together. Matter wears out because it has imperfect properties. Ether does not wear out because it has perfect properties. So the material part of the body wears out, usually after seventy years or more, and we leave it. The ether doesn't wear out, it continues—that, I speculate, is the mechanism of survival. The fact of survival has to be established by communications with the other side. But my study of ether somewhat explains the way we are able to survive and feel after death somewhat as we do in this world.

The Brain the Screening Organ

"**THERE** is an apparent chasm between this world and the next, but love bridges the chasm. The other life is screened from us, and yet, as I think, is not far from us. I think it is all around us and we are screened. Why, it is

held that the brain is the screening organ, the organ which shuts off the whole realm of existence other than that on this planet, and that it mercifully shuts off so much from us in order that we may attend to our work here and do our job here for some sixty or seventy years.

We Do Not Trace High Enough

"**THERE** are grades of existence far away beyond us. We trace the existence of men down to the black beetle and the amœba. We don't trace the grades of existences higher and higher until we come to infinity, to God Himself.

"We ought not to allow ourselves to be limited always to what enables us to do our daily work, but take a larger view also. Seers have taught us this. Now it has become the humble property of men of science to begin to establish this in an ordinary workaday manner. Sciences, the sciences of the future, will have a message to humanity whereby the results which have been attained by the few can be made accessible to the many.

"The peak whence these things are visible has been reached by people who don't need to climb, who can ascend by balloons or some other method, by intuition and inspiration. We workers in science must construct the staircase, the road by which we slowly grope our way.

The Selfish Will Be Lonely

"**WE** develop our own personality. If we have no individuality or character, we may simply go on in a general body and life, like vegetable matter.

"God communicates with us. The Highest lets us hear from Him. The saints and the prophets were not fooled.

"Here in our present state we have material body. Later we will have an ethereal body. Hereafter we will be able only to associate with our friends. Those who have led selfish lives, who have lived for themselves alone and have made no associations or friends, will be lonely indeed.

"Memory and character are not limited to the body. They are not a part of the body. The body is only their instrument.

We Had Pre-Existence in Some Other Form

"**I BELIEVE** that we had a pre-existence in some other form of life. I do not think we jumped into life afresh some fifty or sixty years ago. There was some germ of us before, but it was not this individual that we are today. Our present individuality began with our birth. We have acquired possession of our own soul, personality, and individuality.

We Are Wedded to Ourselves Forever

"**THE** spiritual universe is the foundation of all religion. The communion of saints, the communion of the spirits with the people on this earth—is a reality. They and we are agents of the Almighty.

"We are all in eternity now. We will not enter eternity at some future time, for we are in eternity now. Now is the time for doing things, and the present is the time for action.

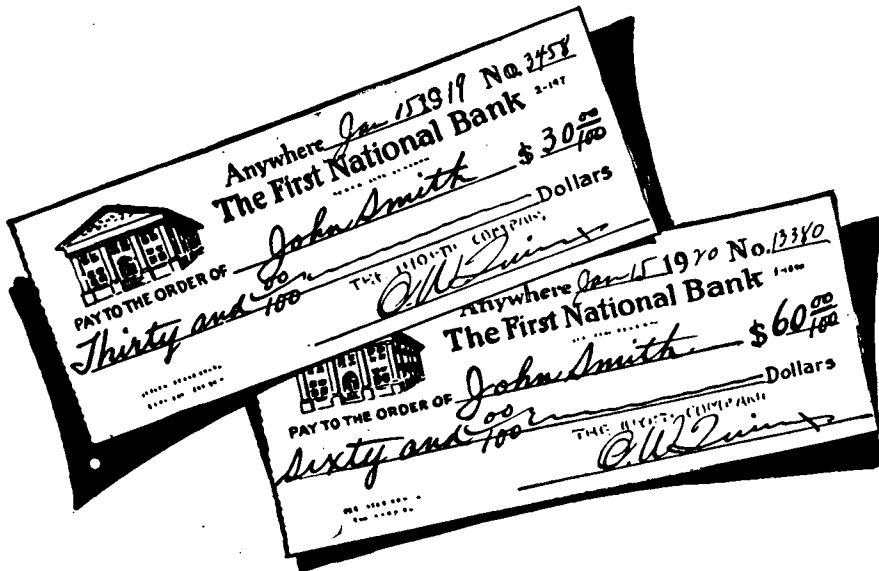
"We speak of the world to come. I don't know if there is a next world. I believe that it is all in one world.

"The kingdom of heaven is all about us. The earth is one of the heavenly bodies. Seen from a distance, it would be illuminated and as beautiful as the other planets. Altho it has been hard to believe it for the last few years, the earth is a beautiful place where men have not spoiled it.

"When we quit this body and go on into the heavenly world, as we call it, we will take with us nothing but ourselves. We are all wedded to ourselves for eternity.

"Don't think of the future as something toward which we shall go and at which we shall enter. Wherever we are

(Continued on page 59)



Double Your Pay At Home

\$50 a week instead of \$25—\$60 to \$100 instead of the \$35 to \$40 you now earn—is not beyond your reach. Right in your own home you can pave the way for twice the pay you are now getting. Think for a few moments what twice your present pay would mean to you. If you are married think what it would mean to your family—of the things you could do and the things you and yours could have if your pay check was suddenly doubled.

The hardest part in the plan to double your pay, or treble it, is **making up your mind to do it**. Otherwise there is **nothing** to stop you increasing your pay two, three or more times over. Just the decision NOW to follow a plan that will make some of your wasted hours **productive** and promotion, better pay or the position you want is within easy reach.

To the man who is making small money we know it is hard for him to believe that big pay is within easy reach of him. Yet it is so easy for you to get the position and pay you want that once you GET BUSY you will regret you waited until NOW.

You Can Do It

Settle this question NOW: what do you want to do and how much do you want to earn each week?

Think what it would mean to you to double or treble your earning power. Yet thousands have done it—**thousands are doing it—and you can, too, without interfering with your work**

The position you want and the pay you can get just as soon as you fit yourself for that work. You've simply got to make yourself a master of some one thing and you will find the doors of real Success wide open.

You are just as good as the fellows who are now making two and three times as much a week as you are. The only difference is they fitted themselves to **deliver more service**. Salaries are based on the service a fellow can deliver—but there is nothing—no thing but YOU—to stop you delivering more and EARNING MORE.

Within a few months from the time you begin to increase your delivery you will see the cash value of backing up your natural ability with practical training. And you will find that the valuable knowledge you acquire from month to month will increase your earning power proportionately.

Every day you put off making yourself a master of some one thing you are paying dearly. Every month or two you pay more than a course of practical training would cost you. The difference between \$25 and \$50—\$30 and \$60—will prove to how much it is costing you now by refusing to look facts in the face. Don't let it cost you any more. Make up your mind NOW—TODAY—THIS MINUTE—that you are going to double your pay. You can do it.

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We are not asking you to risk your time or money on a slim possibility of your making good. We believe that education, like merchandise, should be sold on a "make good" basis. We want every ambitious fellow to give us a chance to PROVE that what we have done for our thousands of successful students we can do for him. All risk on your part is eliminated because we invite you to take TEN LESSONS before you decide whether you wish to continue. After the tenth examination, if you don't feel satisfied with your Course, if you don't feel you are acquiring knowledge that will double and treble your pay, simply notify us and we will promptly REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. There are no strings to this guarantee—so make your first step for bigger pay by checking and mailing the Coupon.

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Clemenceau's friends, however, say that he would have been ill at ease in the highly ornamental office to which his admirers wished to elect him. He is a symbol of patriotism, his sole thought is the glory of France, but his methods of obtaining results would not have met with the approval of the French people in times of peace. It is conceded that Deschanel will make a far better President, from the point of view of the French nation.

Why His Power Is Curbed

PERHAPS the French fear another "Man on Horseback," perhaps they are haunted by the thought that some new dominating character may perform a *coup d'état* similar to that of the First Napoleon and make the presidency a stepping-stone to imperial ambition and realization. In fact, every possible safeguard against such a possibility has been thrown against individual ideas of self-aggrandizement by the French Constitution. The French hold that the Parliament is supreme, that the Prime Minister—corresponding to our own Secretary of State—shall be the dominating figure, but always with the consent of the two elected legislative bodies.

Clemenceau is said to feel as did Casimir-Perier, Premier of France, some twenty-five years ago. When invited to become a candidate to succeed President Carnot, he declined emphatically. "My place is at the tribune, not at the Elysee Palace," he replied. "I am a fighter, not a diplomatist!" But the untimely assassination of Carnot forced Perier into the presidency. However, his early misgivings were well founded. He found the barriers surrounding his activities intolerable to a man of his nature and courage, and consequently resigned his office after a brief incumbency of 180 days.

His publicly stated reason was that he could no longer accept the blame for "acts charged against him" as the "irresponsible head of the State." In that he summed up the situation: A Chief Executive without the power of governing, in the sense that we Americans understand the powers of our own President.

As a matter of fact, for a Premier of France to become President is the reverse of what it would mean in this country. It is almost as if our own President should become the next Secretary of State, so absolute is the turning about of the responsibilities and powers of high offices under the two constitutions.

Clemenceau Too Belligerent

FRENCH statesmen knew that if Clemenceau had been chosen he would not have been able to quell his belligerent nature. They feared that his own dominating personality would destroy the delicate equilibrium of the French Government—and wise Clemenceau agreed with them. Most French presidents have chafed under the limitations of their activities, and it is certain that Clemenceau would have been unhappy under such conditions. So used are we to seeing the utterances and activities of our own President chronicled in the daily press that we can hardly appreciate the complaint of former President Faure of France. Addressing *Le Petit Parisien*, he said, "Your paper very seldom speaks of the President. You should do so more frequently, so as to make him popular, and give him sufficient authority to mediate between contending parties." Imagine Woodrow Wilson asking the newspapers to take a little notice of him and help him out in the estimation of the people!

Yet it must not be assumed that the position of the President of France is empty or purely ornamental. It is true that his powers are sharply limited; but to a man of the proper temperament, there is no limit to the influence that he may wield.

The French repudiated the American plan of choosing a President after the unfortunate results attending the early

elections of the Second Republic of 1848. The British Constitution was then taken as a model, and was followed as closely as the essential differences between a monarchy and a republic made possible. The President was given powers which closely correspond to those of the king of England, and his ministers are endowed with certain responsibilities for which they are solely answerable to the two legislative chambers. As in the case of British politics, French ministers stand or fall by the votes of the two legislative houses, and more often by the votes of the lower chamber alone. Ministries, failing to gain their point, resign, and a new cabinet is formed. Here again a radical difference is seen between the French and American cabinets. The members of an American President's cabinet are responsible to him only.

The term of the President of France is seven years, and he is permitted to succeed himself. Jules Grevy is the only man who ever did so, however, and he resigned shortly after his reelection, because of public abuse over a commercial scandal in which he became innocently involved. It is also interesting to note that only four French presidents have served to the end of their terms. Thiers, MacMahon, and Perier resigned—a thing unheard of in the history of American Chief Executives—and M. Faure died under mysterious circumstances while in office.

French President Cannot Veto

THE familiar weapon of the United States President—the veto—is forbidden to the French incumbent. He may require the chambers to re-debate any measure. If they refuse, he may adjourn them, as a king prorogues a parliament; but he may do so only twice during a given session, nor for longer than one month at a time. He is also powerless to halt a regular session of the two Chambers before it has continued for a period of five months. Nor can he dissolve a wrangling and incompetent lower house without the consent of the Senate. In view of these limited powers, few presidents have cared to attempt their exercise.

Should he attempt it—and meet with decided opposition in the two bodies when they reconvene, as did MacMahon, once Marshal of France and, later, President—his position is only weaker and more unfortunate than ever. Hence, even when the people at large have cried for a dissolution of an unpopular Senate and Chamber, wise French presidents have hesitated to make use of their dissolution prerogatives.

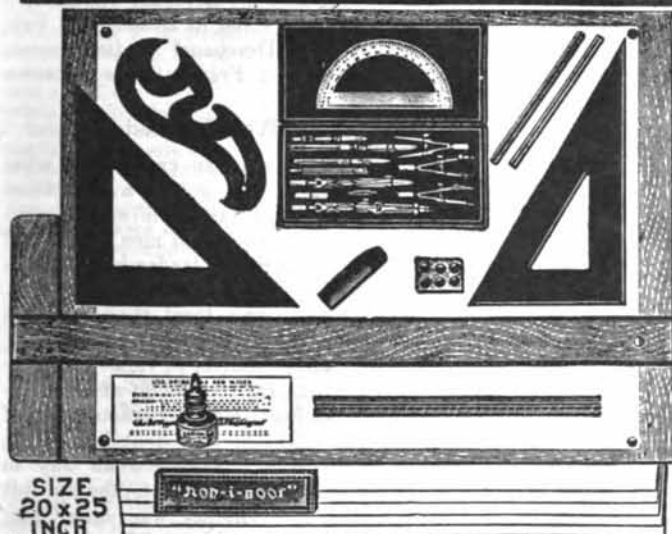
To Americans conversant with the absolute domination of their President over his Cabinet, the French situation is little short of amusing. There are fourteen portfolios in the French body. They form an administrative council, with the President as chairman, and, as in our own case, Cabinet members succeed the President (and the Vice-President) in the event of death or physical incapacity. Such is also the case if the President of France resigns. The Cabinet then meets and selects his successor from its members; but confirmation of their acts rests with the legislative chambers.

The President of France cannot make a single appointment without the consent of his Premier. The very salary of the Chief Executive depends upon how much the Minister of Finance thinks he should receive and deigns to include in his annual budget, presented to the legislative chambers. And, if the legislative bodies do not like the ministry, they can turn it out. Then, according to custom, there would be nothing for the President of France to do but resign. Conceive of such a situation in the government of the United States!

Thus it will be readily seen that, with such unlimited power, the personnel of the French chambers is of the utmost importance to the nation. The French senate has been characterized as a model of democratic government. Among

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its members have been the foremost thinkers of the country—the most eminent scientists, journalists, statesmen, and literary men of their time. The lower house, on the other hand, is probably the worst example of the election of demagogues, radicals, disturbers, and small politicians ever seen under a republican form of government.

His Influence Lies in Social Channels

THE great power of the President of France lies in his opportunities to influence politics thru social channels. He personifies France as the king of England personifies the British Empire. He personally deals with foreign ministers and ambassadors, and the rulers of foreign countries when they visit Paris. And the shrewdest of the French executives have profited by this opportunity by making the Presidential Palace a counterpart of the ancient French royal and imperial courts, from a standpoint of lavish entertainments and distinguished visitations.

The social position of the President of France enables him to quietly, yet markedly, influence national and international matters, if he be a born diplomat. Otherwise his lot is an unhappy one, and he is not the man for the post. President Faure's term of office is a splendid example of what may be done in this way. Faure was a diplomatist of the old school, a man of charming personality and great individual magnitude. His regime was one of the most successful in French republican administration.

The Farsightedness of Faure

IT was in 1896 that the late czar of Russia was his guest at Paris. The czar came ostensibly to lay the corner-stone of Alexander III, over the Seine, but behind it lay political significance of marked importance. There were gala performances at the opera, reviews of troops, State banquets rivaling those of the old imperial days, and a fete of great splendor at the historic palace of Versailles. At these functions the czarina was escorted by Faure, and, breaking all Russian imperial precedent, Mme. Faure appeared at these affairs escorted by the Great White Czar, who was murdered by his people.

This was the preliminary to Faure's plan. The following year President and Mme. Faure visited St. Petersburg. It was there that Faure sprang his *coup*. In a banquet speech he took the initiative—in violation of all precedent—and referred to France and Russia as "friendly and allied nations."

Europe gasped. French statesmen railed at the President—but Faure had done it, and the czar himself repeated the phrase, heralding to the world the triumph of Faure's diplomacy. And Faure went still further. The "Fashoda affair" brought up the matter of friendly relations with England, and Faure, with farsightedness not credited to him at the time, made this statement: "If England has a natural enemy, it is not France, but Germany!" It was probably that historic utterance which resulted in the Anglo-French coöperation of 1914.

Thus it will be seen that, shorn of authority, as he seems to be, the President of France has it in his power to work powerful diplomatic victories under the cover of soft interchange of courtesies and in forming personal friendships. This procedure is absolutely foreign to the American idea of things, but it puts a mighty burden upon the French Chief Executive, and exacts of him a type of statesmanship which is more or less unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

It was Faure, too, who received Edward VII—Europe's greatest modern diplomatist—in 1905. Edward had always been popular with the French, and the result of his visit was a conference at The Hague, where Anglo-French difficulties were debated. Essential disputes between England and France were adjusted there, and, later in the same year, the *Entente Cordiale* was an established fact—much to the discomfiture of Germany.

Then came the administrations of Fallieres and Poincare—the famous War President of France, whose social-diplomatic triumphs will become historic. With Clemenceau at the head of the ministry, and Poincare, the suave gentleman, at the Presidential table, France won the admiration and the affection of the civilized world.

French presidents have demonstrated their peculiar powers in different ways—by their leanings toward democracy, the old monarchical idea, the church, the turf, the army—along whatever lines their individual fancies guided them. What Deschanel will choose as his course remains to be seen; but it is certain that his defeated opponent—if he may so be called—will not stand in Deschanel's way. Clemenceau bids fair to back Deschanel to the utmost. Both may influence the future of France to an unknown degree.

How Washington Was Treated

CLEMENCEAU, however, is only an example of what happens to any great man who guides a republican nation thru a critical period. Such men are ever victims of fault-finding and destructive criticism of men who would make mountains of mole hills when the leader himself sees only the mountains. This failing is inborn with all people.

No more illustrious example ever lived than our own George Washington—a far-seeing, idealistic, calculating, clever statesman, who had but one object in view—to shape the destiny of the United States for the benefit of his countrymen. What could have been more characteristic of public opposition than the criticism hurled at him when, during his second administration, he sent John Jay to England to formulate the Jay Treaty. Washington did this largely because he realized that another war with Great Britain was imminent and that it would take the shrewdest diplomacy to avert it. The Jay Treaty did this by opening up trade relations with Great Britain, but the people objected. They accused Washington of selling out to Great Britain and slandered him unmercifully. It is said that he remarked: "Men could not have spoken worse of a dog than my countrymen have spoken of me." And the Jay Treaty proved to be a blessing.

Even Lincoln Was Openly Defamed

THOMAS JEFFERSON found the Louisiana Purchase a mighty barrier to his popularity, but it proved to be one of the greatest things that ever came to this country. James Monroe didn't find it an easy matter to impress the people with the importance of the Monroe Doctrine. It was dubbed a "thing to keep us perpetually embroiled in European wars." Lincoln did not gain prestige as the Civil War progressed. He was foully criticized—both by the North and South. One congressman tried to introduce a law whereby Lincoln should be examined as to his sanity. "An old fool" was a mild epithet when referring to him. A Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, editor declared Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address to be maudlin and not easy to understand. "How any person could utter such drivel," wrote this editor, "especially the President of the United States, is difficult to understand."

COMING down to to-day, look at the big four who assembled at Paris to establish the peace of the world—what of them? Orlando has been deposed in Italy. Lloyd George says that the British people will throw him over in another six months. Clemenceau has been told by his critics that his peace policy was ridiculous and his administration a failure. Mr. Wilson struggled with opposition until his health broke and is now fighting as best he can on a bed of pain. The ingratitude of republics will always exist.

[Mr. Drayton's interview with M. Deschanel, accompanied by a close-range study of the new President of France, will appear in our April number.—THE EDITORS.]

Why Business Is Seeking La Salle Trained Men

BIG employers are fast learning the value of filling their organizations with specialists and executives trained under the La Salle Extension Method.

When Theodore Roosevelt wrote: "I look upon instruction by mail as one of the most wonderful and phenomenal developments of this age," he was confirming a conviction already expressed by many men of prominence, such as J. Ogden Armour; E. P. Ripley, President Santa Fe Ry.; Walter H. Cottingham, President Sherwin-Williams Co.; F. H. Sieberling, President Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.; Geo. M. Reynolds, President Continental and Commercial National Bank; Alexander H. Revell, and numerous other large employers who are endorsing the La Salle plan of business training. Their opinions properly carry weight as the expressions of men who are among the Deans of American Business, and who are filling their organizations with the best brains and ability obtainable.

The La Salle Problem Method

To the La Salle problem method of business training, perhaps, more than to any other of the distinctive features of the plan worked

out by La Salle's Educational Staff, is due the quickness with which La Salle members learn to grasp business fundamentals, and acquire the ability to assume, without long years of "inside" experience, duties of executive and administrative importance.

By the Problem Method the individual is taken behind the scenes of big business, so to speak, and is given the opportunity to work independently in the exercise of his judgement and the application of his knowledge to the handling of important matters. Every move of the student is carefully

supervised and checked under the watchful eyes of experts—in effect, the student is working at the very side of the big executive in the private office—guided step by step in the handling of problems or cases just as they arise in daily experience and are handled by the executive himself.

It is quite probable that when Mr. Roosevelt marveled at the "wonderful phenomenal" developments in training men by the extension method he had well in mind the unusual resultfulness of this unique manner of combining fundamental principles with Practice under the Case or Problem method evolved by La Salle Extension University.



The La Salle Problem Method of business training is like being privileged to sit in a council of modern executives, and taking an active part in the right solution of their daily problems.

It is a modern development in the field of higher business education, made possible because of La Salle's thoroughgoing policy of sparing no expense in securing problem specialists who have been conspicuously successful in business practice as well as thoroughly experienced in classroom methods of teaching. It is well within the bounds of fact to say that in the preparation and development of basic material and service, a quarter of a million dollars has been expended by the University in perfecting a single course of training.

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"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"

Business is moving ahead with marvelous rapidity. Never before in history has industry in all branches faced such vast opportunities. Experts agree that the only limit to phenomenal development is the ability to secure an adequate supply of *trained men*. To put it in the words of Chas. M. Schwab: "The Captains of Industry of America are not hunting money; they are seeking brains—specialized brains."

It is no mere figure of speech to say that there is a "crying demand" for trained men in business. Literally the heads of big business institutions are today "crying" from the house-tops for business specialists capable of independent thinking, planning and the exercise of sound judgment in the conduct of important departments.

La Salle Trains for These Positions

Salaries from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year and more are readily bid for proficient Business Managers, Expert Accountants, Auditors, Comptrollers, Financial Managers, Cost Accountants, Credit Men, Banking Experts, Law-Trained Men, Traffic Directors, Sales and Advertising Managers, Interstate Commerce Experts, Efficiency and Production Managers, Business Correspondents and Office Managers. The rewards today are sure, swift and exceedingly liberal for the man—or woman—who shows ability to rise above the level of routine work.

The person who would be sure of his advancement, today, *must* have training, for as Theo. N. Vail sharply warns the job hunter: "Too much is involved in big business to have its affairs retarded because of friendship. It has been discovered that one cannot run a business under the present high

pressure by favoritism or nepotism. I don't mean that men with friends are not given chances, but I say that they have to make good or get out."

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More than 185,000 men and women from all walks of adult life have been helped thru La Salle training. It was this fact that prompted Ex-President Taft to say of La Salle: "You in this school are facilitating that which we cherish as the great boon of Democracy—that is, equality of opportunity." And it is true that La Salle training does give every man that chance. It enrolls the young man just beginning his career; it gives the man already started a new impetus; and it also has as members old, seasoned executives who realize that even they, too, can learn and profit from La Salle's large staff of business and educational experts.

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Pennsylvania R. R. has 2,102; the American Telegraph and Telephone Co. has 811; U. S. Steel Corporation has 309; Armour and Co. has 364; Standard Oil Co. has 390; and from 50 to 500 each with scores of other great organizations.

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Character Hints

EXCITEMENT is not enjoyment; in calmness lies true pleasure. The most precious wines are sipped, not bolted at a swallow.—*Victor Hugo.*

Our great aim should be to obtain some conquest over ourselves each day, and thus increase in spiritual strength and perfection.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines; and husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

The greatest parts, without discretion, may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eye, was only the more exposed, on account of his enormous strength and stature.—*Hume.*

Lightning is dangerous, but men have mastered it and made it do their bidding. Master your meaner lust for gain and then make it do your bidding.—*Henry C. Potter.*

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Ever live within your income.

When you retire to bed, do not think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any kind of game of chance.

Avoid temptation, thru fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Never speak evil of anyone.

Be just before you are generous.

The Real Salesman

ONE who has a steady eye, a steady nerve, a steady tongue, and steady habits.

One who understands men and who can make himself understood by men.

One who turns up with a smile and still smiles if he is turned down.

One who strives to out-think the buyer rather than to out-talk him.

One who is silent when he has nothing to say and also when the buyer has something to say.

One who takes a firm interest in his firm's interests.

One who keeps his word, his temper, and his friends.

One who wins respect by being respectable and respectful.

One who can be courteous in the face of discourtesy.

One who has self-confidence but does not show it.

One who is loved by his fellowmen.—*The Salt Seller.*

The Rules of Conduct of a New York City Mayor

KEEP good company.
Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Make no promise you cannot fulfill.

Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Incomplete!

ALL the great and wise and good, whose names

We read in the world's history, have labored for us;

We have entered into their harvest,

We tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow;

We can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook;

We can try to make our common brotherhood wiser and happier;

We can build forward where they were forced to leave off,

And bring nearer perfection the great edifice which they left incomplete.

—*Impressions.*

Will-Power

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
(Written in girlhood)

THERE is no chance, no destiny, no fate, Can circumvent, or hinder, or control The firm resolve of a determined soul.

Gifts count for little; will alone is great; All things give way before it, soon or late.

What obstacle can stay the mighty force Of the sea-seeking river in its course,

Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait? Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.

Let the fool prate of Luck! The fortunate Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,

Whose slightest action or inaction serves The one great aim.

Why, even death stands still And waits an hour, sometimes, for such a will!

The True Citizen

OF all the lost talents, that of belonging, of being a true member of the community, is the greatest, and for many in our large cities, the least expressed. To be a true neighbor, citizen, patriot—to take on the State, so that what it does you do; to have the State within you, so that all that wounds public life hurts you—is to recover the top root of existence, to lay hold of the most vital of all the strands of life.—*Joseph Lee.*

"There are some people who believe that the whole human race will be saved," said an old lady, "but for my part, I hope for better things."

Lots of people make a good living who make a very poor life.

A hog ought not to be blamed for being a hog, but a man ought.

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The tremendous value of good English in everyday life cannot be over-estimated. To-day the ability to speak and write correctly and forcefully has come to be a commercial necessity. It is the invaluable weapon with which every man who is striving for success must be equipped. Business demands men who can write and talk straight from the shoulder, and straight to the point, without making mistakes in grammar, punctuation, pronunciation, spelling and without using weak, overused words. Business demands such men and is paying for them.

The difference between weak, incorrect English and crisp, vigorous, correct English is the difference between the little job and the mahogany desk. When one stops to consider that by actual test the average man in business is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English, the need for a method of teaching correct English is apparent.

After twenty years of scientific research and study, Mr. Sherwin Cody, perhaps the best-known teacher of practical English in the country, has perfected his amazing "100% Self-Correcting System" and places it at your disposal.

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acquired he built his entire system.

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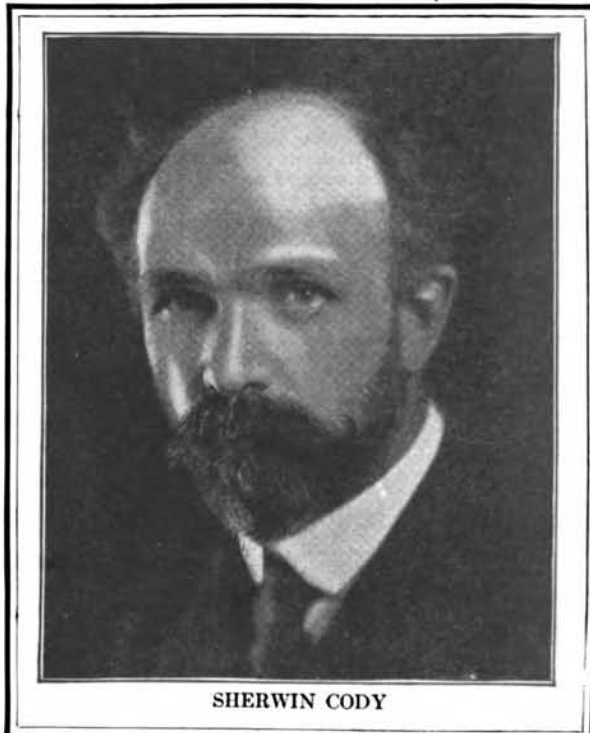
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to remember, impractical definitions, and lengthy, uninteresting exercises have all been cast aside. The time usually required for a comprehensive study of English has been cut down by several hundred per cent. 15 minutes spare time each day gives you a command of language that enables you to compete with men who have spent years in school and college studying for this key to social and business success. You need no longer work under the terrible handicap of poor English—Mr. Cody's great invention places Language Power within your reach.

Better English Means Better MONEY!

he was talking about—Language Power wins every time. All business is a game of buying and selling. Everyone has something to sell, whether it be buttons or brains. What you are selling makes no difference—you cannot be a good trader unless you tell others what you have in a way that will make them want to buy it. You must convince the buyer that what you have to sell is worth more to him than the money he is paying for it. Words are the weapons with which you fight your everyday battles. It is the man who can use these weapons that achieves success. The man who by the correctness and energy of his language can sway men's minds at will is the man who gains recognition and position. He is the man who comes out on top. Vigorous language, whether written or spoken, is the force that gets things done; it is the force that makes friends and holds them; it is the force that carries men up the road to success.

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Business

How He Got that Raise

He Discovered that He Was Not Working for the Boss

By JOHN MATTER

THERE were no two ways about it, I would have to get a raise in salary. The High Cost of Living was hard after me; if things went on as they had been going, old H. C. L. would soon overtake me.

Besides, there were other excellent reasons why my salary should be raised. I knew those reasons by heart, backward and forward I knew them. I could wake up in the middle of the night and recite them. They were good and sufficient reasons, I thought. Here they are. You may judge for yourself.

Reason 1.—I had held my position for a number of years.

Reason 2.—I had held that position satisfactorily. At least nobody had ever told me I was holding it unsatisfactorily.

Reason 3.—Other men of my age and with less ability were making more money than I.

Reason 4.—I deserved more money.

SO I fell to wondering what method I should employ in seeking from the man I worked for the raise that I deserved.

Should I adopt the humble tone and say, "For a long, long time I have been giving you faithful and conscientious service. I don't like to bother you, as I know you have troubles of your own. Your expenses have gone up like everybody else's. But so have my expenses gone up and, considering the length of time I have worked for you, the long and faithful service I have given you, don't you think my salary should be increased?"

Or should I adopt the haughty tone and say to the man I worked for, "Look here! You aren't paying me enough money. I deserve a larger salary. You know it and I know it, and if you don't pay me what I deserve, I'll find someone who will."

While I was pondering these two methods of approach, it suddenly occurred to me that the man I worked for was, after all, none other than myself.

Somehow this at once threw a new light on the subject and, before I knew it, I was looking at the thing from the employer's viewpoint.

"Well, well," thought I. "Here's a fellow who says he should be getting more money. He says he deserves more money. Maybe so, but what interests me is, does the work he performs deserve more money?"

ALMOST immediately I began to wonder if the work I performed did really deserve larger payment. That question sort of stumped me. I felt that I couldn't honestly answer "Yes," and that also I couldn't honestly answer "No." There was nothing to do but compromise, and I compromised by deciding that before a month went by I'd jolly well see that the work I performed did deserve larger payment, and so would other people see it in the same light, and of their own accord.

It was an interesting experiment. I shall not tell you the results. But I shall tell you this: it is worth while for you or for anybody else to make the experiment. Just try it once and see for yourself.

You are probably going to object: "That's all right for you. Just a moment ago you said you worked for yourself. Well, I don't."

MY reply to that is: "Brother, if you don't work for yourself, for whom do you work? Whose interests are you really trying to advance? What person do you want most of all to get ahead? Whose success are you mostly concerned in? What person do you wish to see obtain a larger salary?"

While you are thinking it over, I hasten to add: "Yourself. The person you are fundamentally working for is yourself—just yourself. And that is the same person I am working for."

Success Proverbs

FIND your purpose and fling your life out to it. Try to be somebody with all your might.

What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. *Start right.*

Poverty and hardship have ever been the great schoolmasters of the race, and have forced into prominence many a man who would otherwise have remained unknown.

Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?

Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great.

A great opportunity will only make you ridiculous unless you are prepared for it.

Don't dally with your purpose. Not many things indifferently, but one thing supremely.

The man with an idea has ever changed the face of the world.

Everything is either pusher or pushed.

There is nothing small in a world where a mudcrack swells to an Amazon, and the stealing of a penny may end on the scaffold.

Not everything that succeeds is success. A man may make millions and be a failure still.

There are three kinds of people in the world: the wills, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything, the third fail in everything.

When Bills Don't Count

Having made his payments for rent, coal, gas, and groceries, the poor man was broke. But he needed winter clothes, so he compromised by digging thru a closet and unearthing a heavy vest that belonged to a winter suit he had worn some years ago. He brushed the vest off and felt in the pockets.

Eureka! A discovery. In the inside pocket of the vest was a roll of bills amounting to \$123.

And not one of them was receipted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Man With a Million Friends

Nine years ago Dr. Frank Crane was scarcely known outside of a small circle.

Today he has a million friends.

At forty-eight he stepped out of a professional groove from a perfectly safe position, gave up a salary that would satisfy most men at the end of their career, and began writing his Classic Four Minute Essays on vital human subjects for a newspaper at a salary of \$1 a day.

DR. CRANE had the courage to do this extraordinary thing because he knew he had something helpful for Every Man and he had to have a larger field in which to operate.

Today we know he was right because the small circle has expanded to a million friends who look eagerly for his daily appearance in the fifty great metropolitan newspapers in the United States and Canada which publish his Four Minute Classics.

These million friends scattered all over the continent, read Dr. Crane on every occasion for a mental tonic. They call him their friend because he quickens their mind and heart.

There is nothing "ready made" about Dr. Crane—he is always in the making, and he makes his million friends grow with him.

He never fails to touch the secret springs that start the mental machinery. In a word, he takes the cobwebs out of the brain and sets one thinking right on the vital problems of everyday life. And right thinking, if cultivated until it becomes a habit, leads to irresistible power.

What Three of His Friends Think About Dr. Crane

M. Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet and philosopher, says: "The essays of Dr. Crane must have accomplished an immense good. I wish that they might be translated into all languages and circulated everywhere. They are simply admirable.

"Dr. Crane has found the secret of putting into a form as simple and clear as the purest water the highest thoughts and the most useful truths. And, limited as might be the space reserved for him, he has never neglected beauty in the expression of truth, with the result that it is always a joy to read him.

"I do not believe that at the present moment a more tonic, more healthful, and more necessary reading could be found for the people.

"To think that he reaches ten million people daily is simply wonderful. That is getting right to the people. Who ever had such an audience? I wish I might! But I know of no writer more deserving of such a hearing, and I can conceive of none who might use such an opportunity for higher or more useful purposes."

President Wilson writes: "May I not thank you from the bottom of my heart?"

Charles M. Schwab writes: "I enjoy each day reading your article. It is always

direct and to the point and always has a punch."

Give Dr. Crane Four Minutes a Day

At your home or office, in private, and learn to apply his common sense philosophy to your everyday problems.

It will give you a simple and workable philosophy of life which can be practiced anywhere, everywhere by old and young.

It will help you win the things you want: poise, self-control, determination, concentration, willpower.

It will make you more efficient in your work, in your business or your profession.

It will help you find joy in the commonplace things in life.

What Dr. Crane Can Do For You

First of all, he will give you the right conception of life.

Read his Four Minute Classic, "Life as a Business Proposition," and learn to look at life from a practical profit and loss viewpoint.

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If you are inclined to be vacillating his Essay "Mule Power" will show you how the proper cultivation of the common trait of stubbornness—just plain stubbornness—becomes not only a shining virtue but the automatic "safety first" device of the human brain.

So his "Ethics on Controversy" will tell you how to discuss with good humor.

"The Neighbor" will reveal the secrets of neighborly content.

"The Joy of Work" will lighten your task.

If you are a father or son read "Dad." If a mother or daughter read "Old Songs, Old Flowers and Mother."



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Name

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Maeterlinck, the Emerson of Belgium

Why He Considers Happiness the Greatest Element in One's Success

By FRANK WINSLOW

TO most people Maurice Maeterlinck, artist and philosopher, is a man surrounded by mystery. Yet Maeterlinck is distinctly a man with a message. He has combined philosophy with poetry, and reality with romance, in his effort to make the world a happier place in which to live.

In fact, "Bluebirds for Happiness" has become a household phrase. Happiness, in Maeterlinck's estimation, is the prime requisite for success and material achievement. He has the happy faculty of getting to the soul of things, and of expounding them so that all who run may read and understand. Earlier writers turned to the church and to the religious for their symbols. Not so with Maeterlinck.

HE sees beauty and food for wonder and delight in the humblest of things. He finds inspiration in the simplest sights of the countryside—in cottage flowers, the hum and industry of the bee, the loyalty of a dog, and the affection of a horse. The hand-woven laces of the women of Bruges inspire him to works of beauty, and the outlines of a feudal castle set his imagination afire.

Early critics compared him to Shakespeare, but his later students have rather preferred to term him "the Emerson of Belgium." It is said that he still reads his Emerson with regularity and devotion.

Maeterlinck has the rare gift of seeing into the very souls of things. He is a true artist-philosopher, tho a dreamer and a lover of silence. In reading him, one should be careful not to give way completely to the charm of his poetry and, in so doing, forget its underlying truths. His plays have great glamor apart from their fundamental teachings; and, independent of their preachments, his essays have rare charm and delicacy of expression, aided by a truly remarkable vocabulary.

Maeterlinck was born in the quaint Belgian city of Ghent, August 29, 1862. He is descended from old Flemish stock and was early destined for the law. Like the city of his nativity, Maeterlinck is a curious link between the past and the present—a rare combination of the mystery and romance of past ages and a clear understanding of modern-day problems. Like all of his kind, he has a marked leaning toward the practical side of mysticism, and his writings evidence this trend of mind.

But the law failed to hold Maeterlinck. At twenty he



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MAURICE MAETERLINCK, NOW VISITING THE UNITED STATES

Before we can bring happiness to others, we must first be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it upon others. If there be a smile upon our lips, those around us will soon smile, too, and our happiness will become the truer and deeper as we see others happy.

—MAETERLINCK.

was in Paris, the center of a group of symbolist writers. Shortly thereafter, his first book of verse, "Serres Chaudes," was published. These short poems sounded the keynote of his future writings. They echoed his own wanderings beside the lazy Belgian canals, and showed a deep sympathy and understanding with the life of the peasantry.

Coleridge and Carlyle are said to have had a deep effect upon Maeterlinck. In the spiritual depths of their writings, he seemed to find an outlet for the expression of his own ideas. Very early his personality began to develop. Unlike his contemporaries, he does not trust to the action and symbolism of his drama, but freely outlines his aims and their deeper meaning.

AS a philosopher, Maeterlinck may not be strikingly original, but his sincerity is most apparent. In his plays of flowers and animals he seems to reach his greatest heights, and his early works bare the reality of the soul so completely that the reader must almost believe the author has been very close indeed to the unknown. He

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does not concern himself with the ills of the flesh, but of the ills of the spirit, and the ambitions of the spirit are more to him than ordinary desires.

Thus the human soul moves thru his works like a living, breathing character. Tormented and torn with emotions, the soul becomes a thing more real than the physical bodies thru which it is presented. Yet Maeterlinck is always secular rather than theologic. His plays may be termed stories for grown-up children, and while grappling with the problems of the adult, he never loses the fresh hopefulness of the childish point of view.

For him everything appears to have a spiritual significance, but he does not attempt to give the impression of revealing a superhuman knowledge. He is ever watchful, ever hopeful, always on the alert for something new.

HIS creed is this: *Humanity, after ages of trial and tribulation, stands on the eve of enlightenment.*

He is not a believer in sudden changes or in great social or spiritual revolutions, but he does feel strongly that a progressive awakening is taking place in the world, a sort of gradual dawning of the consciousness of an inner and broader vision.

MAETERLINCK points to this awakening in various fields of endeavor: in the achievements of science, the development of psychological knowledge and understanding, the growth of the spirit of humanism, and the longing for common fellowship among the nations.

He looks upon destiny as the unknown, ruling force in life, yet he advocates the guidance of our destinies by the application of justice, truth, and love. It is also his theory that destiny may be molded and conquered by personality, by scientific invention, and the development of every human power. These beliefs are apparent in all of his dramas. The intensely dramatic, the action is always simple and direct. His characters are children in difficulties, symbols of humanity struggling against the unknown forces of life. Maeterlinck has developed a new and more intimate style in the symbolic drama, and critics have pronounced this style a welding of science and poetry.

In 1891 Maeterlinck was deep in the contemplation of mystic studies, and he has never ceased to delve into the realms of mysticism. But, romantic as the man essentially is, something practical always results from his endeavors. Within the next few years many plays came from his pen—

plays that earned him a reputation in Europe long before his "Pelleas and Melisande" gained him fame in England and America.

HIS earliest works show a marked tendency toward death and violence; but his later writings reveal material things by ardent spirits which he moves across life's screen like marionettes controlled by destiny. Ever engaged on translating the psychology of life, he has developed along material rather than mystical lines.

He is regarded as one of the foremost interpreters of the spirit of man—of the thought of beauty and betterment as expressed in flowers and animals. No man is believed to be so truly conscious of the soul as is Maeterlinck; and for all his naturalistic handling of the subject, his works show a deep religious sense.

His later plays are purely romantic, and his characters are those of passion and will, more conventionally dramatic, yet of intense charm of handling. It is said that he is almost deaf to the charms of music, altho one of his plays, "The Blue Bird," is now being rendered with a notable musical cast in this country.

While there has always been something rather mysterious about the man, this is due largely to his habits of solitude. To imagine him as a cloudy dreamer who takes no account of reality and who lacks the practical is to form an incorrect estimate. While it is true that every physical thing carries a message of poetic beauty to Maeterlinck, he is far from being an ethereal person, blind to the needs of the hour and the stern difficulties of life. He merely believes in taking happiness from everything that lies about us and, by the magic alchemy of his poetry, applying it to the needs of daily life.

PERSONALLY Maeterlinck is a huge, healthy specimen of manhood. His features are fine and rather

tinged with sadness, especially since the war. When the great conflict came on he was too old to bear arms in his country's defense, but he was active in numerous confidential missions. He is fond of cycling, skating, canoeing and fishing; but his hobby is flowers, and much of his time is spent in his garden.

Of recent years his trips to Paris have been many, but he always went and departed unheralded. Hero worship and the adulation of the throng do not appeal to him. When

(Continued on page 69)

BETTER THAN WAGES

By EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER

DO you know?

You have work for sale?

What is it you're selling?

Not mere *muscle*.

Not human bone and sinew.

That's of little value.

Savages are strong.

They can haul and hammer,

But in the world's army of *workers*

They're *ciphers*—not workers.

Work is *directed* energy.

Work is *muscle controlled* by mind.

If you want to be counted a worker

Why, *work!*

Don't drudge or *slave*;

Don't let someone else use *your* hands and feet.

Use them *yourself*.

Keep them *busy*.

When you cease to be *master* of your own strength

You become another man's *slave*.

Don't *do* it!

The world wants *workers*, not slaves.

Use your *head*.

When you're given something to *do*,

Find out *why* you're doing it.

The man who offered an *absent-minded* man

A *penny* for his thoughts

Got *cheated!*

So when you *haul*

Think *what* you're hauling.

When you *hammer*

Think *what* you're hammering.

When you *dig*

Think *what* you're digging.

When you *teach*

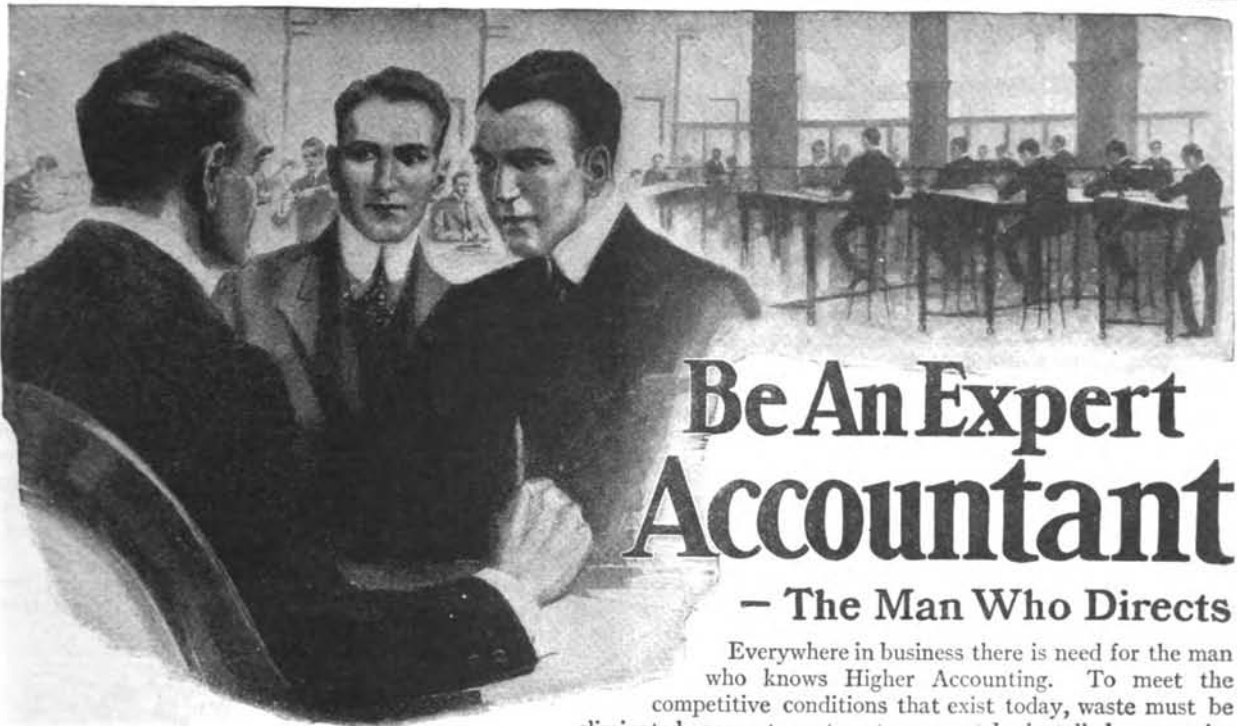
Think *what* you're teaching.

Work is *directed* energy.

Then *work!*

And the world will *reward* you

With something better than *wages*.



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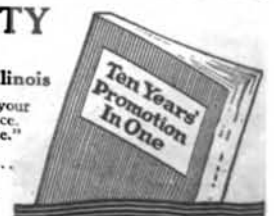
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How to Develop Personal Power

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE first thing for a human being to realize is the fact that we are, each and all of us, threefold in our organization—physical, mental, and spiritual. No matter how liberal or broad our education may be, or how far from orthodox our belief, we must be conscious that some force greater than the brain of man conceived and executed this wonderful scheme of the universe.

Whatever this force was and is we are a part of it, and from it we can obtain wonderful power and strength if we hold ourselves receptive to its influences. However occupied a young man or woman may be, each, if reared under civilized conditions, finds time for a daily bath. All feel it a necessity for the health of the body. Just as necessary for the health of the mind is what I would term a spiritual bath—a few minutes of time given each day to relaxation and calm meditation, an undressing of the mind, so to speak, of all material cares and ambitions, a breathing in of spiritual force—and an immersion of the whole being in the electric currents which flow from space about us.

He or she who desires to obtain personal power, of the highest and most enduring nature, must take these few moments at least, daily, believing that the best and purest strength from the very Source of all power is being bestowed.

Nothing Is More Destructive Than Hatred

AFTER the routine of the day is entered upon, a careful watch upon the emotions and desires, to see that they do not encroach upon the rights of others, is another step toward the goal. The power which develops into tyranny and oppression is never a safe power to cultivate. It is sure to resolve itself, eventually, into a boomerang, and to destroy the usefulness of the mind which seeks it.

A man who pursues what he believes to be merely his own personal good has a lonely and hard path before him. A man who seeks the universal good of all humanity has the unconscious assistance of the whole universe. This fact may not be patent to him at the outset, but it will manifest itself as he proceeds. He who wastes time and vitality in feelings of hatred, revenge, and retaliation can never attain to power. Nothing is more destructive than hatred; it vitiates all the constructive forces of the mind. No more foolish and paradoxical phrase was ever formed than one we often hear uttered by the unthinking: "I am strong in my loves and my hates." He who loves greatly cannot hate, any more than the sunlight can freeze one being while it warms another. There is a selfish passion, often misnamed love, which exists in the same heart with hate. But it is not love.

WOULD you have your influence felt by all whom you approach? Then cultivate a sympathy for every created thing, and look for the lovable quality in each human being. It exists—search and you shall find. Avoid dwelling upon the disagreeable and unpleasant traits of humanity, or the gloomy and unfortunate phases of human existence. All such things are detrimental to the development of your best powers. They are material, and lead to inertia of the mental faculties. When you are compelled to encounter vice and misfortune, give them pity and sympathy, and do what you can to aid and uplift; but do not let your mind dwell despondently upon them. "Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think only of these."

This is one of the sweetest methods of developing personal power, for thoughts are magnets, and attract their own kind.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with being, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results or ill.

However indisposed you may be, picture yourself strong and virile; however poor, think of yourself as opulent; however lonely, imagine yourself surrounded by loving friends; and, as you think, so shall you be.

All such thoughts develop the power to bring the desired results.

You Must Follow Your Own Headlight

IF you form a habit of continually consulting other minds for guidance you weaken your own judgment. If you depend upon yourself, and appeal only to the highest powers of the universe for strength, you fortify the best qualities within you, and educate your own nature for self-government. Not only avoid asking advice, but avoid taking too much of it. It will be impossible for you to follow all the suggestions your friends and acquaintances offer. Nothing is easier to give than advice. No two brains are constructed in exactly the same manner, and no two minds regard life from exactly the same standpoint. One person tells a youth to sacrifice everything for an education, to go thru college at any cost of time, labor, and pleasure; another advises him to be satisfied with a common-school education, and to turn his attention to business early. One urges you to read widely, to avoid society, and to have no inti-

(Continued on page 66)

How Have You Profited?

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

NOW, it isn't how fearfully good you have been
Since this wayward old world you've been visiting in;
And it isn't how oft or how much you have erred
In your thoughts or your acts or in ill-chosen word.
'Tis no one of these things that the difference makes;
It is what you have learned from your frequent mistakes.

Show me one who has batted a thousand per cent.,
Since old Adam and Eve from their heritage went!
Not a player has shown us an errorless game—
There is nobody perfect, in fact or in fame.
There's no hope of perfection; *but have you displayed*
You've the gumption to learn from mistakes you have made?

If the sins you've committed have taught you "Be kind"
To the others who fell when, like you, they were blind;
If the falls you have suffered when striving to stand
Make you offer to others a steady hand;
If you've used your mistakes for the good of the race,
Then the fact you have fallen is less a disgrace.

Since we all are but human and cannot expect
To exhibit a life wholly free from defect,
Let us spend all our efforts in trying to do
What we may, within reason, expect to see thru.
So it isn't what kind of a race you have run,
But 'tis what you have learned from the wrongs you have done.

Can the Dead Speak?

(Continued from page 44)

it will always be the present, it will always be the now and here. The present is the opportunity for action and it always will be.

"But let us hold to the faith that we are helped, helped in our struggles by those who have gone before us. They are not removed out of our ken, save to this appearance of sense. They know what we are doing. They strive to do what they can to help humanity. They have, as I believe, been active thru all our terrible struggles, and the youth that we have lost has gone before us, bright-eyed, brave youth, keenly desirous that we shall not lament them overmuch, but realizing that they, too, have their job and are doing their works as we are trying to do ours, servants of the Most High God. Think of them as with us still, screened only from our senses, not screened from us in reality.

The Body and the Soul

"THE soul constructed the body, the soul uses the body, the soul dominated the body, and the soul will survive the body, for it is of a different kind altogether. The body wears out. There is no reason why a soul should wear out. The body grows old, some souls seem to grow old, but not necessarily. We understand the wearing out of the body, but the main reality is not going out of existence. Things don't go out of existence. If the thing is real, it persists. All real things persist.

The Revelation of Orion

"WHAT the reality of the constellation of Orion may be I cannot say. I can imagine it must be something supernal that it should be so bright to us at the distance. Light, which travels at the rate of 180,000 miles per second, has taken 600 years to come. That is to say, when you look at the constellation Orion you see light which has been traveling ever since the time of the Plantagenets, starting on its journey before this country was discovered and only now arriving, and there are many other stars and nebulae enormously farther off than that.

"The ether that brings that light to the earth is a perfect substance. It mops up none of the light as an imperfect substance would. It brings the light to us in its entirety.

"The revelation of this midnight winter star is overwhelming. Yet its appearance was known to the ancients. The revelation has come only after long study.

Our Senses Tell Us So Little

"ELECTRICITY eludes your senses, but when it passes thru a small wire it produces light. Its current run thru a dynamo and it produces motion. The moment you connect it with matter you can tell it.

"Isn't it quite natural that we should think sometimes that we are hard treated because our senses tell us so little?

Reality of Everything in the Mind

"THE reality of everything is in the mind of man. The most symbolic thing of all, perhaps, is the national flag.

"When you gaze upon the Star-Spangled Banner are you thinking about a piece of calico that can be torn to pieces by a puppy? No. You are thinking of the grand traditions, the things for which that flag stands and represents, its ideals, for which your men and boys are willing to give up their lives. It is not of the cloth and the stars and stripes that are before your eyes that you think, but of the things which you cannot see and which make it a symbol."



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And as he walked, he made a resolution. No longer should his life be bound up in his own welfare. He might continue to donate money to charities and to various institutions, but he meant to get more joy out of his living by doing it personally. He began to feel that he could at last attain his ideal of being popular, that, perhaps, after all, there might be a few mortals who would mourn when he passed away. He recalled that Theodore Roosevelt needed no memorial—that his life and his acts were the greatest of memorials that could be built to him. Yet—just because they loved this man and his memory—thousands of Americans had contributed to a tangible memorial which was to symbolize their deep and lasting regard for him.

There was food for thought in the reflection, and Job Hodgson was busy with his plans for promoting that popularity for which he had been starving all these years. He dropped into a candy shop, then into a florist's. There was also a gift to be purchased for Jim, the bright-eyed boy who had clasped his hand with such natural fervor the previous night. And, at last, consulting his watch, he saw with pleased surprise, that it was time to make his way to the Higgins flat.

There was not time to walk, and he overcame his natural impulse to call a taxicab. Instead he took the subway, and seemed to take a genuine delight in rubbing shoulders with the crowd. To carry bundles had always galled him; but now, with arms loaded down, he regarded his packages with contentment and delight. He was taking something that would give these people pleasure; and he wished to present his gifts himself, not to have them delivered by the impersonal hand of a messenger.

ARRIVED at his station, he made his way to the street, and hastened along with brisk steps in the direction of the Higgins home. The street was even more dingy by day than it had been by night; yet the same spirit of cheerfulness seemed to reign there. Urchins played about the sidewalk—poorly dressed, their little hands and faces muddy—supremely full of the joy of living. The tots ran under his feet, got into his way, and nearly caused him to drop his packages; but to his own astonishment, he actually laughed aloud, and painstakingly made his way thru the juvenile throng, careful not to bump into the frolicsome children.

At length he came to the foot of the steep stairs, and, breathlessly eager, made his way upwards at a pace that astonished him. He smiled at himself when he thought of the picture he must have made: the dignified, slowly moving Job Hodgson, hurrying up a stair that seemed like a ladder—and for what?

The answer came to him the moment he asked himself. He knew that his wrong mental attitude had driven away the very things he had always longed for. And now that this priceless friendship and affection was within his grasp, he had no intention of losing it. The smiles, the kind words he had received from this tiny family, had meant more to him than countless profitable business deals—more than anything he could measure as he stood outside the door of the Higgins flat.

His knock brought prompt response. It was little Mabel who admitted him, and her eyes lit up with pleasure as she greeted her elderly friend. Behind her stood her mother, and the look on her face made her worn features seem beautiful.

"You should not be so generous!" she said reprovingly. "The things you sent were wonderful, but there was enough for all in

The Lonely Rich Man

(Continued from page 37)

the basket you so kindly carried home last night."

Hodgson shook his head and raised his hand in protest. He felt like a bashful, callow youth when he presented his gifts; but the heartfelt thanks and sincere appreciation they evoked, sank deep down into his heart. How easy it seemed to radiate a little sunshine into the lives of others! This simple thing that he did—the cost of which was infinitesimal to him—meant more in the satisfaction it gave him than a million-dollar donation to an institution. It was the personal touch of it all—and the *sunshine* he received in return.

The child took his hat and coat, and her mother, humming a little tune, made her way to the kitchen from which came odors that aroused an appetite Hodgson had not known in years. Now Mabel took the flowers and arranged them in a pitcher of water. Hodgson smiled as he thought of the costly vases in his own home—magnificent glass and silver affairs that never held a flower unless placed there by some professional decorator on the rare occasions when he entertained people whom he did not care to invite—and who cared still less to accept his invitations.

He noticed the child's delicate fingers fondly caressing the petals and inhaling the fragrance of the buds. She seemed like a little flower herself, and the rude pitcher that held her treasure was transformed into a thing far more precious than the most priceless vessel.

THE door burst open, and young Jim entered—proud and happy. In his arms were several bundles. With a cheery word of greeting, he hastened out to the kitchen. From an adjoining room there came a wail—a howl—that refused to be silenced, and Mabel hurried from her flowers to answer this cry of infant protest. A moment later she was in the doorway with a tiny mite in her arms—a little human thing swaddled in daintily embroidered garments and a warm fleecy blanket. The habiliments of the infant impressed Hodgson in themselves. Poor as were the garments of the rest of the family, the baby was clad in the daintiest things. Because they were devoted to the child, they gladly sacrificed themselves to give it finer raiment.

And for the first time in his career, Hodgson caught himself staring down into a tiny face that smoothed out its wrinkles and gurgled up at him as only a baby can. He would not have believed that he would stretch out his arms to take it, but that was just what he did. And with a little smile of pleasure the older sister slipped the precious bundle into his awkward arms.

During the rest of the time that it took to prepare the dinner, Hodgson sat there playing nurse to his wee bit of humanity. He found himself staring down at it with wonder in his eyes—and in his awakening soul. This absurdly small little chap was evidently quite content to remain where he found himself. He would smile and coo at Hodgson and reach out his tiny hands toward the millionaire's face.

"At least he isn't trying to please me because he knows I'm rich," Hodgson said half aloud. "It seems as if he were actually *fond* of me!"

THEN came the dinner. It was not so much the viands—altho Hodgson had ordered lavishly to supplement the contents of the magic basket. Rather it was the

culinary skill of Mrs. Higgins and, most of all, the atmosphere of the little room.

Hodgson ate as he had not eaten since childhood. He talked of everything—and of nothing. He listened to little incidents that would ordinarily have bored him to death; but which he now thoroughly enjoyed—and commented upon frequently.

He was picturing his dinner as it might have been—as the guest of some wealthy business friend—with a little group of equally lonely souls at his club or alone at home with the silent Judson to serve him. And he thanked the Fate that had directed his steps to Union Square at the moment little Mabel had set her basket on the pavement.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that he had always been too busy to grasp the very thing that had made him unhappy because of its absence. He had been striving night and day to pile up a fortune for himself—hoarding stocks and bonds, and hoarding what is still more vital to happiness: the best that was in him—his own capacity for human sympathy and understanding.

Now as he listened to the simple conversation about him, he began to wonder something else. There was, as he had suspected, a cloud in this household. If his money, his ability—his personal interest—could remove, or at least line it with silver the day's happiness would be complete. He hesitated to speak at first; but he steeled himself to the task. If he were to be privileged to help he must know what was wanted.

He broached the subject gently—hesitatingly—but finally rather bluntly, and he was conscious of the faint trace of a tear in Mrs. Higgins's eyes. He wanted to chastise himself for having brought it there; but now he was rewarded by a smile of understanding from young Jimmy.

"Tell Mr. Hodgson, mother," the lad advised. "There's nothing to be ashamed of. Dad didn't really do it."

The mother nodded, and the boy went on. "Dad's in jail," he said simply, "serving a two-year sentence. But it wasn't his fault—and he isn't guilty."

Hodgson was dumfounded. "You believe this—" he stammered.

"We know it," Mrs. Higgins said. "He was the victim of circumstances. Oh, I know it sounds hollow; but it is so, nevertheless. But he could not prove his innocence. He had not the funds to secure good legal talent, and his employer was a man of little sympathy."

"And yet you can be happy in the face of such a thing?" Hodgson exclaimed, unbelievably. "It would be only natural if you were downcast and soured on the world."

"What good would that do?" the woman asked, looking at him with a strange light in her eyes. "Some day father will come back to us—free. And we will know that he has suffered like a man—because he would not tell something which would have brought suffering to many others. It would not make us any better off if we grieved and complained—and lost heart. It would not help my husband any, and it would spoil the sunshine we want to share with him when he comes back to us."

"But you say you *know* he is innocent," Hodgson went on. "I am a lawyer. Tell me the facts. If you are right I can secure his release."

THE three looked at him in wonder—breathless in their excitement. Then the mother shook her head. "I will tell you, if you would like to hear," she said quietly; "but you must promise me not to repeat what I say—to anyone. Big Jim kept quiet because it would have meant the imprison-

ment of another man if he had spoken. That man was not really guilty—just weak. But Jim owed him a great deal; they had been friends all their lives and it would have killed his invalid wife if he had been the one to suffer."

Hodgson listened spellbound. "But you—his own wife—what has it done to you?" he demanded.

"It has made me a stronger woman—a better mother—a better wife for him when he comes back to me," she said very simply.

Then, as Hodgson sat silently at the table, she told him the whole story. It was fascinating—a delineation of character such as he had never known or imagined. He found himself longing to see this man, Jim Higgins, who was even then eating his dinner within prison walls. That a man could make such heroic sacrifice—that a man could be so thoroly, so incomprehensibly unselfish, had never occurred to the lawyer. And he pondered over the useless unfairness of it all. Not that he belittled what Jim Higgins had done for his friend; but when he thought that, with even a half-skilled lawyer, the man could have gone free anyway, he was furious. "Why it wasn't a crime at all—properly handled," he added. "I've freed many and many a man—"

But he stopped, conscious-stricken himself, at the look that came into the faces of the woman and the two children. Here he was boasting of his skill at evading the law before a little group who were heroically suffering because of a miscarriage of justice, who were silently and cheerfully suffering because of loyalty and friendship that had been abused.

"A gloomy attitude wouldn't help me in my work," Mrs. Higgins went on. "It wouldn't help Jimmy boy, either. We don't really blame anyone. My husband made up his mind to do it. We talked it all over the night before the trial and decided the thing together. Of course, with the baby coming, it was rather serious for me; but Jim had a little saved up, and I felt that he was right. I've never minded the hard work, and I've learned to love my husband all the more because he had the courage to play the man. We haven't been able to save anything—in the year that he's been gone; but when he gets out again, it will be different. Then we'll all go away somewhere and forget it all in the happiness of being together again."

A NEW light seemed to dawn in Job Hodgson's soul. Never had he seen such staunch faith, such utter devotion, such divine courage. He almost felt that it would be worth the torture of an innocent term in jail to earn the love of such a woman and of such a boy and girl.

How the evening passed, he never knew. He had meant to ask them to go with him to a play, but after the recital at the dinner-table, he had not had the courage. But he did ask that young Jimmy come to his office the following morning, and as he said good-night and thanked them for letting him share their holiday, there were tears in his eyes.

Again Hodgson walked home—up Broadway, up Fifth Avenue, thru the mass of lights and the laughing crowds. All about him were people who seemed without a care in the world. Yet their smiles and their laughter sounded like a mockery after the patient, madonnalike smile the prisoner's wife had given him when he had pressed her hand in farewell. To suffer as they were suffering, and to be outwardly light-hearted, cheerful and kind to each other—with never a sign of nagging or discouragement—it was a revelation to him.

"Job Hodgson," he said to himself. "If

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THE next day, young Jimmy came to his office during the lunch hour, when he could get away from the factory. Hodgson questioned him closely, learned more facts in the case, and put them down in his notebook.

"What are you going to do?" the lad asked, a little uncertainly.

"I'm going to try to do something worth while for once," was Hodgson's answer, and he made the boy promise to come back to him two days later.

That night he took the train for Albany. An hour after his arrival, he was closeted with the Governor. The Governor knew Hodgson well. What official did not? And the Governor knew that Hodgson was a better lawyer than he was a man.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Hodgson?" he asked, impatiently.

"Nothing—for me," Hodgson replied, thoughtfully. "But there is something you can do. Read these notes, and remember that I show them to you in strictest confidence. No one but you and I must ever know why you do what I think you will do—what, in fact, I am very certain you will do."

The Governor sat down at his desk and carefully scanned the penciled pages the lawyer gave him. "Do you believe it?" he asked, looking up.

"I'll stake my life on it—and so would you, if you'd heard it from Mrs. Higgins' lips, as I did. Governor, it isn't often that men in your position and mine have the chance to do something thoroughly unselfish—to extend a really helping hand and right a great wrong. In this case, it also means the chance to reward a noble act."

The Governor thought a moment. "I suppose there'll be no end of comment since I can't make the facts public," the Governor said. "But, Hodgson, I'm going to do it! I've a wife and kids of my own. I believe they'd go thru this sort of thing for me, and I know what they'd say of a Governor who gave me back to them!"

"That's it in a nutshell!" Hodgson said, his eyes brightening. "Why I've made fees that were fabulous for helping men out of difficulties. Often they didn't deserve it; but even when they did, the only gratitude I got was *cash*. I'm afraid I'm not altogether unselfish in coming to you even now. If you consent to pardoning Higgins, I'm going to share in the gratitude that will be more than enough to go round."

"And you're mighty welcome to it," the Governor said, putting out his hand. "If you knew what a relief it is to have someone come here with a proposition like this—instead of all the sordid things that come to my desk! Why, Hodgson, the chance to do this thing is one of the real joys of my administration!"

AND as Hodgson walked down the capitalist steps, he was conscious of another happiness. He knew that the man in the executive chamber of the great building was his friend; not a cold official who admired his legal skill, but a fellowman who respected and loved him because of what he had done. Moreover, he knew that he held a genuine affection for the Governor.

"Four friends in two days," mused Hodgson. "Think how many I could have had by now—if I'd started years ago!"

All the way back to New York, Hodgson was humming softly to himself. He was

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impatient to witness the climax of his little plot, eager to break the news to the little family in the dingy flat. And, if it may be called selfish, he was eager to more fully realize the new friendships his trip would cement for him. At last he had done what he could never do before!

But the greatest lesson of all was still to be taught him. On thinking matters over he had decided to refrain from telling the glad news to Mrs. Higgins. That, he thought, was to be the Governor's reward. So it was that the next time he mounted the steps to the little flat, it was with a heart that beat expectantly.

At the door he was greeted by a tall, kindly looking man. The prison pallor was still upon his face, but in his eyes there was a light that seemed to fire Hodgson's soul. The man put out his hand, fearlessly, earnestly, feelingly.

"You have been wonderfully good," he said. "God will certainly reward you—and—and we shall never forget what you have done."

Then the two sat down. There was not a trace of bitterness nor of rancor in the prisoner's heart—nor in his words. He said that his treatment in prison had been kindly and considerate. "There was nothing there to break my spirit nor to make me harden my heart against my fellowmen. I made a friend of my cell mate and I think I was able to help him. He was not really a bad man; and when he comes out and has another chance, he's bound to make good."

"Then you've no regrets for the sacrifice you made?" Hodgson queried.

"None," said Higgins. "It has brought my wife and my children closer to me. It has made me appreciate them all the more. It has given me the understanding and the spirit to strive to overcome the injustice and the inequalities that are the result of personal greed and selfishness. Some day, when men understand each other—and the Golden Rule is really in their hearts—we shall shut up the prisons and the workhouses, and devote ourselves to winning friends."

"Friends!" Hodgson said aloud. "I've always known how to make money, but I could never make friends. I didn't know how!"

"But you've learned," Higgins told him cheerfully.

SIX months passed. Somehow word of what Hodgson had done had leaked out. It had not found its way into the papers, but there was a marked difference in the way his associates treated him. The first thing he knew he was elected to the Board of Directors of the Patrons Club; and then, one morning, an official-looking document arrived at his breakfast plate.

Curiously he tore it open and gasped at what he saw. The Governor was offering him the commissionership of the newly established Board of Social Welfare. He wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, and smiled thru the mist that obscured the type-written page.

"At last—at last!" he murmured. "I've found where true happiness lies!" Then, thinking of others, as had become his wont, he said half aloud, "I know just the man for my assistant—big Jim Higgins!"

Success Nuggets

No man can pursue a worthy object steadily and persistently with all the powers of his mind, and yet make his life a failure.



The world does not dictate what you shall do, but it does demand that you do something, and that you shall be king in your line.

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Get Your Approval of Your Day's Work

*If We Do Not Get Our Own Approval, that
of Others Will Give Us No Satisfaction*

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHATEVER you do, resolve that you will do it in such a way that at night you can look back over the day's work with supreme satisfaction, with the knowledge that you have done your level best, that you have stamped your individuality, your honesty of purpose, your manhood or womanhood, upon your day's work; that you are not only not ashamed of it, but that you are even proud of it. Never leave a day that you are ashamed of until you have redeemed your poor work.

MAKE it a rule of your life to leave your day with supreme satisfaction, with the consciousness that you have done your best, that you are not ashamed of it, that you are willing to hold it up to your employer as a model. If you have not an outside employer you have an inside, an internal one, whose approval is infinitely more valuable to you, because if you do not get the "Amen" of your soul, if there is any protest in your nature against the quality of your day's work, anything inside of you that condemns it, this will mar your self-respect, you will not think so much of yourself. If you get the disapproval of this inner monitor, especially if its protest is frequent or habitual, you begin to deteriorate very rapidly.

You must have the approval of the highest thing in you constantly or you can never be satisfied with yourself, can never be happy, can never live an effective life. It doesn't matter so much whether you get the approval of people outside, but you must get the approval of your inner self, if you would live peacefully, happily, successfully.

DON'T put too great emphasis upon the applause or approval of people outside when there is an inner murmur—a protest inside. You may be a tremendous success in the eyes of the world, and a total failure in the eyes of yourself, in the estimation of this inner monitor which passes upon every act, says "Amen" to it or protests against it.

Your self-approval upon every day's work is very important, even imperative. You must have your own good approval no matter what other people say about your work or your success; you must know yourself that you are a success. There must be an amen in your soul echoing thru the corridors of your being constantly or you will never be a happy or an effective man or woman.

IT is a wonderful thing to form a habit of never leaving your day's work un-

til it satisfies you, until you can put your "O. K." upon it, until you can say, "There, that's a good job; it has been done about as well as I can do it. I am willing to put my signature to it. It has my approval."

I cannot begin to tell you what such a habit will do for you, doing everything to a complete finish, a little better than those about you so that there will be no interrogation point in your mind when you drop it, doing everything so that you will hear the unqualified approval of that little monitor in you which always says "Right!" to the good act and "Wrong!" to the bad act. We know when we have done a thing right and we know when it is not right.

The habit of getting our self-approval to everything we touch is what will make our life worth while.

Self-approval, to my mind, is the most important thing in life. If we don't get our own approval that of others will give us very little satisfaction. People may pat us on the back, but when something inside of us is lacking—regret, remorse at our ineffectiveness—we cannot feel happy or satisfied. We must get our own approval. If we have this we can stand the criticism and sneers of the world.

THERE are lots of people who have the approval of the world, of society, of those about them, but who do not have their own approval. There is a constant protest within them against what they are doing; a little small voice

which is constantly saying, "You know that this is not right; you know that this is not square; you know that this is not a success. You are posing, you are wearing a mask, you are deceiving, you are not honest, you are not true."

So long as this goes on, you are a failure, no matter how much money you may pile up or how high you are in your vocation. You must have the amen, the approval, of your inward monitor. You can never get away from him, for it is your ideal, your other self, which is one with the One, part of the great, creative Infinite Life, immutable in principle; your other real self, a self which was never subject to pain, failure, disease or death, that came into the world to accompany you, and that will go out of the world with you, for it is your real self, the truth of your being, the reality of you. It is your divine connection with the Infinite One, your radiation from Him, just as the sunbeams are the radiation from the sun.

Whatever you do, always get your own approval, always, every day!

HOW THEY LOST THEIR HOME

THEY subscribed for everything on the instalment plan. They bought things they did not need because they were cheap.

They could not say, "No," and dared not say, "I cannot afford it."

They did not use good judgment or right proportion in their expenditures.

The father always intended to get his life insured, but died without doing so.

They did not realize how easy it is to get into debt and how hard it is to get out.

They thought it small to insist on having an agreement or understanding put in writing.

The daughters thought it beneath them to work for a living, but were bound to dress well.

They drew their money out of the savings bank to put it into some get-rich-quick scheme, and lost it.

They put off payments on everything possible because it would be so much easier to pay to-morrow than to-day.

They signed important papers, without reading them or knowing their contents, just because they were asked to do so.

The mania to keep up appearances, beyond their means caused them to mortgage their property and ended in bankruptcy.

When the shoe began to pinch, they "really did not see where they could retrench." Habit had made luxuries seem necessities.

They ran accounts at the stores instead of paying cash, did not realize how rapidly bills were running up and never knew how they stood.

They entertained too expensively and a great deal more than they could afford, because they wanted people to think they were in good circumstances.

Their efforts to force their daughters into the society of those socially above them, in the hope that they might make "brilliant matches," involved them hopelessly in debt.

Education Up to Date

WE teach the children Danish,
Trigonometry and Spanish;
Fill their heads with old-time notions,
And the secrets of the oceans,
And the cuneiform inscriptions
From the land of the Egyptians;
Learn the date of every battle,
Know the habits of the cattle,
Know the date of every crowning,
Read the poetry of Browning;
Make them show a preference
For each musty branch of science;
Tell the acreage of Sweden,
And the serpent's wiles in Eden;
And the other things we teach 'em
Make a mountain so immense
That we have not a moment left
To teach them common sense.

Getting Rid of Worry

"YOU ask how I came to get rid of the worry habit," said a merry-faced woman. "Well, I always did have a prejudice against wasting time, or strength, or nerves on something which doesn't amount to anything, and, after a long and elaborate experience in worrying, I found out that the things which most nearly broke my heart (in anticipation) ruined my temper, wrecked my peace, and alienated my family and friends, were, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the things which never happened! As I couldn't be prepared for the real trouble, I gave all worrying the go-by, and you cannot imagine what a difference it makes! Why, I am a new and delightful stranger to myself without my haunting double, worry. But he will never be admitted again, for without him my heart is not only lighter, but purer, my head is clearer, my body is stronger, and I'm twice the woman I was with him."

Success Nuggets

Sweeter than the perfume of roses is the possession of a kind, charitable, unselfish nature; a ready disposition to do for others any good turn in one's power.

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements.



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ANY business proposition you are up against—a modern business method you want to adopt—you can find it all in the *Library of Accounting and Business Management* as quickly as you find a word in a dictionary—all worked out for you and explained. The whole business world is laid right before your eyes.

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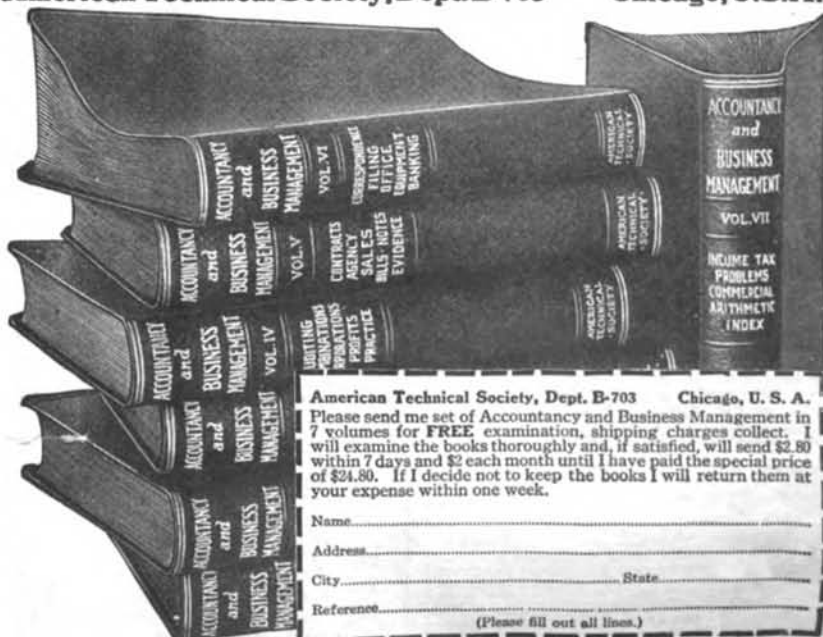
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How to Develop Personal Power

(Continued from page 58)

mate friends but books. Another says, seek the companionship of people, study mankind, make yourself popular, and achieve success thru influence. If you obey the first, a dozen friends differ in the books they suggest for your training; if you yield to the latter, as many varying counsels are given regarding the kind of people whose acquaintance you should try to cultivate.

It is sheer madness even to attempt to follow all the counsels of all our best friends. It would require twenty lives. We must decide things for ourselves. Seek the highest impulses of your own nature, the God within you, and the power to decide wisely shall be given you. Once having decided, steel yourself to criticism. Whatever course you choose, some of your friends will decry and bemoan your decision. Content yourself with the thought that, while they are your good friends, and mean well, they cannot live your life for you, and, therefore, you must live it yourself, and in your own way. Like a locomotive, you must follow your own headlight.

There is nothing which more strongly aids the development of our powers than standing firm and unswerving thru a storm of criticism, when we know we have chosen the right pathway, and that our motive is a worthy one, however questionable the course may seem to observers. It is impossible to pass thru such an experience without keen suffering until we rise to heights of spiritual serenity, which few of us attain in youth; but suffering is another source of development.

The Power of Attractive Personality

THE best powers of mind and spirit can

"BREAthed the BREATH OF LIFE"

into man, is what the Bible says God did.

When we look around us and see how lacking in interest and enthusiasm, how dead and lifeless most persons are, we are prone to believe that either God did a mighty poor job, or else that most persons have squeezed the "breath of life" out of themselves since they were born.

When we see what thousands have done towards bringing the "breath of life" back to them; how they have restored their interest in life, built up their enthusiasm and become strong, healthy, happy and prosperous since studying and applying the lessons taught in the book on

"Concentration — Its Mentology and Psychology"

By F. W. SEARS, M.P. (Master of Psychology)

We know then that it was not God's failure to do a good job in the beginning, but that it has been man's failure to appreciate what an excellent job God had done in creating him.

Man's whole trouble, since the beginning of time, has been his attempt to belittle himself and his power, instead of appreciating the wonderful work of God and using his power to make of his personal self a fitting instrument through which his God-self might manifest.

This book teaches how to use one's power in creating an interest in life; how to generate the enthusiasm in one's own consciousness which makes life worth living; how to meet the common-place and humdrum affairs of everyday life with a consciousness which enables one to rise above their petty effects, transmuting sorrow, sickness, misery and lack, into joy, health, happiness and the abundance of everything he desires.

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The glory of love is that it delights in doing for nothing what nobody else will do for money.

A man is king or slave every moment of his life. He is either conquering or being conquered,—victor or vanquished. Either the man or the brute is always on the throne. When the man steps down the beast steps up.

A CORNER FOR LAUGHS

England in the East

The following advertisement recently appeared in a Siamese newspaper:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been college, and write like Kipling and the Dickens. We circle everytown and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday. Number one."

Leap Year!

An Irish sheriff got a writ to serve on a young widow, and on coming into her presence he said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you."

"My dear sir," she said, blushing, "your attachment is reciprocated."

"You don't understand me. You must proceed to court," said the sheriff.

"Well, I know 'tis leap-year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women."

"Mrs. P—, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting."

"The justice waiting! Well, I suppose I must go; but the thing is so sudden, and besides I'd prefer a priest to do it."

Getting Even

A neighbor of General Ben Butler entered his law office one day and said: "General, what would you advise a man to do if a neighbor's dog had come into his yard and killed a chicken?"

"If I were you," replied Ben, "I should go to the owner of the dog and state the facts. If he's the proper kind of man he'll pay you what the hen is worth."

"All right," said the visitor. "Your dog killed my chicken. And my chickens are worth ten dollars apiece."

The General peeled off a bill and handed it to his visitor with the greatest of geniality. But the next day the owner of the hen received a bill for ten dollars for "professional services."

Impossible!

"I suppose," said a sympathizing neighbor, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory! Why, poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of his clothes to-day, and I found the pockets full of letters I had given him to post."

The Rule

The new doorkeeper at the local museum had evidently learned the rules by heart before taking over the job.

"Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door," he said to a visitor who was going straight through the turnstile.

"But I haven't an umbrella."

"Then you must go back and get one," was the stern reply. "No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door!"

Ideal Attained

"Were any of your boyish ambitions ever realized?" asked the sentimentalist.

"Yes," said the practical person. "When my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be bald-headed."

Postal Life N.Y.

The POSTAL Saves You Money and Safeguards Your Health

THOUGHTFUL people throughout the country arrange policies in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY because, *first*, it supplies sound legal-reserve protection at low net cost and, *second*, because it performs an important service in *health-conservation* for its policy-holders.

The Company dispenses with agents; it deals *direct* with the public, and policy-holders save, and may deduct from their *first* premium, monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual, a *guaranteed commission-dividend* corresponding to what other companies pay out the *first* year to their agents, less an advertising charge.

In *subsequent years*, POSTAL LIFE policyholders may also deduct the *agent's full renewal-commission* of 7½% as premiums are paid; also an *office-expense saving* of 2%, making up the

Annual Dividend of 9½% Guaranteed in the Policy

The Company also apportions and pays the usual contingent dividends that other companies pay, and these should increase each year.

Furthermore, the Company's Health Bureau performs an important service, in *health-conservation* by issuing periodical Health Bulletins for the benefit of its policyholders and by granting to those who desire, one medical examination each year at the expense of the Company, thus detecting incipient disease in time to check or cure it.

Bear in mind, Postal Life policies are binding on the Company wherever the insured lives.

By doing business through the mails—*direct*—it not only effects important savings for policyholders, but also brings the benefits of insurance protection and health conservation to the remotest sections of the country, thus performing a public service akin to rural free delivery and the parcels post.

For the reasons here stated and others, the POSTAL LIFE is justly designated "The Company of Conservation"—of money and of health.

Write at once and find out the exact sum the Company will save you on your age on any standard form of contract—Whole-Life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment or Joint-Life.

No agent will be sent to visit you; the POSTAL LIFE dispenses with them. Be your own agent and save his commission for yourself. Call at the office or write for full official information. Simply say:

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1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

Postal Life Insurance Company

Wm. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Ave., corner 43d Street

New York

How Right or Wrong Thinking Measures Your Income

Hidden within you are latent powers greater than you ever dreamed you had. Let Orison Swett Marden tell you how right or wrong thinking brings out these powers to their fullest possible extent—how to make your mind a force that will make your income and your influence all you ever wished



RIGHT or wrong thinking not only measures your income but measures your influence wherever you go and in whatever you do. Dr. Marden is the man who has set thousands of people on the route to successful thinking, constructive thinking. Let him reveal the amazing capacities you possess. Let him make your mind a veritable dynamo of successful, straightforward thinking that wins for you the things you want and the success you aim for.

Many a man who thought he possessed only mediocre abilities has discovered wonderful new powers within himself after reading Dr. Marden's suggestions. Some of the things that his writings have done would almost seem beyond belief were it not for the positive proof in thousands of letters telling of actual experiences. Men who otherwise might have spent the rest of their lives as plodders have suddenly been transformed into veritable dynamos of energy and success.

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Dr. Marden's message. Every man or woman who earnestly longs to prosper and succeed, who has an ideal of a better and more useful life, a bigger position or more influence in his business and social world should send for a copy of this great book to-day—on a special offer which you will be glad to learn about.

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Maeterlinck, the Emerson of Belgium

(Continued from page 56)

in the French capital he always managed to hide himself in out-of-the-way places where he could observe without being observed and think without being thought about.

His supernatural touches, his psychological attainments, and his delineation of human emotions are probably more remarkable than those of any other living writer. Today he is keenly interested in the problem of the life to come and the solution of the mystery of death.

Probably no other foreign author has ever enjoyed such a vogue in this country. His first impression of the skyline of New York City was that it was too "hazy and unreal" to be other than that of a "dream city"!

DESPITE the fact that he has absolutely no liking for music—he is tone deaf and music bores him—few authors have been more popular with composers than Maeterlinck. Five of his plays have been set to music: "Pelleas et Melisande," "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," "Monna Vanna," his famous "perfect tragedy," "Death of Tintagiles," and "The Blue Bird." The composer of the music for "The Blue Bird" is Albert Wolff, who was an aviator in the French army at the time he began to write his score. Imagine writing music for an opera of happiness within sound of the roar of enemy guns, and in constant danger of death! Yet he produced a success.

To read Maeterlinck is a distinct joy; yet the reader who seeks only beauty in his books, who overlooks their underlying truths, misses much. Maeterlinck is not one given to interviews or to public utterances. He has his own means of imparting his messages to the world, and he pleads with the world to heed what he writes. He is modest and retiring, happy in the affairs of his domestic life, yet by no means a hermit. Probably few men have ever had a greater insight into human emotions and a saner view of life. Few men have given more readily followable formulas for making life better and more worth while. His dogs, his cats, his flowers, his fairies, and his prattling children, all point to great moral lessons: little sugar-coated presentations, so daintily entertaining that one sometimes almost fails to grasp the point. Yet it is just this glamor that makes them more readable, more enjoyable, and more profitable, to those who seek its truth.

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More men fail thru ignorance of their strength than thru knowledge of their weakness.

You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself.

Carry yourself with a self-confident air, an air of self-assurance, and you will not only inspire others with a belief in your strength, but you will come to believe in it yourself.

Alexander the Great and Diogenes once met. Alexander was proud-hearted because he had been able to gratify his desire; Diogenes, that he had been able to extinguish his.



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What Good Books Can Do for You

"NO entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."

Nor is any other pleasure so easily procured. In olden times, books were very rare and precious. Only the very wealthy could own a book, and few even among the wealthy and powerful could read. To-day education and books are within reach of the poorest and humblest.

Of the vast range of opportunity that lies ready for the service of youth, an essential portion is to be found in good books. They persist because truth forever vitalizes whatever form of expression it takes. The acquisition of the simple technique of mastering books is indispensable to the attainment of a real education and the broadest, finest culture, for good books will serve the student with their truth to the end of his days. And it must be remembered that as books come into being thru concentration and the reflection and suggestion of environment to their writers, so they must by concentration and reflection in reading be absorbed and brought into the environment of the reader. This is distinctly the vitalizing process in reading. *And when reading is not vital it is necessarily dead.*

If we have a fair perception of what reading it is best to pursue, and if we have learned somewhat the method of painstaking reading, the hour we can give to it, even infrequently, will become one of the distinct pleasures of life.

IF I want to know and associate with worthwhile people, without the necessity of dressing up, without any formality or ceremony, I can do so thru books, where I shall always find them in their best mood. "Plato is never sullen," says Macaulay. "Cervantes is never petulant; Demosthenes never comes unseasonably; Dante never stays too long; no difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero; no heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet."

Thru my books, whenever I feel like it, I can enter the House of Commons and listen to the thrilling oratory of O'Connell, of Edmund Burke, Disraeli, Gladstone, or Bright. They will admit me to the floor of our Senate, where I can hear the matchless oratory of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Sumner, Everett, or Wilson. They will pass me into the Roman forum, where I can hear Cicero, or to the rostrums of Greece, where I may listen to the magic eloquence of Demosthenes.

Do I feel like hearing an eloquent sermon? Spurgeon and Beecher, Whitefield, Hall, Collyer, Phillips Brooks, Canon Farrar, Dr. Parker, are all on my bookshelves or in a nearby library, waiting to give me their greatest efforts.

Do I feel indisposed and in need of a little recreation this afternoon? Without boarding a steamer I will take a trip across the Atlantic, flying against the wind and over breakers without fear of seasickness, storms or untoward accidents. I will inspect the world-renowned Liverpool docks; take a run up to Hawarden Castle, go into Gladstone's study and get a glimpse of the park where the great statesman used to cut down trees for recreation. I will fly over to London, take a run thru the British Museum and see the wonderful collection from all nations; go thru the National Art Gallery and visit Buckingham Palace. Or I can take a run thru the famous English lake region, visit Oxford and Cambridge; cross the English Channel, take a flying trip to Paris, visit the tomb of Napoleon, the

Louvre Gallery; take a peep at one of the greatest pieces of sculpture in existence, the Venus de Milo, and at some of the finest paintings in the world; go into the Grand Opera House, promenade thru the Champs Elysee, pass under the triumphal arch of Napoleon, take a run out to Versailles and inspect the famous palace of Louis XIV.

HAS any other thing such power to lift the poor out of his poverty, the wretched out of his misery, to make the burden-bearer forget his burden, the sick his sufferings, the sorrower his grief, the down-trodden his degradation, as have books? They are friends to the lonely, companions to the deserted, joy to the joyless, hope to the hopeless, good cheer to the disheartened, a helper to the helpless. They bring light into darkness, and sunshine into shadow.

A noble book is a miracle wrought by human agency. What more wonderful than that the thought of a lifetime should be made visible and concentrated so as to be carried in the pocket; that black lines and dots on a white page should bring before our minds the most beautiful images. More remarkable than the telegraph, the telephone, a book not only annihilates space, but time, and carries the voice of David and Homer, the sages, poets, heroes, and philosophers across the seas of the ages. "There is no Past as long as Books shall live," says Lytton.

GOOD books elevate the character, purify the taste, take the attractiveness out of low pleasures, and lift low-flying ideals to a higher plane of thinking and living. It is not easy to be mean directly after reading a noble and inspiring book. "My books," said Thomas Hood, "kept me from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon. The associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble too silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low or evil company or slaves."

We unconsciously take on the qualities of the books we read. We tend to become like that which we think most about or with which we associate. If we live with refined, high-minded persons we tend to absorb and reflect their qualities. If we habitually read books that expand and elevate the mind, we grow in mental stature. Michael Angelo said, "When I read Homer I look to see if I am not twenty feet tall."

Tell me the kind of books you like best and I will tell you what kind of a person you are: whether you are coarse or refined, whether you are a lover of the sublime, the beautiful or the reverse, whether your mind aspires or grovels, whether the lower animal instincts or the higher and finer dominate in you. As a matter of fact, I can tell the character of your reading by conversing a short time with you, for, altho a man may not talk about it, his conversation inevitably will be flavored by his reading.

We can easily distinguish the stranger who has read to some purpose. His rich conversation will reveal his favorite authors, while the poverty-stricken unread man quickly betrays his lack of knowledge and culture. Men who habitually read the classics have a breadth of view and a toughness of mental fiber which cannot be obtained by those whose highest inspiration is derived from the sporting pages of the newspaper or the latest sensational novel.—O. S. M.

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Self-Confidence Is the Secret of My Success

(Continued from page 40)

strangely, both the opera-house audience and the big outdoor crowd selected for the benefit performance at the end of the too brief season, the same opera, 'Marta.' And this in spite of their enthusiasm for 'Aida' and other operas that seem to demand great spaces.

"I enjoyed my visit to Mexico and found great sympathy among the people. Wherever I went, I found friends among strangers. Men, who waited for no introduction beyond having seen me across the footlights, wished to entertain me—each in his own way. To meet great-hearted people, lovers of divine music, is a true reward for all the sacrifices of a singer's life; and it must not be forgotten that to please in opera demands constant giving up of many ordinary pleasures. Without such sacrifice, willingly made, I think, when one has made up his mind to the necessity of it, the life of an opera singer is not the satisfaction an artist hopes to find it.

"THE life is one of hard work, however finely one dresses it up for the public. I am proud to think it has been a working life. This thought adds to my dignity as a man. To start with, an intending Artist must believe in himself. Experience should confirm his self-belief. He knows then that he is on the right road for himself. Then comes the question: will he succeed or fail? Here are a few of my own generalizations drawn from over a quarter of a century on the stage of grand opera:

"Success is due to real work along one's natural lines.

"Work, work and still more work makes the fine singer.

"Less work makes the indifferent singer.

"Laziness in preparatory work makes the failure."

"I WILL"

"I WILL" has a spirit that nothing daunts;

Once he gets his eye on the thing he wants He rolls up his sleeves, and he pitches in With a splendid zeal that is bound to win.

"I WILL" never hesitates lest he fail— In his heart he's sure that he will prevail. No mountain can halt him, however high; There's no task so hard but he'll have a try.

"I WILL" sets his teeth when things start off wrong;

He just grins, and mutters: "This can't last long.

I'll take a fresh start; and Adversity Will be going some if he catches me."

"I WILL" has a punch hid in either hand; He has training, strength, and a heap of sand;

He swings his hard fists in the world's grim face, And he bangs away till the world gives place.

"I WILL" understands in his own strength lies

The one chance he'll get at the things men prize.

Discouragement, failure—nothing can chill The stout heart of him who declares, "I WILL!" —Selected.

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The girl got \$6 a week, and was lonely. "Piggs" you can imagine his kind,—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night—



When the
Gorilla Sang!

Fluttering—poised an instant—then back and forth with light and easy steps she sprang, while he leaped out at her side mimicking the uncouth, hideous bounds of a gorilla—she in her wondrous nymph dress of leaves and he in the clothes of Broadway. There in that dingy night court—in the pale flare of the gas jets—they did a dance which held the destiny of two lives—and yet, so strange it was that only one of all who saw it dared guess—



Two Against
Two Hundred

They were waiting for him to collapse, before they killed him. He was alone with two hundred man-eating blacks. He had tended them in their misery—but they had no gratitude.

And then she—this girl—had appeared, out of nowhere—like some mysterious goddess out of the Pacific. And alone, they two fought off the two hundred.

That is the beginning of the story—and in it is all the heat—the weird terror—the dreadful mystery of the South Sea Islands. To you they have been but a few dots on the map.

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Recent experiments made at the Laboratory of Psychology at Washington have demonstrated that a bad thought causes a chemical action to take place that injects a poison into the blood. The poison of fear will kill a guinea pig in a few minutes. An hour of intense hatred, anger, sorrow or fear will throw off enough poison through the breath to kill fourscore human beings.

Wrong mental attitudes will therefore in time destroy the physical. You can't doubt our government report, that's sure. The miserable state you are now in and have been trying through physical means only to throw off may primarily be due to wrong thought. Here is help for you. Leavitt-Science has found the way to conquer these enemies of yours through combining the mental and physical agencies nature has furnished us for development. All weakness can be put to flight and health, strength, happiness and success established. Leavitt-Science teaches the simple laws of life, opens wide the door of success and makes you the strong, self-reliant person you should be.

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Sermons in Stones

A COLORED exhorter said recently, in the course of a sermon on "Money, the Great Evil":

"My brotherin, money cause mo' trouble in dis worl' dan anyt'ing I knows on. Fac' is, de debil am in de dollah! When I see a man wid a pocket full ob money, I say to mysef: 'Dar's a man what needs a guard-deen,' an' I feels des like takin' him home an' lockin' up dat money fo' him. Ef enny ob you, in de hearin' of mah voice, is got money on yo' pusson, bring it right heah, and lay it on de altar, an' go yo' ways, an' lemme pray ober it, till a blessin' come to it. Doan wait to count it; des come fo'ward an' unload!"

"I WISH to heaven I knew Spanish. I do not know what the man wants. Why didn't he send his dispatch in English," said a New York business man one day.

"I can read Spanish, Mr. —," said his stenographer. She took up the dispatch and translated it easily.

"You should have seen how Mr. — looked at me after I had read and translated the dispatch," she said in relating the incident. "Why, after that he could not have been more polite to me if I had been a princess. Besides, he raised my salary."

There was another girl in the same office with but little education who had learned the technical part of stenography, but had passed from office to office, earning hardly enough to keep body and soul together because of her inability to spell and punctuate, or to write a correct and clearly expressed English sentence. She was so eager to go to work and make money that she felt it would be a waste of time to go thru a high school. She envied the girl who translated the Spanish message; but she soon lost her own position because of inefficiency.

NOT long ago, one hundred coaches followed the hearse that bore a ten-months-old baby from New York to the cemetery. It required ten open bouches to carry the flowers.

WHEN Morse asked for permission to set telegraph poles in the State of New Jersey, the matter was taken up in the legislature and turned down as an "insane proposition," contrary to common sense. After he had constructed a line between Washington and Baltimore and was about to make his first experiment members of Congress were invited to be present, and one member asked Morse how large a package he expected to send over the wire. This was about the way that the "insane proposition" of telegraphy was regarded at the time.

Herbert Spencer said that the time would come when it would be as disgraceful to be found sick as to be found drunk.

Look out for the man who vitalizes his dream into material expression, who transmutates his capacity into actuality.

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements.

"There are some people who believe that the whole human race will be saved," said an old lady, "but for my part, I hope for better things."

Circumstances have rarely favored great men.

"I Made \$3400 Last Wednesday"

Writes Mrs. Betty Smith from Florida. That's fine for Mrs. Smith—but it's not unusual for our agents are knocking out big money every day and everywhere. Write in today and find out about my great special offer.



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Yes, 200% profit. This is my "Lucky 11" outfit. Costs you only 55¢—retails at \$3.50—you sell for \$1.25 to \$1.50. Anyone can sell at that undercut price. And it is one great outfit, too. The box is 6x13 3/4 inches, containing 11 regular drug store articles that everybody wants. Write today for details.

It's a Gold Mine!

That's what it is—a gold mine—sells like hot cakes—men and women coining 50 to 100 dollars a day—a baby could sell "Lucky 11" at this splendid undercut price. Don't delay a minute. You're losing bank notes and hard silver while you wait. Write me now for details.

Hurry Up—Write Today

I can't tell you all about it in this little space. Write me for full details, and I've got a special proposition for crew managers, too. Money, money, money, that's what you want and I can help you get it. Hurry up before you lose this ad or someone else gets your territory.

E. M. Davis Products Co.
Dept. 2273 Chicago, Illinois

Stop Forgetting



Make Your Mind a File —Not a Pile

Let me show you how to make your mind as systematic and forget-proof as a card index file. When you want to remember a name, place or date, must you grope in vain in a mixed-up, unclassified pile of miscellaneous knowledge? Summoned on any occasion to give facts and figures, does your mind become a blank? Be master of your mind's infinite resources—instead of a victim of its disordered details.

Knowledge is power—and memory is the basis of all knowledge.



I Have Helped Thousands

The Dickson method of memory and mental training has been perfected by 20 years of experience. Universally recognized as the most thorough, practical, simplest of its kind. Highly endorsed. Quick to grasp—easy to master. Give me 10 minutes a day and I will so train your memory that you will be able to classify impressions, ideas, names etc., and have them ready at a moment's notice.

Perfect Your Memory and You Can Command What Salary You Will

Send me your name and address on a postal and I will send you, free, my interesting booklet "How to Remember," and unique, Memory Test; also tell you how to secure free my \$2.00 book, "How to Speak in Public."



Dickson School of Memory
1621 Hearst Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Stop forgetting
The Key to Success

Please Take Notice

The advertisement on Page 14 is of such transcendental importance that every reader of The New Success Magazine is expected to answer it at once.

CHAS. F. HAANEL
202 Howard Bldg.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Success Nuggets

"A fortune without a man behind it is a misfortune."

"They missed it at the very start of their lives. Since then they sit around tellin' of the things they might have done."

If money is so slippery that you can hardly keep hold of it when you are watching it all the time, how can you expect to get some enormous return for money which you invest in some far-away scheme, which you will probably never see and which is absolutely beyond your control?

If you consider yourself as a worm of the dust you must expect people to trample on you. If you make a door-mat of yourself, people are sure to wipe their feet on you.

There is no disgrace in failing if you have done your best, and if you are still facing toward your goal. But your failure will be a disgrace if your back is turned toward your goal.

There are many people to-day who think that the worst thing about crime is getting found out.

It is a grander thing to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born.

The door between us and Heaven can not be open while that between us and our fellowmen is shut.

There are no such things as trifles in a great man's creed.

Non possumus omnes—"we are not all possums," as a student translated it, is true in the original as well as in this odd rendering.

You will see in life just what you are looking for. It depends upon the lenses of your mental vision. If they are black and smoky, you will see the shadows, the gloom; if they are clear and crystalline, you will see the rainbow of beauty.

Do not measure your enjoyment by the amount of money spent in producing it.

"The optimist is a man who has a good time wherever he goes, because he carries his good times with him."

Every day ahead of you is precious. All the days back of you have no existence at all.

The most utterly lost of all days, is that in which you have not once laughed.

A human being is like a violin. It must be in tune before it can play.

The home is a great leveler of all rank excepting that of real merit and real worth. Titles, as such, cut very little figure in the home.

Hundreds of Dollars in Commissions!

If you have real talent for salesmanship, don't burn it up on "small time" propositions. Go after the large units of sale with their worthwhile commissions. Develop your power and earn big money.

You may possess great natural ability. But it will be incomparably greater—you will be in the class of producers—when your facilities are skillfully trained in modern business principles.



Ask any expert salesman if intensive preparation does not bring success to nine men out of ten, where otherwise nine out of ten would end among the lowly paid.

"Principles of Salesmanship"

By Harold Whitehead

Associate Professor of Sales Relations, Boston University; Author of "The Rexall Course in Salesmanship," "Peter Flint," etc.

A Few of Its Helpful Points

An analysis of the various motives which prompt an order or a refusal.

How to secure an interview.

Sizing up the buyer.

Constructing sales arguments.

Creating demand for a new product.

Helping the customer to make up his mind.

How to handle retail sales, store work, etc.

Adapting your sales talk to various temperaments.

An example of resourcefulness in closing.

Developing personality, courage, initiative, etc.

How to prepare and memorize definite, clear-cut statements.

How to secure a position, and when to give it up.

The question of salary.

And many, hundreds of others.

Sent for Your Examination

We will gladly send you a copy for examination. Within five days of its receipt, you may either return the book or remit the price, \$3.00, as you decide. Sign and mail the coupon today.

This work presents a complete, practical analysis of salesmanship. It takes up, step by step, the careful preparation of the sales argument, motives and possible attitudes of the buyer, how to handle yourself in contact with the buyer, how to meet objections and excuses, how to present your points most tellingly, and every other aspect to the actual closing of the sale.

Ability Made Effective

The experienced salesman will read it with interest and immediate profit, and the younger man will find suggestions that he can put at once into profitable practice.

Written in bright, attractive style, you can't beat it for use in training a sales force. From it can be learned sales strategy and principles that can otherwise be acquired only through many years of hard experience.

Eminently Practical

This is a manual of practical preparation. It is built up, not on theory and inspiration, but on solid, successful experience, study, and sales ability. It is the most complete and thorough treatise ever written on the subject of salesmanship.

Harold Whitehead is a practical salesman who has spent the past twenty years with the definite purpose of making himself the supreme authority in modern selling methods.

He is widely recognized as a salesman, organizer, and instructor, who has commanded outstanding success in all three fields.

THE RONALD PRESS CO., Dept. 166
20 Vesey Street, New York City

Send me a copy of "Principles of Salesmanship" for examination. Within five days, I will return it to you or remit the full price, \$3.00.

Signature

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FOREIGN TRADE

Send for Catalog



The Making of a Millionaire

A Marvelous Story Revealing a Secret That Enabled a \$12-a-Week Clerk to Become the Head of a \$20,000,000.00 Business

TWENTY years ago, J. C. Penney was a \$12-a-week dry-goods clerk in a small town in the State of Wyoming. He had known poverty and still lacked everything but the bare necessities of life. He was 23 years old. He had made no stir in the world. He had no unusual or particular ability, no special training, and no prospects.

Today, he is the head and controlling factor of the J. C. Penney Company, operating the largest chain of retail dry-goods and clothing houses in the world, comprising 197 stores scattered through 25 States, which in the year 1918 did a business amounting to \$21,000,000!

He is rich, powerful, influential. He is a builder of business and of men. He is master of himself, master of his time, and master of several hundred co-workers, who respect and love him and work for him as well as for themselves.

The story of his rise from poverty to affluence and power is more interesting, more wonderful than any Arabian Nights' Tale. And it is more vital, more compelling, more gripping than any ordinary story of successful achievement because it *reveals the secret* that enabled him to get the right start, to get out of the rut he was in, to find himself, and having made a beginning to keep going strong until he had arrived.

Best of all, Mr. Penney says that he has accomplished nothing but what any other young man of ordinary ability can do, provided he has the key to the secret of achievement which it took *him* years to find, but which is now revealed to everyone who reads this article.

But let Mr. Penney tell you in his own words what it was that helped him to plant his feet firmly on the road that has led him to success. He writes of his experiences as follows:

"Until seventeen years ago I had never made a right start. I had not found myself. I was working for little better than starvation wages. I thought that I was capable of better things, but I did not know how to get them. And I was pretty much discouraged over my lack of prospects.

"Then something happened to me—the best thing, the most important thing—that influenced and dominated my whole career. I came upon the inspirational writings of Dr. Orison Swett Marden. In them I found what I wanted, and needed. In reading Dr. Marden I found myself. He aroused and stimulated my ambition and my

determination, and gave me the courage and the will power to banish all thought of failure from my mind.

"From the Marden books I got not only the idea that I personally could succeed, but also the great truth that any man, yes, every man, has in himself the capacity for success, if he will only use it. I said I would hire no one to work for me who had not the capacity to become a partner, and that as soon as he proved his ability he would become a partner in one of our stores and, as he grew and the business grew, a partner in still other stores.

"That is the principle on which our business has been built up. We started our first store in 1902, in the little town of Kemmerer, Wyoming. In that first year we did a business amounting to \$29,000 in gross sales. In 1918, with 197 stores, our business aggregated a little better than \$21,800,000.

"All that I have done, anybody can do. I do not consider myself an unusual man in any way. I am simply an average American citizen, without any exceptional powers at all. There are thousands of men all through the country with greater talents, more education, a better equipment for success than I possess. But, I *am* making a success in my chosen line of work.

"As regards the Marden books, 'Everybody Ahead,' is the greatest and best book Dr. Marden has ever written. This wonderful book contains the whole of Dr. Marden's teachings. It sums up and gives in full his whole philosophy of success. I am telling my friends to read this great book. I myself find continual help in reading and rereading it. I wish that 'Everybody Ahead' could be placed in the hands of every ambitious man in America, because I know that it will make any man who will read it a better, more efficient and more successful man."

What Dr. Marden has done for J. C. Penney, and for hundreds of other leaders of men, including Theodore Roosevelt, Charles M. Schwab, Luther Burbank, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Hudson Maxim, and John Wanamaker—all of whom have written to Dr. Marden in personal appreciation of his great work—this wonderful book is perfectly capable of doing for YOU—if you will let it.

"Everybody Ahead, or How to Get the Most Out of Life" is one of the few great books that YOU cannot

afford to do without. It is really a course of instruction in the art of increasing your personal efficiency. It is packed from cover to cover with tested and proved wisdom. Every one of its 35 lesson chapters and its 500 pages has a message of inspiration and help for YOU. Whether you are a youthful beginner, or a discontented and almost discouraged struggler, or even if you are successful in your business and well-to-do, *this book will help you*, because, as Wm. R. Malone, president of the Postal Life Insurance Co., says: "*It is a great stimulator of ideas and developer of will power.*"

This book may be secured by anyone who reads this announcement, in connection with a 15 months' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS—Marden's Magazine—for only \$5.00. Every ambitious man and woman should read this magazine in connection with the book, as it is brim-full of the success idea and carries Dr. Marden's inspirational message to thousands every month. Its readers call it the most helpful magazine in America! Nor is it necessary that you risk a single penny to secure "Everybody Ahead" and THE NEW SUCCESS, as all you need do is to fill out the coupon below, with the understanding that you may keep the book for 5 days, read it and re-read it, and then, if for any reason you should not be fully satisfied, you may remail the book and your \$5.00 will be refunded in full and without question.

Surely you need this book and magazine and you owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your friends to take advantage of this offer which may open the door for you to wonderful new success. So mail the coupon NOW, thus making sure of getting your copy of the book before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

Mail Coupon Today

THE NEW SUCCESS

1544 St. James Bldg., New York, N. Y.

I enclose \$5.00, for which send me "EVERYBODY AHEAD," and enter my name for 15 months' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. It is understood that if I am not satisfied at the end of 5 days I may return the book and you will refund my \$5.00. (Canadian price, \$5.50; Foreign price, \$6.00.)

Name

Address

N. S.—3-20

Keep Your Future Free From Mortgage

(Continued from page 30)

one's means, or of patronizing expensive hotels and restaurants which one cannot by any stretch of imagination or sophistry afford, is destructive to self-respect, to truth and honesty, and to manhood and womanhood. You cannot afford to wear lies on your body or eat lies at expensive cafes any more than you can afford to tell lies with your tongue.

Courage and character play a tremendous part in one's happiness. Most people are cowardly somewhere in their nature, cowards in their weak spots, their sensitive spots, their vanity and pride spots. It is said that many a man would not hesitate to face the cannon's mouth in battle, but would be mortally afraid of Mrs. Grundy. He is afraid of what the neighbors will say if his wife and children do not continue to dress as fashionably as formerly, or if he gives up his automobile and lives more modestly. So when business is bad he sinks deeper and deeper into debt to meet the demands made upon him, and, before he realizes it, he is dishonored and in disgrace, a miserable, wretched creature driven to an early grave by debt.

A GREAT deal of the embezzlement and crime of this country is caused by the struggle to keep up appearances way beyond the income. Thousands of men at the heads of families have come to grief because at the very beginning, before marriage, they did not tell their prospective wives their actual financial condition. They wanted them to think they were better off than they were, and during their courtship days went into debt and resorted to all sorts of questionable things to make a dazzling show, and after marriage continued this policy as long as they could.

Only recently a man was arrested for embezzlement, and during the trial it was shown that all the money he had taken from his employers had been used in his home. He had fallen terribly into debt and could not bear to tell his wife of his actual condition, so he stole from his employer when credit was refused him. He said he knew his wife was proud of his apparent success, and he did not want to tell her that he was succeeding at the expense of others.

DRESSING or living beyond one's means is nothing less than absolute dishonesty. If you are trying to do what you cannot afford to do you are living a lie. If you are wearing clothes that you cannot afford, they are perpetual witnesses against you. They are labeled all over with falsehood.

Misrepresentation in any form is the shortest-sighted policy in the world. The man who goes thru the world sailing under false colors will never achieve true success. If a man is ever to get very far or to accomplish very much he must be honest, for the whole structure of natural law is pledged to defeat the lie, the sham. Only the right, ultimately, can succeed.

MANY people being driven to their graves by debt might free themselves of it and get a new start if they would reverse their thoughts and adopt a hopeful, optimistic attitude.

By dwelling too much upon our debts we practically increase them by weakening our creative ability. We weaken our power to produce by our destructive thinking.

If you have contracted debts either blindly, foolishly, or necessarily, don't allow them to destroy your life. Many men and women

think that by suicide or dishonest methods they can escape the penalties of debt. How much better for them to face about and tread down the demon underfoot!

The Optimist

"A COMMONPLACE life," we say and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not.—
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"I REALLY believe," says "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "some people save their bright thoughts as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things,—good enough to print? 'Why,' said he, 'you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour!' The talker took him to the window and asked him to look out and tell what he saw.

"'Nothing but a very dusty street,' he said, 'and a man driving a sprinkling machine thru it.'

"'Why don't you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers thru them with the valves open, sometimes?'"

TAKE time to be merry, to "have a good time," and you will double your possibilities of health, wealth and happiness. Anglo-Saxons are made fun of because they take even their pleasures sadly. Their American cousins, with characteristic energy, make a business of it. Ian Maclaren's story of the American who was "doing" the United Kingdom is a good illustration of Jonathan's method of pleasuring. A visitor's card was brought to Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) in his study, but, before he had time to read it, his visitor stood before him, and announced himself.

"My name is Elijah K. Higgins," he said, breathlessly, "and I am a busy man; you are also busy and have no time to fool away. Four days are all I can give to the United Kingdom, and I wished to shake hands with you. Good-by, I am off to Druntochty!"

THE thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves his fellowmen
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.
—Selected.

Let Me Work For YOU



I work for the President of the United States.

I work for the writers who inspire you to "lift your life up to the level of your highest gifts"—who keep your ambition at concert pitch.

I work for the lecturers and clergymen who take you to the mountain top of New Success and enable you to face life with a smile—knowing you can overcome its obstacles.

I work for Big Business Executives—I help to extend trade to every quarter of the Globe.

I am a Machine, they say, yet I have an individuality that is strictly personal.

I "speak" every language from Eskimo Indian to Kata Kana Japanese.

I use "speak" advisedly, because I literally make your writing talk—as the following samples of my work show:

I have over 365 different type sets, including all languages, from this note size to the following extended type for

HEADLINES

I put the same Power of Emphasis into the written word that oratory puts into the spoken word. "Just Turn the Knob" and emphasize.
Two type sets always on each machine.

I've shown you a few proofs of my versatility in the various types above. You will agree that no other typewriter can do what I do.

Therefore, mail coupon today for free pamphlet, "The President and His Typewriter," and for folder describing all the wonders I perform.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.
579-A E. 69th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Name.....

Address.....

Please write your occupation below.

"To-morrow" Baxter

(Continued from page 23)

the individual who knew his patient—to the last degree.

"But I have on an old suit—"

"Tell her you couldn't wait to dress up. She won't mind that impatience—"

He nodded and went. And he found that the doctor was right. She was very nice to him and listened with interest as he explained the methods of the cure. "Always told you everything, you know," he added after this. "Rose—I've missed you!"

She smiled at him.

"To think that I put off calling on you sometimes—"

Again she smiled.

"If I did leave town to-morrow morning," he went on—"I always try to make myself believe I might—I'd go with a pretty heavy heart, if I thought Ted Marshall had a stand in."

"I like him, of course," said Rose, "but not enough to make you unhappy. I once respected him much more than I did you; but—no more!"

"To-morrow" laid his hand over hers, then swallowed convulsively.

"I suppose you know I love you," he said, and then he stood up. "I am coming again," he announced.

"When?" she asked.

"To-morrow evening. I am forced to put it off because I have already used this. Otherwise it would be to-day."

"I understand," she said, and laughed up at him.

"No, you don't, but I'll show you," he contradicted. And he began to show her at the door. The air was sharp with autumn's touch. Rose wore the sort of chiffon gown that women always don for winter wear.

The old "To-morrow" would have said, "Ought you to stand out here? It's pretty cold!" The new "To-morrow" said, "Get in there, Rose. Too cold for you to stand on the porch." And then—"Good night, dear." And the "dear" was a little rough because it came with so much push behind it. "To-morrow" had always meant to say it, wanted to—but shyness had kept him from it. But he was afraid he might leave on the morning train and he wanted to try it once. And he found he liked doing it.

HE courted her vigorously for a week. Then one day he met her on the street and invited her into the "Holland" to try a new sundae made of spiced peaches, marshmallow paste, vanilla ice cream, and a cherry.

"Can't put it off any longer," he said, leaning across the table. "Will you marry me?"

"When?" asked Rose.

The new habit asserted itself.

"To-day," said "To-morrow," who was allowing his eyes to say everything his lips couldn't reveal.

"This," said Rose, "is very good—" She inspected the sundae. "And, I can't marry you to-day, dear, but I will soon—"

He stood up suddenly. "Come back in the office," he said loudly. "Want you to see it—"

She preceded him meekly—and, when in his sanctum, she allowed him to kiss her in a very energetic manner that told her a good deal he was too stupid to express.

"If you won't to-day, when?" he asked.

And then, for almost the last time in his new and lasting rapid-fire life, he uttered a word that he had damned with his hate, and killed with his will, and that was—"To-morrow!"



TAKE a whole month to prove for yourself that by The Life Way Plan you can have Abounding Health, increase your Income, find Harmony and demonstrate Success.

Tens of thousands have tried this Plan, and have succeeded. Would you not love to try it?

You have doubtless heard of it, for it is well known all around the world. I lost my health, and with it, all I possessed. After years of sickness and miserable failure, I made a discovery, which transformed my whole life. Then I began helping others. I have been at it a long time now, this year am helping more than ever before, and, if you will let me, I will help you.

My discovery is based upon a great scientific fact—which is—that within your cells you have all the essential elements for Health, Wealth, Success and Happiness, and The Secret Formula of The Life Way is a plain, concise, definite Plan by which you release your latent and dormant forces, and set them to work, in your own right channels.

Then I show you just how to use these mighty implements of conquest, to go forth and conquer—how to develop dynamic nerves, superb muscles, supreme mind control, improved memory and intensified power of concentration—how to gain a new consciousness, get out of the ruts, make a fresh start, raise your income, get what belongs to you, and make the dreams of years come true.

Here's my offer. You may start at once—get acquainted with the Plan—make a good beginning, and take a whole month to demonstrate The Life Way Plan for yourself, and if for any reason you are not entirely satisfied, it will not cost you a cent.

The first step is send for my book—"THE LIFE WAY." It explains my method, The Life Way Plan, The Secret Formula, Vito-Therapy and Volitional Evolution, and is brimful of facts you'll be glad to know. It tells you how you may possess this "Secret of the Ages" for all time, and sing the songs of abundance through life.

With the book, I'll enclose many reports from students, and also my absolute guarantee. So no matter what your problems may be, or what methods you have tried, here is your opportunity. Send NOW for your copy of "THE LIFE WAY." It is free, and without cost or obligation on your part, I'll promptly send you the book.

EARL WARD PEARCE

The Life Way Studios, Dept. 66

Los Angeles, California



STRONG NERVES

is what you need to endure the "Mile a Minute Life" of today, with its worry, grief, strife, business pressure and thousands of other Nerve Strains.

Are you tired and depressed? Can't you Sleep or Digest your food? It's your NERVES—they have become exhausted.

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If after reading this book you do not agree that it will mark the turning point in your life toward GREATER POWER, Mentally as well as Physically, your money will be refunded without question, plus your outlay for postage.

Paul Von Boeckmann,

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One! The traffic director of a Cleveland concern receives \$24,000 a year—a Detroit man \$5,000. Numberless positions pay \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year. Why such salaries? Because the well trained traffic man can save his firm many times his salary. Recently a firm saved his concern \$24,000—another \$9,571—other \$36,000 and so on.

Learn at Home Through the new special home-study training System of the American Commerce Association you can quickly qualify for any of these splendid positions. The course is remarkably easy to master and costs but a few cents a day.

Book Free This book explains in detail this wonderful training—given by leading traffic experts. It tells you all about the unlimited opportunities in a new uncrowded profession. Write today. Address:

AMERICAN COMMERCE ASSOCIATION
pt. 73 4043 Drexel Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Getting Ahead

is the story of Peter Perkins and how he accumulated \$10,000 in ten years by investing \$25 a month in high-grade listed stocks and bonds, on a novel plan. "Getting Ahead" is as interesting as anything you ever read. Thousands have read it and are now "getting ahead" financially on the same plan. You will be fascinated with it. But better still, it will show you a new way to invest your savings monthly—how to get interest, plus a PROFIT, on your money—without sacrificing safety. We send it free. WRITE FOR IT TODAY.

KRIEBEL & CO.

INVESTMENT BAIKERS/
137 R South La Salle St. Chicago

Of Course You Can; but Will You?

I AM constantly asked this question by young people: "Can I do what I have undertaken? Can I win out, succeed?" And to these young people I usually say, when I see that they are dead-in-earnest, honest, and industrious: "Yes, you can do it, of course you can; but the great question is, will you? Are you willing to pay the price?"

It is not so much whether you can do a thing, but whether you will do it.

When we see people all about us doing the impossible—that is, the things which seem impossible to others about them—it is difficult to place limits to the potentialities of human endeavor.

Who could ever have predicted in their youth that the thousands of men who have made history could do such marvelous things? No one can place limits to the possibilities of the things you can do, my friend, but yourself. We see people everywhere doing before-undreamed-of things, things which seemed to everybody else impossible.

There is no doubt that you can do what you undertake, but will you? Are you willing to pay the price in unremitting hard work, and the sacrifice of your conflicting desires, the things which interfere with your one, unwavering aim, and fling your life into this with all the determination and energy you can muster?

No one can place any limits to your possibilities but yourself. It is your estimate of yourself, what you think of yourself, that will place the limit of your endeavor and your achievement.

The Story of a Bridge

THERE was once a village of ordinary people. Near by it there was a river with a swift current. Many villagers were drowned in this river every year. They wanted a bridge. Several times they tried to build a bridge, but they failed. One day a skilled engineer came to the village. He planned a strong, safe bridge and built it with his own money. There was great joy among the villagers, until they found that the engineer charged a toll of a penny to all who crossed the bridge. They paid the toll, but they began to call the engineer a robber and a monopolist and a profiteer. Soon they began to throw stones at him. In the end they hanged him. The bridge was neglected and in a few years was swept away by a flood. The village is there still. The villagers still wish for a bridge, and once a year they put flowers on the engineer's grave.—*The Efficiency Magazine.*

Being Faithful

By LUCILLE CRITES

EVERY feller can't be wealthy;
Lots of folks must still be poor,
Just one President is needed
At a time, you may be sure.
All the folks can't boss the railroads,
Or be in a Senate fight;
But each man can still be faithful
To his job—and do it right.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*



A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason—that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. About their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

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All stories submitted in this contest should not be over 5000 words in length. All manuscripts should be typewritten on one side of the paper only. This contest is open to all. No prize will be divided. In case of a tie, each winner receives a full reward.

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By ARTHUR G. SKEELES

WASHINGTON was beaten at New York, at Brandywine, at Valley Forge, and at White Plains; but he didn't know it. He kept right on fighting, until Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

Lincoln was beaten in 1858 when Douglas defeated him for Senator from Illinois; but he didn't know it. He kept right on opposing the extension of slavery and was elected President in 1860.

Grant was beaten at Spottsylvania, in the Wilderness, and at Cold Harbor; but he didn't know it. He kept right on "fighting it out on this line," not only all that summer, but all the following winter, until Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Cyrus W. Field was beaten when the Atlantic cable snapped and plunged into the sea; but he didn't know it. He formed a new company, raised money to manufacture another cable, and lived to be known as the man who had made possible telegraphic communication across the oceans.

None of these men would be known to-day if they had known when they were beaten.



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HIS mind was not trained to grasp great subjects, to generalize, to make combinations.

He was not self-reliant, did not depend upon his own judgment; leaned upon others; and was always seeking other people's opinion and advice.

He lacked courage, energy, boldness.

He was not resourceful or inventive.

He could not multiply himself in others.

He did not carry the air of a conqueror.

He did not radiate the power of a leader.

There was no power back of his eye to make men obey him.

He could not handle men.

He antagonized people.

He did not believe in himself.

He tried to substitute "gall" for ability.

He did not know men.

He could not use other people's brains.

He could not project himself into his lieutenants; he wanted to do everything himself.

He communicated his doubts and his fears to others.

He could not cover up his weak points.

He did not know that to reveal his own weakness was fatal to the confidence of others.

He did not inspire confidence in others because his faith in himself was not strong enough.



Most anybody can do a thing he feels like doing, but it takes a true man to do a thing when he doesn't feel like doing it.—Sam Jones.



To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.—Samuel Smiles.



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Twenty Years With a Cranky Boss

(Continued from page 19)

because I have persuaded them that you are only a grouch from your teeth out. Inside you are the best fellow in the world; but you surely have got an acid mouth."

I looked at him squarely.

Bradley was stunned. It was the first time any of us had ever "called" him. At the same time, he appreciated my allusion to his inner self, for he knew I was sincere. He was deeply chagrined at himself, so much so that he wanted to make a public apology, which, of course, I would not permit.

To-day I am the only man in Bradley's employ who was here twenty years ago. I am virtually the manager, at a salary of three thousand dollars a year. And recently I have heard intimations that I am to receive another advance, plus a percentage of the profits.

Names That Are Worth Millions

(Continued from page 32)

chance in the world, that he had been so unfortunate that he had never had a congregation worth while to preach to, that he had always been sent to an old broken-down church where he could not accomplish anything. Because of this he never had any heart to work and he was tired of it and now wanted a chance to do something else.

My answer to him was this: "You are the pastor of your denomination here?"

"Yes."

"This is a good town with a good class of people, is it not?"

"Well, yes; it has that name," he admitted.

"And your work has been a failure here?"

"No, I would not say that; but the church is in such a bad condition that I have no heart to work and cannot do anything for them. I see no hope or future for them."

"Well, now, to be honest with you, reverend," I said to him frankly, "wouldn't that be a fine recommendation to the Chautauqua people? They only employ workers who are successful. It takes more tact and ability to succeed in this line than it does in pastoral work, and if you are not a success here you would not be in their work. It is a well-known truth that no one has sympathy for a man who is a failure. The world is looking for men who make things go."

"But I have never had a chance!" he insisted.

"Oh, yes, you have," I contradicted him, for I knew something of the town and the people who lived there and also something of his work. "You have the best chance that you have ever had or ever will have again, right here in this city, only you don't see it. You refuse to look for it. You see the little obstacles, you think that they are mountains and forget that they are everywhere in every line. Your admission to me is that you have failed to buckle on your armor and rush into it with a determination to win this fight, straighten things out and make this one of the best churches in the State. You must learn to look at things in a different light or you will fail to make a success of anything. When you meet a hard problem you must determine to master it, and in such a telling way that the world will know about it. Then, when you have succeeded you will be called into higher fields of labor."

I learned afterward that this same minister went to work in earnest and made a

big success. He is still there and has now no desire to change.

His Idea of "Equality"

ANOTHER man came to me and said, "I understand that you are getting a hundred dollars a week, talking on the platform."

"About that," I replied. My answer would have been the same had he used any other figure.

"Isn't that rather big wages?" he ventured further. "I only get eighteen dollars a week."

"Why don't you quit that job and go on the Chautauqua platform?" I asked him.

"I can't, I am not a speaker. I have no education, but I am a believer in the equality of things. I don't think you have a right to be getting a bigger salary than I am, and if you do get it some of it ought to come to me."

"Supposing," I replied, "that I trained myself to a state of physical perfection—denying myself all sorts of indulgences—so that I might be fit to run a race. At the same time you, for some reason, made no preparation altho you knew that you were entered for the same event. At the finish of the course, I, being far ahead of you, would be given the prize offered. Now, tell me: do you think I should turn and share my winnings with you, who made no preparation to win that race? The mental race is no different from the physical one, I have an education and you have not. I spent five years of the best of my life in obtaining it at the cost of three thousand dollars. I trained myself to think and speak, so that I could fill the place I am filling and earn the money I am receiving. You could have done the same thing but you failed to do so. Now, is it right that I should divide my earnings with you when you spent the money you made during that time in having a good time? No—you have attended the wrong school; you have wasted your time; you have lost your opportunity. You have prepared yourself for nothing else but day's work, so just go on doing it and drawing eighteen dollars a week. Remember: there is going to be no equality of wages until all other things are put on an equality."

"If I had my life to live over again, I would do differently," he ventured, realizing that he was on the wrong side of the question.

"No, you would do nothing of the kind," I asserted, "you would do the same thing over again."

"What makes you think so?" he asked rather humbly.

"Because, sir, you have your life right now, and have had it right along and you are going right along in the same old channel. You are not trying to get out. You are making no attempt to make the world better or improve your own condition."

"There is no opportunity!" he insisted.

"Don't fool yourself, my friend. There are opportunities all about you—and in every line—more than have ever been in the history of the world. You just fail to see them. That is all. Live men get out and make their own opportunities if they do not see any lying around that suit them. I admit that it is more difficult for a man to change his occupation at your age, but it is not out of the question."

Make Your Name Stand for Something

FOLLOWING up these thoughts in practical experience, let us see how they work out and what part they have played in the accumulation of the great fortunes which have actually been made by men in

(Continued on page 81)



"You Lie!"

HERE in this one-horse town—at night—they stood before the judge—arrested—she an heiress, promised to a big politician—he, the man beside her, not her fiancé—Why did they lie? Why did they hide their true names? Find out the amazing sentence the judge pronounced upon them. The startling outcome of it all makes a big story. Read it. It's told by

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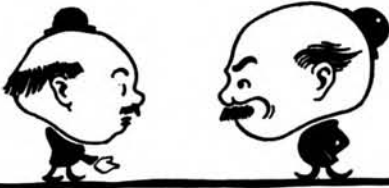
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The Best Jokes of the Month



"IS your wife one of those women who look at their husbands and say, 'I made a man of him'?" asked the impertinent friend.

"No," answered Mr. Meekton. "My Henrietta is very unassuming. She merely says she has done her best."

GUIDE—Would m'sieu like to see one of the robbers' strongholds of which there are several in the neighborhood?
TOURIST—No, thanks. We're fixed up at a hotel already.

"SO you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the man, with as much fierceness as he could assume.
"Well," said the young man, "I don't particularly want to, but I suppose I shall have to be if I marry your daughter."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

HE—I have your permission to call this evening?
SHE—I shall be very pleased; but don't forget that father switches off the light at 10 o'clock.
HE—That's kind of you. I'll be there at 10 sharp.

THE lawyer was cross-examining a witness to a robbery. "When did the robbery take place?" he asked.
"I think—" began the witness.
"We don't care what you think, sir. We want to know what you know."
"Then if you don't want to know what I think, I may as well leave the stand. I can't talk without thinking. I'm no lawyer."



HE was the little brother. Sister's young gentleman was waiting patiently in the drawing-room, and Tommy opened fire with:

"Are you going to propose to my sister to-night?"
"Why, I—er—er—what do you mean?"
"Oh, nothing! Only if you are, you ain't a-going to surprise her. At dinner jus' now she bribed me an' my little brother to go to bed at half-past seven. She's hung four cupid pictures on the parlor wall, moved the sofa over in the darkest corner, got ma and pa to go callin' next door, shut the dog in the cellar, an' been practising 'Because I Love You' on the pianer all the afternoon."

"I CAN tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."
"How much?" asked she.
"Two pints."—*Christian Advocate*.

BOBBY, just home from his first visit to the country, was telling the folks of its wonders. "And say, ma," he said, "out on the farm they get milk from cows, and it's just as good as any."—*Boston Transcript*.

BIX—I wonder why a Scotchman always says "hae" for "have"?
DIX—Possibly it's on account of his thrift. He saves a "v" every time he does it.—*Boston Transcript*.

FIRST LAWYER—Did his speech carry conviction?
SECOND LAWYER—It did. His client got five years.—*The Queenslander*.

MOTHER—Tommy, come right on into the house! This is the last time I'm going to tell you.
TOMMY—Thank goodness! I can play now without being bothered.—*Judge*.

MOIKE—Pat, phwat is diplomacy?
PAT—Diplomacy is when yez wants to call me a liar, but do it over the telephone.

"PA," said a young lady to her farmer dad, "I wish you wouldn't say 'I seen.' I don't know how many times, pa, I've corrected you on that."
"Now, Mamie, you look-a-here," said the old man, shoveling a generous piece of peach pie into his mouth with his knife, "you make yer livin' by good grammar and eddication, but yer ma and me, we're obliged to take in summer boarders, and, by jiminy, they demand the dialect if they pay the rates."—*Argonaut*.



OLD DARKY (to shiftless friend)—I hearn tell you is gwine to pay me dat dollah you owes me. Is you?
FRIEND (ingratiatingly)—I ain't sayin' I ain't.
OLD DARKY (severely)—I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is.

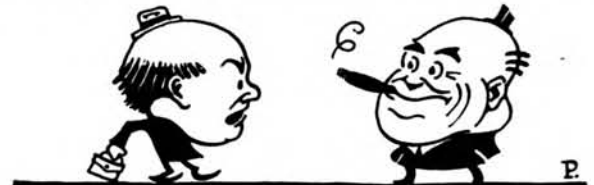
"YOU sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the lawyer.
"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman, looking threateningly upon the lawyer.
"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband. Has there?"
"Him!" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting beside her. "Frederick? I'd like to see him compulse me."—*Youth's Companion*.

"WHAT is meant by every cloud having a silver lining?" asked the teacher.
"That's when a feller is so sick that he can't go to school," replied the red-headed boy in the back row.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"IS your husband a good provider, Dinah?"
"Yessum; he's a good providah all right, but I'se allus skeered dat niggah's gwine ter git caught at it."—*Houston Chronicle*.

"THEN we're engaged?"
"Of course."
"And I am the first girl you ever loved?"
"No, dear, but I'm harder to suit now than I used to be."

LAWYER—Have you ever been in jail?
WITNESS—Yes, sir, once.
LAWYER (triumphantly)—Ah! For how long?
WITNESS—Long enough to whitewash a cell which was to be occupied by a lawyer who cheated one of his clients.



IT was one of those rare occasions when Sir E. Marshall Hall, the lawyer, lost a case, and he didn't feel so very happily over it.
"Your profession doesn't make angels out of men, does it?" said a medical friend, teasingly.
"No," retorted Sir Edward, "that's one thing we leave to you doctors!"

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Names That Are Worth Millions.

(Continued from page 79)

the United States. Of course, I am not considering the fortunes which have been inherited, fortunes which are the result of marriage, fortunes made by some rich strike in a mine, or from a gushing oil-well; but the fortunes which have been made by hard work, good judgment, keen foresight and the proper advertising. These methods open up a field so large that it has no bounds in length, width, or height; a field open to every one, with but few entering therein, but with wonderful success to those who invade it.

In an address before a graduating class of the Stevens Institute, a successful business man said to a class of young men who were about to go out into the world and test the knowledge they had gained:

"Young men, you each have a good name. Now make that name stand for something and it will be worth a fortune to you. If the people learn that your name stands for honesty and quality, they will trust you and you will succeed. As an example, let us state that you are selling hats. Your line, you know, has quality and you have been selling it for two dollars a hat. But if you have made your name stand for something, you can stamp it upon that hat and sell it for four dollars and, also, do a bigger business than you did when selling for two dollars."

Only one young man of all that class, grasped the idea. He went from that school with the thought firmly fixed in his mind that he was going to make his name stand for something. Linked with this determination was another resolve engendered by a further argument presented by this speaker. He insisted that the world was full of opportunities and all that a man had to do was to look around until "You find some article for which there is a widespread need, then make that article, giving it the necessary quality and tell the world about it. You will find that your fortune is made."

The story of this particular young man and how he succeeded, and other concrete cases, will appear in Part II of Mr. Klinker's article, in the April number of THE NEW SUCCESS.

Self-help has accomplished about all the great things of the world.

We shall find nothing in the world which we do not find in ourselves.

Let a man get the idea that he is being wronged, or that everything is against him, and he cuts his earning capacity right in two.

Don't overdo. Once a man went forth and scattered flattery indiscriminately. When he returned his office was crowded with persons who wanted to borrow money.

You can't keep success away from the man who works and is on the level.

A man feels awfully rich when he's got a few dollars his wife doesn't know about.

The aim (if reached or not) makes great the life.

You can purchase a man's labor, but you've got to cultivate his good will.

Vigorous thought must come from a fresh brain.



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If you want to make more money, if you want to travel, to be your own boss and attain financial independence, then mail the coupon without delay for the "Knight of the Grip" and details of our Free Employment Service to Members.

National Salesmen's Training Association

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Walter J. N. Livingston, M.D.

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Bringing Out the Best

IN taking away the necessity of your son's earning his living, did you ever consider, indulgent parent, that you are taking away from him the very incentive which will make his life count, that which is imperative to calling out his larger self, his larger possibilities?

Making things easy for your son is putting in his way a tremendous temptation to slide along the line of the least resistance. It is downright hard work, persistent endeavor, that makes men. There is always before the youth endowed with money the temptation to take things easy and to live an indolent life, instead of making a strenuous effort to call on his largest possibilities, his larger manhood, all the superb, stalwart qualities that distinguish the self-made man, who toils for his daily bread—stamina, grit, stability of character, fixity of purpose, the determination to win out. Hard work is the perpetual call upon a youth's inventiveness, his resourcefulness, originality. Relying upon himself, making his own program, instead of depending upon others strengthens and develops his character as self-indulgence never can.

It is the perpetual effort to adjust means to ends, to coordinate, to do team work, to make things come out right, that brings out the best in a man.

The money he makes in this process is of comparatively little consequence compared with the development of the mind, the calling out of the larger possibilities. A man's career is his life university. The great aim is man-building, not fortune-making. The "living" he gets is a by-product, the fortune is a by-product; the building of the man is the direct product, the supreme aim.

"Just an Idea"

IT was just an "idea"—that was all that he had—

Columbus—those ages ago,
It was just an "idea"—but we ought to be glad,
For it gave us our country, you know.

It was just an "idea" in George Stevenson's mind,

When he saw the steam jostle the kettle.
But the railroads made brothers of all mankind,
With their wonderful horses of metal.

It was just an "idea" Thomas Edison caught
But the light without flame we got from it.
With another "idea" was the phonograph brought—

And the "movies" that came like a comet.

So—next time you hear someone say, with a sneer,

"I'll not pay that—for it's just an idea!"
Remind him that there isn't a thing that he uses
That doesn't date back to this source he abuses.

And tell him there isn't a tool or machine
That he handles, or works with, or ever has seen

But he'll find it, if he troubles to trace it,
begin

As "just an idea" in the brain of a man.

—The Popular Engineer.

If I could get the ear of every young man for but one suggestion, it would be this: "Make the most and best of yourself." There is no tragedy like a wasted life.

No man can ever rise above that at which he aims.—A. E. Hodge.

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To live poetry is infinitely greater than to write it.

It is idle to wait for your ship to come in unless you have sent one out.

Do not anticipate trouble, or worry about what may never happen. Keep in the sunlight.—Franklin.

Every industrious person should try his hand at something, and, if he does not succeed, he should try both hands.