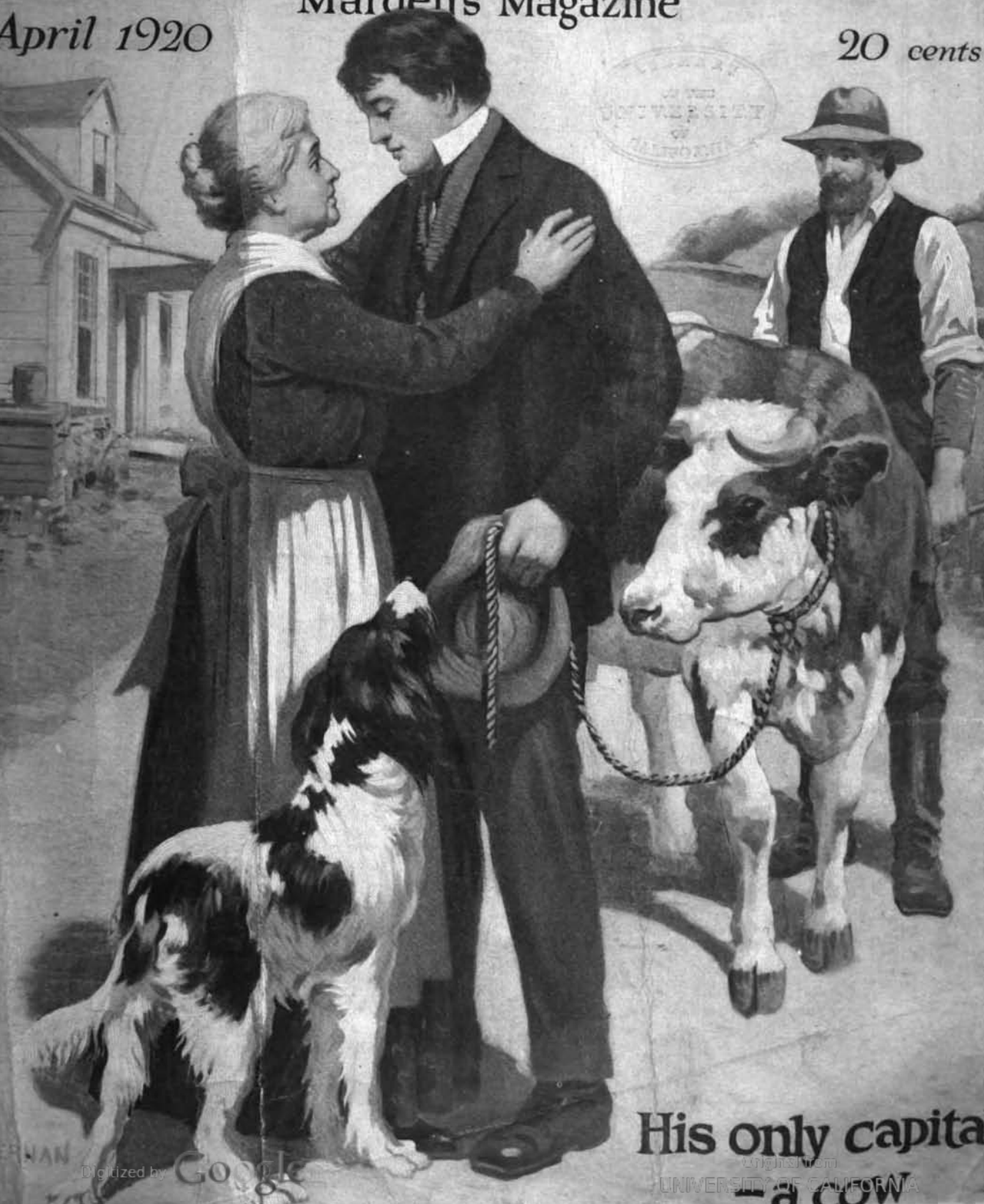


APR 1 1920 The New

# SUCCESS

April 1920 Marden's Magazine

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# 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***

**F**OR 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

world have been assisted in their struggles against adversity, have been helped to realize prosperity, by following his teachings.

## How Dr. Marden's Writings Have Helped Others

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:

"Dr. Marden's writings helped me at a time when I was the most discouraged I have ever been in my life and proved the turning point in my career, enabling me to secure a fine position, and after two years to secure an interest in a retail business doing upward of \$200,000 a year."  
—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."

"One copy of your magazine has been the means of my closing a deal amounting to several thousand dollars."—W. A. Rockwood, Binghamton, N. Y.

"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, Centuria, 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 \$3.50; 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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# The New Marden's



# Success Magazine

ORISON · SWETT · MARDEN — EDITOR

ROBERT · MACKAY — MANAGING · EDITOR

Volume IV

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1920

Number 4

## A Cow His Capital

*Would You Do What This Young Man Did in Order to  
Secure an Education?*

By ORISON · SWETT · MARDEN

**W**HEN on his way to Washington before his first inauguration, Rutgers College was pointed out to Lincoln as they passed it. He exclaimed: "Ah! that is what I have always regretted—a college education. Those who have it should thank God for it."

The time and the circumstances of his life made it impossible for Abraham Lincoln to go to college. But we all know how he educated himself, and how, by the force of his indomitable will and the singleness of his aim, he raised himself to the highest position his country could give him.

The growth of education since Abraham Lincoln's time and the specialization in every direction make the broadest possible education a necessity for the man who would attain the highest success possible to him to-day. And the youth who does not avail himself of the innumerable opportunities our time and country afford to get a college training, may find, in after life, that it will make all the difference to him between success and failure.

In his life story in our February issue, George Allan England, successful American novelist, told how, when he was down and out, the jibes of the Maine farmers at the futility of his "book-larnin'" added to the wretchedness of his situa-

tion. And also how the same despised "book-larnin'," in the great crisis of his career, proved his salvation and opened the door to his present success.

Without the mental training and discipline of his four years at Harvard, he never would have found his real vocation and, failing that, never could have made the biggest success possible to him.

**T**HE cover-design of THE NEW SUCCESS, this month, partly tells how an ambitious country lad managed to secure a college education. The late Frances E. Willard told us his story.

"Many years ago," said Miss Willard, "a farmer boy in his teens determined to go to college, but he knew his parents could not help him. However, he kept studying the problem, until it occurred to him that if they would let him have a good milk cow, he would feel free to fare forth into the wide world and see what he could do for himself. The proposition

struck them as most original and practicable. So they chose the very best cow in their dairy, and the young man started off, driving her along the road, and making as straight a line as he could for a certain academy, a hundred miles away."

**M**AN was made for growth. It is the object, the explanation, of his being. To have an ambition to grow larger and broader every day, to push the horizon of ignorance a little further away, to become a little richer in knowledge, a little wiser, and more of a man—that is an ambition worth while.

The story goes on to tell how the aspirant for college was treated with kindness and good will all along the road, and, when he reached the academy, was permitted to put into operation his idea of utilizing the dairy products of his property for living expenses. He was graduated in due time and then entered a New England college. After going through college he took a post-graduate course in a theological seminary and became principal of the academy to which he had first traveled with his cow. Later he became professor of Hebrew in a theological school and author of an important commentary on the Scriptures.

**I**T isn't necessary, to-day, to have a cow, or any other capital outside one's self, to obtain higher education. All the capital a youth needs is a stout heart, an alert brain, willing hands and the ambition to be well educated. The opportunities to secure an education were never so numerous and so varied, and the prizes awaiting the college graduate never so tempting as they are at present.

President Hadley, of Yale, says, "There is an unusual call for college-bred men in the various trades and professions—a demand so great that we are hardly able to meet it. . . . The existence of new administrative problems at home and abroad is likely to increase the need for men of broad views and thorough training."

President Schurman, of Cornell, says, "There is an increasing and just now an unusual demand for college-bred men in all walks of life. . . . Fifteen years ago, the manufacturers of machinery had to be coaxed to take Cornell men into their shops and give them a chance. But where one went, many followed. Last spring, when the class came to graduation, every student in this branch (Engineering) was eagerly bid for two or three times over. One great electrical firm alone asked to be given the entire class. There is observable, too, a gradual increase in the call for college-bred teachers in the public schools, and this demand will grow by what it feeds upon."

"If a boy intends to become something more than an under-clerk or a small tradesman, he will need the best preliminary education that his parents can afford to give him," says a successful banker. "In the early stages of his career in business, a young man will not appreciate what he has missed by not going to college, but a college education will strengthen all your faculties, and, rightly used, will be a blessing all through life."

**P**RESIDENT WILSON regards a liberal training as "indispensable to any young man who wishes to put himself in a position to understand the best thought and life of the modern world." In answer to a question put to him on the subject, the President said: "It seems to me a plain dictate of reason that every young man who expects to engage in the larger kind of pursuits should seek, if possible, to obtain the training to be got from the better kind of college education. I mean the kind which is planned along broad lines and whose purpose is the release of the mind from narrowness and inexperience."

The majority of the leading men in every country to-day—those who are shaping the world's destinies, who are doing great work in government, in politics, in science, in art and literature, in engineering, in education, in almost every phase of life, are college-bred men. If you expect to make the most of yourself, to unfold your possibilities, to cut any figure in life, to give the best service of which you are capable to the world,

you must have a college education. If you expect to rise above manual labor, a clerkship, or a subordinate position; if you hope "to engage in the larger kind of pursuits," it is, as President Wilson has said, "a plain dictate of reason that you secure, if possible, a liberal education."

In short, there never was a time in the history of the

world when a liberal education counted for so much. And, as the world progresses, it will count more and more. Our civilization is becoming so complicated, and modern inventions are so rapidly driving out of the field the merely mechanical muscle-worker, that the untrained, ignorant man of to-morrow will stand no chance in competition with a broad, liberally educated, many-sided man.

How can you get a liberal education, without money or influential friends to help you?

The way thousands of poor boys and girls got one in the past; the way tens of thousands are getting one to-day.

The average normal youth with good health as his only capital has a thousandfold better chance to get a liberal education to-day than had Daniel Webster or James A. Garfield. Or, to come down to our own time, a far better chance than had Congressman Will D. Upshaw, of Georgia, who, although crippled by an accident, when a boy, earned sufficient money to put him through Mercer University at Macon. It is only a comparatively short time since he was elected to the United States Congress, winning his seat over six eligible competitors.

*It is not absolutely necessary that an education should be crowded into a few years of school life. The best-educated people are those who are always learning, always absorbing knowledge from every possible source and at every opportunity.*



**DAVID STARR JORDAN**, president *emeritus* of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, who says a young man is not worth an education if he cannot work his way through college, speaks from the knowledge of experience. He paid his way at Cornell University by waiting on table, tutoring, taking care of lawns, and doing other humble work.

Ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who began life in a log cabin, made up his mind early in life that in spite of poverty and hard work he would get a liberal education and make something of himself. At the age of twenty-one, with fifty dollars he had borrowed, he entered De Pauw University, Indiana, where he served as steward of a college club, and added twenty-five dollars to his original fund by taking the freshman essay prize. When summer came, he returned to work in the harvest fields and broke the wheat-cutting record of the country. He made such good use of his opportunities for study that, later, he won enough money prizes to pay his college expenses for two years.

The opportunities of young Jacob Gould Schurman to obtain a college education were surely as meager as could well be imagined. Born on Prince Edward's Island, to poverty and hard work, at a time when there were no railroads there, no daily newspapers, and only a few avail-

able books, such as the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and some others of that class, yet he managed entirely by his own efforts to win high honors in some of the leading universities of the world.

At thirteen he was clerking in a country store at \$2.50 a month. At eighteen he was a student in Prince of Wales College, Prince Edward's Island. Working at bookkeeping evenings, and winning scholarships at different institutions, including the University of London, he rose, step by step, without a helping hand from any one after his thirteenth year, until, at thirty-eight, he became president of Cornell University.

There is no question but that any youth of average ability who has health and stamina can earn all of his expenses as he goes through college. The writer did it himself, and he knows hundreds of men now occupying honorable positions who have done the same thing.

Neither is there any question that, provided one is determined to get the most possible out of it, nothing else in life will pay better than a college education, even though it must be obtained by sacrifice and great effort. As President Faunce, of Brown University, says, "Four years of college will treble the value of the forty years that may follow, treble the man's enjoyment and his service to the State."

## Who Shall Remember Sorrow

By Edna Valentine Trapnell



**WHO** shall remember Sorrow  
When birds are on the wing?  
Not yesterday—to-morrow  
Is the burden that they sing.  
**Who** shall remember Sorrow  
With bare twigs burgeoning?

**THE** glad, gray trees now mother  
The lisping baby leaves,  
Snowdrops and violets smother  
Bare earth. One day receives  
New beauties from another  
As Spring her pattern weaves.

**YOUNG** gipsy winds are prancing  
So merrily and gay—  
They saw the sun a-dancing  
The morn of Easter day.  
**With** joy the sun was dancing  
And earth and heaven were gay.

**NO** time is now for grieving  
O'er winter's dull mistakes;  
Better be their retrieving  
In tasks the new year makes—  
**No** time to-day for grieving  
When bud to blossom wakes!

**T**HE Golden Rule applies to opportunities as well as to men and women;  
we should treat opportunities as we would have them treat us.



Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The Newly Appointed Secretary of Agriculture, Edwin T. Meredith, and Mrs. Meredith

# Why President Wilson Selected Edwin T. Meredith to Be Secretary of Agriculture

*Because He Is The Intellectual Force Behind 22,000,000 Farmers*

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN

**Y**OUR very first impression of Edwin T. Meredith, recently appointed Secretary of Agriculture by President Wilson, is that you are in the presence of a successful man—a man who has met and mastered the manifold problems of life, who has overcome the many obstructions that strew the pathway of men who have had to make their way in the world. Meredith is the snappiest-appearing member of President Wilson's cabinet. Keen intelligence seems to overshadow everything else about him. It does not take long to find out that the intellectual force displayed in Meredith's countenance has behind it a real intellect, a mind that has been trained to handle big affairs, a man of capacity, of energy and accomplishment.

Secretary Meredith is a man who has always been looking at the larger field. He is a man with a breadth of vision and who is constantly reaching out in every direction, whose view is not bounded by the immediate horizon, but extends far beyond, embracing the whole country. That is why he has accomplished notable achievements, why he has made a success of Suc-

cessful Farming, the publication which he has made and which in turn has made him, although he is the kind of a man who would have made himself a figure in the world by any method which he might have chosen. He made *Successful Farming* a nation-wide publication, and its 800,000 sub-

scribers are in every State of the Union. Although published at Des Moines, Iowa, in the heart of the richest agricultural region of the world, Meredith made it a national farm paper, rather than a community paper devoted only to the agricultural interests of a small section. He did this because he believed an interchange of ideas between different sections of the country would result in better service to each community.

He believes that the man who has the most knowledge is he who has been able to learn and make use of the experiences of other men. He believes in the larger field and on many occasions he has tried to impress this idea upon audiences he has addressed as a means of greater development of knowledge and business. The larger field means an interchange

(Continued on page 66)

## EDITORS' NOTE

**T**HERE are over 22,000,000 farmers in the United States. They look to the Secretary of Agriculture as their particular guide in practical and scientific cultivation of the soil, so it seems that when President Wilson selected Edwin T. Meredith to fill the portfolio of agriculture in his cabinet, he made a very happy choice. Mr. Meredith has always been a farmer—even from the time he was a barefoot boy on his father's farm in Iowa. This is the first of a series of intimate sketches that Arthur Wallace Dunn will write for *THE NEW SUCCESS*. Mr. Dunn is a close observer of men and affairs—one of the oldest Washington correspondents, he has studied men and events, from an absolutely impartial standpoint, for over thirty years. He is a keen analyst and a gifted writer.

In our May number, he will contribute an interesting sketch of United States Senators Smoot and King, both from Utah, big men who are fighting for economy and are more in the lime-light than any other two Senators from a single State.



He wears his courting mask up to the altar; but after the wedding, when they settle down to domestic life, he removes it and shows himself in his true colors.

# The Other Side of the Altar

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

**S**OME one has said that nature has provided a maid for every man, and a man for every maid. Unfortunately nature stops here, and does not see to it that the right man and the right maid get together. She leaves them free to make their own choice, with the result that in too many instances they make a complete bungle of her plans. The wrong maid and the wrong man plight their vows "for better, for worse," and have hardly left the altar when one or the other realizes that there is no "better" in the contract, that it is all "for worse."

The cruellest and most pathetic of these marital disillusionments is that of the young bride who finds after the honeymoon that the man she married is not the same man at all who courted her and won her love. He so successfully covered up his vulgarity and coarseness, his brutality, selfishness and animalism while courting the girl that she never suspected his real nature. But after marriage, when they settle down to domestic life, he removes his courting mask and shows himself in his true colors. The change is so startling that the wife hardly recognizes her husband as the lover who had so often vowed that he was her slave for life.

**A**FTER marriage she finds everything reversed. Scarcely has she laid aside her bridal veil and dress until she finds that she is to be the slave, the household drudge, and that her husband, instead of continuing the rôle of ardent lover, is to be her master.

When a certain type of man goes courting he naturally puts his best foot forward. He approaches the girl in

about the same way a salesman approaches a prospective buyer. The salesman makes up his mind to sell his bill of goods and he puts up the best front he can. His whole object is to influence the "prospect" to buy his goods, so he keeps back everything which would make an unfortunate impression. The man who is determined to get a girl who knows very little about him is going to do the same thing. He is going to be mighty careful not to let anything leak out of his brain which will possibly queer him or make a bad impression on the girl. He is going to be very careful to keep his coarse, vulgar habits, his peculiarities, his eccentricities, his natural brutality, everything that would injure his suit, in the background. His methods will really be those of the dishonest salesman who will not hesitate to lie and cover up defects in his goods in order to make a sale.

The deceived customer can very quickly "get even" with the dishonest salesman. When he discovers how he has been tricked he will never buy from him again; and he will warn other merchants to have nothing to do with him, that he is unreliable and dishonest. But the deceived wife who has been tricked into marriage under false pretenses, who has been cajoled into a form of slavery by a man who is morally dishonest, has no redress.

**T**ENS of thousands of such enslaved women endure a living death after marriage when they have discovered the shallowness, the bestiality, the brutal selfishness, of their husbands' so-called love. Too fine-grained, too sensitive to cry out against their thralldom, or to seek relief

in the divorce courts, they bow their necks to the yoke and try to make the best of their terrible mistake.

One of the most poignant tragedies in American life is that of the faded, outgrown wife standing helpless in the shadow of her husband's prosperity and power. Having sacrificed her youth, her beauty, her ideals, her own ambitions and desires—everything that the feminine mind holds dear—to enable an indifferent, brutish husband to get a start in the world, she finds herself in the end despised, an unwelcome burden to the man who had vowed to love, honor and cherish her till death parted them. It does not matter to him that she burned up much of her attractiveness over the cooking-stove; that she lost more of it at the wash-tub, in scrubbing and cleaning, in rearing and caring for their children during the slavery of her early married life. He does not care how much she suffered, how much she sacrificed to make his success possible. When he has once reached the top, like a wily politician, he kicks away the ladder by which he climbed. It embarrasses him now; he only wants to make a show in the world and thinks only of himself. His poor, faded, worn-out wife ceases to be attractive enough for him.

WHEN a girl marries she has a right to expect that the man to whom she has given herself will think even more of her, will be more attentive, will have more foresight, be more alert in doing little things to please her than before marriage. Why should she think that his love will cool, that his attentions will dwindle away and that she will be left comparatively alone after marriage? There is no reason why the girl should get any such idea of love as that. To her that is not love. It is a cooled passion, and there is as much difference between the two as there is between heaven and hell. Real love doesn't cool down; it grows, expands; it is a steady flame, always giving warmth, light, comfort.

Did you ever realize what a shock it must be to your wife to find such a tremendous contrast between your treatment of her when you were courting her and your treatment of her after marriage; to find that you are not the same man that won her love? Before you had secured her by legal bonds, you were as alert, as eager, as attentive, as devoted as any artist could ever be to his canvas—an artist who loved his work so that it would be a real sacrifice for him to leave it, even for necessary food and sleep. How you would think and plan during the day, when you were engaged with your business, for the little attentions, the little reminders of your affection, the little things that pleased the girl who lived in your heart. Your visit to her in the evening, the entertainment you would take her to, the proofs of your loyalty and devotion you would bestow on her—these were the things that loomed large in your mind before marriage.

IS it any wonder that your wife feels hurt, pained, surprised at the contrast between your meeting and greeting her in your own home and your meeting and greeting

her before your marriage in her home? At the way you spend your evenings now and the way you spent them then? Would you have dared to treat her then as you do now—coming to her tired, cross, crabbed; sitting in surly silence, perhaps the entire evening, behind your newspaper or a book, and taking no more notice of her than if she did not exist at all?

Supposing that, before marriage, instead of calling frequently on the girl you were courting you should call her up on the 'phone every other evening to tell her you were very sorry, but you were too busy to call and didn't really know when you could get time; and supposing that when you did happen to call, at long intervals, you never took anything with you to remind her of your affection, and that you seldom or never invited her out anywhere, how much headway do you think you would make in gaining the girl's affections? Of course you know you never could win her for your wife by any such treatment. And, unless you are blinded by egotism, you have intelligence enough to know that just as you would make no headway before marriage in winning the girl's love by such methods, so, after marriage, you would make no more headway in holding her love.

NOW, it is just this amazing contrast between the lover and the husband that causes much of the unhappiness in married life. Don't forget, Mr. Husband, that your wife is the same person you courted so zealously and persistently. Don't forget that she needs and expects the same little attentions and courtesies, the same little evidences of your affection after marriage as before. If a man would be just as attentive, just as affectionate, just as courteous and considerate in little things, just as careful of his wife's feelings as he was of his sweetheart's, there would be fewer divorces and fewer unhappy marriages. I believe that the cold-blooded neglect of selfish husbands causes more unhappy marriages and more divorces than any other one thing.

In a recent divorce case, a wife testified that her husband had not even called her "dear" more than once in two years; and she did not remember when he had kissed

her or shown any demonstration of affection for her. What sort of a husband was that? Yet, as this wife further says, her husband had been the most ardent lover before marriage and even sometime after; but, gradually, he became more and more absorbed in his business, would come home tired, used up, cross, irritable, touchy. A coldness grew up between them.

IF you are so fortunate as to have the right sort of wife, (they're not all perfect any more than the husbands), don't think that she will be satisfied with mere things, with what money will buy. If you do, you will be awfully mistaken. There is something infinitely more precious to your wife than anything money can purchase. If she does not get the love her nature craves, the soul is taken out of her luxury; there is something gone out of her life which nothing can replace.

## THE COWARD

By Hortense Roberta Roberts

"THERE'S a job to tackle to  
gain success;  
You can win if you'll only try."  
Like a long drawn sigh  
Came the low reply:  
"I'm afraid."

"There's a wrong to right. Come  
join the fight  
For the thing as it ought to be!"  
"But I can't. You see  
They will laugh at me—  
I'm afraid."

"You can save a life from the  
midst of the strife  
'Ere the deed is beyond control."  
But the whisper stole  
From his shrinking soul:  
"I'm afraid."

So the brave of heart soon passed  
him by  
On the highway to joy and fame;  
For he who sank  
To the lowest rank  
Was afraid.



# An American Who Has Made Good In Great Britain

SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON

Who Adapted American Railroad Ideas to British Roads

By WILLIS STEELL

**A**N American railroad man who has not renounced his American citizenship, yet who has been knighted by King George of England, is an anomaly. Nevertheless he exists in Sir Henry Worth Thornton, who has been general manager of the Great Eastern Railway, of Great Britain, since February 14, 1914. For three years previous to that date, he served the Pennsylvania Railroad as general superintendent of the Long Island Railway.

The success of the American in what will be admitted a difficult and onerous position—a stranger in a position of such importance at the beginning of the war—began almost with his taking hold of the Great Eastern. In a short time Henry Thornton had restored the former suburban supremacy of the railroad, and, with the problems of transportation arising from conditions of war, he quickly familiarized himself and became their master. In the first two years of his incumbency, the Harwich passage to the continent had been used as never before. By that route troops and supplies were sent to the British army; and owing to the introduction of American ways, a fact that was admitted, this route became the favorite for transportation.

**T**WO years before the armistice was signed, Mr. Thornton had been made a major in the British Army. He was major-general at the close of the war, and when King George honored with titles the men who had stood by the British Empire throughout the dark days, he made the American railway manager Sir Henry Thornton.

Henry Worth Thornton was born in Logansport, Indiana, in 1871. He was prepared for the college at St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the Department of Civil Engineering in 1894. His connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad began soon after. He started as a draftsman in the office of the chief engineer of the southwestern system of that road—the lines west of Pittsburgh. From this office he was made engineer of construction of the Cleveland & Monette Railroad, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania system.

After serving for a time as supervisor of the yards at Columbus, Ohio, he went into special work on the Cincinnati division and later of the Erie and Ashtabula division. His activities in the latter position carry him up to the year 1902.

In 1902, he was appointed assistant general superintendent of the Long Island Railroad, and held this office until 1911, when he was advanced to general superintendent. In 1914, while he was still holding this important office, he received the appointment to the Great Eastern Railroad.



SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON

**I**N England a jealous official world awaited him. Distaste for the appointment of an American in those times of stress was not confined to the railroad circle; it was general among laymen who seemed to think that the Great Eastern board of directors, in passing over many officers of the company who had been associated with it all their business lives, and entrusting their interests to a stranger, had done an unwise thing. They voiced the feeling of regret in England that there was in that country a dearth of young men of first-class business ability. As one influential newspaper said at that time:

"We have often heard this declaration or accusation before, but usually from Americans. And we have paid little or no attention, chiefly because such accusations have so often heralded the arrival among us of some American conqueror of London, who has come for a permanent occupation, has stayed but for a season, and has withdrawn financially discomfited."

To a hostile atmosphere, therefore, and one which had been proclaimed such, Mr. Thornton went to England.

He was not disturbed by the thought of unpopularity which might defeat his plans for, as he remarked in saying good-by, he had no intention of introducing American methods to the Great Eastern Railway—methods that would not bloom in England. The surprise and annoyance expressed over his appointment did not worry him, for he thought it was unjustifiable. All he asked was the opportunity to be tried out.

**T**HE new Sir Henry is over six feet tall, happily married, and the father of two children. He has never lost his hearty, jovial American manner.

Taking charge, the new general manager put into practice his "activity habit"—keeping in close touch with his working staff. In considering promotions, he was influenced as much by personal fitness as by seniority. This detail, often neglected by heads of business in England, thus closing avenues of promotion to some of the worthiest employees, had a bad tendency. It was at once "scrapped" by the American manager, who believed in every man getting a chance. He announced this boldly as soon as he arrived and his method has been carried out. It has been the custom rather than the exception in the United States for the big executives to advance from the lowest rung of the ladder, and Mr. Thornton asked all his official staff to remember this encouraging fact.

Next the new manager did not try to give the English what they had no use for. He introduced American customs, while recognizing perfectly that plants which flourish

(Continued on page 48)



WE were sitting in the lounge of the Author's Club, when Joe Lawrence remarked: "If anyone thinks there's no more romance in everyday life, he should open an editor's daily mail. Why, my morning's mail contains more romance than any manuscript I ever bought. There are a lot of authors who write things of the moment—stories that amuse—articles that divert and educate—but there are a few who really help to uplift the world and bring true sunshine into the homes of magazine readers."

We were a little surprised at his remark. Lawrence isn't given to sentimentality. His magazine is successful and popular, but we had not generally looked upon it as a guide to human happiness. Yet it developed to be just that—and Lawrence proved it.

"You blasé creatures—familiar with writing from all its angles—think that the building of fiction and articles is purely a matter of business, just like the manufacturing of tin cans or steam-engines. But, now and then, it isn't. Here and there we find a man whose pen registers a great human emotion or plays a major rôle in the comedy or tragedy of human life. It was such an article, by one of my writers, that did this very thing last week."

WE looked at Lawrence with interest.

He took from his pocket a letter on neat stationery and in handwriting that was essentially feminine. "Men," Lawrence told us, "here is a little picture of life that is a gem. It is a story that the most fertile imagination would not invent. It is a situation that is old as the hills—but the working out of it is as new as to-morrow."

"Stop the introduction and tell us the story," someone said.

"I'm not going to read you the letter," Lawrence began. "That would be a violation of confidence, and a magazine editor stands in the same relation to his readers as a lawyer does to his clients. I will, however, tell you what this girl has written me straight from the depths of her heart."

Lawrence doesn't write himself; but if he did he would be a marvel. He knows life—and he knows manuscripts when he sees them. He knows that the world isn't necessarily the dark grinding existence many persons imagine it to be; and he also knows that a cheery word and a helpful suggestion now and then will let a lot of sunshine into many hearts.

Here's what he told us:

PICTURE a little farm in a country village of some five hundred inhabitants. Picture two lovely girls, deprived of a mother's love since they were three and nine years old respectively. Picture a father, grief-stricken, yet self-centered, old-fashioned in his ideas and totally unable to visualize the needs of his daughters, Helen and Mary. He loved them as dearly as a parent could possibly love his own flesh and blood—but he lacked the ability to make himself companionable with them. He lived in an atmosphere of Puritanical reserve—dwelt in the past and had neither sympathy nor understanding with modern innovations and desires.

The farm was fertile. The crops were rich; and with the increasingly rich market for such products, his material fortune grew. The local hank began to look upon John Torrance as a substantial citizen. Its safe-deposit vaults held his bonds, and his checking account was an asset to the institution. His home was pleasant and contained some modern improvements—but John Torrance

# The Editor's Story

*It is Founded on Truth,  
therefore it is Stranger  
than Fiction*

BY ROBERT MACKAY

Illustrated by J. Henry



was chary about introducing too many "new-fangled renovations." In the days when he had been less prosperous, his dead wife had played the rôle of the typical farmer's helpmeet. And now that his two girls had added a dozen years to their ages, he failed to see why his more than comfortable circumstances should alter their daily lives. If their mother had slaved for him—why should not his daughters do likewise?

There was nothing cruel, or unkind—not even anything miserly about Torrance's attitude. If he had become wealthy, that was fortunate and a reward for his hard labor and right living. To have servants to do the household chores would be a wicked extravagance in his estimation, and he resolved to bring up the two charming, budding girls, in a straight, hard school that would make them splendid women.

BUT he never realized that his wife had shriveled under the strain of her uncomplaining endeavor to make his home comfortable and happy. Her early death had been the result of overwork and no play. And in the two daughters was revived strongly that longing for happiness which had been crushed in the soul of their mother.

But they slaved on uncomplainingly. They saw other farmer's daughters riding about in automobiles—going to dances—even playing golf at the newly established country club. In their houses were talking machines and pianos, electric lights and all the improvements which modern invention has brought to the farm lands. They did not protest because they were denied these pleasures, even though they were old enough to realize that their father was a richer man than the fathers of the girls who did enjoy these conveniences and luxuries.

A LATENT love of the beautiful made them renovate the old homestead themselves. They painted the woodwork, rearranged the old furniture, and even bought with their own savings and hung with their own hands, wall-paper which brightened and cheered the old-style living-room.

Their daily task included sewing, washing, ironing, cooking, sweeping and dusting, besides the farm tasks of milking and churning. Yet this toil did not dampen the gladness that lay within their souls. The care of the chickens and barnyard stock, and preserving immense quantities of fruits and vegetables did not mar their point of view. Drudgery though it all was, they did not lose their touch on the beauties of life—and of its possibilities.

JOHN Torrance looked upon himself as a model father. He regarded the activities of his daughters as the natural bent of children growing into womanhood. He was not given to move out of the rut in which he slid through life so easily. To him the spending of unnecessary money was a crime. His tight-fistedness could hardly be characterized as a fault—but rather as an inborn failing.

Even when his daughters cared for the pretty little garden flowers before the verandah, it seemed to him that they were wasting time. Yet their love of the beautiful made them devote every possible moment to the cultivation of their favorite plants.

In the neighborhood the impression grew that the Torrance girls were most fortunate notwithstanding the fact that they did not belong to the new country club and did not have a little runabout of their own. This was set down to the supposition that they probably did not desire them, since their father was amply able to

afford whatever they might desire. But the general public was unaware of the fact that although the two pretty girls saved their father many a dollar by their own endeavors, he was far from being generous with them.

Never a cent of "pin money" did they receive. Twice a year they were allotted—most begrudgingly—the sum of thirty-five dollars each to clothe themselves for the coming season. Notwithstanding that other farmers' daughters were smartly clothed—with countless advertised coats, suits, waists and things dear to the feminine heart—the Torrance girls managed to make their meager clothes allowance cover a multitude of omissions. They were handy with the needle, and many a last year's garment became a new frock. But the thing that did rankle within their young hearts was the fact that even the meager allowance given them was never turned over without grumbling and complaint.

In fact their reputation throughout the village for having "sunny dispositions" was growing day by day. Probably they were the most popular and most envied girls in the community. Their secret heartaches were never dreamed of by their neighbors.

"And remember," Lawrence said to us solemnly, "I'm not stretching my imagination one single bit. I am telling you just what is in this letter. Every word I say is as true as gospel. This thing isn't fiction—it's fact!"

WE sat back and thought among ourselves. A heart tragedy was being unfolded to us. Lawrence isn't a romancer or a dreamer. He's the practical editor of a successful magazine—and he has this human story in his hand—in a letter from a girl who didn't imagine it, but who lived every word he's telling us.

"I can't resist reading you one paragraph from Helen's letter," Lawrence said, in support of what he was telling us. "It tells a big story in itself." He picked up the missive and began: "We have been typical optimists and our closest neighbors have always believed the Torrance girls lived in a bed of roses—because our dispositions are so sunny." Get that—"Lawrence said. "Despite all their troubles they had a reputation for having sunny dispositions—and their neighbors who knew them best, actually envied their lot! I tell you this is a picture of life that not only puts fiction to shame but puts a lot of people in real life to even greater shame."

We looked at him rather sheepishly. We



"I took that book with me and read it alone—alone far from anyone, where I could see the vast world about me—and it opened life anew to me."

all had our troubles. We all complained about them only too freely, and we did not know any neighbors who praised our sunny dispositions.

LAWRENCE went on with the story, telling another trait of the dead mother that had revived itself in the two girls. They were always singing, it seems—singing as they went about their daily tasks. As they grew older, their voices developed, and, without any instruction, both began to slip into the gloomy "parlor" of the old house and pick out airs upon the old organ keys "by ear." John Torrance was annoyed at times, but when he found that the minister was interested and had asked the girls to play at church entertainments, and that the neighbors wished them to furnish music at their parties, he was satisfied.

"It doesn't cost anything and they don't hurt the organ," Torrance said to his hired man. "It also gets 'em asked out to meals—and that saves so much food."

It was just about this time that a piano salesman drove his motor-car up to the farm and interrupted John Torrance in his conversation with the hired man. The piano salesman was "slicker than greased lightning." He had a marvelous "gift of gab."

He sung into John Torrance's ear with artful guile; and, before he left he had obtained Mr. Torrance's signature to a paper which was to let him in on the ground floor of a new deal—but which, in reality, obligated him to buy a piano for four hundred dollars.

John Torrance said nothing to his daughters, but in due time a motor-truck snorted up to the farm house and a piano was deposited in the "parlor." The girls stared at the mahogany-cased musical instrument in open-eyed wonder. The fact that their father could have purchased it as a reward for their studies in music seemed incredible. Yet it was there—and when Torrance wandered in that evening, he saw it and started visibly.

Then he recalled the conversation with the piano salesman and went into another room to look over the contract he had signed. He recalled that the salesman had taken him down to the only café in the village and had spent his own money for what was being dispensed there. He also saw—now—that he had signed his name to an agreement to purchase the piano.

Torrance did not consider it necessary to explain the circumstance to his daughters and thus held his peace, although he mentally

cursed the piano salesman—and himself. If he had been beaten—if he had been extravagant—it was unnecessary to reveal the fact to his daughters. So he held his peace.

HELEN and Mary were delighted. The instrument marked a new era in their lives. Their familiarity with the wheezy old organ enabled them to master the newer instrument in short order. They practiced upon it by the hour—during the day when their father was absent in the fields—and dutifully played hymns and funeral marches when he returned in the evening.

John Torrance would sit down after his daughters had cleared away the supper dishes, and listen to their playing. Now and then they would sing, and, occasionally, two young men of the village would drop in and make up a quartette. Other friends began to call during the evenings to listen to the girls' music. Frequently they were asked to play at festivals—even at funerals—and as such invitations did not involve any expenditure, Torrance did not interpose any objections.

But there was one thing of which he did not know. Here Lawrence paused. He was getting to the really dramatic part of his recital. The purchase of that piano marked

turning point in the lives of those two girls. It awakened a latent talent and helped to develop it.

"If someone had only purchased something that would have awakened me to a real talent and a real duty!" Billy Thompson sighed, and we laughed to relieve the strain of the intensity with which we all listened to Lawrence's story.

Helen and Mary set themselves to a serious study of music. They studied with a real purpose in mind. They had discovered—as a result of local appreciation—that they possessed talent—and they meant to develop it. Both realized that their father would crown upon their endeavors—so their studies were held in secret after the day's drudgery, after their stern parent had retired.

They also turned to books. Mary developed a talent for reading aloud—as well as for singing—and together the girls planned out a thing that would have seemed a cardinal sin in their village, yet which fascinated them beyond measure. They secretly arranged to turn their abilities into money and an opportunity to travel beyond the narrow confines of the township. In a word, they planned to prepare themselves for a concert tour—on the Educational Circuit.

With aching bodies, they would study after the daily grind. They found it restful and inspiring to sit up half the night, engaged in this improving task—dimming the lamp so that they might not waste fuel and incur their father's wrath.

"You're getting melodramatic," Billy Thompson said to Lawrence.

"I'm not!" snapped Lawrence crisply. "Let me read you another line from this letter. It's a classic—a second 'Pilgrim's Progress' if you like!" He turned over several sheets of the neatly written script, and then read aloud to us—

"None of the family ever gave us the slightest encouragement in our endeavors. Father and our relatives seemed so afraid we would neglect some of our seven-day monotonous routine because of our new interest."

Then, with a nod of his head, as if satisfied that he had put the stamp of truth on his recital, he went on.

THE work of the two girls inspired them. They sat there in the dim glow of the parlor and studied and studied, and dreamed and dreamed of the future that was to lift them out of the rut into which fate had seemed to cast them. In the letter they tell me—and I've simply got to read you this—we became so intensely interested that our cheeks would depart from our bodies, and at midnight or after, when we slipped up to bed, we would whisper to each other that we felt so completely rested that we could have begun the next day's routine without retiring at all!

"That's in the letter!" Lawrence told us again. "It proves that ambition and a determination to succeed in a chosen task, is a world-beating attribute."

We sat thinking over the situation. Then Lawrence resumed his narrative with a new enthusiasm in his eyes—an enthusiasm which imparted itself to all of us. We city-bred, city-fed men were absorbing something well worth while from the lives of two inspired country girls.

At length the two girls imparted their ambitions to the two boys they had trained to sing. They talked with the pastor of the church and he sympathized. He even went on to the length of writing to the manager of the Educational Circuit and induced him to come to the parsonage and hear the

program the two girls proposed to offer.

So it was that the contract was drawn up, and Helen and Mary Torrance were duly signed to travel on the circuit. Then came the scene the girls had long feared—breaking the news to their father. At first he raged and flatly refused to consent, accused them of ingratitude and faithlessness to their home ties and their obligations to him. But they finally pointed out to him that the money they would earn would bring new comforts to the home, and that, if he desired, they would pay the wages of a hired girl to keep the house for him.

NOT a word was breathed of the plan in the village, for Helen and Mary realized only too well that, with the narrow attitude of some of their neighbors, there would be much criticism. However, John Torrance took it upon himself to inform his elder, married daughter of the contract and the career the girls had chosen. Then the bombshell burst.

It came in the form of a letter from Hannah Barlow, who lived in a nearby town and slaved for her husband as her younger sisters slaved for their father. To Hannah,

good girls who had gone upon the stage—a melodramatic recital based upon a total misconception of what their entry into musical life might mean. Though rebellious, and conscious of the fact that Hannah's attitude was bigoted and unfair, they were discouraged and a trifle hesitant about going ahead with their plans.

"It isn't fair," Helen complained. "We weren't permitted to go to school after we were fourteen, and now we are to be deprived of the enjoyment and prosperity that our music could bring us."

"Don't be downhearted," Mary reassured her. "We can't be deprived of the satisfaction we have taken in our studies. Thus far we have managed to build in spite of all sorts of opposition!" She clenched her pretty fists and her deep eyes glittered with a new determination. "Even though everyone rises up against us, I am decided that the time has come for us to go and deliver our message of happiness to the world—and I'm going to do it!"

JUST as she spoke the postman called and handed in a package. It was a book they had ordered through an advertisement, intended as a present to one of the male members of the quartette.

Helen opened it and glanced at the title page. "The Great Victory" was the name of the book. Sitting down by the fire-light Helen began to skim through its pages. Finally a happy little cry escaped her.

"Mary!" she cried in enthusiasm. "Isn't this wonderful! Here in this splendid book is the very answer to sister's letter! Instead of answering it I'm going to send her this volume with these passages marked. But first, I'm going to sit up all night and read every word of its wisdom. I know it's going to show me the way to making our lives better and brighter and more worth while—and it's going to give us courage and strength to make the most of our abilities and contribute them to the benefit of the world."

The next day, Helen handed "The Great Victory" to Mary—and Helen was a very solemn-visaged young woman as she did so. It was plain to her sister that something had come into Helen's life that she had never known before. Mary was visibly startled.

"My dear," said Helen, "I want you to take this book and read it. I am not going to say a word to you—I am not going to permit you to be interrupted in the slightest until you have finished every word. If you do not agree with me that it proves we are right in being the masters of our own destinies, I will burn it up and ask you to join me in giving up the career we have decided upon."

MARY took the volume. All that day her sister did not say a word to her—even at meal time she was silent. At night and the next morning, she said nothing, and it was not until late evening of the following day that she met Mary coming home and knew by the expression on her face that she had finished the book.

Coming close to Helen, Mary held out her hands which her sister eagerly clasped.

"Have you read the book Mary?" asked Helen.

"Oh! Mary," she replied, "I took that book with me and read it alone—alone, miles from home, on a mountain side, where I could see the vast world about me. It has opened life anew to me."

"Then you feel we are doing what is right?" asked Helen.

(Continued on page 82)

## "The Man Who Talked Too Much"

a new two-part novelette

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

Author of "The Dollar-an-Hour Philosopher" and "The Lonely Rich Man"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

Begins in

THE NEW SUCCESS  
For May

her sisters were starting on a sure road to perdition. To her, a heaven-sent talent and an inborn right and duty to develop it did not appeal in the least.

"If you do as I am told you are planning to do, you start on the downward path!" she wrote in virtuous indignation. "Money and talent prove a curse when character is forgotten." Then she told of a lecturer she had recently heard and pointed out the pitfalls that lie in the path of the girls who enter professional life.

"I am glad you are gifted with musical ability," she went on, attempting to soothe their feelings, "and I am happy that your singing and playing has added to your father's pleasure. If you can turn your talents to money while still attending to household duties, I would have no criticism to make, but to see you on the stage would break my heart! Your father's faults are largely imaginary with you and you know he would do anything in the world for you. Some day—perhaps, too late—you would give everything to be back in the little home—stead. I fear that you do not truly appreciate your father and the fortunate circumstances of your life. Stay with your father and make his last days glad. You will break the hearts of all who love you if you do this dreadful thing and you will both regret it as long as you live!"

THE letter rather took the wind out of the girls' sails. They read and re-read the vivid story their sister told of the ruin of

# The Prisons Must Build Men— Not Destroy Them

*After Twenty Years Devoted to Studying Prison Conditions, B. Ogden Chisholm Tells of Reforms That Must be Effected*

By THE "SUCCESS" INTERVIEWER

**"H**ERE comes the man with the biggest heart in America." This remark was made by one of his friends, at the recent American Prison Congress in New York City, when B. Ogden Chisholm made his appearance. Mr. Chisholm's mission in life is to make the man who started on the wrong track realize that he has not lost his manhood. He has taken the problem of the prison inmate very much to heart, and he feels that if he can create a better understanding between society and those who have offended the law, his cup of satisfaction will be well filled.

"What first caused my deep and active interest in prison life and effects, was a fight between two boys," said Mr. Chisholm when I interviewed him for THE NEW SUCCESS. "One was smaller than the other. The little fellow had already received a severe drubbing. I called off the fight and took him home. While the tiny chap's mother was washing his wounds, she told me her story. Her husband had been sent to prison. The guilty man had escaped. Bereft of her husband's aid, she was making a hard struggle to support his family. The fight and her story sent me home thoughtful."

## Nephew of a Militant Pastor

**B**EFORE he tells the chain of consequences of that thoughtful mood and the many thoughtful moods that succeeded it, let me tell you something of the man with the big heart.

I must go back a generation or two. My retraced steps lead me to a militant pastor. He was a man who pounded the pulpit and was capable, also, of pounding the head of an opponent. He believed in a free church. His opinions deepened into a fixed belief that no one has more right to charge for a pew in the house of worship than he has to exact a toll for air or sunshine or the sight of the vast blue dome of the sky. He so hammered the cushions and expounded his belief in the free church that he established on that basis, the Church of the Holy Communion in New York. He was Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., the first pastor of that esteemed church. B. Ogden Chisholm is the nephew of this doughty pastor.

## The Chisholm Beginnings

**O**N Long Island near the Sound is a spacious and progressive

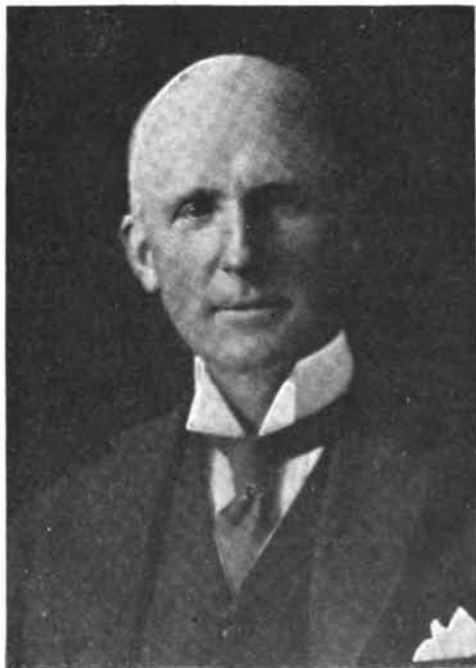
home for boys. They call it St. Johnland. George Chisholm is its director. He is the brother of the man who will presently tell you his views, backed by twenty years of practical service, of prison reform.

Saint Paul's College, at College Point, was founded by the Muhlenberg family. From Charleston, a young student enrolled. His name was William Edings Chisholm. Mary Rogers, of the Muhlenberg family, was the belle of St. Paul's College. The impressionable young Southerner turned eyes of admiration upon her. Young Chisholm courted her and they were wedded at College Point. B. Ogden Chisholm is their son. And he is the only layman ever invited to address the American Prison Congress.

The Greenwich Savings Bank had for president John H. Rhodes. Young B. Ogden Chisholm came courting the president's daughter. A chat between the young pair and Miss Rhodes's parents disclosed the fact that the bank had been founded by the young man's uncle, George Pixton Rogers, in 1833. This fact, while it may not have hastened the match, did not retard it. There's sentiment even in business, and business association may even foster sentiment.

Sixth Avenue, between Eighteenth and Twenty-first

Streets, New York, was once a pasture. The Rogers family used this pasture—now worth millions of dollars—as a home and a food-supply base for its horses. Miss Mary Rogers kept here her pony. It was a fine, reliable pony, though it did bear the frivolity flavored name "Zip." To that pasture Mary Rogers used to drive from her home, 625 Broadway, to visit her pony. "Zip" became a memory. Department stores rose on the site of the pasture. The young woman married William Edings Chisholm. One of their children, as I have told you, is the subject of this article. The family still own the former pasture.



Photograph by Moffett

## B. OGDEN CHISHOLM

A millionaire with a big heart

*"True reform will be effected only when the people understand that the prisoner is a victim of ignorance and wrong thinking."*

## Studied Prisons for Twenty Years

**A** SUFFICIENT array of facts and names to prove that the man who has a heart for his more unfortunate fellows, is a Knickerbocker and a man of millions. He might be leading cotillions, but he prefers to lead in prison reform. And now we will let him speak, not for himself, but for his humble friend, that social outcast, the convict.

"The second event that turned my thoughts prisonward, occurred when I visited a friend's home. I stopped to speak to a man who was mowing the lawn. Moved to confidence by grief, he told me that he had served a prison sentence. He said that he had never told his employer of the prison term, although he had been with him for eight months. A detective had called that morning, and told my friend about him. In consequence, he was to lose his job. He would have liked nothing better than to spend the rest of his life on the quiet country estate. But it could not be. This was his third place that year. The same detective had forced him out of the other positions as he was forcing him out of this."

He did not enlarge upon what followed. How he visited the prisons in thirty-five States and intended to visit them in all the other States; how, for twenty years, he had studied the conditions and extended the hand of goodwill and helpfulness to the men who were leaving prison and turned terrified faces upon an unwelcoming world.

### How the Police See Crime

"MY visits and my study have convinced me," he says, "that no permanent improvement can be reached until the public awakens to the human need of treating the prisoner as a *patient*—not as a *victim*."

"With the public mind still set against him who breaks the law, with thousands of those who emerge from behind prison bars finding their way back, is it not time to inquire how the conditions that surround prisons can be cured?"

"Because there are so few citizens who will help prisoners in distress, I venture the opinion that this attitude adds to, rather than reduces, the sum total of human depravity."

"The police often see crime from its ugliest standpoint and more often share the feeling of revenge with him whose property has been despoiled—rather than try to understand the cause of the crime."

"The law-abiding citizen, whose position in the community has been established; whose life has never been touched by wretched home conditions, often fails to understand how men can willingly break the law."

"William H. Taft, while President of the United States, said: 'Our way of handling the criminal and many of our criminal laws, are a disgrace to the nation.'"

"The attitude of the public toward crime is creating a class more dangerous than the Reds—men who believe that no man is their friend and that society is their sworn enemy."

"True reform will be effected only when the people understand that the prisoner is a victim of ignorance and wrong thinking. The men who pour out of our prisons and jails each year—estimated at *half a million*—are shunned and despised and looked upon as part of the human scrap-heap. Nevertheless they constitute a power that must be reckoned with in order to maintain peace and order in our land."

"Let me go on record here. Let me express my conviction, that we will never succeed in reducing crime until the people awake to the fact that the prison should *make*, not *break*, the man. Striking examples of the law of cause and effect are to be found in the prison. Turn a boy into the gutter, deprive him of good influence, and we can forecast his future. Send an innocent man to prison, humiliate him while there, and he will breed anarchistic ideas."

"The prison receives the man after the crime has been committed. It must apply the remedy as best it can. If intelligent treatment will save him no stone should be left unturned to bring about such a result. All must work together with one objective—to remake the man. Not only must discipline and common sense methods prevail, but we must never lose sight of the human side. It is a subject

wherein a little knowledge might be dangerous. Persons are prone to become over-sentimental. When a crime is committed the man must be segregated to protect society. But he must be helped to correct his mistake. Vengeance must never be the motive."

### How a Prisoner May Be Helped

I INTERRUPTED him to ask: "How is this to be remedied?"

"Permit me to submit three fundamental ideas relating to the functions of the prison:

"*First*, unless a prison is curative and makes men better, it has no more right to exist than has a hospital which would maim and cripple its patients and make them a greater burden upon society when they come out."

"*Second*, because a man commits a crime is no reason why we should fail to regard him as a human being. He is simply one who has gotten on the wrong track and hoists his signal of distress. Like the Good Samaritan, it is our duty to rescue such a man; not pass by on the other side, as did the Pharisee."

"*Third*, we may deprive a man of his liberty in order to teach him its true value. But we have no right to visit his offense upon his family. He must be given suitable work in prison, with wages sufficient to support those left behind."

"The question may arise whether it is possible to make a prison so pleasant that a man would prefer it to the outside world. That is prompted by shallow thinking. Records show that just treatment to prisoners reduces crime. No man wishes to accept the stigma of a sentence and advertise himself as a bad citizen."

"The test of a prison is the man who comes out of it. The line of returning prisoners must be reduced. Efforts to prove that intelligent treatment will make them less of a burden upon the taxpayer must be encouraged. A prison controlled by political issues can never succeed."

"The inmates must be taught self-control and self-respect, and this cannot be done while idleness and inefficiency prevail."

"If the public realizes that the prisons build men rather than destroy them, and we work together with a common aim to remake the man, thousands cast upon the human scrap-heap will come back and find their places as useful members of society."

### How Mr. Chisholm Grades Prisons

THAT is B. Ogden Chisholm's message. He repeats it with elaborations and variations in lectures and pamphlets. He tours the country in the interests of the man in prison garb, and always at his own expense.

He is called in as unofficial adviser in many prison crises. Thomas Mott Osborne is his friend and co-worker. A warden who had refused to speak to or confer with the prisoners, under any circumstances for ten years, resigned and was succeeded by a man who transformed, in a year, what had been the semblance of a den of wild beasts into a human habitation, a school and a workshop. That man, a clergyman, says he owes his success to B. Ogden Chisholm's counsel.

He sent to Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, a protest against the execution of a criminal within sight of fellow convicts. He said the spectacle was an incentive to, not a deterrent of, crime.

On the wall of Mr. Chisholm's office, 66 Beaver Street, New York City, is a map of the United States. Its dots, which represent cities, are impaled by pins. The pins recall to him at a glance the prisons he has visited. There are 200 of these pins. Red-headed pins indicate men's prisons. Blue-headed pins show where women serve their penal sentences. White-headed pins indicate the good prisons, black-headed pins the bad ones. The black-heads preponderate.

(Continued on page 72)



# I AM—?

**I** AM to a man what a mainspring is to a watch.  
I start him and keep him going.

I keep people out of ruts; make them alert, progressive, courageous, original, effective.

I am the visible expression of faith and courage; that which has made all achievement possible.

I am back of the man who thinks, the man who acts, who doesn't wait until an idea loses its driving force before he puts it into action.

I am indispensable to success; but I don't wait for certainty, because I am not afraid of making mistakes. Neither am I afraid of trusting my own judgment, of relying on my own opinions.

There is no stagnation where I am, for I make a man dare to begin the impossible, I am the motor which makes him start the thing which others do not even think of attempting.

I am full of vim and energy, I not only start things, but start them right away. I never wait for some one to lead or to tell me how to begin and how to proceed. I ask no questions, but always lead the way and do things in my own way.

I can grasp a new situation or meet an emergency without being dazed by it. While others are helplessly wringing their hands and wondering what should be done, I have already taken hold and done the only thing possible under the circumstances.

I am bigger than precedent, more valuable than capital, rarer than talent, more progressive than mere industry alone. Without me talents may rust and their possessor barely make a living, while I double and treble the value of your talents. In fact, without me man would still be a primitive animal.

I am the great leader in the mental realm. Without me everything would remain static. Thoughts, ideas, aspirations, suggestions, would become congested and perish for lack of an outlet. I am the natural channel through which all these flow into the great River of Action, where they are transformed into every conceivable thing from a pin to the sublimest work of man.

I started Columbus in a frail bark on an uncharted sea, and kept him going until he found a new world. I sent the first steamship across the sea; the first message under the ocean; the first train across the

continent; the first flying-machine, and the first "wireless" message through the air; the first submarine under the ocean. Even the prolific imagination of a Jules Verne could not visualize the dreams I have made realities.

I am in demand everywhere, because wherever I am there is action; life. I see possibilities where others see none. I don't wait for luck or chance, or outside help, I work with the tools I have and forge new ones to meet developments. Without me Robinson Crusoe would have perished on his island.

I am the great pioneer of all time. I am never found among the trailers, the imitators, the echoes. I care nothing for precedent; never ask what others have done in similar circumstances, but map out my own course, clear my own path, no matter what people think or say. I never go in the beaten track, but blaze a new way whenever possible. I am the blazer of new trails.

I am "the difference between men we are compelled to hire and men who compel us to hire them." No matter how humble a job I tackle I put a new quality in it, see some way to improve the work and to make it more interesting. If you take me into partnership you won't be very long in a small position. The chances are you will ultimately be a member of a big firm or your own boss in some line.

The man who develops me cannot be kept down. Sooner or later he is bound to step out of the crowd and make himself felt as an independent factor, a new and original force in the life of his community. I am the plus quantity that makes talent available; that gives it stamina, backbone.

I am the power of self-propulsion in your career. If you lack me, you will always be in the position of an automobile with the motor left out. You may make a splendid appearance, but you cannot move unless somebody pushes or pulls you.

I grow with use, and every human being can develop me, make me strong and lusty for, as Emerson says: "The law of nature is, 'Do the thing and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power'."

I AM INITIATIVE.

—O. S. M.

# Self-Made Women Tell

## Useful Careers That Have Been Built On Poverty and Lack of Hope



Dr. Belle  
J. Macdonald

She took a course in the medical college of her native Oregon, and was beginning practice in Portland when she heard of the need of a sanitarium in the Texas city near the Mexican border, El Paso. She established the sanitarium, successfully conducted it for several years, then transferred it to other and capable hands, and, with her little ones, departed for that dubious pasture—New York. Her reason for this step,—for all her steps were preceded by a thoughtfully reached reason,—was that New York is a center of medical science. The young physician could learn more there than in any other American city.

SHE housed herself and her tiny daughters on the top floor of a house on 30th Street, near Third Avenue. She wished to be near the then site of the Polyclinic Hospital, where she was "taking" lectures. She felt the greatest need of her services was in the seething East Side. On the fringe of the East Side she lived, studied, and deeply laid the foundation for her career.

She practiced amidst tenement dwellers, but a few months from the soil of Europe and intensely suspicious of the persons and institutions which they did not know. They were resentful, too, of innovations. She once went to the task of ushering a little new soul into the world. She was met by a dark-browed, hostile-eyed group.

"Drink," they urged, offering her a strange dark brew. Graciously she bent her head.

"After awhile," she smiled, and went about her task.

Out of the group came a burly man, the fire of intoxication in his eyes. He waved his great fist toward the bed on which the woman lay.

"If you let my wife die, I kill you!" he said.

The young physician performed her work, and, while an orgie was at its highest in the next room, slipped quietly out through the evil-smelling halls, down the four flights of uncertain steps, and ran through the darkness of three o'clock in the morning to the distant parallel of lights on Third Avenue.

IT was after she was appointed a health inspector of New York, that she was nearly mobbed. She had been asked to visit an outlying region and to attend cases of malaria. She arrived during an indignation meeting against the city's negligence.

"The tall, dark woman at the back of the house—she is from the Health Board!" shouted an angry voice. Angrier voices shouted: "Show her the green scum on the pond! Push her into it! She will never come up!"

Dr. Macdonald mounted a box that the chairman of the meeting yielded to her only after long persuasion. She told the throng that the Health Department would be sorry to know what the conditions were. Amid hoots and jeers, she promised that she would report the unsanitary conditions of the district, and that they should be remedied. Then she set out for a



Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.  
Miss Helen P. McCormick

THE self-made man builds upon a foundation of privations. The corner-stone of his biographical structure is hardship borne with fortitude. His is a story of zeal unconquerable, of force of will, before the surge and stream of which obstacles are swept into oblivion. Or it is the tale of dash—brilliant and courageous. But I am moved to tell you the stories of women who have built upon a similar foundation, of women who have fought with courage their way to victory. They, too, have overcome insuperable obstacles in the road to achievement.—ADA PATTERSON.

### A Doctor's Struggles

#### Mrs. Macdonald First Practiced Among People Who Threatened Her Life

DR. BELLE J. MACDONALD, the American physician, honored in her own country and in France, by degrees, is one of the pioneers in women's achievements. After thirty-five years of arduous practice, she recently retired, with a competence to give to the world in published articles, the instruction, uplift, and lessons in personal hygiene that she gave to individual patients.

Dr. Macdonald, a young and beautiful widow, might have called coquetry to her aid and secured support for the rest of her life. But marriage, as a means to livelihood, did not beckon to her. Although two little daughters were her loving and beloved dependents, she chose to make her way and theirs, without aid, through the jungle of difficulties.

What to do, was the problem. Teaching was the conventional avenue for women's energies. But the call to the school-room sounded faintly in her ears.

"You are a splendid nurse," said a friend.

"Am I?" asked the seeker after her sphere.

"An exceptional one," was the reply.

"I would rather be a physician than a nurse," reflected the young widow.

# of Their Early Struggles

Special Interviews for "The New Success"

By ADA PATTERSON

street-car, for that meant safety to her. Cries of anger followed her: "Duck her in the pond. Give her a taste of our own medicine." "Aw! come on!" But a calmer voice said: "Give her a chance. She may do something."

So emphatic was her report, so strong her protest against conditions, that those who would have killed, blessed her.

Knowing life to be uncertain, and limbs to be menaced in the noisome tenements, the young physician realized to the full that her health was insecure amidst the conditions in which she lived and worked. Malignant contagions and infections, sweeping epidemics, might include her and hers, but she worked on, and most of those who had reviled her as a representative of the suspected authority of the new land, named her "The Good Doctor."

**T**HE time came when she deemed her daughters' need of a better environment superior to all other considerations. She took an apartment on Broadway near Central Park. Richer patients came. She had studied surgery. Surgeons' fees, like their services, are of a special order.

Her daughters grew up. She sent them to good schools. As greater prosperity came, she took them to Paris. They were students in a convent, while she was doing post-graduate work in the medical schools.

The daughters married. They said: "You have worked long enough. Come home to us." But her energetic and useful hand would not be stayed.

"I will help humanity as long as I have the strength," was her answer. And when her strength gradually forsook her, she bought a home on Long Island. She applied her pen to social disease as she had applied the scalpel to physical ills. Her days are full of service, her nights of the peace of an approving conscience. She has been a good and faithful servant to the science of medicine.



Photo by White, N. Y.

Miss Helen Tyler

## Her Fight to Be a Lawyer

*Helen P. McCormick, now a District Attorney,*

*First Taught Defective Children*

**H**ELEN P. McCORMICK, the young assistant district attorney of Brooklyn, the only woman prosecutor of greater New York, was born without the flavor of the silver spoon. Rather was the dust of libraries

Photo by White, N. Y.

Miss Zelda Sears



on her infantile tongue tip. Her father, professor of a New York college, died during her childhood.

Helen McCormick had one year at the St. Lawrence University. While she was packing her trunks and smiling her good-bys at the "co-eds" of that institution, they remarked, in chorus: "Say *au-revoir*, but not good-by."

"No. It's good-by," said Miss McCormick.

"Going to marry?"

"No. Going to work."

"Why?"

"For a very simple, very common reason. I must earn my living."

"But we can't get along without you," they pleaded. "We must have you to organize everything that has to be organized. You're the best executive we've ever had in the school."

**H**ELEN McCORMICK finished her course. The fraternity arranged for a scholarship. When she was graduated, she taught night school in Brooklyn. At Dartmouth College, she studied genetic psychology for a year. So she fitted herself to teach defective children. She taught the mentally defective, irregular types in a branch of the Brooklyn public schools.

The law beckoned her. While she was teaching she was forming friendships. She has a gift for friend-making and friend-keeping. Several of the friends were lawyers.

"What they said about their cases interested me in the law," she has said. "I believed I should like to study and practice it."

She took a course at the Brooklyn Law School, teaching defective children the while. She was appointed a Federal factory inspector. The moral, sanitary and economic conditions of the many factories in and about Williamsburg became her concern. In her district she became known as "the inspector who has a good word for everybody, but whom you can't fool."

**B**INGHAMTON, New York, conceived the idea of finding "a young woman with looks, style, good breeding, tact, good sense and education," to represent that city to the women in neighboring cities. Attired in clothes that had been made in Binghamton, her task was to call on women shoppers in seven cities and induce them to do all save their local shopping in Binghamton. The Brooklyn

(Continued on page 69)



"Only one hundred dollars," says the saleswoman, as if money grew on trees. And Mr. Newlywed, with a salary of \$40 a week, wonders if his wife really considers the frock cheap.

**"H**OW can a young man think of marriage, to-day?"

How often one hears this question, on every side—and how perplexing is the question!

In these days of high priced two-room, bath-and-kitchenette apartments, even love in a cottage becomes a deep problem, and "living on love and cheese" has almost become a task or a pleasure requiring the attention of a financier.

Said a substantial city business man, "My salary to-day is twice what it was ten years ago, yet, even at my present earning-capacity, I would hesitate to marry if I were single now. I've saved a bit, and we've gotten ahead in several ways—stocked up on furniture and clothes—but if that weren't the case I don't see how we could make ends meet! Why, it costs most as much to-day for a single piece of good furniture as it did to furnish a whole room when I started housekeeping. Clothes cost a hundred per cent more than they did, and the cost of amusements makes fun a tragedy rather than a pleasure!"

**T**HESE are not cynical remarks. They are echoes of what is to be heard in every community where baby's shoes now cost more than daddy's used to in "the good old days." The old fallacy that "two can live as cheaply as one" was exploded years ago—as every husband knows—but despite this fact, Cupid continues to conquer hearts and make men and maids long for their own firesides and a tiny cradle to watch over. Enter High Cost of Living, and marriage, under present conditions, reaches a state where it is likely to come under Uncle Sam's dictum that luxuries shall be taxed.

Of course, there are those favored by fortune who start out with a bridal present of a furnished house and a tidy bank account. But the struggling young clerk hesitates a long while before he feels he can ask the "only girl" to share his earnings, increased though they may be in the

## In Re: Cupid vs: The H. C. of L.

By JOE J. SMITH

Sketches by Marshall Frantz

general rising scale of office wages. And how can he ask a young girl, who is also in business—earning from \$15 to \$35 a week herself—to give up her envelope and become his wife on a budget of several thousand dollars a year? The girl asks herself the same question, knowing full well the cost of things.

The aspiring youth, who realizes that he has the right to fall in love and marry, desires to take his best beloved to dinner and the theater. There was a time when a five-dollar bill would do the trick very nicely. But to-day—in any big city—two or three times that amount will pay for but a meager evening's entertainment. Yes, the clerk earns more, to-day, but he has less. The elevator man, the mechanic, the driver of the milk wagon, earns more too—and he has *more*—because as a rule he enjoys more simple things than the man who figures out his time-check. The real suffering and the real problem, to-day, is being faced by the brain-worker who, used to living quietly and decently, finds the utmost difficulty in making ends meet. This man finds pleasure, even in its most simple form almost forbidden fruit, while he sees the uneducated enjoying, what to a clerk or a brain-worker, would be a princely income.

**B**UT the problem of this article is marriage. Candy, flowers, books, theater tickets—even the "movies" and other appurtenances of courtship have reached an almost prohibitive price. In smaller communities, unmarried women are content to stay at home and chat in the parlor during the courting period. But even then there must be an occasional outing. In the larger cities, however, where housing conditions interfere with the quiet privacy of an evening at home—because so many families live in apartments of limited size—it is almost essential that the young couple go out if they wish to be away from the other members of the family.



**A**SSUME that the simplest evening's entertainment costs ten dollars—and this is by no means an exaggeration if dinner and a play are to be enjoyed—consider the result upon the salary of the youth. Two such nights a week and half the salary of even the most successful young clerk, student, or brain-worker is gone. One such night of innocent, wholesome pleasure is beyond the means of a great many such young men. Living must be considered, and if marriage is the end in view, there must be something laid by for the honeymoon and the days of home-building that follow.

Budget systems are the popular idea of the day—and a budget is as sound a mode of conducting individual affairs as it is for transacting the affairs of a State. But try a fictitious sample budget, compare known costs with a given income and ask yourself if you would be willing to marry under such conditions as the average young lover faces today. More than that—would you dare to marry?

Yet it is being done. In some cases the result is rank failure. It is no day for the mating of young irresponsibles—of careless husbands and extravagant wives—when the family purse is an average one unaided by rich, indulgent relatives. In other cases, the struggle soon rubs the bloom from the cheeks of the bride and dulls the ambition and enthusiasm of the husband. In still other cases, the wife retains her position or takes one—and it is surprising how many present-day girls help out as earners—girls whose grandmothers would have held up their hands in horror at the idea of a feminine member of the family contributing to its maintenance from her weekly pay-envelope.

**B**UT here is an actual story of a really remarkable case of domestic financing. The hero is an honorably discharged member of the American Expeditionary Force. Prior to the World War he was a traveling salesman. He was twenty-four years of age and was earning a salary of \$2500 a year. He had no ties, no obligations, and he and a fellow business man lived together in an apartment, with a man servant.

Young, carefree, full of life, the two lived extremely well, spent all they earned and, at the end of the year, had a net balance of nothing to their credit.

Then came the war! Tommy K., decided there was officer material in him and that Uncle Sam needed his aid in crushing the enemy. He took himself to an officers' training-camp and presently earned a full-fledged pair of aviator's wings. He equipped himself with a uniform and sailed overseas to fight. His salary was \$196 per month. Out of this K had to feed, clothe and provide for himself as befitted the dignity of an officer of the United States Army. So it may be seen that he had not a great deal left for idle spending. And as a net result he returned to the United States at the close of the war with a full record and an empty purse. In fact he stepped from the transport with precisely five cents in his possession, no job and no immediate prospect of one.

Well, being an industrious youth by nature he soon found the job and was placed on a pay-roll at \$40 a week. Then the girl appeared on the horizon. She wasn't fascinated by his uniform for K had discarded that and was hard at the job of trying to make a living. But he hadn't taken into considera-



He was afraid that some other and more fortunate man would walk up the church aisle with her.

tion that prices had been soaring while he had been gone and the first few times he took the girl out he learned a surprising lesson.

**K** STARTED thinking. Half a week's salary for two nights of basking in the smile of the feminine presence was well worth while, but it wasn't getting him anywhere. He would have given a whole month's salary for those few precious hours; but having made up his mind that he wanted to marry the girl, he couldn't quite see how he was going to do it if he kept on at the pace of his bachelor days with a minus sign in front of the savings account every seven days.

K talked it over with the girl. She lived in a pretty suburban home and she had pretty things to wear. Her father belonged to a country club and her friends had their own motor-cars. Her slightly older friends who had married were installed in pretty bungalows and entertained rather smartly. She looked on these things as a matter of course,

and K knew that she did. It was discouraging, for he liked such life himself and knew he couldn't afford it. What was more, it was possible that he would not be able to afford it for several years to come—even if then. And he was afraid that some other and more fortunate man would step in, provide these things, and walk up the church aisle with the girl.

But the girl had big, understanding eyes and a heart bigger than her pretty eyes—and K filled both of these. She liked him and she liked his spirit—and when these two likings are mixed with a dawning love, something sometimes happens. It did in this instance. After a week-end at the country house, K took himself back to town and his job with determination in a pulsating heart.

He sat down on the little old iron-bound officers' trunk he had used in France, and with the stub of a pencil and the back of an old envelope, began to do some figuring. He found

(Continued from page 75)







"There are all sorts of Perils and Great Obstacles to Contend with"

# Success Fables

## No. 2—The Germ Brothers and Their Dark Dungeon

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

ONCE on a time, two little twin brothers, named Germ, were born in a dark underground Dungeon. Their Mother died in giving them birth, and they were left alone to Shift for Themselves.

Although no ray of Light, no glint of Sunshine, no glimpse of Blue Sky or breath of fresh air penetrated to their dark underground Dungeon, the Babies felt pretty warm and comfortable; and like all young Babies, so long as they were warm and sufficiently nourished, the Germ brothers didn't worry, and didn't try to do Anything for themselves.

But this happy state of affairs lasted only a very short time. Pretty soon Something happened. The Babies were taken with Growing Pains. If a Doctor had diagnosed their case he would have called the Growing Pains, Divine Impulse, or Nature's Irresistible Urge, or something with a long Latin name.

Whatever the Name might be the Thing itself made the babies terribly restless, so that they felt they must do Something or Die. While they didn't know anything about Divine Impulse or Nature's Irresistible Urge, it nevertheless pushed and prodded them to rise from their warm brown bed. They could even hear It speak. They listened, and this is what they heard It say:

"COME up higher! You were not born to remain down there in your dark underground Dungeon. There is a Place for you up here; a Place in the Sun, where you will blossom into Beauty, Strength and Usefulness. But if you would get Up, you must work, I will help you all I can; but unless you Work yourselves with All Your Might no Power is great enough to get you out of your Dungeon."

The Germ brothers were frightened at what the Voice said, and One of them began to Whimper.

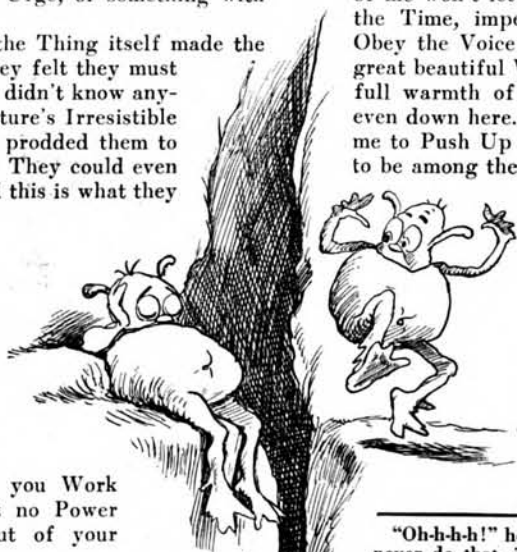
"Oh-h-h-h!" he sobbed, "I never can do that. It is cruel to expect me to Work. I'm not able. I am so young, so tender, and so delicate that I never, never could push my way up through this heavy, dark brown Blanket that covers us. Of course, I'd love to get up out of the Darkness, to my Place in the Sun, where everything is bright and glorious. I long to blossom into the Beauty and Strength and Fruitage that I know are Wrapped up in me. But that is

Impossible. Fate imprisoned me in this Dungeon. And here I must stay unless Somebody frees me, or gives me a Boost to help me up to my Place in the Sun. Fate is very cruel to me and I hate it down here; but there's nothing for me to do but to submit."

The other little Germ, his Twin Brother, though just as weak and tender, had a very different Spirit. He was just as frightened, but he had Something his brother had not—Courage,—and he said to him:

"You may stay here if you like, Brother; but I am going to push my way Up to my place in the Sun or Die in the Attempt. I'd just as soon Die as stay down here in the Dark and never see Anything or Amount to Anything, and maybe Die in the End.

"Besides, this Urge, or Impulse, or Whatever it is inside of me won't let me Rest. I feel it tugging away all the Time, impelling me to Push Upward. I will Obey the Voice that spoke to us. I want to see the great beautiful World overground. I want to feel the full warmth of that glorious Sun, which penetrates even down here. I seem to feel it drawing me, urging me to Push Up and Unfold my Possibilities. I want to be among the Living, not with the Dead."



"OH, but Brother," protested the Weakling Germ, "you are rash, foolhardy, to Attempt the Unknown. I want to get out of this Prison and show People what I am Capable of just as much as you do, but Caution and Self-Preservation tell me that it would be foolish to attempt anything so Rash as what you propose. Why, that heavy sod blanket that covers us would break me to bits if I should

dare make an Effort to Push my Soft Head up through it. Even if I could succeed in getting through, I should be strangled in trying to Grow, to spread out roots. The Earth would crush me, would cut off my circulation.

"Oh-h-h-h!" he sobbed. "I can never do that, it is cruel to expect me to work."

"You may stay here if you like, but I am going to push my way up," said his brother.

"Then, there are all sorts of Perils and Great Obstacles to contend with in Struggling toward our Place in the Sun. The Voice did not tell us of Them; but I have seen Them in my Dreams.

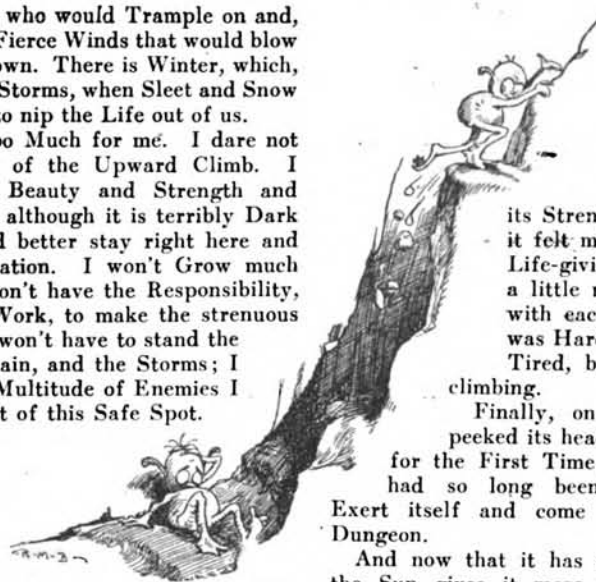
There are many, many People who would Trample on and, perhaps, Crush us. There are Fierce Winds that would blow upon us and try to Break us down. There is Winter, which, when it comes, brings Terrible Storms, when Sleet and Snow and Frost would do their best to nip the Life out of us.

"These Things would be Too Much for me. I dare not Face the Risks and Dangers of the Upward Climb. I prefer Safety and Ease to Beauty and Strength and Fruitage at such a Price. So, although it is terribly Dark and Unlovely, I believe I had better stay right here and make the best of a Bad Situation. I won't Grow much more, of course; but then I won't have the Responsibility, I won't have to do the hard Work, to make the strenuous Effort that Growth exacts. I won't have to stand the Buffeting of the Winds, the Rain, and the Storms; I won't have to Battle with the Multitude of Enemies I should find if I were to get out of this Safe Spot.

"I would advise you, Brother, to Consider all these Obstacles that Bar the Way to your Place in the Sun. If you do, I am sure you will see that the Wisest Thing for you to do is to Stay here with me in Safety—Snug and Warm."

"No, Little Brother, I'll not stay with you, and I'll not even Think of the Terrible Obstacles that so Frighten you. I am going to Lift up my Head and Push so persistently, so determinedly against that Brown Sod above us that, if such a Thing is Possible, I am going to get through. I don't care if I Break my Head! I'll try to get Up no matter what it Costs. The Urge is Insistent that I develop the Possibilities I already feel stirring within

"Oh, but brother," protested the Weakling Germ, "you are rash, foolhardy, to attempt the Unknown. I prefer safety and ease to Beauty and Strength."



me—that I Unfold them in all their Beauty and Glory in the Great World above our Dungeon."

SO the Ambitious Young Germ began to Push and Push with all its Might, feeling its Strength gaining a little each Day, as it felt more and more the warmth of the Life-giving Sun. Its pale Face took on a little more color, and its Courage rose with each Advance it made. The Work was Hard and the Young Germ was Often Tired, but it forgot that in the Joy of climbing.

Finally, one Never-to-be-forgotten Day it peeked its head up through the Sod and beheld, for the First Time, that Glorious Sun whose Rays had so long been Warming it, Coaxing it to Exert itself and come out of its dark, subterranean Dungeon.

And now that it has shown its Courage and Stamina the Sun gives it more Encouragement, more Strength, more Color, more Life. Its Possibilities rapidly Unfold. It puts forth New Buds, that become Leaves and Branches. The soft Winds of Spring and Summer, the Rain and the Dew Combine with the Sun to Invigorate it, to give it increasing Strength and Beauty, until in Time it becomes a Superb Tree, giving itself to the World in Foliage, Flower, and Fruit.

Meanwhile its Brother remains in its Dungeon, a Dwarf, a Weakling, a Burlesque of the Wonderful Thing it Might Have Been.

This is the Fable of Most Successes and Might-Have Beens.

## Cheerfulness in the Home

ANDREW CARNEGIE once said, "There is little success where there is little laughter."

The man who cannot laugh is not normal and cannot be a success. Laughter is a life prolonger, a health and happiness maker as well as an efficiency and success promoter. It will tend to bring a man back to normality if he is abnormal, to efficiency if he is inefficient, to creativeness if his mind is negative.

If there is any place which should be characterized by a lot of fun, a lot of play, good will, a happy mentality, it is the home. The home should be a place of rest, poise, serenity. It should never suggest strain and struggle; it should never suggest discord, but always comfort, harmony, good-will towards everybody and everything. In other words, the home should be a sort of vacation place, a place for recreation, a place in which to build up strength.

It is a wonderful thing to establish in the home the custom of making the meal hour the occasion of merriment and laughter. Encourage the children to be joyful and gay at the table. It should be understood by everybody that one should appear at one's best at the family board, that gloom, despondency, complaining, or hard-luck stories will not be permitted there. Mirth and good cheer will not only make the home more lovely and attractive but prove a great aid to digestion. As a rule, those who laugh naturally and heartily are not the victims of indigestion.

HOW many people seldom smile at the breakfast table!

I have sometimes thought that breakfast might well be cut out of the daily program of some families because the members are so disposed to come to the table cross and ugly.

Someone has said that if we can keep pleasant until ten o'clock all will be right with us during the remainder of the day. Breakfast is undoubtedly the most trying meal. It is so easy to lose our temper, our poise, at the breakfast table, if things go wrong, if the meal is late, or some of the food badly prepared, especially if your night's rest has been disturbed or insufficient.

Did you ever realize that most of the tragedies which wreck homes originate in trifles, in little bickerings or rebukes, little fires which could easily have been extinguished before they become conflagrations.

JUST a little self-control, a little mental chemistry, would often put out such a fire; but instead of applying the antidote, playing water on the fire, how many people use mental kerosene, which they throw on in arguments and angry retorts, thus adding more and more to the conflagration and making it the more fatally disastrous. A little consideration for others, a little forbearance, a little tolerance and good cheer would in most cases soon restore peace and harmony in the family circle, but instead, how many people go about the home sullen and morose, and ready to vent their spleen at the slightest provocation!

Poverty is the want of much, avarice the want of everything.

# Little Talks to Salesmen

## To-day—When it Is Easy to Sell Goods

By H. R. WARDELL

**T**HE Manager is the man who is supposed to be in touch with all of the conditions that the sales force must contend with. He must know what his competitor is doing; what the trade demands; what the trade should demand. He should be the fellow who supplies the ideas to the Factory Manager as to new products and improvements on those already in the line. He should stimulate the imagination of all the salesmen so they will freely come to him with ideas. So they will keep him fully informed and he should show appreciation of these ideas and suggestions, good or worthless.

He should be the moral force that directs the moral conceptions of his men. He should be the injector of the engine and send the good red blood through the veins of his men, so it will make them loyal and happy, vigilant and industrious.

He should be constantly telling them of ways and means to present their goods. Sales conversations should be constantly put before the men, else they go stale. He should make himself their example by showing that he has the ability to be versatile, alert and keen.

He should always say "Do;" never, "Don't." If he can't do this and do it in a way so his men will respect him and take him face value, then he is a misfit—a square peg in a round hole and, sooner or later, the men and the boss too will find it out. But the men will be ahead of the boss by about two years.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Salesman—the breadwinner of the family; the man who bucks the snowdrifts and faces the icy winds; who plods all day, writes reports all night and thinks and thinks and thinks how he will get Jones, Smith & Co., tomorrow; who gets a letter from the Sales Manager telling him he is a "bonehead," and then goes off to a "movie," since he can't go to a saloon, with a grouch!

While, ten to one, the letter was uncalled for, or even if said "bonehead" deserved a "call-down," why do it when the man can't defend himself, and, thereby, break his spirit and give him a case of "I don't care a damn."

\* \* \*

**A SALESMAN** is a different person from a Sales Manager. He naturally thinks in his restricted circle. He is concerned with his trade, and his duties, his troubles, his territory, his business. He doesn't care much about Billings, in Sioux City, if he is working in Worcester, Massachusetts, although he might get a hint from Worcester that could be applied to Sioux City if the hint is given him in a way he likes.

Most salesmen think they know it all, and admit it until some chap comes along who doesn't, and grabs off one of his customers. These Jolt Chaps are mighty good fellows to be about. They do Old Boy Satisfied a whole lot of good. They demonstrate—they do not talk—and demonstration speaks louder than words.

A salesman is a trader. If he is not, he is not a salesman. I like the word, "trader," because it implies versatility, action, brain alertness—all of which a salesman must have. A trader will break through. If not in the prescribed way, then he will write his own prescription

quick, and his first "break through" is the beginning of the end: getting the order.

A trader will talk chickens, or want to know all about chickens, if chickens are necessary to getting through. Or it may be golf,

or automobiles, or fish; and, if he is smart, he will be a poor golfer or own a "flivver;" or, better still, want to own one; or wish he knew how to look twenty feet below the surface of a lake and spot a pike.

No—not "Mr. I Know It All." He must throw back the lapel of his coat, stick out his front porch and tell what a great golfer or a great fisherman he is, or all about his high-priced car—thus making his prospective customer feel like a plugged nickel. A trader salesman forgets himself, he's always thinking about the fellow he is trying to sell, always watching his eyes and his mouth—two telltales. If he is very observing, he will also watch his hand and foot action.

A trader is not always waiting for a chance to tell about My Friend the vice-president of the Who-Can-Tell Company, or about the wonderful order he took from I Know Nothing & Co., because they needed and appreciated his expert advice! Oh, no! A Real Trader never blows his horn in this way. He tells about his firm this or that, and then when Mr. Buyer finds out Who's Who, the trader grows because of his modesty.

\* \* \*

**I** WAS once told a story of a fellow who stuttered terribly, but who was an expert Trader. When asked if the impediment in his speech did not hinder him, he replied: "No, it helps me."

"How?"

"Well, you see, I often start to talk and have time to think it over before I can utter a word, and then I can change my mind."

This proves that it is not how much you talk, but rather how much you say.

The salesman of to-day is having a perfectly rosy time of it. It's not how much the salesman can sell but rather how much the factory can deliver; and right here a thought creeps in that should make every salesman pause and ponder:

What are you doing for the future? What are you doing to fortify and equip yourself for battling when the war is again on?

Oh, why worry!

We will cross that bridge when we get there!

Sure you will; but be sure when you get on the other side that you haven't forgot your lunch-box.

Easy going usually makes loafers of us all, and this is the time when we form indolent habits. I believe *Now* is the time to learn. *Now* is the time to take the measure of every buyer. *Now* is the time to get on the inside by close attention to the work in hand, even if that work is merely to say why you are behind on orders.

\* \* \*

**A** WAG once told a story. He attended a vaudeville, one stormy afternoon, when a comedian, addressing the audience, said: "Ladies, Gentlemen and City Sales-

(Continued on page 82)



Every evening, at sunset, he would sit on the door-step looking down toward the valley, where he had never been allowed to go.

# The House of the Golden Windows

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

**G**EORGE M. PULLMAN, inventor of the sleeping-car, after he had become a multimillionaire, said: "I am not an iota happier now than I was in the days when I had not a dollar in the world I could call my own, save that which I worked for from sunny morn to dewy eve. I believe I was as happy, if not much happier, when poor."

If questioned on the subject, every millionaire and multimillionaire in the United States would probably give a similar answer. So would the vast majority of men and women who have reached the goal of their ambition, whatever it may have been.

The whole world is engaged in the quest for happiness, but, judging by appearances, very few succeed in their quest. Some expect to find it in money, some in fame, some in the gratification of their ambition, in the attainment of a certain position or object, but when they get the thing that was going to make them so happy, they find happiness just as far away as ever.

**T**HE trouble with most of us is that we are always looking for happiness in the future, expecting to find it in some big thing—a fortune, some grand opportunity, some great stroke of luck, some vague indefinite thing which we are at a loss to describe,—and we seem to think that whatever this thing is that is going to make us really happy, it is always in the distance, never close at hand. It awaits us somewhere in the shadowy future; it is never in the things we have, but in the things that are far away, or that other people have. We are like the discontented boy on the hilltop who thought he

would find joy—the fulfillment of his dreams—in the distant valley.

He lived in an old weather-worn cottage on the top of a hill, this poor, discontented little boy of the story. Chafing under what he thought the hardship of his lot, and dissatisfied with the poverty of his surroundings, he grew more and more unhappy. If he only could live in the beautiful house in yonder valley, he felt sure he would be happy. And every evening, at sunset, he would sit on the door-step looking down toward the valley, where he had never been allowed to go. Fascinated by the wonderful house with beautiful golden windows shining from afar off, like an enchanted castle, he would murmur, "Ah! what a miserable little home mine is! If I could only live in that beautiful house with the golden windows, how happy I should be!"

**O**NE evening, when the golden windows seemed beckoning him to come, the boy resolved that he would go down to the valley and, at least, look in through those wonderful windows and see what was on the inside. So, next day, he started on his adventure. The road was dusty and the sun very hot. But the boy trudged on and on until, near sundown, he stood before the building which had lured him from his home on the hilltop. But what had become of its beauty and glamor? Alas, what he saw was only an old deserted tumble-down barn!

And the wonderful windows! Why they were not gold at all—just ordinary glass, and dirty and broken too!

Overcome with fatigue, hungry and thirsty, the boy flung himself on the ground with his back to the house he had in his dreams called "The House of the Golden Win-

**H**APPINESS is a condition of mind. It is a fundamental principle, and he who does not understand the principle cannot possibly be happy. It is because people who are unhappy do not know that the very thing they are seeking lives in themselves or nowhere.



dows," and sobbed out his bitter disappointment. Presently, raising his head, through the big round tears coursing down his cheeks, he saw a shining blur—his own little cottage on the hill-top; and, lo, its windows, in the light of the setting sun, were a sheet of blazing gold!

LIKE Tytyl and Mytyl, the children in Maeterlinck's "The Bluebird," who had wandered far in search of the bluebird, Happiness, only to return and find it in the humble home they had left, the boy, in that illuminating moment, realized that no faraway enchanted castle, but his own despised little cottage was the real House of the Golden Windows.

Everyone knows that riches, material things, do not bring happiness. Otherwise all rich people would be happy; but it is well established that there is far more unhappiness among the very rich than among the very poor. Excitement, fleeting pleasures, pleasures that often leave a bad taste in the mouth when they have passed, may be bought with money; but real happiness cannot be bought or bribed. Nothing mean or unworthy appeals to it. There is no affinity between it and the merely animal part of our nature. Founded upon divine principle, it is as scientific as the laws of mathematics, and he who works his problem correctly will get the happiness answer.

THERE is only one way to secure the correct answer to a mathematical problem, and that is, to work in harmony with mathematical laws. It would not matter if half the world believed there was some other way to get the answer, it would never come until the law was followed with the utmost exactitude.

It does not matter that the great majority of the human race believe there is some other way of reaching the happiness goal than by the cultivation of the right mental attitude. That does not affect the results. The fact that they are discontented, restless, and unhappy, shows that they are not working their problem scientifically.

In one short sentence, St. Paul has epitomized the first principle of happiness: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

How many of us are content with the state we are in? Working in a cheerful, optimistic spirit at our task whatever it may be; doing our level best to make it a means of growth, a stepping-stone to higher things? For this was what the great apostle meant. The contentment he speaks of has nothing to do with the contentment of stagnation. He always had a glorious goal in view—the lifting of mankind to a higher plane. But in the pursuit of his object he accepted whatever came to him—imprisonment, persecution, torture, hardships of every sort, in the same happy spirit. His mind being set in the right direction, none of these things mattered to him or affected his serenity. No man had a higher ambition, a more progressive spirit than Paul, but he found his happiness in whatever he was doing; he took it with him wherever he went.

HOW many of us are doing that? Are not most of us doing the direct opposite—making our lives miserable by continued grumbling about our environment, our work, our neighbors, our condition generally? Almost every person I know is losing the happiness he is in search of by straining for something he has not. He is living in anticipation, not in reality. He is not actually living to-day the life to which he had always looked forward or expected to

have when he should have reached the present stage of his career. He is still getting ready to live; getting ready to enjoy the future. When he gets a little more money, a little better house, a little more leisure, a little more freedom from responsibility, he will then be ready to enjoy life.

Now, success and happiness are for *you*, my friend, for every human being on this beautiful earth, where the Creator has placed us. He meant us to be happy and successful; and it is only when we are out of harmony with Him, working contrary to his divine plan for us instead of in unison with Him, that we are unhappy, unsuccessful—miserable failures instead of radiant successes.

We fail to find happiness because we do not understand the meaning, the perfect truth of Christ's philosophy, "The kingdom of God is within you." When we realize this: that the kingdom of God or heaven—that is, the kingdom of harmony—is within us, we are in a position to attract everything that is desirable. For when we put ourselves in harmony with the great source of all things, when we become conscious of our oneness with Him, we are right in the midst of the all-supply. Everything necessary for our highest welfare is within our reach.

WHEN we face life the right way, that is, in the right mental attitude—cheerful, hopeful, always expecting the best to come to us, because we believe in the fatherhood of God, from whom all good things come—when we believe we are all children of the same Father, and that we cannot injure our brother man without injuring ourselves, then we have found the wellspring of happiness.

What we get out of life depends upon how we look at it, and what we put into it. Our mental attitude and our acts determine whether we shall be happy or miserable, whether we make life music or discord. Happiness is really the result of right thinking, and right acting, of unselfish helpful service. A selfish life never knows real happiness. Greed and envy never touch it. The door between us and heaven (harmony, happiness) cannot be open when the door between us and our fellow-men is closed.

It is as impossible for the selfish, greedy, grasping thought, the thought always centered upon one's own interest, to produce a happy state of mind as it is for thistle seeds to produce wheat. Every thought and every act will produce a harvest like itself. If we sow helpfulness, kindness, unselfishness, we shall reap a harvest of satisfaction, harmony, and happiness. If we sow unkindness by thought and act; if our minds are filled much of the time with discordant thoughts, worry thoughts, fear thoughts, envy, jealousy, hatred thoughts, we shall reap a harvest of misery and discord. Our degree of happiness or misery to-day is merely a resultant of our thought, for the act follows the thought. Right thinking means right action.

No one has a "corner" on happiness. It is not a prerogative of wealth or power. It is for sale in the market-place of life for every one who is willing to pay the price, and that is one which all can pay.

Straightforward, honest work, a determined effort to do one's best, whatever his task, whatever his environment, an earnest effort to scatter flowers instead of thorns, to make other people a little better off, a little happier because of our existence, these are the ingredients that enter into the making of real happiness.

If you don't work up this recipe to-day, right where you are, you will never find happiness to-morrow, in some other job, in some far-off place of dreams. You are now in The House of the Golden Windows!

*A business never gets so old that it will take care of itself.*





Did you ever consider the danger wrong thinking  
may lead you into? This is told in

JOHN WEBSTER'S NEW STORY

# The Second Chance

Illustrated by Robert A. Graef

THE day the new stenographer arrived, Jonas Bolton—usually a very methodical and accurate private secretary—seemed to slip a cog. From the moment this dainty, blonde divinity opened up the folding top of her type-writer and her daintily manicured fingers began to beat a tattoo on the keys, Jonas found himself utterly out of sympathy with his work.

It was somewhat of a shock to him. For the last four years he had been steadily growing in the estimation of his employer. Early at his desk, late to leave, and developing a keen understanding of the problems of the business, he had found his salary increased periodically, and, for the past six months, he had been more than head stenographer. He was now confidential secretary to old Henry Matthews himself.

At the moment when Matthews entered the office on this particular morning, Bolton was engaged in making rapid little notes on a memo-pad. These notes were in shorthand—minute and copper-plate. Bolton invariably took this short cut in jotting down things to be taken up with his chief. On

many occasions he had smilingly calculated the time he saved each day by following this somewhat unique practice.

NOW he gazed across the room at the new employee. She seemed totally oblivious of his presence; but as the minutes ticked by, he found himself more and more aware of the fact that she was there. Through some trick of fate he found himself doing an unheard of thing. He was actually composing a poem! As literature it did not amount to much. He had written it, in his favorite shorthand; but from the standpoint of fervor and sincerity—it was a masterpiece.

Henry Matthews' buzzer sounded and Bolton flushed guiltily. He tore off the top pad of his loose-leaf book, crumpled the poem in his fingers and tossed it angrily into the waste basket. Then he hurried into Matthews' office with the balance of his notes in his hand.

For half an hour his chief dictated. Mechanically Bolton took down the steady flow of business phrases, the masterful composition that made Henry Matthews' letters rival

One by one, Bolton saw the hastily sketched shorthand characters take the form of words. He shifted a little in his chair but waited as the shorthand proceeded to unfold the girl's message.

"Make some excuse to leave the room," she wrote.

those of his advertising manager. Then, all of a sudden, Bolton's pencil dropped from his fingers and he stared horrified at the sheet before him. He had not heard a single word his employer had uttered for the past several minutes. Instead of having transcribed them he found before his eyes, a series of clean cut little pothooks which, translated into words of every day usage, read: "She has the deepest, most wonderful blue eyes I ever saw! Her lips—"

Matthews noticed Bolton's consternation, with surprise. "What's the trouble?" he asked blindly. "Not feeling well this morning?"

"I'm afraid I must be a little upset," Bolton stammered. "These last few lines—my notes seem all wrong. I can't read them," he prevaricated.

Matthews showed symptoms of annoyance, but quietly suggested that his secretary indicate where the trouble had started. Then he repeated the dictation, indicated that he had finished, and Bolton went sheepishly back to his desk in the outer office.

"You fool!" he told himself, and hastily scratched the offending bit of personal comment from his notebook. Then he set to work with his usual concentration, transcribing the morning's mail. But for all his determination, he caught himself glancing across at the new girl at frequent intervals. Later in the morning, it was necessary for him to give her some instructions and to explain the system under which he was to

work. It was the most difficult task he had ever attempted. The girl seemed to realize his embarrassment, and he thought that, perhaps, she suspected its cause, for now and then he caught a teasing little gleam in the eyes that had caused him so much consternation.

**YET** in the days that followed, as they got to know each other better, Bolton lapsed back into his old routine. He worked with his usual ardor, gloried in the aptness of his new assistant, and found himself humming as he went about his work. He had always been fond of the office; but now, working at Fannie Marlow's side, day by day, life took on a rosier hue. Occasionally he gave in to his new-found diversion of versifying. In off moments he would compose reams of near verse—contemplate it with certain satisfaction—and then carefully file it away in a pigeonhole in his desk. Someday he meant to show Fanny those poems—but not yet. He feared that she would laugh at him. He even lacked the courage to ask her to dine with him some evening—and Bolton's evenings were long and lonely.

There was a reason for that. He had been with the Matthews Construction Company exactly four years. And for four years only he had answered to the name of Jonas Bolton. That rechristening had occurred the moment he stepped from the doors of the San Quentin Penitentiary, after eighteen months' sojourn within its walls. Bolton shuddered at the memory of that period. He was guilty of the crime that had sent him there, but there were curious circumstances involved. The judge who sentenced him had recommended clemency to the jury. The district attorney himself had asked that the court be lenient. And it was the public prosecutor, who, sympathetic in the extreme, had sent for Bolton when his sentence expired. It was he who had suggested the change of name, the removal to some distant city; it was he who had supplied letters of recommendation which secured Bolton his present position.

It had all been a bit unusual. Bolton had wiped the slate, started afresh, and had amply justified the big-hearted lawyer's confidence in him. In fact, his monthly letters—or reports—which had been a part of their agreement, highly delighted the distant legal officer.

But, hard as he had worked, successful as he had been, Bolton was constantly haunted by this ghost of his other days. It was not that he feared further prosecution. The sight of a policeman held no terror for him. His guilt had been expiated and his subsequent record was clean. But he feared that some one might find out—that some day this thing would stand in his way in gaining the position he would have to attain if he could ever ask Fannie Marlow to be his wife. He knew he would have to tell her the whole sordid story!

So he kept putting it off indefinitely, and striving with greater might to earn the generous salary Henry Matthews paid him. Then, one night, a little tired of the boarding-house table, he took himself to a little *table d'hôte* restaurant. He sat by himself at a little corner table, trying hard to make up his mind to take the plunge he dreaded.

**HE** had grown more and more attached to Fannie. He admired her keen brain and her faithful work in the office. But still more he admired the pretty girl herself. He knew something of her story—of the well-

known family from which she had come. There had been the usual reverses; and Fanny had proved equal to them. She had stepped nobly into the breach and was slowly but surely making a place for herself in the business world. Bolton knew that she was competent to step into his larger shoes any day, and this still further discouraged him. What right had he to ask such a girl to marry him, when any time his own past might crop up to undo all he had accomplished in the last four years?

Now, to his astonishment, he saw her sitting at another table not so very far away. With her was a young man who paid her ardent attention. Fanny seemed greatly interested in what he was saying. Bolton sighed. The young chap was good looking, clean cut, and, from his attire, evidently prosperous. Undoubtedly he was too late. He should have spoken sooner; but, perhaps, it was just as well. But he could not go on with his dinner, and avoiding the eyes of those at the nearby table, quickly paid his check and hurried from the restaurant. He hated himself for it. The act seemed cowardly—all the more so when he realized the thing which made him do it. It was the

good-byes—off for their holiday. Now only Fanny Marlow remained, still typing industriously at her desk. Behind Bolton's back the gate of the great safe swung ajar.

Bolton smiled, unpleasantly. Why was Miss Marlow waiting? Was it that she knew he was an "ex-crook" and was remaining to see him lock the safe and depart—fearing to trust him alone in the office with its contents at his disposal? Of course, it was ridiculous; but the very thought hurt him. He wanted to tell her so—to protest against this outrage—to upbraid her for her lack of faith in him. But he only sat there in silence staring at his desk.

Then the door opened and a stranger entered. Miss Marlow arose and accosted him. Then she came back to Bolton and presented a card. The name was not familiar, but Bolton nodded to her to admit the man. As he did so he noticed a peculiar expression on the girl's face, and wondered at it. Perhaps she was suspicious of the stranger and the open safe. In any event she said nothing, but returned to her desk and seemed to be making preparations to leave.

The visitor came forward, bowed, and took the chair Bolton indicated. "I see you don't remember me," he said in a low tone "I would like to speak with you privately."

Bolton studied the man's features. He could not place him, although his frame of mind made him group for a mental picture of those who had shared his confinement in San Quentin. Had this thing that he always feared, actually come to pass? Had some old ghost of his prison days come to trouble him? Had someone found out, and come to blackmail him?

"Go ahead," he heard himself telling the man.

But the stranger shook his head. "I don't think you'd want that girl to hear," he whispered, leaning forward. "If she isn't going to leave—send her out—or take me into a private office."

So that was it. Bolton was very pale and his heart was beating wildly. But his jaw set and a steely look came into his eyes. Matthews had trusted him. No one here knew. If this man meant to tell them, Bolton decided that he might do so. He would make no compromise—offer no inducement—accept no condition to prevent it.

**JUST** then his eyes wandered to Fannie Marlow. She stood with her back to him, and suddenly he saw that she was writing with a piece of chalk on the big blackboard that had been installed as a Salesman's Bulletin. The visitor evidently paid no attention to her and assumed her action to be perfectly natural. Ordinarily Bolton would have done likewise. But now something seemed to glue his eyes upon the enlarged characters she was tracing against the dark surface of the board.

One by one, Bolton saw the hastily sketched shorthand characters take the form of words: "That man has a gun in his pocket," he read in astonishment.

He shifted a little in his chair, but waited as the shorthand proceeded to unfold the girl's message. "Make some excuse to leave the room," she wrote. "Don't bother about me, and don't come back until I tell you to."

Bolton was astonished, speechless, unable to comprehend. If there was danger, how did she know it. Anyway, why should he leave her alone with this stranger? Could it be that she was a crook—that she wanted him out of the way?

But even as he hesitated, she continued  
(Continued on page 56)

## THE GOAL

By Edwin Osgood Grover

**I** SEE the goal,  
It stands afar off,  
High up upon a hilltop  
It gleams and beckons me.  
The road thither is rough,  
And the hill is steep;  
There are obstacles to be overcome;  
There are defeats to face.  
There are sorrows to bear;  
There are enemies to do me harm.  
But the goal is worth struggling for;  
There is joy in the climbing,  
And I shall win at last,  
Because the goal was set for me;  
Because mine eyes have beheld it,  
And because I have said  
"I will!"

same feeling he had experienced on his first day out of jail; the horror that every passing person must recognize him as a released convict.

He could not sleep that night. He felt that he was living a lie—deceiving everyone about him. His very letters of recommendation—though genuine enough—were a deception. Henry Matthews had trusted him implicitly. He wondered how many of his employer's closest secrets he would ever have been entrusted with if Matthews had known the truth. Perhaps he should go to him, even now, and tell him that he had been masquerading all these years—and resign.

The next morning, his unrest was even greater. He looked tired and worn when he arrived at the office, and nervously sat at his desk. He seemed to feel conscious of curious glances from Fannie Marlow, although he felt sure she had not seen him the night before. Of course, it was only his guilty conscience—the torturing knowledge of what he was concealing—but he felt as conspicuous at that moment as if he had still been clothed in prison garb.

**IT** was Saturday, and Henry Matthews left early for a week-end tour in his car. One by one the other employees left with cheery

# How I Hold My Employees

**E**VERY successful man's career is based on some guiding principle which forms the basis of all his decisions and actions. This principle is his monitor, his guardian angel. It is a safe bet that until a man evolves some such guiding rule of conduct his success will be uncertain. If it comes at all, it will be accidental.

The maxim of one of my friends is, "Be thorough." A famous physician urged his younger associates to adopt a similar precept: "Do all for the patient that possibly can be done." If you will stop the first hundred business men you meet to-morrow morning, even the man who runs the cigar store around the corner, you will get something equally interesting and practical from everyone of them.

The motto which has helped me most since I have been in the hotel business is this:

*"Please the public; please the help; please the directors."*

**N**OW, perhaps you want to know why I include pleasing the help in this trilogy. That a good hotel manager would try to please the directors (his bosses) and the public (his super-bosses) you take for granted. But as for attaching equal importance to pleasing the help—you don't quite "get" me, do you? And I think I hear you reminding me that the late famous Mr. George W. Boldt of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, took cognizance of none but the guest, summing up his entire business philosophy in the one statement, "The guest is always right."

I agree to that. The guest, or customer, is the crux of the whole matter. That's why I try so hard to please the help. Let me explain this riddle.

A very large part of the traveling public, when they find a hotel that suits them, like to patronize it regularly. And most of them like to be remembered. They like to see the same clerks, the same waiters, the same maids, bell-boys and so forth. If they don't see the same faces every time they land in a hotel they don't feel at home. This is why I exert the utmost care, first in selecting our help, and then in treating them right so they will stay with us.

Now just what I do, specifically, to hold my help is a little difficult to explain in so many words. Perhaps I can make it clearer by giving you a bit of personal history.

**W**HEN I was born, my father was a hotel man, having filled positions for many years as chef and chief-steward in the hotels of Washington and nearby mountain

## A Hotel Man Tells How to Get and Keep Guests

By A. OWEN PENNY

Author of "Twenty Years with a Cranky Boss"

resorts. Consequently, I began almost from my birth to absorb the hotel atmosphere, and I liked it. After school hours I would amuse myself in the kitchen and storeroom, while during the summer months I occupied such posts as pin-boy in the bowling-alley and as messenger. One summer I actually served as manager of the billiard-room and bowling-alley.

Leaving school at eighteen, I became manager of the newsstand in the hotel where father was then employed. Two years later I went into the business in earnest, going to one of the smaller houses of Washington as steward.

That was an awful job. I was a young fellow and going around a good bit; and I had to take a bath and change my clothes every time I went out, in order to keep down the kitchen smells.

This position did not hold me long, however, because I was ambitious to know the business all the way up. Accordingly, I sought employment in the "front of the house," which resulted in a transfer to the office as night clerk. A promotion to the position of head clerk followed; and then, at the age of twenty-five, I was made manager.

What has this to do with how I hold my help? In the light of what I have just said, you will believe me when I say that, after all, I am actuated by something more than self-interest when I try to treat my employees as I would like to be treated myself in the same position.

**H**AVING held so many different jobs myself, I can sympathize with every man and woman in the house, from the humblest maid to the head clerk. I know just what each is entitled to, and I am careful to give him all that he has a right to expect.

When I hire a man I take it for granted that he is going to give me the very best that he has in him. If he does this and fails to make good, I try him somewhere else. I give him every chance in the world to prove up. I never let him go until both he and myself are convinced that the hotel business is not for him. On the other hand, if a man shows that he is holding something back, that he is not giving the house the very best thought and effort he can produce, then out he goes as fast as his feet will carry him.

That is all there is to my system. If you think it does not pay, look at my pay-roll for the last ten years and see how few changes there have been among the help. Then look at the register for the same period and see how many of our guests return year after year.

## Why He Never Got Beyond a One-Horse Business

He tried to do everything himself.  
He did not know how to advertise, and thought he could sell his goods without that expense.

He did not keep up with the times.  
He tried to save by hiring cheap help.  
His word could not be depended upon.  
He regarded system as useless red tape.  
He did not pay his bills or meet his notes on time, and lost his credit.

He did not have the ability to multiply himself in others.  
He did not think it worth while to look after little things.

His styles were a little off, his goods always a little out of date because he could get them cheaper.

He ruined his capacity for larger things by burying himself in detail.

His first successes made him over-confident, and he got a "swell head."

He never learned that it is the liberal policy that wins in business building.

He thought he could save the money which his competitors spent for advertising.

"Tricks of trade" sapped his credit and ruined his reputation for square dealing.

He put men in responsible positions who lacked executive ability and leadership.

He did not appreciate the value of good taste in a buyer, but thought what he saved on his salary was clear gain.

He did not buy with his customers' needs in view, but bought the things which he liked

best himself, or which he thought would bring the largest profits.

He was always talking his business down. With him, times were always "hard," money "tight," business "rotten" or only "so-so."

He did not think it worth while to compare his business with that of his more successful competitors, or to study their methods.

He was pessimistic. His employees caught the contagion, and the whole atmosphere of the establishment was depressing.

He could plan but could not execute, and he did not know human nature well enough to surround himself with efficient lieutenants.

# If Money Could Really Talk

*This Is what the Pennies, Nickels, Dimes, Quarters and Lonesome Dollars Would Say To-day*

By GEORGE WASHINGTON MacDOUGALL

Illustrated by JOHN R. NEILL



**M**ONEY talks—but not in the same familiar tones we heard before the World War. In fact, money is making rather a poor mouth these days. Instead of being proud and boastful, the average bit of currency is inclined to be self depreciatory. All of which is borne out by a conversation which recently took place in the pocket of a fortunate individual who had collected there the various denominations of coins which go to make up a dollar.

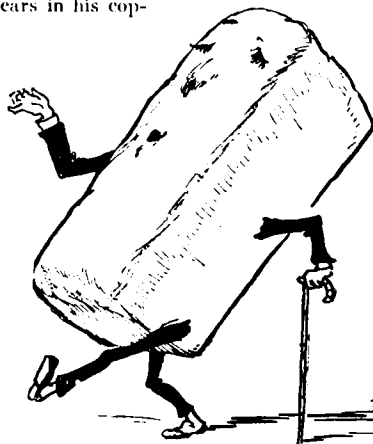
It was Willie Penny who wailed the first complaint, and there were tears in his copper eyes as he spoke. "Nobody loves me any more!" he moaned pitifully. "In fact I can't do much of anything alone any more. I can't even buy a newspaper all by myself, and while some old-fashioned slot-machines still let me get chocolate drops for children and tell old ladies how much they are gaining or losing in weight, the newer machines insist upon a nickel and I fall right through a slot that's big enough for such a coin."

Jack Nickel gave a sigh. "Yes," he said, "you've put a lot of extra work on me, Willie Penny. I have to do a lot of things to-day that you used to be able to do yourself. It is lowering to my dignity, and I don't like it."

"Well, don't blame me," Willie Penny shot back at him. "You surely don't think I relish it, do you? Benjamin Franklin once told people to save their pennies and the dollars would take care of themselves. Who even bothers to save a penny any more? Why they don't trouble to give me to the

children nowadays! The average youngster turns up his nose at me. I used to be carried happily to school in many a chubby, warm little hand, and I used to burn holes in thousands of juvenile pockets. But now I'm regarded with contempt. Even organ-grinders don't want me. Newsboys spurn me! I can't buy even a lemon stick or lollypop. Doughnuts and cookies are out of my reach. I can't make anybody happy and I only seem to make people grouchy.

"About all I'm good for is to have two or three of me added on to the cost of things for the Federal tax, and people are everlastingly complaining because they get so many of me in change. Bankers still think well



"I don't know what's got into bread, its grown so high and mighty!"

of me when it comes to figuring interest, but there I only figure on paper and the poor little actual me hasn't a chance in the world to-day!"

"Oh, well" broke in Jack Nickel, "there are still some things unchanged in my situation. I'm still little old carfare in most places, although I'll admit that in some sections I have to call on you for help, Willie Penny. But I have my troubles, too. There was a day when to think of the staff of life was to think of me. Jack Nickel and Loaf of Bread were inseparable companions. But now—good gracious! it takes three of me to buy enough bread for one meal. I don't know what's gotten into bread that its grown so high and mighty!"

"I remember, too, when Jack Nickel was all a man needed to buy a cup of coffee or a sandwich. But it would be sad coffee and a sadder sandwich that I could buy to-day. People don't seem to think any more of me now, in 1920, than they did of

"Why they don't trouble to give me to the children nowadays. The average youngster turns up his nose at me!"

you, Willie Penny, ten years ago. I used to buy a nice bright shine, and the bootblack welcomed me. But now there must be two of me in that grimy paw—and in some places still a third one is expected.

"I used to be the standard price for a glass of soda water, and, many a time, two youngsters took me to the counter and shared what I would buy through two paper straws. No longer! From three to five of me are necessary to buy such a drink—even without ice cream. And, speaking of ice cream, I remember when you could buy a plate for five cents. Kids got it and I paid for it. Now three, four and five of me go to purchase even the smallest portion of ice cream."

"Yep," said Willie Penny, "and that makes me think of the extra work you put on me. A box of cough drops, a packet of candy, a bar of popcorn—all sorts of goodies—used to cost five cents. Now you need one to three of me to buy these things for those who spend you. So you see the lowly penny's come up in the world when the once proud and shining nickel needs his aid!"

**JACK NICKEL** groaned. "In the old circus days. I used to supply a bag of peanuts. Now there must be two or more of me or the animals and the kids go hungry. I could once buy beautiful colored toy balloons, too. But not any more. Even copy-books and lead-pencils and rulers for use in school are beyond my reach these days.

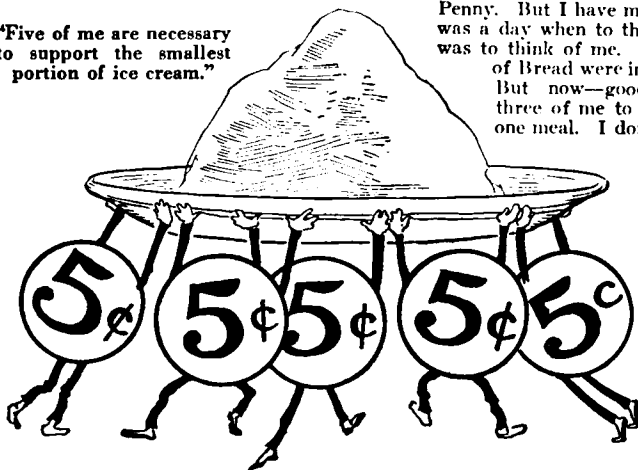
"But I'll tell you something, Penny," Nickel said with a groan. "If we've been taken down a peg, there are others who've likewise fallen from their high estate!"

The Nickel winked it's eye and Penny chuckled; but there wasn't much mirth in either proceeding.

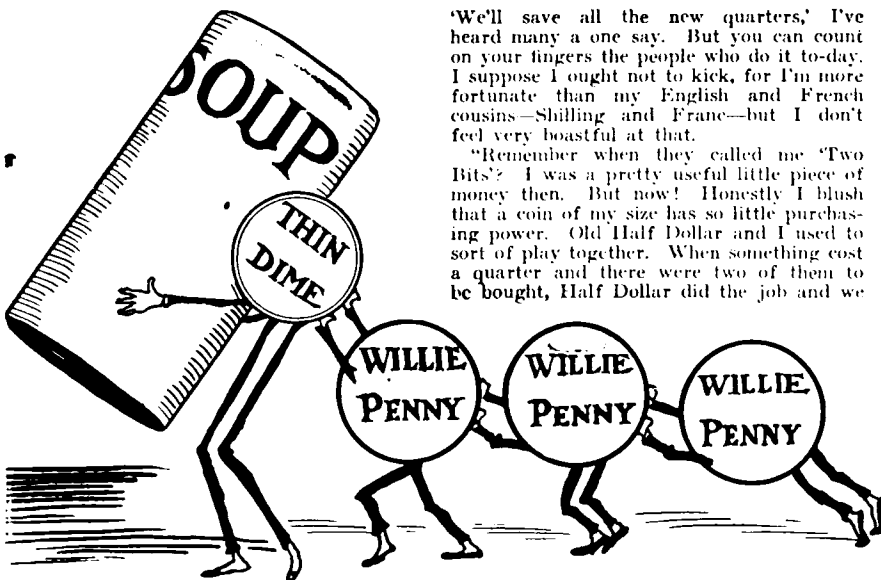
"I suppose you're thinking of me," said Thin Dime. "I know I've grown thinner than ever, although I'm silver and you fellows are only copper and nickel. However, there's no denying that I can't do the things I used to do. Why once upon a time I was good for an evening's entertainment at the movies. Now there are often two, and still more often four of us, needed to take a pleasure seeker in to see the show.

"Men used to look upon me as the right price to pay for a cigar; but, honestly, the kind of cigar I can buy to-day makes me sick! Then there are the magazines. I used to buy the best of them; but, now, two and even three of us are needed to buy some publications! I was lying in a change box at a notion counter the other day and heard a pretty girl complaining. She said she used to get her hair nets for a dime.

"Five of me are necessary to support the smallest portion of ice cream."







"But now," said Thin Dime, "he relies on a few Willie Pennies to help me along."

The saleswoman asked her for five of me for three nets. Two of us used to buy a half pound of pins. Do you know that they want three whole quarters for such a box now and they're nothing like as good as the pins two of us dimes used to bring. Take matches, too. Ten cents for a big box in the old days. Now I have to call on you, Jack Nickel, to help me get an equal quantity—and usually they don't light either."

Thin Dime smiled. "You know what happened when they took sugar out of my class. The country nearly went wild—but little old dime and little old pound of sugar aren't on speaking terms to-day. Then there are crackers. I used to be the recognized price for a nice box all done up in waxed paper. Takes nearly two of me to-day. And cheese! Why I used to buy a nice large package all done up in tin foil. To-day Nickel goes down on the counter with me, if one wants a small package of cheese."

"Willie Penny talks about his not being saved any more. How about me. Dime Savings Banks aren't very fashionable to-day. I've been used to being called chicken feed all my life, but, to-day, I'd hardly buy enough corn to satisfy a pullet. Talk about nickel plates of ice cream. Have you tried to get one of those old-style ten-cent boxes lately? They'd laugh at you."

"Makes me think of that girl at the notion counter again. She said she used to get a nice pair of side combs for one Thin Dime. Now—three Thin Dimes for a set! And it's so all along the line. The grocer used to be a pretty good friend of mine and welcome me with open palm. But now he insists upon a few Willie Pennies along with me, even for a small can of soup."

"Say, I used to get sore, when I was a kid, because they had little silver pieces that looked a good deal like me but were only worth three cents. I'm not so set-up now and I'm not so sure that little old three-cent piece—long retired and put in the curio cabinet—wasn't about as useful a citizen in his day as I am in mine!"

Dollar Bill laughed out loud:

"Think how little I can do now. . . . I recall a dandy shirt I once purchased."

Quarters stayed in the purse. But, nowadays, we notice that Half Dollar gets more action than we do, and there are ever so many things that we Quarters can't do by ourselves.

"Take, for instance, men's collars. Used to be two for a Quarter. Now old Half Dollar gets that job. I used to be able to get a pair of heels straightened, too. Takes three of me now. In the past, I could buy two nice linen handkerchiefs. Now I have to be satisfied with cotton."

"Say Thin Dime, do you remember those forty-cent *table d'hotes*? You and I and Half Dollar used to do things up pretty nicely in those days—and get a glad smile from the waiter, too. What kind of a meal could the three of us together buy to-day?"



Half Dollar used to say he had a lot of fun buying matinee tickets, and sometimes little 'Two Bits' could get away with it up in the topmost gallery. But the drama has become more costly since then!

"Twenty-five cents used to be a pretty good price for a tooth-brush. But now I can't half buy one. And soap! What does it cost to-day? But the thing that hurts me most is stockings for the kids. I used to buy a nice pair of stockings, and now two of me don't really give the little one's good value."

"And eggs! Oh, boy! Remember when eggs were twenty-cents a dozen? I don't—I'm too new—but an old quarter told me about it the other day. I thought he was fooling at first!"

FROM a corner of the pocket came an exclamation of impatience. It rustled from Old Dollar Bill. "You kids make me sick!" announced this one time dignitary, trying to smooth the creases out of his worn body. "I've been in circulation for a good many years and I've seen a lot of things. I've been spent foolishly and wisely; I've been saved and been wasted. But these days I'm positively shocked at how little help I can be."

"My first job was to slip into an envelope with two other new Dollar Bills and get passed through a window to an office boy who thought himself lucky to get us for his weekly salary. Say!" Bill laughed, "I was one of eighteen that went to one office boy last week and he was a hundred times more stupid than that bright-faced youth who got just three of us!"

The small change sighed. They were flattered at the remarks of their paper companion—the unit of money that was worth all of them combined. Here, indeed, was a worth-while comrade in misery.

"A Dollar used to be a name to conjure with," Old Bill went on. "Advertisements were full of me. It was 'Send one dollar,' 'Pin a dollar bill to your card.' Dollar watches—dollar down—everything was a

dollar! But no more, children, no more! Three, five—more of us are asked for to-day.

"I used to think Mr. Five-Dollar Bill was some considerable gentleman. He isn't here—he seldom is—so I can say frankly that he doesn't seem so very much to me to-day. Even the lordly Twenty doesn't carry his head so high as he used to do."

"But there's no use throwing bricks at absent members. We're all in the same boat. All I want to do is remind you that I have my ups and downs the same as you. It used to be that three of me would buy a pair of orchestra seats for the best show in town."

(Continued on page 79)

BRIGHT NEW QUARTER spoke up. "You fellows make me tired!" he snapped. "When I first came out, all shiny and fine in my new design, people used to start slipping me into their vest pockets."

# The Play of the Month

"Mamma's Affair," by RACHEL BARTON BUTLER

A Lesson For Those Who Think  
They are Sick

By SELMA H. LOWENBERG



Photo by White  
Mrs. Orrin (Effie Shannon) trying to assert her dominion over  
her daughter, Eve, (Ida St. Leon).

THE traditional hardships and privations of the aspiring author fired with the desire to create, are now accepted as almost arbitrary. It is the way of all success: "The brow must first be bathed in sweat, ere it can be bathed in glory." The career of Rachel Barton Butler, author of the Harvard Prize Play "Mamma's Affair," bears striking testimony to this dictum.

Miss Butler has written plays as far back as she can remember. Now, after years of devotion to her task, she bids fair to become one of the most successful and prolific playwrights in America. Already, Mr. Oliver Morosco, donor of the prize, has put another of her plays in rehearsal, and Mr. John D. Williams has renewed his option on a play which he purchased from Miss Butler two years ago.

MISS BUTLER was born and reared in Cincinnati, Ohio, attended the University of Cincinnati and studied singing preparatory to embarking on a stage career. She came to New York in order to perfect her dramatic ability, and then, for two years, was understudy to the leading rôle in the ultra-successful play with music, "The Climax."

"This part required someone who could sing," explained Miss Butler seriously, "that's how I happened to get it. After that I was in vaudeville a year. Then father became seriously ill and I was called home to assist mother. Father was an invalid for five years and, during that time, either mother or I had to be with him constantly. When I got home I found that I not only had to help mother in the house, but that it

was up to me to earn money, also, to support both of us. "I don't remember the time when I didn't want to write and did write," continued Miss Butler. "It's something I can't help doing as naturally as eating or talking—and I can't help writing in dialogue form. I tried writing short stories once; but the descriptions and characterizations came out as stage directions, my story resolved itself into dramatic pattern, and I found myself rushing to make my characters say what they had to say instead of telling about it.

"It was difficult to find work that paid sufficiently to give me time to relieve mother of some of her responsibilities; but my stage experience stood me in good stead, and I began directing private theatricals and school entertainments. This sort of work was not very remunerative in Cincinnati, but it helped out and, best of all, it was work I enjoyed. Besides it gave me valuable experience in the mechanical phase of the theater. I even learned to manipulate lights. During all this time I spent every leisure moment writing plays. I trained myself so that if I had but fifteen minutes at my disposal I could write, say, five speeches.

"When father died, mother and I came to New York. Soon after that, the last vestige of financial support was taken from us—my only brother. The responsibility of taking care of mother was now entirely in my hands and the prospect of leisure enough to write anything worth while almost vanished. I did the same sort of work here that I had done in Cincinnati, and I don't think there is any sort of hardship or disappointment that we did not have to overcome. As before, I wrote during my leisure moments—and they weren't many. Mother, brave soul, taught herself to use the typewriter and typed all my manuscripts, thus saving my time, patience and, in the end, money. Mother has always acted as my secretary and still does."

AS Miss Butler told me this, I caught my breath suddenly, for I remembered the delicate little old lady who had been introduced to me when I came in, as Miss Butler's mother. Miss Butler saw my astonishment.

"Yes, it's true," she said. "Mother is wonderful. She's been more than wonderful through it all. During all our difficulties, my failures and rejections, mother never for a moment lost faith in me. It was she who gave me unfailing encouragement when everything looked darkest. When I was most discouraged mother was



The scene where the two mothers declare that their happiness will be complete when their two children marry.

# The Author of the Harvard Prize Play Tells THE NEW SUCCESS How She Struggled Un- til Her Will Found a Way

most hopeful and helped me back to my proper perspective.

"About two years ago, I had completely finished two plays and with one of them won the scholarship offered by the MacDowell Society of New York. This scholarship provided tuition and living-expenses in the pursuit of a course in playwriting under Professor George Pierce Baker, at Harvard. In order to compete for the scholarship, one must not only show promise as a playwright, but prove that one cannot afford to take Professor Baker's course. Naturally, I had no difficulty in proving this," said Miss Butler with a smile.

"I took the course for one year. It only made me realize my limitations and that I needed at least another year. I couldn't afford to continue my studies, and had about made up my mind that it would mean just that much longer struggle for me, when it was made possible for me to continue my work at Harvard another year. During this period, I wrote two full-length plays and had a third almost completed. I had tried and tried to sell, but without success. I then and there decided that I would not write another word until one of the plays I had written was sold. I felt that the message I had to give to the world was given in my five plays, and that unless I was successful with one of them it was about time I turned my hand to something else. It was up to me to do some work that was more remunerative than the directing I had been doing.

"Two years ago, I sold one of my plays to Mr. John D. Williams, but it was not produced and the option lapsed. It is interesting to note that since the production of 'Mamma's Affair,' the option on the play purchased by Mr. Williams has been renewed with the prospect of an early production. My mother always said that when success did come it would come thick and fast. 'Nothing succeeds like success,' she used to tell me.

"When Professor Baker told us that Mr. Morosco was offering five hundred dollars for the best play written by a member of the class, and that he reserved the right to buy any play that might not win the prize, but which he considered good enough for production, I half-heartedly entered 'Mamma's Affair' in the competition. I knew it was a good play, and Professor Baker thought so, too; but we both thought it had very little commercial value. It



Photo by White.  
Eve (Ida St. Leon), Mrs. Orrin (Effie Shannon), and Dr. Janson (Robert Edeson). For the first time in her life, Eve has a chance to think for herself.

was then that I decided to enter another play under another name.

"Naturally I wanted very badly to win the prize, but the idea of really doing so seemed so remote that I didn't think much about it. I merely entered the two best plays that I had on hand, for I didn't feel justified in taking any chances."

OVER forty manuscripts were submitted to Mr. Morosco,

Mr. Winthrop Ames and Professor Baker, the judges. When Mr. Morosco had read almost all of them he came across "Mamma's Affair," and, in concurrence with the judgment of Mr. Ames and Prof. Baker, decided that he need seek no further, that here, indeed, was the best play. Dutifully, however, he read the remaining manuscripts and came across "Mom," by Edward Oliver Martin. Immediately, in his mind, "Mamma's Affair" took second place; but the other judges were steadfast in favor of their first choice. It seemed to Mr. Morosco that the commercial possibilities of "Mom" were much greater, but he reluctantly conceded the majority opinion. Professor Baker palliated his disappointment, however, by announcing that it made no difference which play took the prize for "Edward Oliver Martin" was none other than Rachel Barton Butler.

"Of course, I was a little stunned when the news came to me," said Miss Butler, "but the main thing I have thought of since is that I can work now without worrying about the cost of living. I can plan my time and write



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe, N. Y.  
RACHEL BARTON BUTLER  
Author of "Mamma's Affair"

as much as I like; and I realize that I've got to keep on writing now, for I am far from being a real success. This is just a little start—my first step toward success. The greatest obstacle in my path has been overcome. I've made a start. Now I'm going to work harder than ever. Mother shall have all the comforts that I can provide for her, and, I suppose, we'll all live happily ever after."

THE story Miss Butler has told in her play, "Mamma's Affair," is not the average story that is told for the amusement of the multitude. She has chosen an original theme and has created characters that create the dramatic situations. The story is that of a young girl who, all the eighteen years of her life, has been completely dominated by her mother. She has never had a thought that was wholly her own. The mother, a hypochondriac, has sapped the girl's life and soul, excusing her utter selfishness in the name of mother love. Her whole life, even the arrangement for her forthcoming marriage, has been entirely "Mamma's Affair."

The story opens with the arrival of Mrs. Orrin and her daughter, Eve, in company with Mrs. Marchant and her son, Henry, at a hotel in the Berkshires. The two women are girlhood friends, and their lives are wrapped up in their children who are soon to be married.

Mrs. Orrin has been "ill" for years. Left a widow when Eve was but a year old, she has never permitted her daughter to leave her. Eve constantly hovers in attendance, anticipating her mother's every desire, worrying about her comfort, humoring her slightest whim and petting and kissing her at every opportunity. She is completely dominated by her mother's thoughts and her mother's desires.

The party has been traveling together for two years. Henry Marchant is an anemic sentimentalist; but because her mother wishes it, Eve has consented to marry him, although it seems that the romantic Henry really loves her. Mrs. Marchant combines the attributes of the craven sycophant with the emotional pyrotechnics of a high-tragedy queen. She is quite sure that her "dear friend, Grace," (Mrs. Orrin) has but a short time to live. For her the future hangs like an ominous cloud and always portends something dreadful.

THE party has arrived at the hotel by motor, and notwithstanding the hot water bags, thermos bottles, medicines and numerous shawls, cushions, and pillows that always accompany Mrs. Orrin on her travels, she is prostrated. Always provided by her mother with a list of physicians in every town to which she goes, Eve has despatched a messenger for the town's best physician—Dr. Janson.

While impatiently waiting for the doctor to arrive, Eve begs Henry to assist her mother into the sitting-room.

Eve—Dear, mamma tires so when she has to wait.

HENRY—Everything tires your mother except having you hang over her, kissing and petting her. If it comes to fatigue, I am tired of never having you to myself for an instant without a howl from your mother.

Eve—Henry, you know how delicate mamma is!

HENRY—She isn't delicate. She *thinks* she is.

Eve—Henry, you are cruel. Every doctor we've ever had has said—

HENRY—Every doctor you've ever had has been a fashionable toadler who has found out what your mother wanted to have and has let her have it—from brain fever to floating kidney.

When Mrs. Orrin enters they all fuss over

her trying to make her comfortable. "I'm as comfortable as I can be," she sighs wearily, but when the doctor arrives his instant concern is not with her, but with Eve, whose wan, pale look arouses his interest. Mrs. Orrin, in surprise, briskly informs him that she is the one for whom he has been called, that Eve has never been sick a day in her life. When he sees Eve's intense devotion to her mother he realizes the danger of the unnatural situation and determines to bring the young girl to her senses.

DR. Janson prescribes perfect rest and a generous supper for Mrs. Orrin, and to ameliorate her disappointment prescribes a few harmless pills. When Mrs. Orrin has gone to her room, Eve questions the doctor distractedly, fearing the worst. Dr. Janson explains to her that her mother is not ill, but fatigued, and insists that Eve stay entirely away from her for the remainder of the day. When he calls her attention to the wonderful sunset, she sees only the spire of the village church in which she is soon to be married and unconsciously she reveals to the doctor her distaste for the future.

Dr. Janson orders absolute complete isolation—quiet and rest. Eve is taken to the sun-parlor on the top floor of the hotel and placed in charge of Mrs. Bundy, the doctor's wholesome middle-aged housekeeper. Everyone is forbidden to communicate with Eve. In the two weeks that she is under the doctor's care, she develops a buoyant, happy personality. The doctor brightens each day for her by permitting her to accompany him on his round of visits, a practice on his part which soon becomes more than mere routine. Eve's new joy in life proves to the doctor that his remedy is taking effect, and his one desire now is to continue the treatment long enough to free Eve from her mother's domination.

One morning when Dr. Janson calls to take Eve on his visits, as usual, she says she wants to talk to him:

Eve—Dr. Janson, when I was taken sick why did you put me up here all by myself—and shut mamma and Henry away from me?

Doctor—I've been expecting that question for the past ten days. I wonder if I can make you fully understand. You know you are so exceedingly young.

Eve—(Quaintly) I'm not so young as all that.

Doctor—Do you remember the afternoon of your arrival, when I was called to attend your mother? I insisted, rather forcefully on prescribing for you.

Eve—Yes.

Doctor—Well, I decided then, you must control conditions. In order to do that it was necessary to remove you from all your old environments. You are nearly well, and you *must* control conditions. It's a big burden to put on young shoulders; but it's really up to you. Live your own life, somehow. In the end, that will be really helping your mother. (After an uncomfortable pause and watching her closely.) And your marriage will make a difference.

Eve—Yes. I suppose so. It's to-morrow, you know.

Doctor—(Still watching his effect.) Perhaps not.

MRS. ORRIN, unable to withstand the isolation any longer, disobeys the doctor and comes to Eve's abode. Eve is about to join the doctor in his motor when her mother intercepts and begs her to return. She uses all her old tricks to convince her daughter. She weeps pitifully and, in reply to Eve's protest of endearment, says that her heart is breaking, that she has not much longer to live, and that the symptoms of her decline are growing every day.

Eve is thoroughly alarmed and is about to return with her tremblingly triumphant

mother when the doctor enters. The doctor persuades Eve to leave the room and learns from Mrs. Orrin that she has not had the courage to tell the Marchants of the wedding postponement. The doctor sends her to Mrs. Bundy's room. Eve returns and starts towards her mother's door. The doctor tells her that her mother is not ill, reminds her again that she must control just such occasions.

"It is your will or hers from now on," he says. Which is it to be?" After a moment's struggle, Eve buttons her coat determinedly and replies, "You're right. I *know* now. I'm ready."

When it comes to a showdown and Eve is forced to hear the importunate pleadings of the Marchants and her mother that she marry Henry on the morrow, Eve simulates neurasthenic hysteria and the doctor orders her tormentors from the room. The doctor is surprised at her clever trick. Eve confesses she could not have kept up the deception much longer.

"Oh please don't leave me!" she begs. "If you go, there'll be no one to stand back of me, no one who understands. I know, I can never stand against them all alone. Until I knew you I never seemed to have breathed free air. I never seemed to have known how warm and bright the sun could be! I've lived in a room where the shades were always drawn. I've been taken south in the winter, to be kept from the cold. I want to be cold—so cold I ache with it. I want clear bright sunshine, so pitiless that it stabs my eyes. I want to be hurt—I want to live—live!"

AND carried away by the girl's passionate outburst, the doctor momentarily succumbs to her emotion and takes her in his arms. Then realizing the situation he rushes blindly from the room.

Eve runs away from the hotel and cannot be found. Later she turns up at the doctor's home whither she is pursued by her mother and the determined Marchants. Henry commands her to leave the house at once and loftily bestows his forgiveness, telling her she is not herself.

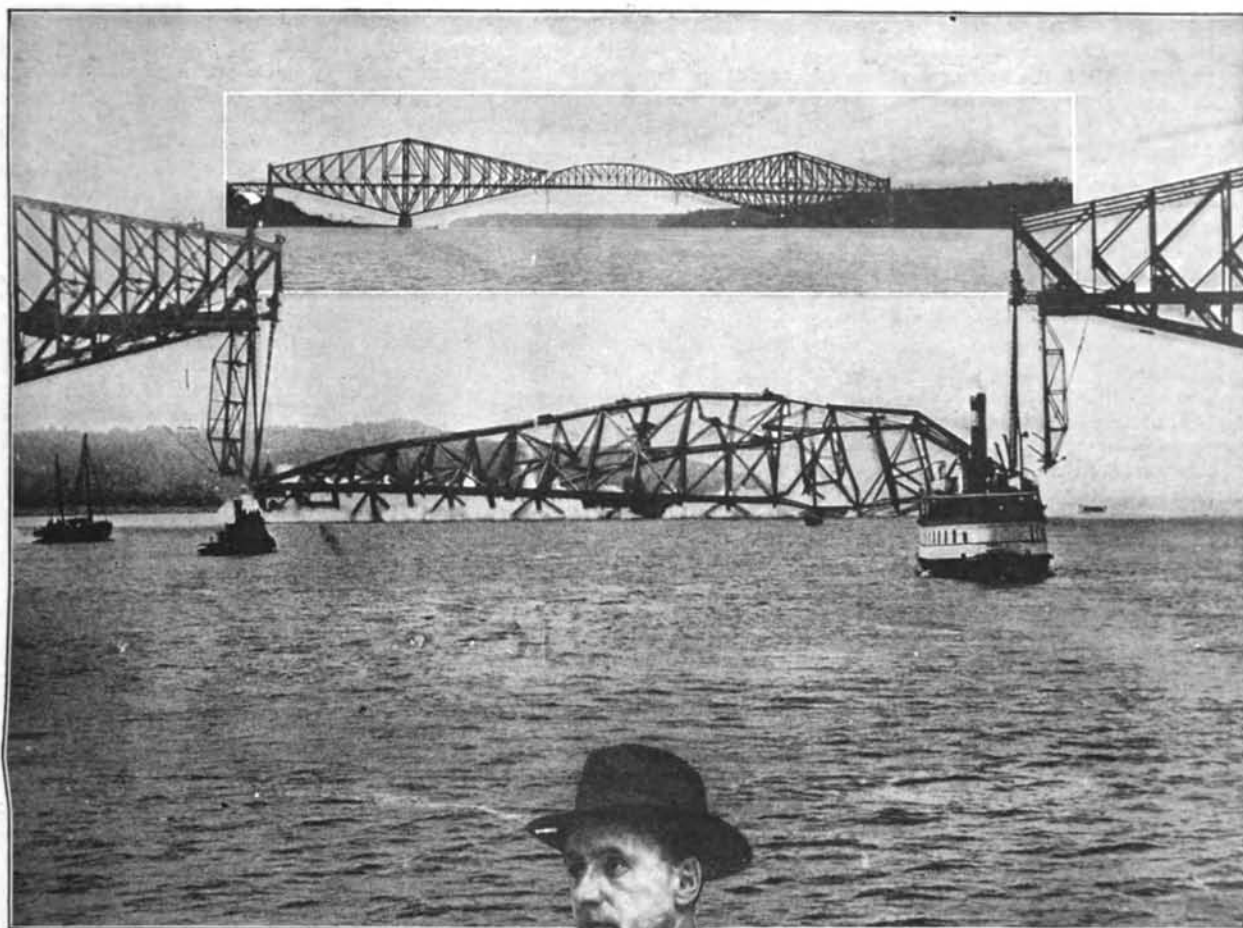
"Oh, yes I am, Henry," she retorts. "I'm myself for the first time in my life!"

Mrs. Orrin says she is heartbroken and cries out that she is about to faint. Eve sternly and calmly reassures her mother she is not going to faint. She suggests that they all go and her mother persuades her to ask Henry's forgiveness. Mechanically, in a matter-of-fact tone, she repeats her mother's words to Henry, and Mrs. Orrin beams triumphantly: "There, you see. A simple request of mine."

For Henry, this is the last straw and he bursts out savagely to Mrs. Orrin that she never fails to remind him that Eve does what she asks. He turns on his mother also and to their surprised questioning explains that Eve is taking a few days to make up her mind whether she wants to marry him or not, and the announcement cards are already in the post office.

THE doctor enters as the Marchants withdraw, telling Mrs. Orrin to bring Eve with her. Mrs. Bundy, Eve's staunch support and loyal ally through all her difficulties, whispers to Eve to hold her own and not let them bully her. Mrs. Orrin tries to persuade Eve to go with her and blames Dr. Janson for changing her daughter's attitude. Asking Eve to kneel besides her Mrs. Orrin employs all her old tricks and wiles to regain the girl's craven devotion. Eve is firm and tells her mother she loves Dr. Janson, who hesitates to propose because he is twice her age. But with her new found independence of mind and spirit, Eve is able to put the doctor's instructions to "control the situation" into practice, and in the end brings him delightfully nonplussed to her feet.





# The Man Who

*A. A. Chesterfield, who Refused  
to Leave His Post of Duty*



# "Stayed Put"

By CLARK STREETER

**“WHEN** you are put on a job—stay put!” That is the motto of A. A. Chesterfield, a camera man who got one of the greatest news pictures ever taken. It is a motto that every young man who desires success and advancement might adopt.

A. A. Chesterfield lives in Montreal, Canada. He took the only photograph of the Quebec bridge's center span when it fell, in 1915, although over thirty other camera men—photographers and moving-picture experts—were present at the time waiting for something to happen.

They were on the job—but they didn't “stay put.”

Chesterfield was ordered to keep his camera focused on the bridge and to watch closely in case anything happened that warranted him taking a photograph. No one anticipated that the great span—weighing thousands of tons—would break from its holdings and sink out of sight. Everyone predicted its completion without a hitch. But Chesterfield was told to focus his camera, watch, and be ready. He “stayed put.” In a flash he secured one of the most remarkable photographs taken. The other photographers fully believing that nothing would happen, lost a great chance.

A. A. Chesterfield, the photographer, who refused to leave his post of duty when the middle span of the great Quebec bridge was being hoisted into place. Instead, he kept his camera focused, and when the heavy structure suddenly fell into the St. Lawrence River, he took the large photograph reproduced on this page. The smaller photograph shows the completed bridge.

Photographs copyrighted in Canada by Chesterfield & McLaren. In the United States by International Film Service.

**A GREAT** news-picture is not only of interest to the whole world, but it also wins fame for the photographer as well as a substantial monetary reward. Success in taking some pictures of this character is a matter of chance; the unexpected occurred directly in front of the camera man who happens to be in an advantageous position and he merely has sufficient presence of mind to take a shot at it. Other great news-pictures are taken by men who watch and wait patiently and with unceasing vigilance—Chesterfield was of this class.

Quebec, the “Fortress City,” is the oldest city known to civilization in North America. In contrast to the interesting events of its historic past, is the Quebec Bridge, spanning the St. Lawrence River seven miles above Quebec. Its total length is 3,210 feet; it is 150 feet above the water, and it weighs 66,000 tons.

The construction of this great bridge engaged the attention of the foremost engineers of the world, for years. Three unsuccessful attempts were made to complete it before it was finally in position.

## The Man Who "Stayed Put"

THE original bridge, when partially constructed, fell in 1907. In 1915, the bridge was complete except for the middle span, 640 feet in length. This span was towed eight miles up the river, at daylight, preparatory to being lifted into position from pontoons. Engineers from all parts of the world, including one from Japan, and a small army of newspaper men and photographers had gathered. These visitors were in a number of boats, not far from the uncompleted bridge.

On the government boat, *Druid*, were about twenty-five news photographers and five moving-picture men with cameras. Finally, the center span was lifted from the pontoons, a distance of four feet above the water and everybody got a picture. The lifting process was very slow, owing to the vast weight of the span. As the immense steel structure still had to be hoisted 146 feet before it was in place, standing-by for hours to see it elevated inch by inch, was aggravating and tiresome. The majority of the camera men went into the cabins where there was plenty of food and other refreshments.

"COME on, Chesterfield; it's all over. What are you standing there for?" said several of his companions as they left the scene. Chesterfield merely smiled and waved them "good-by." He was standing in the bow of

the *Druid*, camera in hand. He had it adjusted so that it could snap a picture in one-two thousandth part of a second.

INCH by inch the heavy span rose. Suddenly Chesterfield heard a cry, steadied his camera at the span and clicked the shutter. He had only three seconds; but, being alert, prepared, and on the job, he got the picture. When the other camera men rushed on deck, the great steel span had disappeared beneath the foaming waters of the St. Lawrence.

"I was there to 'cover' the raising of that span," said Chesterfield, using a term familiar to all newspaper men when on an assignment, "and my work was not finished until it was in position. The bridge had fallen before, and I had a 'hunch' that it might fall again. If it fell, I was going to get the photograph. When I take a picture, I aim my camera as I aim a gun. I know my distance, and all I have to do is to aim and shoot!"

Sometimes an everyday man assigned to do some important work, exhibits the qualities of a Caesar, or a Marshal MacMahon of France. Caesar said, "I came, I saw, I conquered!" France's great soldier said, "I am here; here I remain."

Chesterfield has the qualities of both. He knew his orders and he "stayed put!"

## The New Success Short-Story Prize Contest

Prizes of \$100, \$75, \$50 and \$25

THE New Success Magazine wants short stories—stories that will harmonize with its policy of inspiration, progress and self-help—stories with dramatic action, humor and human interest—stories that will measure up to Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," or Fred van R. Dey's "The Magic Story."

In order to secure stories that will measure up to our standards, we offer four prizes of \$100, \$75, \$50 and \$25, to be paid in addition to the regular rate per word paid for accepted fiction.

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.

The contest closes Tuesday, June 1, 1920. Contestants should have their manuscripts in this office not later than that day.

Address:

PRIZE STORY CONTEST, The New Success,

1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

## Three Stirring Life Stories in THE NEW SUCCESS for MAY

JOSEPH CONRAD

Why he is the greatest  
living novelist

By EDWIN MARKHAM

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

The greatest newspaper  
publisher in the world

By JOHN T. DRAYTON

BAINBRIDGE COLBY

The new Secretary of State  
for the United States

By PETER GRAY

Three intimate, inspiring sketches of three successful men



# Free Proof that I Can Raise Your Pay

No matter how much you are earning now, I can show you how to increase it. I have even taken failures and shown them how to make \$100—\$200, and in one case as high as \$2,000 weekly. I am willing to prove this entirely at my risk and expense.

**L**ET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But today all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

It was a simple thing that I jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendliness,

happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

My sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as \$2,000.00 a week.

Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitted by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work—in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-old man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

## A Few Examples

### Personal Experiences

Among the 400,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christenson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, former View-Press Art Metal Construction Co.; Gov. Ferris of Michigan; E. J. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture, and many others of equal prominence.

### \$300 Profits from One Day's Reading

"The result of one day's study netted me \$300 in cash. I think it a great book and would not be without it for ten times the cost."—A. W. Wilke, Falkton, So. Dakota.

### Worth \$15,000 and More

"The book has been worth more than \$15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Sheppard.

### Would Be Worth \$100,000

"If I only had it when I was 20 years old, I would be worth \$100,000 today." It is worth a hundred times the price."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milant, Tex.

### Salary Jumped from \$150 to \$800

"Since I read Power of Will my salary has jumped from \$150 to \$800 a month."—J. F. Gibson, San Diego, Cal.

### From \$100 to \$3,000 a Month

"One of our boys who read Power of Will before he came over here jumped from \$100 a month to \$3,000 the first month, and won a \$250 prize for the best salesmanship in the state."—Pat. Lewis, Still, A. E. P., France.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you bend your arm in a sling for two years it would become powerless to lift a feather from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Will—because we continually how to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You will have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

## How You Can Prove This at My Expense

I KNOW you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny. Send no money—no, not one cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book "POWER OF WILL."

Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be getting nothing.

But if you feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over four hundred thousand others, if you feel as they do that it's the most greatest book in the Bible—send me only \$3.50 and you and I'll be equal.

If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small price of a \$3.50 sale. But you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot to lose—more to lose than I.

Mail the coupon or write a letter now you may never read this offer again.

## Pelton Publishing Company

123-H Wilcox Block

Meriden, Conn.

Pelton Publishing Company

123-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

You may send me "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit \$3.50 or return the book to you in five days.

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Address.....

Original from.....

# The Man Who Is Wanted

*Big, Progressive Business Men Demand the Employee  
Who Isn't Always Asking Questions*

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"SIR," said Napoleon to an officer who had asked for instructions in regard to a particular work he had been instructed to do, "there are a dozen men who could do this work under instructions. I selected you because I thought you needed no instructions."

In effect this was what the head of a big business concern said recently of a man he had engaged as manager. In a letter to the friend who had recommended him he wrote: "The young man recommended to me for manager has

every needed qualification almost to perfection, except one. He has a good appearance, good health, good education, ambition, energy, and industry. He is a hard worker; everybody likes him; he is agreeable, willing, accommodating, well trained, eager to push things ahead; but he lacks the one thing a manager needs above all others—initiative. He could not make out a program to save his life. He can go all right when somebody starts him, but he lacks the ability to begin things himself. He can carry out plans, but he cannot make them.

"Now, I have plenty of people around me who can do this. What I want is a man of strong, vigorous initiative, a man who can start himself. I don't want a man who has to wait around for somebody to set him going. I want not only a man who can do things, but one who can plan and make others do them, a man who can get things done. If you know of such a man, my friend, send him to me; but do not recommend any more 'dummies.' I want a man who can take a message to Garcia."

WHAT the great general and the big, progressive business men everywhere want is somebody who can do things without instructions, who can take a message to Garcia without asking all sorts of questions: "Where the man is; how can he find him; what route he must take," and so on.

The man who can do the trick, who can put it over, the man who can deliver the goods of his own initiative without detailed instructions from anyone, is the man in demand everywhere. In this crucial after-war period, when great reconstruction work is clamoring to be done all over the world; when the universal cry for the solvent of the high cost of living is "Produce! Produce! Give us more food, more clothing, more of all the necessities of life!"

The man with initiative, the leader who can set people

to work and make them produce as they never produced before, is the man of all others whom the world stands most in need.

The man with an idea, and the initiative to put it into action, has changed the face of the world. It is he who has given us all of our modern comforts and conveniences, all the wonderful inventions and labor-saving machines that have lifted mankind from a primitive state to our present high point of civilization.

ONE of the most unfortunate phases of specialization in modern industry is the one of the initiative faculty. There are millions of people in this country who never really think, never act on their own responsibility. They do not have to. They are simply cogs in vast machines. They follow the pattern marked out for them. They never try to make one.

FRANKLIN, Watt, Stephenson, Morse, Goodyear, Howe, Edison, Bell, Marconi, the Wright brothers, and thousands of others in past and recent history are marvelous examples of what men with an idea and the initiative and courage to put it into action have accomplished for the world. In most instances in the past the work of those great pioneers was done in spite of the opposition and ridicule of their contemporaries.

George M. Pullman, the son of a poor mechanic, conceived the idea of building a "sleeping car" which would be used on all railroads. First, by way of experiment, he fitted up with berths two old cars on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, and satisfied himself that there would be a demand for them in this country of great distances. But he also believed that the more comfortable and luxurious the

cars and their general equipment, the more demand there would be for berths. So, he went to the Colorado gold mines and, after three years there, he returned and built two cars which cost \$18,000 each. People laughed at "Pullman's Folly" as they laughed at "Fulton's Folly," but the luxurious Pullman cars that speed across the continent to-day in every direction are a splendid tribute to the man who risked everything in putting his great idea into effect.

Some people have ideas—good ones, too—but they haven't the courage and the initiative to try them out, and so they plod along in mediocrity when they might make a fortune for themselves, besides rendering the world great service.

Much talent and natural ability are lost to their possessors because they are afraid to branch out, afraid to take the initiative in anything, afraid to trust their own ideas and desires. Instead of putting them to the test, they suppress them and so lose the power and individuality they would develop by trying to express them.



# How Better English Increases Earnings

Language Power means Money Power! You can make your words pay you dividends if you know how to invest them. Modern business needs and demands men who can speak and write clear, forceful English. If you cannot speak and write easily and convincingly, if you make mistakes in spelling, punctuation, grammar and pronunciation, if you use words and expressions that are flat—in short, if you lack Language Power—you are needlessly laboring under a tremendous handicap. You are actually throwing away money!

And now, 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 per cent Self-Correcting System" and places it at your disposal.

## New Invention Improves Your English In 15 Minutes a Day

On October 15th, 1918, Mr. Cody was granted a patent on his unique device. He went to 150 corporations and examined the employees and talked with the employers. He examined the methods in use in hundreds of schools. From the data thus acquired, he has built his entire system. He has worked on the basis that good English can be taught only by making the student form the "habit" of correctness. The 100 per cent Self-Correcting system accomplishes this with most astounding effectiveness. It seems almost like magic. You write your lesson, whatever it may be, spelling, punctuation, grammar, letter writing, etc., in the space provided; then you see underneath just how Mr. Cody would correct it. You mark your errors, and try the same lesson later to see how many errors you have overcome. You see at a glance where you have improved. You know at every step just where you stand. It is as if Mr. Cody stood at your elbow every minute to correct and help you. Progress is unbelievably rapid. In recent tests students of Mr. Cody's method improved more in five weeks than students of other methods did in two years. And the wonderful part about it all is that only fifteen minutes of your spare time each day are necessary.

### 100% Self Correcting Method

This astonishing invention upsets all the old standards of teaching. By careful analysis Mr. Cody discovered the faults embodied in the old methods and has remedied them. Useless rules, hard to remember, impractical definitions, 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. Fifteen 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.

### Language Power A Weapon for Success

A well-known millionaire once said, "I know of no ability more valuable to the business man than the ability to speak and write good English." He knew what 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 uses 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.

### BOOK FREE

A new book has been written explaining Mr. Cody's 100 per cent Self-Correcting Method. It shows how and why it was evolved, and gives the results it has produced. It defines Language Power and shows you how you can acquire it in fifteen minutes of fascinating study a day, and why you should acquire it. If you want to get ahead this book will be a revelation to you. Write today. Every day you put it off means an actual loss to you. Don't needlessly handicap yourself by using poor English. Detach the coupon below and mail it at once, or just write a postal card, but do it now.

## Sherwin Cody School of English

104 News Building

Rochester, N. Y.



SHERWIN CODY

### What Others Say Course a Great Help

"I cannot too highly recommend it, and I would advise any young persons who are compelled to leave school at an early age to take this course. They will be greatly benefited by the lessons in Composition, Spelling, and the reading of good literature. I consider the time and money well spent."—Paul R. Snyder, Saugerties, N. Y.

### Most Interesting Device for Self-Education

"Your 100% Self-Correcting Course in English Language is the finest and most interesting device for self-education I have ever tried."

"The system of checking up written work is absolutely infallible for showing up errors, and the student can immediately start in to correct his weak points, for these lessons will show him exactly what they are."—C. G. Fry, Baltimore, Md.

### No Method Equal to Yours

"I hope you will be very successful in placing your 100 per cent Self-Correcting Course in English in the hands of a large number of young business people. It would be a splendid thing if it could be studied carefully by an equal number of older people."

"The ability to use the English Language correctly is a fine asset for anyone, and especially those who are engaged in business."

"I do not believe there is anything in which the usual business worker is so deficient as in the power of expression. I know of no method at all equal to this by which that power can be enlarged."—C. R. Hebble, Executive Secretary, Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

# An American Who Has Made Good in Great Britain

(Continued from page 19)

one country won't grow in another—that methods which are considered A. I., on the Long Island were not possible in the Great Eastern where conditions are different.

AN early task was to restore the Great Eastern to its former importance as a great carrier from the suburbs to London. The electrification of the road along its suburban lines was a crying necessity. Mr. Thornton's knowledge of electrical traction and its possibilities was judged by experts in this country to be equal to that of the late Charles Yerkes, and at once he put it into practical effect. Almost at a leap, the Great Eastern recovered its prestige in suburban competition with tram cars and motorbuses. His first triumph satisfied the London public that, in the American, the Great Eastern had secured a valuable man.

In the larger field of transportation of troops and supplies to the war camps in France, Sir Henry's work, and especially his plans by which danger of any sort by loss or interruption was rendered almost negligible, commanded from the start the admiration of the army chiefs. His time was spent almost equally between London and the front.

To-day, Major-General Sir Henry Thornton is viewed by the British journals in this way.

"This stranger, who came so recently among us, is a stranger no longer. He has aided Great Britain in her hour of need as few of her own sons have done. Blood is thicker than water, and in this clever and whole-hearted American we see one more reason why we should remember and take to heart the old adage in all our dealings with Americans."

MORE intimate testimony says that Sir Henry is beloved by his working staff, and has been very successful in preventing labor outbreaks. A well-known and prominent railway chairman in speaking of his career said:

"At first we hesitated to accept him because we felt that there should be plenty of Englishmen to take over the management of the Great Eastern. Business conditions in England are more conservative than in America, and we had some fear of innovations that would not work out well. It is a pleasure to say that these fears were groundless and, while the innovations were forthcoming, they did work out. It is a great pleasure and privilege to have had this help in the old mother country in the crisis that has just passed."

Under circumstances that tried men sorely, Sir Henry showed his mettle. His qualities stood the test and these qualities are now as well-known and recognized in England as they were in American railway circles. Ralph Peters of the Long Island Railroad, revealed the secret of his old associate's success when he said:

"He is loyal, faithful, capable. In every detail of his work on the Long Island Railroad he showed a genuine interest and a painstaking care. There was not an employee, whether he was a man with a new engineering idea or a porter with a grievance, who could not gain access to him and a full hearing. Every employee, too, got complete justice. His methods are of the sort that win in England, in Africa, or anywhere, just as they win in the United States when given a fair trial."

## What Our Readers Say About THE NEW SUCCESS

LAST summer, while doing some special work to help sales girls, I was astounded to find that a large number of them, who must cost every penny, never neglected to read THE NEW SUCCESS. "There's always a hopeful reading in that magazine," said one poor girl, who has never known anything but trouble. If you give people hope, you give them more than money.—WINIFRED JACKVILLE STONER, NEW YORK.

IF THE NEW SUCCESS I received is an average number, it is certainly the best magazine I have ever read.—JOHN L. HOWARD, TIMARU, NEW ZEALAND.

I am a great admirer of Dr. Marden's writings. I find there is something about them that awakens one's latent power. They are gradually changing my mental attitude, and I am learning to be cheerful and courageous in the face of every trial and difficulty.—G. E. CASSELL, FAIRMOUNT, INDIANA.

Since my husband and I have been reading your splendid magazine it has given us new hold on life; an optimistic outlook that does not leave us no matter what circumstances arise.—MRS. T. J. SUCKER, DUREKA, ILL.

I have just read THE NEW SUCCESS for the first time. I can truthfully say it is "the best" I ever saw.—MARY J. MCLEOD, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I enjoy and appreciate THE NEW SUCCESS so much that I don't wish to miss a single issue.—C. H. FARMER, GRAPELAND, TEXAS.

The only thing wrong with THE NEW SUCCESS is, it is too long between issues. It is the greatest magazine ever.—A. McGILLWAY, BROOKLYN.

Dr. Marden's articles have made a new man of me. I feel like a superior being now. I will never be able to do without Dr. Marden's articles in THE NEW SUCCESS.—L. E. DOUYON, AUX CAYES, HAITI.

Your magazine is so inspiring and helpful that I always look forward to it each month. Invariably I lend it to a friend, who reads it and returns it, and then I show it to other friends who visit me.—H. F. SEXTON, REGINA, CANADA.

There is no magazine that delights the school children in the upper grammar-grades like THE NEW SUCCESS. We consider it indispensable.—PRINCIPAL FLORENCE G. PACKARD, WEST PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS.

There is always something in each issue of THE NEW SUCCESS that holds me and puts new life, vigor and determination into me.—F. Z. LEE, COCORIT, MEXICO.

THE NEW SUCCESS is a magazine after my own heart, and I read with interest every issue. I would be more than sorry to be without it. I shall always keep its sunshine in my home.—ELLIOTT SPEAR, BASTROP, LA.

You have a wonderful magazine and only regret that I did not have the help of such a publication when I was the age of my children.—G. MAURICE CROW, DD. S., LOS ANGELES.

I have just finished reading my first copy of THE NEW SUCCESS, and I consider it the best of its kind in America. You have no room for improvement. It is as good as it possibly can be.—WM. DUNLAP, COTTON PLANT, ARKANSAS.

Accidentally I got hold of THE NEW SUCCESS at a railroad station where I bought it to have something to read on the train. I have not yet digested all the splendid mind-good it is offering to hungry thinkers.—R. E. BEHRENS, SAN FRANCISCO.

It would be difficult to keep house without THE NEW SUCCESS, especially for one who is just embarking in business for himself. Send it along—its inspiration added to my own determination must compel me to succeed.—T. H. EVANS, MILWAUKEE.

I read THE NEW SUCCESS every month, and I do not know of any magazine that has more good inspirational reading in it than this publication. I have advised my four boys also to read it.—J. P. KENT, HOPE, ARKANSAS.

I am very glad that THE NEW SUCCESS is being published. Mrs. Gardner told me that the old "Success" used to put new courage into her when the home burdens weighed down discouragingly. Courage, every month, for the wife of a minister and the mother of five, cannot be paid for by three dollars nor our thanks.—MRS. RUTH GARDNER HAZARD, BALTIMORE.

# Money Magic—

I wanted many things—

And one day I earned a silver dollar.

With it I purchased everything my heart desired and still I had forty cents change that I didn't know what to do with.

Fifteen years later I received my first hundred dollar check—pay for a week's work. And no matter what the future holds, never again can I get the same thrill out of money that came when I cashed that check.

I am along the road now to where my signature receives and disburses several millions of dollars each year.

The only reason for these personalities is to lay a foundation for the next two paragraphs. For experience has opened my eyes to one thing—one great, outstanding fact

—there is magic in this world of ours.

—it is Money Magic—the only sure-fire kind that ever was or ever will be.

And no mystic charm could ever even come near working the same wonders as the magic of the money that brings to you, and the ones you love, the things you need and want and deserve.

The only question there can be as to the magic of money is how to get the money to work the magic with.

And I can help you answer that question.

✱ ✱ ✱

Now Money for Money's sake is a curse unadulterated.

You are right about that.

But money for the sake of the good things you can do with it—that is the right view.

You want a home—you want comfort for your family—friends—travel—recreation—education for your children—independence as a safeguard against old age.

You have a right to expect these things.

And money—cold cash—yes, greasy, be-thumbed banknotes, that is what you have got to have to get these things. That's what Money Magic means!

I have watched more than a hundred and

eighty-five thousand men take the short cut that turns wishes into bank accounts.

You ask, "What is this short cut?"

It is an investment—not in stocks or bonds or mortgages or notes or land—but in the safest, most profitable form of investment of all—invest in yourself.

Do it at home—in your spare time—it is fascinating recreation and the most profitable time you can spend.

If you realize that you have only yourself to look to for the money to work magic with—then—the sooner you invest in yourself the sooner you'll begin to get big dividends.

✱ ✱ ✱

Your employer is now buying everything you have to sell. He, or some other employer, is in the market now for everything you ever may have to sell. What you now have plus specialized training gives you more to sell—result, more money.

Nearly two hundred thousand men have found greater happiness and more money through spending a little spare time at home acquiring a LaSalle specialized training—and I am as proud of what these men have done as they are themselves.

If I told you what you might reasonably expect from specialized training it might sound like a wild exaggeration—impossible sums. So, I'll be conservative.

But—I will say that if you believe in the magic of money and want more of it, training will surely help you realize that wish.

Every day you delay costs you progress and that is the only thing you can not afford to lose.

If you feel the urge to bigger things—act—that's the first step. "Some other time" never comes.

*J. Henopline*

President, La Salle Extension University, at Chicago, Illinois

## La Salle Extension University

—Brings Opportunity to the Door of Every Ambitious Man

—THE UNITED STATES MAIL MAKES IT POSSIBLE

No longer is a practical University training available to only a fortunate few. Nothing could be truer than Ex-president Taft's recent statement about LaSalle. "You, in this school, are facilitating that which we cherish as the great boon of Democracy—that is, equality of opportunity."

LaSalle specialized training can be taken up in evenings at home. Experience acquired in day work, plus LaSalle

training, can be capitalized and made to blossom into more money for you and your family—two, three, four and five times as much, if the experience of thousands counts at all.

It is a proven method and offers you a path to promotion that has been trodden smooth by the foot-steps of more than 200,000 other ambitious men who have found success the LaSalle way.

—GET MEASURED FOR MORE PAY



for instance—

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY has 390 men who are increasing their earning power thru LaSalle help. There are 2102 LaSalle trained men in the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD employ—309 in the UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION—811 in the AMERICAN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE CO.—364 with ARMOUR & CO. In big corporations and small institutions—villages and cities—all over America, men are turning ambition into money by utilizing the short cuts which LaSalle training offers. Can you afford to stand still?

Here lies Opportunity. It needs only action on your part to turn it into Money. Study the list of courses and service scheduled below.

Check with an X the department which interests you most, sign your name and mail the coupon. We will send without expense or obligation a catalog, full particulars and the book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," which of itself is worth real money. Getting in touch with LaSalle is nothing more or less than getting measured for more pay. Are you ready?

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

# How a City Is Ruled by Bolsheviks

Kharkof in Russia, with 800,000 Inhabitants,  
as an Example of Soviet Discipline

**MAJOR ROBERT DAVIS**, U. S. A., formerly a pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, of the First Presbyterian Church, Englewood, New Jersey, and a graduate of Dartmouth University, has sent to America some interesting facts which show how a Russian city is governed under soviet rule. Major Davis has been in Russia and the Near East for over a year. In a letter to the *New York American*, parts of which we quote herewith, he gives detailed first-hand accounts of bolshevik rule at Kharkof, a Russian city of over 800,000 inhabitants. It is his desire only, he states, to let the people know just exactly what happened in one city, in a year's time, governed by the soviet method.

**F**OR example, take Kharkof: It has broad streets, tiled sidewalks, public squares with fountains and flowers. The university stands in a charming grove. Eight churches, of the Greek orthodox type, deserve to be called noble structures. In Kharkof they coat the buildings with tinted plaster, and, after the dilapidation of long war, they have the appearance of the World's Fair buildings in Chicago ten years after the exhibition. They say that there is water under the green surface of the canal. Of all the cities which, at this date, are available for study, Kharkof offered bolshevism the most hopeful field.

It taps the wheat pocket of the world, is next door to coal, quicksilver, salt, lime, cement, glass-sand. It contains sizable industries, one plant of which employs twenty thousand men. The working people walk east, gaze honestly out of mild blue eyes, and have no nervous mannerisms.

**T**HE bolshev took Kharkof last Christmas week, and, in January, the organizers or the city government arrived from Moscow, the "Red" capital. They announced that the commune was a proletariat State and that a rigid equality would obtain. People smiled at the first innovations, but they were harmless, also inconsistent.

Bootblack stands were removed from the streets, because the sight of one free soul kneeling before another and wiping his boots is an undemocratic symbol.

Porters at the railroad station were abolished; each traveler should, and would tug his own grip.

**M**EN would not raise their hats to women, confessing the superiority of one sex. All women would wear the peasant's kerchief, as bonnets were signs of a class inequality.

**P**ENSIONS of three hundred rubles (\$150) a month or over were suspended, as pensions of this amount demonstrated that their recipients had been upper-grade court or army servants, who must expect no support from the communal State. The form of address would be "thee" and "thou," which denote intimacy and family relationship. As in the French Revolution of 1871, the plain Citizen So-and-so superseded all titles or distinctions of rank or wealth.

**T**HE first inconvenience to the people of Kharkof was the closing of the newspapers and the hotels. In place of the former papers appeared, in the morning, *The Soviet News*, in the evening *The Communist* and a special sheet for soldiers and workers called *The Red Star*. No book could be sold without the stamp of the soviet censor.

**A**LL hotels were requisitioned for the use of the commissaries—as bolshev officials are named—and for the officers of the "Red" army. Private travelers drained into the railroad stations in confusion and genuine suffering. Neither food, boiled water, nor transportation out of Kharkof could be secured. Spotted typhus broke out. Patients soon filled the hospital beds, and even the corridors could not house the more serious cases.

**T**HE cryptic initials—P. C. O. C. P.—were stenciled all over the city property. They are the Slav letters for Russian Socialistic Federation *Soviet* Republic. The organizers of the city government called meetings for the election of the two hundred and forty members of the Kharkof soviet. No women were allowed at the meetings, which was a surprise. Soldiers, workers, and subscribed members of the commune could vote.

**T**HE first decree of the government, issued on the day of its installation, made people gulp. It demanded the surrender of all arms within three days, which was executed. It further ordered that no person might move his effects from one domicile to another without a permit from the commissary, nor buy at any store nor transport material through the streets without a permit.

**P**ERSONS who occupied five rooms or more would contribute a bed equipped with coverings. Persons who vacated their quarters would take with them two suits of clothing, and nothing else. All other personal property was to remain in the vacated dwelling for use of the commissaries and army. Persons having motor-cars, carriages, victrolas, typewriters, kodaks, musical or optical goods, electric fixtures, private libraries, were instructed to file an inventory with the commissary at once. The above articles were declared the property of the State, to be delivered on demand. Persons whose dwellings were requisitioned by the army and commissaries might take three suits of clothing with them.

**F**OLLOWING this decree five dirty fellows appeared in the rooms of the United States consul and told him to put his clothes over his arm and move along. He got his back to the wall and stayed—and the five with him. It is a mystery that he was not shot.

**T**HE churches were not molested. On their arrival the bolshev had declared the separation of church and State, and the stipends of priests, which in Russia had been paid by the government, were stopped. In schools and public buildings the icons were torn

down. This was in line with American doctrine of separation of church and State. But the *soviets* enforced it in individual cases cruelly.

**T**HE first department of the city life to be made the subject of a comprehensive reform was the school system. The province of Kharkof has had admirable schools. All pupils of school age had been enrolled and literacy among the younger people was practically 100 per cent. In the city, as well as the province, education had been pushed. In addition to the grade and high-schools, there were technical schools of veterinary science, agriculture, commerce, and banking, and the university with its group of professional schools.

**O**VER each school, as its principal, the bolshev appointed a commissary. A general commission of five professors and twenty students was given the job of remodeling the school system into harmony with *Soviet* Republic principles. The following recommendations were put into immediate effect. Educators may detect, in these reforms, the point of view of the undergraduate mind:

1. Education is free in all schools.
2. Examinations of every sort and the taking of classroom notes are abolished.
3. Any person over sixteen years of age may attend the university.
4. Private schools are abolished, as a contradiction of democracy.
5. Students may pass from one professional school to another at will, receiving credit for time spent in former school.
6. The jurisdiction of faculties over students is abolished.
7. Honorary posts, such as rector of the university, are abolished.
8. The study of grammar is abolished as a superfluous subject.
9. The study of geometry is abolished as a theoretical subject.
10. The study of physics is abolished as a theoretical subject.
11. The study of history, as now taught, is abolished. In place of the study of dates, wars, and dynasties, the study of social liberation of people will be substituted.
12. The law school is abolished, as the laws of the *Soviet* Republic will render ancient law obsolete.
13. On Thursday regular classwork will be omitted, and the tenets of communism will be discussed in all schools.
14. Sunday will be a holiday in all schools.
15. Holidays with a religious signification, like Easter and Christmas will be abolished.
16. May 1 and October 28, the "Holy Days of the Proletariat," will be holidays in all schools.
17. Primary grades will meet for one session only from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Pupils will bring their lunch and, accompanied by their teachers, spend the afternoon in the city gardens or the country for games, folk-dancing, marching, nature study, etc.

**T**HESE were the chief reforms effected by the "Commission of Twenty-five." Each school, in addition to its commissary, had a school *soviet* elected by the faculty and pupils. The *soviet* of the medical school, for example, consisted of sixty-eight professors, sixty-eight instructors, and sixty-eight students. No recommendation of the school *soviet*, however, could become effective without the approval of the school commissary. Practically speaking, therefore, the *soviets* were nothing more than advisory councils to the commissaries.





# 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 find the cash value of backing up your ability with practical training. You will find that the valuable knowledge you acquire from month to month increases your earning power proportionally.

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

## Take 10 Lessons —Then Decide—

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, position and mailing

# 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"

### PART II

**A Story of Hats.**  
**T**HIS particular young man went out from that school, thinking of hats. Every time he would start on any line of work his mind would, at once, get back to the business man's words about "hats" which sold for two dollars when they could be made to sell for four dollars by the power of an honest name. The thought persisted with him. Eventually he was gathering up old hats, carrying them down to the Institute chemistry laboratory and having the professor there assist him in examining and analyzing the felt. He took the good qualities of this one and that, and combined them until he had made a felt superior to the qualities of any other on the market. He started

a hat factory, using only this superior felt, and then he began to advertise it, telling the world of its superior quality, guaranteeing his statements to be true by offering to return the money for the hat if it was not as represented—and he stamped his name upon each hat.

His one small factory began to grow. He continued to advertise. He told the people of the quality of his hats and, when buying a hat, to always look for the name, "Stetson," which stood for quality and service. His hat factory outgrew anything in the country. To-day his hats are found in every store and are known and used in every nation of the world. And Mr. Stetson became a millionaire.

Did he make his millions honestly? Do you see any reason why he should divide his earnings with the other boys of that same class who failed to grasp the idea?

### The Beginning of a Necessity.

**W**HEN in Fort Wayne, Indiana, I inquired about a certain young man who had been reared there and who had made a name for himself which would be an honor to any man. At the Chamber of Commerce I was supplied with a brief history of the former citizen they so esteem.

**N**EVER worry about a raise in wages, but give to your employer the very best in you and the necessities will come. A man who is too valuable, his employer will not hesitates on losing him. Wesley Gates

article for which there is a widespread demand, and then I will manufacture that article and tell the world about it, until the need for it has become a demand.

Utilizing what he had learned in his chemistry class in college, he made an article which he considered had great merit, and for which he felt sure there was a demand. He had his mother try it out and then some of the neighbors, then some of the business houses dealing in that line of goods. All sang its praises to his great delight. He then opened a little shop on a side street and began manufacturing his product at night, and he sold it himself during the day. The splendid satisfaction which the article gave was universal. He went to some of his friends

for capital to enlarge his plant, employ the help he needed and do the necessary advertising; but his friends "turned him down." He worked on in his limited way, making a little profit upon his sales; but he spent all this in advertising until every post and sign-board had upon it the name "Royal Baking Powder."

Fort Wayne began to sit up and take notice and other towns began to ask: "Who is this man Hoagland, and what about his Royal Baking Powder!" His advertising was making his goods known, creating a demand for them. He copyrighted the name and pushed his business; but he kept on telling the people about it, until the advertising and the merits of the article created a steady market.

A few years later, that little office on the side street in Fort Wayne had undergone a change almost equal to the building of Aladdin's palace, for the home of Royal Baking Powder was now a mighty office building in New York City. In that office, one day, around a mahogany table, gathered four men to discuss important business. They had a proposition to make to Mr. Hoagland. In his businesslike way

Mr. Hoagland said:

"Well, gentlemen, I am ready to hear what you have to say, but I have other engagements to take up my time in a moment."

"Realizing, Mr. Hoagland, that you have an article for which there is a great demand, and which gives satisfaction, we have come to make you an offer to buy you out."

"What are you willing to pay me for it?" asked Hoagland.

"We consider the name 'Royal Baking Powder' worth about a million dollars per word," replied the spokesman.

Mr. Hoagland smiled as he replied: "Thank you for your

# NERVE EXHAUSTION

*How We Become  
Shell-Shocked in  
Every-Day Life*

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

*Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture*

**T**HERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

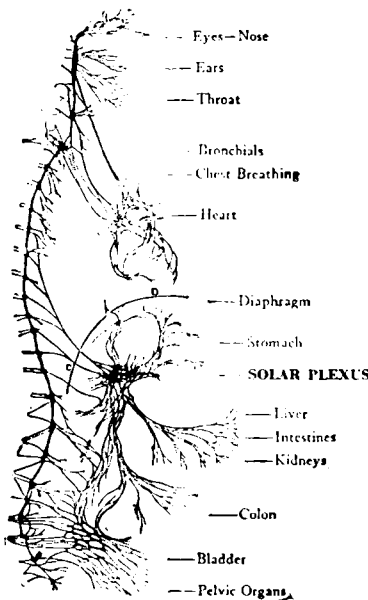
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of today, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chafed from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



**The Sympathetic Nervous System**

*Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.*

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in cloth, 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have.

Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull, dazed, nervous means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had almost given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

## The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet above mentioned, and I shall agree to send this booklet free to purchasers of NERVE FORCE.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

Send for a copy of the booklet "The Prevention of Colds." You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books. Address:

**PAUL VON BOECKMANN**  
Studio 192, 110 West 40th St., New York

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

## Names that Are Worth Millions

liberality, gentlemen; but I consider it worth a million dollars per letter." Then he turned around to his desk and proceeded with his work.

To-day Royal Baking Powder is incorporated and capitalized at \$20,000,000 and pays dividends of, perhaps, two million dollars per year. Its factories may burn down, its owners may die, but its name will still be worth a million dollars per letter, for it has been so firmly fixed upon the minds of the buying public that the moment "baking powder" is mentioned, memory instantly brings to mind, "Royal."

Was his fortune made honestly?

### How a "Broke" Man Dealt in Oranges.

**R**ECENTLY I called at the home of, and interviewed, Charles C. Chapman of Fullerton, California, the greatest orange grower in the world. The story of his success is as true to this principle as it is interesting. At one time he was a poor boy, just like many others, and now he is rated several times a millionaire. He once lived in Chicago and made a stake in real estate; but in the crash during the panic of 1893, he went down with many others. With what little money he could save out of the wreck, he went to California, and bought some cheap land. This he planted with oranges and lemons. When his trees began to produce, he adopted certain trade-marks for the different brands of his fruits, having them copy-righted for his own protection.

Calling his packers together, he said: *"I have adopted these names for my oranges, and I want these names to stand for quality. Here is my standard, and the kind of oranges which must go in each grade. I will not keep any employee who does not make his grades come up to this standard."*

In conformity with that purpose, he made it a rule that every box of oranges shipped out under these brands must grade up to that standard, or they could not go under his name.

Soon the jobbers and retailers in the East learned that they always got good fruit when they bought Chapman's oranges. That created a demand for his fruit. Then the demand became greater than he could supply, and there was a bidding for his fruit, often times his oranges bringing two or three dollars per box more than other shippers were getting for fruit of the same grades. He increased his business, buying more land, setting out more trees, and shipping more oranges. To-day he is the greatest orange grower in the world.

Did he make his money honestly? Did he make his name stand for something and let the world know that it was *quality and honesty*?

Often shippers have come to him and offered him as high as one hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of using his name and shipping their oranges under his brands. But, no; he rejects all such offers, saying:

"I know what kind of oranges go out under my name when I pack the boxes. I do not know what others would ship in my name if I permitted them to use it. By great

effort and expense, I have brought my business up to this high standard. I do not propose to let any other firm lower it for me by shipping inferior fruit in my name."

### "Demand—Need—Success!"

**W**HEN I was in Baltimore, the citizens took great delight in telling me of Dr. Emerson, a druggist, who, some years ago, noticed a constant call from his customers for headache powders, also that there was nothing on the market that seemed to answer the demand. He began to study the cause of headache and the medicines used in relieving it.

After experimenting with various prescriptions recommended for the ailment, he invented something entirely new. He manufactured it on a small scale, as he was short of money. He placed it in some of the other stores in that city, but was unable to advertise it sufficiently to create a large sale for it. But what money he did make from his sales, he used in advertising. There was a demand for it, but his efforts to obtain money to advertise it upon a large scale were futile, even his friends refusing to believe him.

"There is need for just such an article," he said. "I have found one that meets all the requirements and I am going to advertise it. I will let the people know about it and, some day, I will be able to buy out all of these would-be friends who refuse to assist me."

And he was able to keep his word. To-day his product is sold in every country in the world. Other articles are on the market, but the buyer looks for the name "Emerson," because the manufacturer made it stand for something. Again it is the simple method of: Demand—An Article That Meets the Need—Advertising—Success.

Did he make it honestly? Should he divide it up with those who refused to assist him in getting his product on the market?

## Things You Never Read About Successful Men

By EDMUND J. KIEFER

**"W**HEN, as a young man, he came home fatigued from the day's grind, he never could bring himself to sacrifice an evening to study. 'Me for a movie!' he was wont to say."

"Dutiful son though he was, our hero never lost sight of the fact that his parents were away behind the times."

"Saving was not for him. He blew in his money as fast as he earned it, often going neck-deep into debt to maintain his reputation as a classy dresser and a good fellow."

"It did not take him long to realize that his most direct route to success lay through the stock market. His mind was always on his hobby of speculating."

"Whatever may have been his faults, nobody could ever accuse him of being a fresh-air crank. His favorite implements of exercise were a knife and fork."

### He Saw a Future in Iowa.

**I**N Western Iowa, I knew a farmer who operated on a large scale. He located in Iowa in an early day when land was very cheap. He had but little money, but he bought a large tract of wild, uncultivated prairie, going in debt for the most of it. He had seen the transformation which had taken place in Illinois and other eastern States, and he believed he could see a future in Iowa. He determined to get hold of all the land possible while it was cheap.

He farmed, and stocked up his land as his means would permit; then he used the profit to buy more land. As the community increased and the price of land began to advance, he commenced to see his idea crystalizing. Recently, when land in his section reached what he considered the top figure in price, he decided to sell it and retire to California to pass his old age. The sales from that land went well over a million dollars.

Can anyone say, truthfully, that this farmer, whose keen foresight, hard labor, and self-denial in saving, did not make his million honestly?

(Continued on page 67)



# Swear Off Tobacco

## Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

### Immediate Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is a losing fight against heavy odds, and means a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer** according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

**Tobacco Redeemer** contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

### Not a Substitute

**Tobacco Redeemer** is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of **Tobacco Redeemer** treatment for the habit.

### Results Absolutely Guaranteed

A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If **Tobacco Redeemer** fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

### Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.

**Newell Pharmacal Company**  
Dept. 645 St. Louis, Mo.

### Free Book Coupon

**NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.,**  
Dept. 645 St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....



# The Second Chance

(Continued from Page 36)

her writing. "Go—now—what are you waiting for?" was the impatient query.

Impelled by some force that he could not comprehend, he made some muttered excuse to his caller, arose and without so much as a look at Fanny, walked out of the office. As he did so, he saw that she was erasing what she had written and had taken her hat down from the corner rack. Puzzled, and not quite sure that he was sane, Bolton walked down the long corridor—hesitated and then started back.

"Don't come back till I tell you to!" The shorthand characters seemed burned into his brain. He halted and then retraced his steps. No one could leave the office without his seeing them. He would wait—a few minutes at least—and neither Fanny Marlow nor the stranger should pass without explaining this strange performance.

Momentarily he expected to hear the report of the revolver the girl had seen. But there was no sound. He cursed himself for a fool and a coward, and finally started toward the office door once more.

**B**EFORE he could reach it, the door opened, and Fanny Marlow stepped smiling into the hallway. "It worked!" she said with quiet satisfaction.

"What worked?" Bolton demanded, puzzled. "Where is he?"

"In the safe!" laughed Fanny. "Nicely locked in there."

Bolton bounded into the office, the girl following, and saw the door of the big steel vault shut and locked.

"You mean he's—inside?" stammered Bolton, and Fanny nodded.

"Let him stay there for the present," she advised. "He can't get out and it won't hurt him to remain there for five or ten minutes. Besides he probably won't be pleased when the door is opened, and he might use that gun I saw in his pocket."

"But Fanny," Bolton began, seeking an explanation, and, for the first time in his life, using her first name.

She smiled. "Now sit down and keep quiet. I'll tell you all about it." She forced him into his own chair and perched herself upon the desk in front of him, her tiny patent-leather pumps swinging saucily.

"Last night I went to an Italian restaurant with my cousin, Bob—"

"Your cousin?" Bolton interrupted eagerly, forgetting everything else for the moment.

She nodded. "Now please be quiet and listen. This man was at the next table with a companion. I heard him mention your name. I could not see you, but I knew you must have come in because he was telling the other man about you. I could not hear all that he said, and I didn't want cousin Bob to hear any of it; but I could catch snatches of the conversation in between our own. He mentioned a change of name—spoke of San Quentin prison—and then said he was coming to the office, to-day. I couldn't quite figure it all out; but I was afraid!"

Bolton shuddered.

"That was why I waited around to-day," she told him. "Of course, I recognized the man the moment he came in. And as he stood at the gate, I saw a suspicious bulge in his back pocket. He reached for his card, and through the parting of his coat I saw the gleam of a revolver handle. Then I knew I had to act quickly," she said with a laugh, "and the blackboard idea occurred to me."

"But how did you know I would read it—that I would do as you asked?" Bolton demanded.

"I felt you would—that's all," she told him. "I was afraid there would be trouble if he started to argue with you—and I hate the sound of firearms." This with a saucy little smile. "So I made up my mind that the first thing was to get you out of the room. Then I decided to pretend to go myself. I did, and hid behind the file-cabinet. Just as I thought he would, the man got up, looked carefully around, and then made a hasty examination of the safe. He stepped half way inside and I tiptoed up behind him. It was so easy to give the big door a shove—to push him inside—and then—turn the lever!"

**B**OLTON looked at her with an expression of wonder on his face. "But why did you do all this for me?" he asked. "Why did you think —"

She saw his hesitation and laid her hand upon his as it twitched nervously on the glass-topped desk.

"Jonas," she said very softly—and it was the first time she had called him by his first name—"I read that funny little poem you wrote in shorthand the day I came here. Of course, I didn't know what you were doing and would never have suspected it. But after you left your desk, the wind from an open window blew one of my typed sheets into your waste basket. When I fished it out—well, the poem came with it. I thought it was a joke then, and saved it—to tease you with some day. After that I kept on looking in the waste basket, and later found that you were keeping more and more poems in that little pigeonhole.

"Perhaps it wasn't very honorable, but I couldn't help it."

Bolton smiled. Not honorable? What would she say when he told her the part of the story she did not know? But then it seemed that she did, or at least suspected it.

"One day," she continued, "I found something that wasn't a poem. It was a rough shorthand draft of a letter to—"

Bolton bowed his head. Then she did know all about it! She slipped down from the desk, and put her hand very tenderly on his shoulder. "Will you forgive me, Jonas?" she asked. "I really didn't mean to pry into things—and I didn't read it all—but, last night, when I heard this man talking, it all dawned on me. Jonas, he was coming here to tempt you—perhaps to hold it over your head—to threaten—"

She paused and Jonas looked up understandingly, gratefully, his eyes moist with tears.

"I wanted to tell you this morning," she said after a little time, "but somehow I couldn't. All I could do was wait. And now, Jonas, you know everything."

**H**E stood up and took both her hands in his. His eyes met hers and read something he had never hoped to see in their blue depths. "And did you think I'd—I'd do what he might ask?" Bolton asked, pointing toward the safe.

"I knew you wouldn't," she said confidently. "I knew you would refuse, and that was why I was all the more frightened. Jonas—I—I couldn't let him kill you!"

He turned away. Somehow he could not say what was in his heart—could not even answer her. After a few moments, however, he regained his composure. "We must open the safe," he said firmly, "he will suffocate."

"No, no!" she pleaded. "You must not take a chance. He might shoot the minute the door is opened. I will telephone for the police—"

Bolton swung around upon her. His face

was pale and his muscles tense. "Impossible!" he said.

She seemed to understand. "You mean that he would—tell—" she whispered. "You are afraid it would mean the discovery of your—"

He interrupted her with a gesture.

"Then why not?" she asked earnestly. "Suppose he does speak. You have nothing to be afraid of now—have you?" she added anxiously—eagerly—her hands held out toward him.

"Nothing but the past," he said in a hollow tone. "It would mean the end of everything—here—and with you."

"It won't—it can't!" she insisted. "Mr. Matthews will believe you—and understand. And as for me—why, Jonas, if I make any difference to you—if those silly poems really meant anything—there's nothing anyone could say that would make any difference with me!"

**I**N another moment she was in his arms, and Bolton was murmuring to her all the pent up things that had been in his heart so long. Yet, even in his delirium of joy, he still rebelled at the idea of summoning the police. Whatever was done must be done quickly—of that there was no doubt. Whatever it might or might not mean to his future, Bolton knew that the prisoner in the big vault must be released without delay. The air within would be growing worse momentarily. The man might already have fainted. There was no time to be lost.

Suddenly he recalled that he did not know the man—that he had not had a chance to state his errand. Could it be possible that Fanny had misunderstood—that the whole thing might be a mistake? To call the police would make them all ridiculous if the man had not come as Fanny thought—to tempt or threaten Bolton. In that event, why face the necessity of explaining to them? He trembled like a child at the thought of another police grilling—at the idea of another day in court.

And then another thought occurred to him. Suppose the man had intended blackmailing him. To turn him over to the police would mean a prison term for the caller. Bolton shuddered at the thought of what that meant. If the man had been a crook—if he were still an outlaw—whatever he might be—Bolton wished to have nothing to do with sending a fellow human being into captivity.

**F**ANNY was looking at him tenderly. She seemed to divine his inmost thoughts and she clutched him eagerly. "Perhaps you're right, Jonas," she said. "Suppose we open the safe together—then we can decide what is best to do."

He looked at her gratefully, before turning to his work with the combination.

As his fingers swung the dial about, the office door behind them suddenly opened. Both of them turned with a start and saw Henry Matthews hurriedly enter. "Break-down," he exclaimed, "had to turn back and go up by train. Miss Marlow will you phone the railroad office and see what—"

But he paused abruptly as he saw the expression on the faces of the two. "What's happened?" he asked anxiously and stepped quickly to their side.

Fanny looked at Bolton, and Bolton looked at Fanny—each hesitating to speak. Then Bolton found his courage. "Just a moment, please, Mr. Matthews. There is a man in this safe and I must let him out. Then—"

"A man in the safe!" exclaimed Matthews in amazement. "What the—"

But Bolton was not looking at him. His fingers were busy with the combination, and a moment later he swung open the door.

Fanny gave a little scream and Bolton himself stepped back cautiously, guarding his body with the door. But there was no shot. Instead, a limp figure fell forward almost into their arms, and then collapsed upon the floor.

"What on earth is all this!" cried Matthews.

"He's a crook," Fanny said hurriedly. "I locked him in—"

"Crook nothing!" snorted Matthews impatiently. "He's a man from the International Bonding Company. I sent for him to see Bolton. Didn't Miss Peters give you the message I phoned in after I'd left this morning? Forgot to tell you last night."

Bolton shook his head.

"I wanted him to put you under a hundred-thousand-dollar surety bond," he said to Bolton. "Told him to come around to see you and get the data. I'm going to make you treasurer of this company."

Bolton stared at him stupidly, and Fanny looked up, unable to believe her eyes. The stranger was regaining consciousness. They lifted him to a chair. He smiled faintly as he recognized Matthews, and then stared at the other two in bewilderment.

"Cigar slipped from my fingers and rolled into the vault," he muttered. "First thing I knew—clang!" With a gesture he described the closing of the door behind him.

"But this is the man I heard talking last night. He has a revolver in his pocket right now!" Fanny protested, still doubtfully.

The man shook his head. "Must have seen my notary's seal," he said, and drew it from his hip pocket.

Matthews threw back his head and laughed. "This is a joke!" he said.

BUT Bolton's face was a study. "I'm afraid it isn't so much of a joke after all, Mr. Matthews, unless it proves to be on me. You see Miss Marlow knows that I am a released convict. She thought this man was some old pal of mine—"

"I understand," said Matthews with a shake of his head. Suppose I ought to have made sure you knew he was coming. I know your record, Bolton. The district attorney who recommended you is an old friend of mine. I've watched your work for four years, and last week I determined to make you treasurer. I thought you might be a little sensitive about answering the questions of the bonding people—and our company requires the treasurer to have a bond. That's why I asked this man to come and see you after hours and talk to you by yourself."

The bonding man was looking at Fanny now. "You were the young woman who sat near me, last night, when I was talking to my partner about Mr. Bolton," he suddenly realized. "You heard what I was saying. Serves me right for discussing confidential matters in public!"

"I'm glad I came back," said Matthews. "If you'd told the police the whole thing would have come out—and the newspapers would have eaten it up. I don't care to have that story public, Bolton—although I'd trust you with anything I have."

Bolton looked at him with a tense expression in his eyes. "Mr. Matthews," he said, "I wonder if you can understand—"

Matthews nodded. "Perfectly," he said. "It's always been my theory that nobody but a genuine fool makes the same mistake twice. Give me a man who has the right stuff in him, and I'd prefer that he has answered the inborn human liability to err—before he comes to work for me. I asked my friend the district attorney to send me a man like you. And the result has amply proved our theory. Give a real man a chance and, nine times out of ten, he'll make good!"



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# Peary—Master of Determination

How Theodore Roosevelt Helped Him on His Successful Journey to the North Pole. A Story Told Here for the First Time

By ROBERT MACKAY

**R**EAR-ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY, who won immortality as the discoverer of the North Pole, died in Washington last February. He was a remarkable man—one of the greatest examples of persistence the world has ever known. Eight times he journeyed into the unknown, uncharted regions of the frozen North to establish the exact spot of the earth's most northern point. There he planted the Stars and Stripes, and, making what observations he could in a temperature that frequently fell to eighty degrees below zero, then turned his face to the South. He had won where other men had failed and he left without a lingering farewell to his life's goal.

"I gave one backward glance and then turned my face south and toward the future," he said.

He had spent thirty sleepless hours, from April 6 to April 7, 1908, around the Pole, a great tract of frozen sea, but the prize for which men had been seeking for three centuries was his.

**M**Y most memorable meeting with Peary was in the office of Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, one spring day in 1907. President Roosevelt, as was his custom, was giving audience to a number of magazine men. Many matters of vast importance were under discussion, and President Roosevelt was enlightening us in his frank, characteristic way. Suddenly there was a knock at the door and the President's messenger entered.

"Lieutenant Peary wishes to see you, sir," he said.

"Show him in at once," replied the President.

Peary entered. He was a medium-sized, rugged man with keen eyes, reddish moustache and a very direct way of speaking. For a moment he seemed ready to apologize for having entered. He feared that he had intruded; but the President quickly put him at ease.

"Go ahead, Lieutenant," he said. "These gentlemen are journalists—magazine editors and writers—friends of mine—and whatever you say before them is sacred."

"Well, Mr. President," said Peary, "I haven't sufficient funds to make my next trip to the North Pole. I am afraid the American people do not take much stock in me after so many failures. There is no use asking Congress; they wouldn't vote a penny. But if I can get sufficient money to fit out *The Roosevelt*, I will get there this time without fail."

"No," replied Mr. Roosevelt, smiling in his famous way, "it is useless to ask Congress, but I will give you a letter to a man who can fix you up."

The President touched a buzzer and a secretary entered. Mr. Roosevelt then dictated a letter, pronouncing every syllable with precision and distinctness—every man in the room heard ever word. The letter was addressed to a famous capitalist, now dead. "Dear Mr. —," said President Roosevelt, "This will introduce to you my friend, Robert E. Peary, who is going to find the North Pole. He will explain to you the nature of his visit, and I want you to assist him as much as possible."

Peary sat down and chatted with us while the letter was being transcribed. When the secretary returned with the letter, Mr. Roosevelt signed it, placed it in an envelope and handed it to the explorer.

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT was very keen to take men into his confidence, especially the men who held responsible positions on the daily, weekly, and monthly press—men whom he was pleased to call with a very proud smile, "The real rulers of the nation." What he told us at some of these meetings would have rattled the earth to its four corners had we even hinted a suggestion. But there is

not a man who didn't remember his caution, "Boys, this is confidential." Roosevelt trusted the great journalistic body of America and knew he could speak freely with any of its members.

As for the above incident, I met Theodore Roosevelt shortly after Peary had discovered the Pole and brought it back to his memory. "Some day I want to publish it, Colonel," I said.

"Go ahead," was his reply.

It has always seemed to me that President Roosevelt was directly responsible for Peary reaching the Pole. He had that simple faith in the man which led him to go out of his way to secure the necessary funds that paid for his equipment on his last and successful journey.

**ROBERT EDWIN PEARY** was born at Cresson, Pennsylvania, May 6, 1856. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of '77. He entered the United States Navy in 1881 as a civil engineer. Between 1884 and 1885 he was assistant engineer on the proposed route of the Nicaragua Canal.

His experience to the Arctic began in 1886 with a reconnaissance of the Greenland inland ice-cap in Disco Bay. Following and during this experience he devoted himself to studies and preparations for participating in the Arctic expedition of 1891-92 to Northwest Greenland. On this expedition, his quality as a man of the North began to appear. He made some enviable records



Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

**ROBERT E. PEARY**

Discoverer of the North Pole

"The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."—From Peary's *Diary*, after locating the North Pole.



# 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



**R**IGHT 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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and is credited with being among the first to reduce to a science the problem of equipment.

ONE of the big feats of polar exploration was his sledge trip of 1,300 miles, from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level, from McCormick Bay to Northeast Greenland and back. He established the insularity of Greenland and learned of the existence of detached ice and free land masses north of the mainland. He established the fact that east and west coasts rapidly converge north of the 78 parallel.

THE big task of his life Peary took up in July, 1908, equipped with the experience gained in Arctic work over a period of thirty years. At this time he was older than many other great explorers had been at the height of their achievement. Peary was 52 years old then. He had been through many periods of prolonged suffering. The amputation of part of one foot had lamed him. But the effect of the suffering he had undergone was offset by skill, experience and knowledge of equipment and difficulties to be met, and his capacity for endurance.

Captain Bartlett, the veteran navigator for Peary, shouted to Colonel Roosevelt as the ship was leaving its wharf here:

"It's the pole or bust this time, Mr. President."

THE method of attacking the pole was in five different detachments, pushing north in the manner of a telescope and planned with the precision of a military campaign. At the eighty-eighth parallel Peary parted with Captain Bartlett, in charge of the fourth detachment, and he, with another member of his crew and four Eskimos made the final dash. They covered 135 miles in five days.

"At this time," he said in his book, "We Reach the North Pole," "it may be appropriate to say a word regarding my reasons for selecting Henson (Matthew A. Henson, an assistant) as my fellow-traveler to the pole itself. In this selection I acted exactly as I have done on all my expeditions for the last fifteen years. He had in those years always been with me at my point farthest north. Moreover, Henson was the best man I had with me for this kind of work, with the exception of the Eskimos who, with the racial inheritance of ice technic and their ability to handle sledges and dogs, were more necessary to me as members of my own individual party than any white man could have been. Of course they could not lead, but they could follow and drive dogs better than any white man.

"Henson, with his years of arctic experience, was almost as skillful at this work as an Eskimo. He could handle dogs and sledges. He was a part of the traveling machine. Had I taken any other member of the expedition he would have been a passenger, necessitating the carrying of extra rations and other impedimenta. It would have amounted to an additional load on the sledges, while the taking of Henson was in the interest of economy of weight."

PEARY then went on to describe the march that began on a clear sunlit morning, with a temperature of minus 25 degrees, with the wind of the last few days subsided to a thin breeze. With each passing day, he said, the Eskimos were becoming eager and interested, notwithstanding the fatigue of the long marches. They would climb to some pinnacle of ice and strain their eyes to the north, wondering

if the pole was in sight, for they were certain that the party should get there this time.

Peary's last march northward ended at 10 o'clock on the forenoon of April 6. After the usual arrangements for going into camp he made the final observation, indicating that his position was then 89 degrees 57 minutes.

"Yet with the pole actually in sight, I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved. But weary as I was, I could not sleep long."

THE party then pushed on ten miles where observations were taken indicating that their "position was then beyond the Pole," and Peary continues:

"Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized, but one of the strangest of these circumstances seemed to me to be the fact that in a march of only a few hours, I had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It was hard to realize that in the first miles of the brief march we had been traveling due north, while on the last few miles of the same march, we had been traveling south, although we had all the time been traveling precisely in the same direction.

"All during our march back to camp the sun was swinging around in its ever moving circle. At 6 o'clock on the morning of April 7, having again reached Camp Jesup I took another series of observations. These indicate our position as being four or five miles from the Pole toward Bering Strait. Therefore with a double team of dogs and a light sledge I travelled directly toward the sun, an estimated distance of eight miles.

"Again I returned to camp for a final and completely satisfactory series of observations on April 7 at noon, Columbia meridian time. These observations gave results essentially the same as those made on the same spot twenty-four hours before.

"In traversing the ice in these various directions as I had done, I had allowed approximately ten miles for possible errors in my observations, and at some moment during these marches and counter marches I had passed over or very near the point where north and south and east and west blend into one."

ROBERT E. PEARY'S place in the ages is secure. The mention of his name will always suggest one of the most remarkable human achievements in all the world—an achievement which taxed the human mind and body more thoroughly than any other. Hundreds of strong, brave men had gone before him to open up the frozen mystery of the North. Many had died on the long white trail—and their last resting places are unmarked. Two years before Peary found the Pole he despaired of ever being successful. He had reached "highest north." "I have made the best fight, I know," he wrote. "I believe it was a good one; but I cannot accomplish the impossible."

But a short rest spurred him to a new attempt. The will to win, to keep everlastingly at it until the goal was reached, would not die. He started forth again, more determined than ever before—and he won!

BEN FRANKLIN Said:

*"To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune."*

## GENESIS OF "THE MARSELLAISE"

### How Rouget de Lisle Wrote the French National Air

**M**ANY stories are current of how "The Marseillaise," the National Anthem of France, came to be composed. The true story was told by Alexandre Dumas, who knew the author in his old age and heard it from his own lips. Rouget de Lisle was a captain of engineers in the Strassburg garrison. He was only twenty years old when his famous song was written. It was in April, 1792. Strassburg, one of the bulwarks of the young republic, was a seething centre of war enthusiasm, where the noise of fights and fetes mingled incessantly. The song of the day was the "Ca Ira," a hymn of hate, a product of the early days of terror. There was a demand for a new patriotic song—something that would voice fraternalism, republicanism, as well as hatred of tyrants.

Such a sentiment was the subject of a discussion that arose at a banquet given by Mayor Dietrich to celebrate the departure of some Strassburg volunteers for the republican army. Among the guests was Rouget de Lisle. He was a poet as well as a soldier. He listened to the talk around the table for quite a while, saying nothing. Then he hastily left the room.

**I**N a small library room adjoining was a piano. Between piano and a writing table the young author worked with feverish enthusiasm for perhaps an hour, forgotten by the banqueters. He completed the first two stanzas of the song almost as they stand today and wrote down the score of the music that was to accompany them. Returning to the banquet room, his eyes beaming with an air of triumph, feeling sure of his inspiration, he stopped Baron Dietrich and his guests just as they were leaving the table. "I think I've got it," he said. "Listen!" And he began and sang through the first stanza.

**T**HE assembly listened entranced. Dietrich's daughter took the music from the young man's hands and sat down at the harpsichord, accompanying the second stanza. Then suggestions came from all sides for additional verses—one wanted a verse for children, another a verse for mothers, another a verse of pardon for misled brothers—"slaves pushed against us by bayonets." Additional stanzas were composed by the young poet which were sung again and again by the enthusiastic guests. The next morning the finishing touches were given to the poem and in a few days it went forth to become the war hymn of the republic.

### WHAT PLEASES THE MAN HIGHER UP

**W**HAT qualities more than anything else will impress the man who is in a position to advance another? When one big business man was asked this question, he said, "Honesty, industry, truthfulness, accuracy."

I should add "The right spirit—a cheerful, hopeful, optimistic, enthusiastic attitude toward your work; an enterprising, energetic personality in which thoroughness is well developed."

These characteristics will please an employer more than anything else. These are the things he is looking for. If you have the right spirit, the accommodating spirit; if you are thoro in everything you do; if you give cheerful service and show a desire to please, you will win the approval of the man higher up, you will make your way in the world, you will be well equipped for your journey to the sign-post of success.—O. S. M.



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# At 59 Years of Age, Charles Hetherington Started an Art Career

*To-day He Is 65 and a Successful Landscape Painter*

By CHARLES A. GODDARD

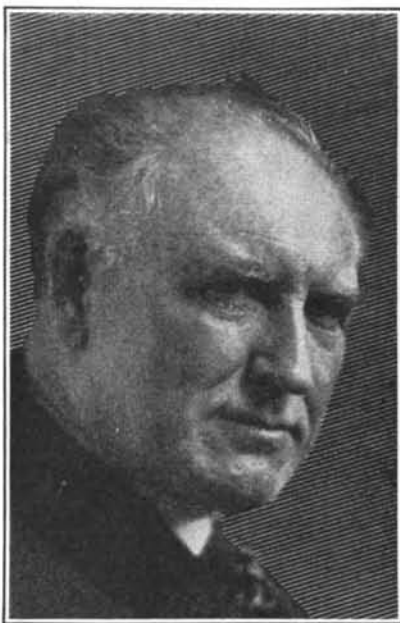
**C**HARLES HETHERINGTON, who is now sixty-five years old, is over the threshold of his dreams. He has "arrived" as a painter. With nothing but a long-cherished ambition he started to paint, at the age of fifty-nine. To-day he promises to bring fame to himself by his work. His life-story is a romance to inspire those who feel that they have passed the time of life to "make a fresh start." It also is proof that in many corners of this country are to be found people whose stories are more interesting than fiction.

The fields and woods about Hinsdale, that beautiful suburb west of Chicago, are Mr. Hetherington's studio, and he has put their beauties on canvas so well that one Chicago critic said that he "is second in America only to George Inness as an interpreter of the beauties of nature."

**A**LTHOUGH Mr. Hetherington took up the brush only five years ago, he has been seeing and feeling the pictures of nature for almost a lifetime. The sad side of his life is that he had to turn his back on painting, the one thing he wanted to do and the one thing he could do. It is very fortunate that while the brush was denied him, the joy of seeing and feeling nature's own pictures could not be taken from him.

A more inspiring bit of America could not be found than the country in which Mr. Hetherington spent his boyhood days—near Hamilton, Ontario. He spent his holidays, and many school days, as well, in and around the valley of the Grand River. There is to be found some of the most wonderful of our natural scenery. At that point is the great dividing line between the northern and southern flora. More specimens of plant life can be found in that neighborhood than in most areas of the same size. It is very likely that the impressions made on the subconscious mind of the boy, by the gorgeous colors of the Grand River valley, gave to the painter success in mixing colors such as others have spent years and years in attaining. Mr. Hetherington found his colors naturally; he never spent an hour under an instructor.

**B**UT the town of Galt was a manufacturing settlement. It was a bit of Scotland set down in the Grand River valley. Its people were practical. The dreamer had no place there. None of Mr. Hetherington's ancestors having had anything to do with art, the father did not take kindly to the bits of indications of artistic temperament and talent. He refused to send the boy to an art school, and he strengthened the refusal by threatening to send him to a blacksmith as an apprentice if the boy delayed finding work



Photograph by Falk, N. Y.

**CHARLES HETHERINGTON**  
Acknowledged by critics as one of  
America's leading painters.

in one of the factories. It was thought that blacksmithing would knock the impractical ideas out of the young dreamer's head.

"But I never gave up," said Mr. Hetherington. "I saw that I would have to compromise and that to win my start I would have to offer some evidence of immediate financial returns. I decided at the age of eighteen to study photography. It was a step in the direction of art, and it was commercial enough to win my father's support."

**T**HE father consented, somewhat reluctantly, and the boy entered a local photographic establishment. He became very successful. He grew hopeful that the day would soon be at hand when he could study art. But he married. His wife, who for forty years has lent him every encouragement, became an invalid. He found that it was necessary, as the head of a family of four, to stick to the serious business of making money.

As the years slipped by he could not indulge in his dream. On the other hand he became sufficiently successful to undertake the promotion of an invention, an engine that promised much for its backers. In that venture Mr. Hetherington lost, as he says, "not only my money, but that of my friends and their friendship as well."

Temporarily the dreams of the painter-to-be were swept away. With a courage that is characteristic, he started in to retrieve his losses and repay his friends whose confidence in him led to their loss with him. With the buoyancy of a youth he entered another business enterprise that he believed would be successful. He made sacrifices. He walked many times and many miles. He gave up smoking—everything that he could sacrifice he gladly sacrificed to enable him the sooner to repay his friends. The only result of this business venture was failure. He was broken in spirit. It seemed to his wife and daughter that this last blow was one from which he would never recover.

**W**HEN things seemed blackest his wife bought some brushes, canvas and paints and said to him, "Do try to paint some of those pictures you have always been seeing." He had turned his fifty-ninth year.

"In a short time," said Mrs. Hetherington, "we were surprised by the improvement in his condition. He seemed to forget everything but what he was painting. He did some charming things just as if he had been painting for years. I had always felt confident that he could paint worth while pictures. While on canoe trips he would point out to me the possibilities of a picture here, or reject one there that I suggested, telling me why. On visits to



museums he would criticize a certain picture. I would ask him how he knew; and he would reply that he felt it. Still I had supposed that before he did anything at all a course at an art school would be necessary."

When it was evident that Mr. Hetherington's work had merit he and his wife visited the head of a school of art, a woman who is known as a most severe and able critic. "What a pity he is not younger," she exclaimed as she saw the canvases. "Were he a younger man I believe he would go far."

"When Mr. Hetherington came to me and wanted to study art," said Edward J. Timmons, instructor at the Chicago Art Institute, "I saw specimens of his work and was amazed. I knew that the world of conventional art could do nothing for him. He had a technique of his own that might easily be spoiled if he attempted to imitate. I told him to go ahead and paint." Mr. Hetherington has not to this day seen any one mix paints; nor has the problem of composition been studied by him.

**J**UST four years ago he was at the crisis of his life. To-day he is the happiest man in Hinsdale. He is crowding a lifetime of joy into these years.

To-day "Hetheringtons" are sought for by dealers and connoisseurs. They are exhibited in the best galleries. They hang in the best homes. Some are bought even as investments. Having dreamed for years before he ever touched paint to canvas, Mr. Hetherington is something of an impressionist in finding the mood of nature. His landscapes are rich in color. They have an individual quality hard to define. They are poetic, pleasant to be with and promise much of the wider scope of the painter's activities.

"I cannot understand studio patter," confesses Mr. Hetherington. "There was just something inside of me that I have wanted to express all these years. So I went ahead. If I have succeeded it is because I believe a man cannot escape his own destiny. And—whatever success I have I owe to my wife."

## The Power of Personality

**W**HY is it that we cannot stand one person while another infatuates us, that one repels and another attracts? One personality charms us even to the point of blinding us, warping our good judgment, while another so prejudices us that we cannot do it justice.

Who can tell what personality really is? We think of it as an invisible atmosphere that extends far from the bodies of some people. We find that purely intellectual people have very little atmosphere and are not magnetic. They do not attract us; they lack charm, they lack sweetness, amiability. They cast no spell over us. It seems to be the heart that is extended more than the brain.

**A**CHARM of personality, which is indescribable, has turned the heads of many of our greatest men. Time and again a woman of charming personality has cast such a spell over a court and jury that real justice was impossible. We who perhaps pride ourselves on our level heads cannot tell why we are so affected by some personalities, any more than a youth can tell why it is he falls in love with a certain young woman while others do not attract him.

Have we not noticed how, at her very entrance into a room, a lady of great charm of personality and beauty will change the whole atmosphere of the place. It is like the coming of the spring after the cold winter that brings out the buds and flowers which the cold has shriveled.

**A**FINE personality is a mighty power, an invisible, intangible, inestimable force. It is as valuable in the business and professional as in the social world. A powerful personality multiplies one's ability tremendously. Two people with the same brain-power, the same health and education, the same ambitions, will have greatly varied careers and achievement, all depending upon personality. He who has it will go infinitely beyond the one who lacks it.

When Ole Bull came to this country his critics said he violated all the laws of music, that he never could be a success in this country, that there were other violinists here who far excelled him.

While it may be true that Ole Bull violated the standard musical laws, yet he pleased the people. He held them entranced, while his critics, who thought they knew so much about musical lore in comparison, could not hold them at all. A remarkable personality was revealed in this man with a marvelous passion for music, a great love for his violin, which he seemed to caress with great fondness every time he drew his bow. This won the enthusiasm and admiration of crowds wherever he went.

There is nothing that can take the place of an attractive, pleasing personality. It is beyond price, yet it may be cultivated by anyone—and the earlier in life the better. Lacking it, the most brilliant mind is discounted.

### The Ten Commandments of the Boss

1.—Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that's the wrong end.

2.—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

3.—Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

4.—You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my place.

5.—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can see temptation when they meet it.

6.—Mind your own business and, in time, you'll have a business of your own to mind.

7.—Don't do anything which hurts your self-respect.

8.—It's none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

9.—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my money.

10.—Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

—The Rotarian.

# Contains a Fortune



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Editor of Nautilus

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## BREVITY IN SPEECHMAKING

Washington and Franklin Rarely Spoke More Than Ten Minutes at a Time

A MEASURE before Congress is helped or hindered in proportion to the amount of verbiage that is poured over it; no one to-day is amazed if speeches last three or four hours.

"I served with Washington in the Legislature of Virginia before the Revolution," wrote Jefferson in his memoirs, "and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question."

It is not only in the United States that there has been this alarming development of volubility; the old parliamentarians complained of Gladstone that he could not answer a question except by making a speech, and one can very well believe that England's Grand Old Man actually did say of a certain work that it was "an able though concise book."

## WHERE HAPPINESS IS FOUND

AREN'T you tired trying to find real happiness in things, trying to satisfy the God in you with material things, when you know that only God can satisfy the God?

Aren't you tired of trying to feed your higher nature with lower things, when you know that multitudes of people are starving with soul hunger, with poverty, in palatial homes, surrounded with all sorts of luxuries? Don't you know that many a poor wife would give all she possesses, all her wealth, for the love of a good, honest man—that there are women and children who are languishing for love hunger?

Aren't you tired of hunting for happiness, and never seeming to find it? Remember that this is not a thing to be pursued. It is the product of right living, the product of right acts, the product of kindness, of industry, of helpfulness, of sympathy, the product of doing your level best, the product of making good. It must be wrought out of right acts and deeds, a right mental attitude, right thinking.

## IS IT WORTH THE STRUGGLE?

IS the thing you are chasing worth the struggle? Will it give an enduring satisfaction or merely a superficial one?

Is it worth while to give all the best out of your day, practically all of your energy, all of your being in getting a living, in accumulating money? Is this all that life means to you? You instinctively rebel against such a thought, and yet isn't that about what you are doing? Your whole past has been something entirely different from what you planned. That is about all you have to show for all these years of hard struggling—a little bank account, a better home, more luxuries—but where is the man? Have you been building all these years to your manhood? Has your character been enlarging, deepening, enriching? Are you a better man because of this struggle, or have you parted with the best of yourself in the struggle? Have you dropped on the way to your money, in your living-getting and straining, that which the world prizes most: sterling integrity, a rich, grand, noble character, a superb personality?

Think this over very carefully. Ask yourself, "Am I getting out of life that which will give me enduring satisfaction, or am I chasing a selfish, greedy aim? Am I always thinking of myself, working for myself, and what others may think of what I am doing?"

It is others' eyes that are expensive, that

so often cost us our health and happiness. The most of us would give up our precious energy in the striving, straining and struggling for material things that we may make others wonder, make others envious, because we are smarter than they in acquiring them.

Is such a prize worth the struggle? Why do we not, instead, strive for the great fundamentals of life, the things that will endure?

## "SLOW DOWN AND SAVE \$10"

"SLOW down and save ten dollars!" is on a sign at the entrance of a village near New York.

How wonderful it would be if multitudes of business men—and women, too—should take a lesson from this sign, slow down and save a breakdown; save an enormous amount of precious energy; save de-vitalizing oneself; save a nervous breakdown; save a crochety, touchy disposition; save other people the pain of getting on their nerves; save mental poise; save the frightful waste of vitality; save worrying yourself to the point where even your own family have difficulty in living with you.

Slow down or pay a big fine! When you break nature's law you pay the penalty though it takes your life! Slow down, my nervous friend. Your condition is largely due to your mental exhaustion, your overstraining, hurrying, and worrying. Life was not made for that sort of thing; you were not intended to run at racing speed and to keep it up eternally. The trouble with you is that you are played out, when you should have all the energy, force and vim of a perfect life.

Slow down or pay the fine! The fine will cost you dearly. It means the sacrifice of health, harmony, peace of mind, your future comforts, perhaps your life.

## WHEN LINCOLN STUDIED LAW

ABRAHAM LINCOLN began to study law in an odd way. While he was keeping store in Illinois, a man, passing in a wagon, offered for sale a barrel which he found much in his way. To oblige the man, Lincoln bought the barrel for half a dollar. Some weeks after, he turned it over to shake out some rubbish, and a copy of Blackstone fell out. The store business was not very flourishing then, and there was plenty of time to read. Lincoln would go out to the back of the store and sit on a wood-pile, absorbed in the book.

"What are you reading?" asked a friend who passed one day.

"I am studying," replied Lincoln.

"Studying what?" asked the friend.

"Law," replied Lincoln.

"Great God Almighty!" was all his friend could say.

Lincoln's first appearance at court was made in October, 1836; his fee for this case was three dollars. Lincoln and his associate, Stuart, seldom made more than ten dollars from each case.

In 1850, Lincoln made these notes for a law lecture: "Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

"Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

## How to Get the Best Out of Books

ONE of the main differences between American university graduates and the graduates of English universities is that the latter have not read many books superficially, but a few books well. The American graduate, on the contrary, has a smattering of many books, but he has not become master of any. The same is largely true of American readers in general; we want to know a little of everything. We want to read all the latest publications—good, bad, and indifferent—no matter what they are if only they are new. As a rule, our people want light reading, just "something to read," something that will divert, that will kill time on the train or at home. English people generally read more substantial books, older books, books which have established their right to exist. They are not so eager as we are for "recent publications."

Do not be afraid to say that you have not read the latest books. Emerson advised people not to read a book until it was a year old, because before that time it might be in oblivion. Persons who think they must read everything that comes along have no mental grasp. As a rule they have feeble mentalities, and are incapable of intense, sustained or creative thinking.

SOMEONE has said that a superficial reader runs through a book as a train runs through a tunnel, leaving no impression behind. Hurried reading of this sort makes such a faint, weak picture, such an indefinite impression on the mind, that, as in a case of too-short exposure of the photographic plate, the picture does not have time to etch itself clearly and it quickly fades out. I know a superficial reader who "gulps down" a great many books, but who can recall hardly anything in a book a few days after he has read it. His mind is like a sieve. Everything he reads passes through it without leaving any impression behind.

The majority of people are too lazy mentally to get the best results from their reading. It is so much easier to sit down and read with a passive mind than to think, absorb, and make our own what the eye gathers from the printed page. But this is the only way to read to any purpose, for knowledge that is to be retained must be absorbed by a positive mentality. We must grip the author's thought vigorously or it will get away from us.

Reading without reflection weakens the mind and tends to make one superficial. One can form a habit of passive reading, reading for mere mental dissipation until he ruins his taste and becomes incapable of understanding or appreciating the best in literature, or of reading for elevation.

THERE are nomadic readers who read as the gypsies live, camping here and there for a night, without purpose and without profit. Their only mental food is shallow, superficial stuff, produced by writers who write only for money and who think and reflect as little as do their readers.

The habit of reading trashy novels becomes a disease with many people. They are almost as closely tied to their novels as an intemperate man is to his bottle, and, like the drunkard, the more of them they read, the weaker becomes their mind and their will. Their reasoning power loses its grip and their memory grows more and more feeble. Their mind is ruined for healthy

intellectual food, ruined for real reflection. They have no taste for history, for biography, for poetry, for any of the productions of master minds, real thinkers and reasoners.

Mental dissipation is almost as dangerous and as demoralizing to the mind as physical dissipation, to which it often leads. On the other hand, good, intelligent reading is a splendid mental drill. It teaches concentration; it teaches us to think, to grasp ideas, and to hold thoughts.

Nor does it take any more of your time to read a book that will leave something worth while in your mind, a book that will inspire you to higher ideals, that will encourage you to do a little better, to push a little harder, to climb a little higher, than it does to read the frothy, flashy, superficial book which will tend to destroy your taste for better literature, to lower your ideals and deteriorate your tastes generally.

SUPPOSE Woodrow Wilson, from his youth, had read books merely for amusement, just to pass away the time, do you think he ever would have reached the distinguished position of a scholar and a thinker, not to speak of the Presidency of the United States? The mere suggestion is ridiculous.

Reading is like seed planting. It will bear fruit, good or bad, according to the nature of the seed. The trend of many a life for good or ill, for success or failure, has been determined by a single book. The books which we read early in life are those which influence us most. A single good book read in youth often has proved a life beacon, and saved the reader from many a danger.

"When I served as a young man in India," said a distinguished English soldier and diplomatist; "when it was the turning-point in my life; when it was a mere chance whether I should become a card-playing, hooka-smoking lounge, I was fortunately quartered for two years in the neighborhood of an excellent library, which was made accessible to me."

On the other hand, the demoralizing effects of one book have made profligates and criminals. Many youths and adults, now in prison, trace the beginning of their downfall to the reading of a bad book.

The chaplain of Newgate prison in London, in one of his annual reports to the Lord Mayor, referring to many fine-looking lads of respectable parentage in the city prison, said that he discovered that "all these boys, without exception, had been in the habit of reading those cheap periodicals" which were published for the alleged amusement of youth of both sexes. There is not a police court or a prison in this country where similar cases could not be found. One can hardly measure the moral ruin that has been caused by the influence of bad books.

When James T. Fields visited Jesse Pomeroy, the notorious boy murderer, in prison, Pomeroy told him that he had been a great reader of "blood and thunder" stories; that he had read sixty dime novels about scalping and other bloody performances. Pomeroy said there was no doubt that these books had put thoughts into his mind which led to his murderous acts.

BEWARE of the book which does not make you stronger, which does not arouse your nobler impulses, does not fire you to do something and be something in the world.



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# Why President Wilson Selected Edwin T. Meredith to Be Secretary of Agriculture

(Continued from page 16)

of ideas between all sections of the country which is applicable to all industries as well as farming. He thinks it results in a better service to all sections.

## Though Defeated His Ideas Prevailed

SECRETARY MEREDITH did not become a national figure by the political route. His political activities were not of a kind to bring him before the public or cause the eyes of the President to be cast in his direction. It was his achievements outside of politics that brought him into prominence. But he was a partisan and had attracted attention of politicians in his home State. A Democrat in a rockribbed Republican State like Iowa, does not have much of an opportunity; but he may become the choice of his party for high position. That happened to Meredith in Iowa. His friends attempted to make him the candidate of his party for United States Senator, six years ago, but he seemed to be too radical for the party managers. Two of his name in connection with years later, because the mention the Senate had drawn favorable attention to him, he was urged to become the Democratic candidate for Governor.

He said he would yield to the persistent solicitations of those who were urging him to accept the nomination upon three conditions: first, that the party adopt a dry platform; second, that it nominate for attorney-general, John T. Clarkson, an ardent prohibitionist, which would insure the enforcement of any prohibition law that was enacted; third, that a plank be put in the platform in favor of good roads—good roads 365 days in the year in every part of the State.

Much to his surprise they accepted his conditions and he was nominated, and after a very interesting campaign defeated by an overwhelming vote. The platform planks he had insisted upon were really the main causes of the big vote against him. The wets voted solidly against him and the farmers voted against him on the good-roads plank, fearing that the Meredith plan would mean burdensome taxation. Party lines were abandoned to a large extent in the campaign. Meredith was supported by many Republican newspapers and also by Republican "drys," while Democratic "wets" left their party almost solidly. Although he was defeated, his ideas subsequently prevailed for Iowa soon afterwards voted "dry" and inaugurated a system of road building which will make Iowa known over the country as a good-roads State.

## His Business Methods Made Him Successful

IT was in business that Meredith made a success. The States of Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska chose him as a director of the United States Chamber of Commerce. In this capacity he became known to the men who are doing things in every part of the country. He was re-elected and served four years among the big, brainy men who are considered worth while in the business world. Then came the World War, and Meredith's talents were utilized by the national administration in various ways.

In 1918, he was sent abroad as one of the members of a commission to advise and consult with foreign governments on the subject of industrial conditions and labor. It was while on this mission that he met the most distinguished persons in England and France. Mr. Meredith was selected by President Wilson as one of the public group of the Industrial Conference which, in the autumn of 1919, endeavored to adjust the differences between employers and labor. Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, made him a member of a bureau for finding teachers to take the place of those who left schools and became absorbed in war work. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, appointed him a member of the Fosdick Commission on naval training-stations. Only a short time ago Mr. Meredith was elected President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Even if he was a defeated candidate for a political office, it will be observed that he must have shown capacity and intelligence as a business man by the utilization of his talents in so many different ways. It was because of Meredith's big idea that he became fitted for these various duties; that is the larger field, meaning that his activities and knowledge covered the whole country, and were not confined to his own section or to his own occupation.

## Don't Forget These Rules When You Are Seeking Work

By NORMAN G. SHIDLE

GO after every job as if you really felt that it was the one job on earth in which you could work with the most enthusiasm and energy.

Don't be ashamed of the fact that you are looking for work; be proud of it.

Psychology works both ways; size up the man who is interviewing you.

Make a business of your search for a position.

Never underrate yourself, or your employer is sure to do so.

Getting a job is a science; it should be analyzed from every angle.

## He Began as Farm Boy

NATURALLY people like to know something about the beginning of a man who has reached the summit of success, more particularly as there have been many headlines in the papers such as "From Penniless Boy to Cabinet Place." There is something fascinating about such a rise in life. It is not until a man has really "arrived" and is upon the lofty pinnacle occu-

pied by the very few that the poverty of his youth can be brought forth and paraded before the public. No one seems to care about a barefoot boy until he achieves fame. Who cared about the rails split by Lincoln or the tow-path tread by Garfield until they were about to cross the threshold of the White House?

Edwin T. Meredith was a boy on a farm, and there were no boys on a farm in the Great West in his boyhood days who were not poor. The terms "farm boy" and "poor boy" were then synonymous, and are yet to a large extent. But, in 1876, in Pottawattamie County, Iowa,—a county bordering on the Missouri River—there were no rich farmers and the parents of Edwin Meredith were like thousands of others who had settled the country and were then engaged in wresting it from the wilderness.

Boys on a farm must work. If they did not work there would be a great shortage in food supplies and consequent higher prices. The boy, Edwin, did what every farm boy must do and it included about everything that is done on a farm. As he grew older, his field of usefulness increased and he had to take a man's place in such duty as running a self-binder to harvest the grain. In those days the present Secretary of Agriculture learned practical farming and, probably, he also became imbued with the idea that science and intelligence could be applied to the farm with beneficial

(Continued on page 80)



# Names That Are Worth Millions

(Continued from page 54)

## The Story of C. W. Post's Start.

SOME few years ago, when C. W. Post came to California to spend the winter, I sought an interview to learn the story of his marvelous success. He told me that he thought that he saw an opening for himself because he realized the demand for prepared foods and cereals. After an investigation, he saw his chance. Following a lengthy search for proper materials and many experiments, he believed he had prepared an article which would supply the need, and he began to manufacture "Postum Cereal." He then set about to tell the world about it. Although he had an article which his experiments had proved to himself was superior to the many others which were making their appearance, he found it necessary to do an extra amount of advertising. But having the goods with the quality, nothing daunted him; and he continued to tell the world about his product until he became the greatest advertiser in the country, spending \$750,000 a year in telling of the merits of his goods. In this way the annual sales reached about \$7,000,000 and his profit, clear of all expenses, was about \$1,000,000 a year, while the business at the time of his death was estimated to be worth upwards of \$20,000,000.

## Left a Name Worth Millions.

WHEN in Newark, New Jersey, I thought it might be interesting to look up some of the men who had become renowned in that thriving center of industry. Among the characters that struck my fancy was worthy of mention in this article, and to be placed in connection with the men who had made their names stand for something, was a local chemist by the name of "Mennen."

Gerard Mennen found that there was a demand for a soothing, absorbent, toilet powder. He began experimenting with a basic prescription, and, after many trials, worked out an article which he was sure would fill the requirements. He began to manufacture "Mennen's Talcum Powder," and used his own picture for his "trade-mark." Those who tried it pronounced it a marvelous success, and he began to advertise it. The rest you know.

Mr. Mennen died about ten years ago, but the business he created is, to-day, one of the largest in the United States. His trade-mark alone is worth a million dollars.

I might go on and mention "Unecda Bisquit," "Ivory Soap," "Sapolio," and a thousand other articles for which there has been a demand, and some thoughtful person has sprung up to supply it and has made his fortune. Yes, and there are a thousand other demands which will come up in the future and a thousand men will come forward to supply those demands. The question with each of us is: "Will I be one of them?"

We all know there are fortunes made, which many of us would say were not made honestly. I have no time or disposition to mention or advertise a man who schemes until he procures a monopoly on some commodity or necessity, and then raises the price, compelling the public to put exorbitant profits in his pocket. Such fortunes are not made honestly. They are forced from the people against their will. Even the generosity or philanthropy of the man who amassed the money does not atone for the wrong done the public. Such fortunes are the ones so often given as examples by radicals, who thus jump at the conclusion that all fortunes are made dishonestly.

## Carnegie Talks on "Luck."

I USED to think that some men made fortunes because they were born lucky, and that they became rich just because it was to be that way, but I do not think so now. When I was in New York City, some time ago, I sought out and got an interview with Andrew Carnegie and George W. Perkins. There were facts in their lives and in the making of their fortunes which I wanted to use in my Chautauqua work.

I will never forget how Andrew Carnegie, in five minutes time, spoiled one of my lectures, and I never used it again. It dealt with the problems of chance. While he knew nothing of my lecture or the purpose of my interview, yet my questions to him and his answers, with other remarks which he volunteered, completely upset the fundamental principles of my article and started me to thinking on a new line. This has changed my views on many subjects since.

It came about by my remarking to him that he had been a very lucky man in his time, both in making a fortune and in giving it away.

"Forget that word, *luck*," he admonished me. "It is not wise to believe too much in it. People generally put too much stress upon luck. It is my opinion that it has less to do with success than any other element. Nine times out of ten, the men we call lucky owe their success to other causes. If the people would forget luck and use more brain power, there would be more successful men in business."

"Would you call it a combination of circumstances, then, which lead to your marvelous success?" I asked, to draw him out more upon this topic.

"That may have played a small part in it, but the elements of success are right there," he replied, pointing to his head. "Intellect, foresight, or brain power."

"You are giving me a new thought, Mr. Carnegie. I had believed that luck played a large part in your success," I continued, to secure more of his story.

"You figured wrong, my friend," he informed me. "The first money I ever made was through becoming interested in an invention of a sleeping-car. I met the inventor, a Mr. Woodruff, on the train. He showed me his model. He had already shown it to railroad men and many others; but no one, so far, had seen anything in it but the inventor. I, at once, believed that it had a future and, consequently, a chance for the making of some money. I had no capital, but I borrowed enough to buy it and I made a hundred thousand dollars out of it. Now, if I was lucky, why were not all of the others who had examined it ahead of me, lucky before I was? The fact is I used my brain and saw something in it, and I got it. If it had been simply luck, the other fellow would have had it ahead of me."

## G. W. Perkins on Opportunity.

GEORGE W. PERKINS assured me that preparation and efficiency play a great part in success in life. He said that many young men, starting out in life, were too anxious about the immediate remuneration.

"Such," he said, "rarely become men of renown. My motto is: 'Resolve to do something worth while, then prepare well to do it, and do it the best you possibly can.'"

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about the remuneration. That will come."

After a moment's pause he continued: "In this day of amusement, pleasure, and entertainment, people are seeking fortunes and they want to make them quickly. If they cannot do so they become dissatisfied with their business or calling. I find few people content with their business or profession. Wealth does not come fast enough to satisfy them. They cannot abide the elapse of time between desire and gratification. This unstable condition of mind is the cause of many of the business and professional failures. No man can do good work who is dissatisfied. Some are changing from one thing to another and never accomplishing anything worth while. Very few men make a success of changing their occupation after they are forty years of age."

I realize what these men of experience and success have done, not so much for themselves as for the benefit of others. There is nothing that succeeds like success. You can see what they have done and how they did it. You may follow their example and fail; but the majority of men will succeed who try, honestly, having faith in their proposition and in themselves.

Certainly not all can become millionaires. There must be men for every station in life, every calling, every profession. They are all honorable. One man can be a success in one line when he could not in a higher calling. He must be satisfied with his station and make the best use of it he can.

But it is well to bear in mind that a man

working, using his brains, can make more than the man laboring under the direction of other brains. If you train your intellect so that you can direct other intellects, there is no limit to the salary you can command. Such talent has made as high as \$100,000 a year.

Brawn and muscle are worth about \$2 a day in ordinary times. The laborer earning \$2 for himself must also earn a like amount for his employer, or he cannot afford to keep him. The brain which earns \$5 a day, driving a machine, must also make \$5 for its employer; and so on up to the man who makes a yearly salary of \$50,000.

If you have the brains to direct ten men who are working and earning \$2 each, they are, every one, making that much for you and you are earning as much as all ten. But the brain that directs must be trained for the place. Furthermore you must not look for snaps. They are few and far between. Sometimes you can make them for yourself; but if others have them, they are going to keep them.

The stories and examples of success in the making of fortunes told in this article are simple and so similar that they may be reduced to a formula that would read like this:

First—A Widespread Demand.

Second—An Article to Meet That Demand.

Third—Advertising.

Result—Success.

It also answers the question as to whether or not a man can make a million dollars in a lifetime and make it honestly.

## QUIT THEM!

IF you want to win, quit doing the things that queer you. Quit your sloppy, slovenly way of doing things. Quit dawdling, quit your lazy habits; quit slouching, quit walking around as if you were a failure, as if your life had been a great disappointment. Quit growling, quit grumbling, quit finding fault with your fate, telling everybody that luck is against you, that you haven't had a fair chance, that you had nobody to push you or to pull you. Get rid of the things that are trying to down you. Get rid of all your black pictures and all predictions of your failure. These are all holding you back like great weights tied to a racer. You can't win if you are handicapped with dead weights.

## IT IS A DISGRACE

NOT to be a true man or a true woman. Not to back up your chance in life with the best that is in you.

To disappoint your relatives and friends, especially your father and mother.

Not to make good, especially in a country where the very climate is a perpetual tonic, where the marvelous resources arouse ambition as nowhere else in the world.

To go through life using only a small percent of your possibilities. It is every one's duty to be a hundred-per-cent efficient.

To accept your second best when your best is possible.

To be indolent or idle when there is work in the world that you should be doing.

## PLEASURE IN WORK

"I CAN'T abide to see men throw away their tools 't' that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure 't' their work and was afraid 'o' doing a stroke too much. I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit 'o' pride and delight in 's' work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it."—GEORGE ELIOT, IN "ADAM BEDE."

## REAL HAPPINESS

DO not indulge in any pleasure or sport which you cannot enjoy in retrospect. I know a man who says that he never likes to be alone because his past haunts him so. While he is revelling in dissipation, he says, he seems to be having a good time; after it is all over he has a terrible reaction, and the dregs of his pleasure cup are very bitter. He cannot bear to be alone because he doesn't dare to think about his past. He is always trying to keep in excitement so that he won't think.

Now, any pleasure which has such a bad reaction is very dangerous and is fatal to all good character-building. The right kind of pleasure leaves nothing but a pleasant memory. Innocent play, innocent fun and amusement, only leave happy recollections. Beware of the cup with bitter dregs!

## BELIEVING SOMETHING

DAVID HUME, the great agnostic, was once criticized by his friends for going to church occasionally to hear a certain clergyman, even though he didn't believe anything the preacher said. "But," said Hume, "he is dead-in-earnest, and, once a week, I like to hear someone who believes what he says."

Now, a faith, a doctrine, a creed, a principle, or a philosophy means much to a life, because it tends to steady it. That is why an employer so often wants to know whether an applicant for a position attends church, whether he belongs to any faith, any religious society.

I don't care if he agrees with me as to religious faith or not, but I have always found that the man who is anchored to some belief, and one who has faith in a Supreme Being, usually turns out much better than the man who is afloat, without faith in any guiding principle.

There is no other passion that so much transports men from their right judgment as anger.—MONTAIGNE.

# A Message To CLERGYMEN and TEACHERS

During these strenuous days when the cost of living seems to be mounting higher and higher the salaries of Clergymen and Teachers in most cases remain stationary. Hundreds are looking about for some spare-time work to piece out the income that is growing less and less adequate.

We are pleased to announce that we have devised a splendid new selling plan whereby any clergyman or teacher may add materially to their income during unoccupied hours.

THE NEW SUCCESS and the Marden books are in great demand among educators, professional men and big business organizations everywhere because of their inspirational character. We need people of education and refinement to look after our interests in every locality. The work is interesting, dignified, healthful and extremely remunerative. Our representatives are able to earn from \$25.00 to \$50.00 a month extra during the time they might otherwise spend in wondering what to do.

Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us at once, and let us show you, without obligation, how to make money during your "off" moments.

Desk-16  
Sales Bureau.

THE NEW SUCCESS,  
1133 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Gentlemen:—

Wishing to increase my income, I would like to know more about your opportunity for clergymen and teachers.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

## Self Made Women Tell of Their Early Struggles

(Continued from page 27)

girl was Binghamton's choice. Known only as Miss Binghamton, she kept the secret of her identity for two months and succeeded so well as a commercial missionary that the Erie Railroad Company put on another train to accommodate the influx of shoppers to Binghamton, which she had caused.

The immediate impetus to Miss McCormick's appointment to the office of assistant district attorney of Brooklyn was that given by the Women Lawyers' Association, of which she was an energetic worker and an officer. The association informed the district attorney of Brooklyn of its conviction that a woman should be appointed to his staff. Brooklyn had six women lawyers, he was told. He might make his choice. Miss McCormick's appointment followed.

Within three months of her appointment, it was clear that she was performing satisfactorily her duties as a prosecutor. She receives and sifts all complaints made by women. She investigates some of the most complicated cases.

"Have you noticed how she comes into a room?" her chief asked me. "She comes straight in, closes the door quickly behind her, says what she has to say quickly and to the point, and goes out again—shutting the door."

## INSPIRED BY BERNHARDT

Zelda Zears Interviewed Her,  
Then Decided to Become  
an Actress

**Z**ELDA SEARS, the comedienne, began her career as a cash girl in a small department store at Broadway, Michigan. A few years later, when still very young, she became a newspaper reporter on the Port Huron, Michigan, paper. Thence her field widened to Chicago. One day, while interviewing Bernhardt, with the aid of an obliging interpreter of French, Miss Sears suddenly realized that she would like to be an actress also. The desire did not die, but opportunity sometimes languished. When newspaper work slumped, she painted roses on celluloid boxes in a factory, at five dollars a week.

Finally she joined a stock company in Chicago. When she had saved enough to pay her fare to New York, and her board for a few weeks, she journeyed east. She made her first metropolitan appearance in a play that failed. To eke out a living while waiting for her next engagement, she substituted for her landlady while that typical New York hostess for the homeless was out of town. All would have gone well had not one of the boarders become afflicted with delirium tremens. Miss Sears removed the whiskey, barricaded the door, and ignored the sharply personal remarks that issued from the prisoner.

Intermittent theatrical engagements followed. Miss Sears yearned for something of a permanent nature. She lay on the sand in Atlantic City, studying a textbook on stenography. When she had "learned enough to know when the others don't do it right," she opened a typewriting business in a Broadway office-building. Work came in. When it didn't, she went to lawyers' and theatrical managers' offices and solicited it. She wrote letters to authors asking their patronage. Thus she lived and prospered, whether engagements were few or many.

**"There is no Advertising like Originality. The New idea, the original thought instantly attracts attention."**

—New Success

And there's nothing like having something original—something new to advertise.

**Hammond  
MULTIPLEX**

Many Typewriters in One

is as great an improvement over the ordinary typewriter as the Fountain Pen is over the old-fashioned quill.

And the many marvels are all the result of one man's determination to make a typewriter with a personality as mighty as that of the pen—a typewriter with hundreds of different types and all languages.

If you have used the Multiplex you know how well its inventor succeeded. If you haven't used the world's most wonderful typewriter, the fact that President Wilson has used it personally for years and that famous men and women in every walk of life prefer it, will convince you that it is the typewriter for you.

### No Other Typewriter Can Do This

Two different styles of type always in the machine—"Just Turn the Knob"

SPECIAL TYPE-SETS FOR EVERY BUSINESS, EVERY LANGUAGE, EVERY PROFESSION, EVERY SCIENCE. ANY TYPE MAY BE SUBSTITUTED IN A FEW SECONDS.



THE HEART OF THE HAMMOND

Mail the Coupon for FREE BOOKLET

It will show you how, with the Multiplex, you can put the force of emphasis into your typed matter how you can drive home with strength of accent the fulness of your argument how you can write with the same convincing force that you use in speaking—an exclusive feature of the Multiplex. We will also send our pamphlet, "The President and His Typewriter."

**The Hammond Typewriter Co.**

579-A E. 69th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

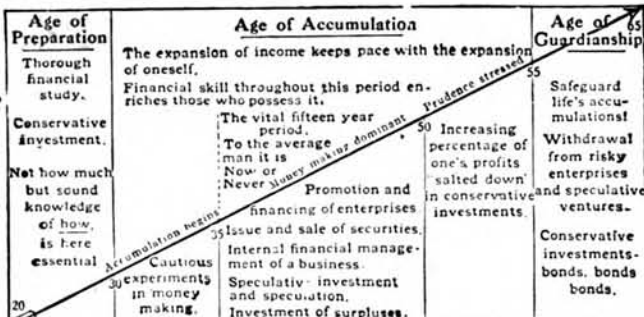
Name .....

Address .....

Please write your occupation below.

New Success





## Where Do You Stand on This Chart?

The money you earn should be made to work for you. This chart shows systematically how to do it.

Are you at the beginning (age of preparation) or well along through (age of accumulation)?

Are you moving steadily upward as the years pass, with pride in your advancement?

**American Institute of Finance**  
106 West Broadway New York

These questions are serious. The Institute deals with them constructively, concretely, in the most practical and result-getting way.

Why not consider the well-organized, time-saving plan mapped out in the Institute's booklet, "Your Financial Skill"?

This booklet has enabled thousands of men to plan more wisely, to build more solidly, their financial future. It may well do the same for you. Clip the coupon now.

Please send me "Your Financial Skill" without charge.

Name

Address

City

## Dr. Lawton's FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The Reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose and the Lawton Method dissolves and eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercise, starving, medicine or treatments; not only rids you of fat, but improves appearance and general health, brings physical and mental vigor and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 lbs. This reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy, disfiguring, fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is \$5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember, it is guaranteed.

Dr. Thomas Lawton, Dept. 107, 120 W. 70th St., N.Y. Office Hours, 10-4 Daily. Columbus 4669

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The little matter of 15 cts. in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder in 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for all the Nation, a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 27th year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but \$1.00 a year.

If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not pay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends.

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(Stamps or Coin)

And I will send you a copy of my valuable booklet.

## "Hints to Music Loving Owners of Talking Machines"

Tells you how to take care of your machine and records, preserve the life of both, and gives many pointers to improve the tone of your instrument and increase your enjoyment of it. Instructions on the care of the motor, cleaning, speed adjustment, care of the needles—in fact everything you should know. Send 12c today and the booklet will come by return mail.

**J. H. ELLIS, Dept. N. Milwaukee, Wis.**  
Patentee & Manufacturer, Ellis Harmonious Reproducer

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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back to us. You decide to buy it—send us \$2.50 a month until \$15.75 has been paid.

**Write Today** Send your name now. Tell us which of the "Gulies" or men's. Be sure to send finger size.

**Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. 2554 Chicago**

They grew so numerous that, after a few years, the typewriting office was discontinued.

Now one of the leading comedienne of this country, she utilizes what might be idle hours in writing fiction. One of her best stories represented part of the fund of material she collected about the life of nurses while she was a typist for Dr. William T. Bull and other surgeons at his famous sanitarium. The secret of Miss Sears' success is an open one: An open mind, quickly and deeply impressed, and active in returning those impressions to the world in the mintage of entertainment.

## HAD FAITH IN A PLAY

Miss Helen Tyler's Keen Judgment Made Her Independent Financially

MISS HELEN TYLER, the young woman who won a fortune through acquiring an interest in the play, "Within the Law," and now president of one of New York's most exclusive women's clubs. The Oasis, was a poor relation of President Tyler. She was an alert, bright-eyed New England girl, who sought the only employment open to a girl at Enosberg, Vermont—she became a stenographer. Ambition whispered, "Be a court stenographer and earn a lot of money." She went to Albany to perfect herself in the art. She came to New York and joined a play agency, incidentally learning the merits and demerits of the modern drama as it is being written. She read "Within the Law" and said, "It has the elements of popular success." A manager tried it. It failed. A star declined to play in it, saying it was rubbish. Miss Tyler's head was bowed, as was Galileo's before his persecutors. "Nevertheless, the world does move," said Galileo, "Nevertheless, this play will please the public," insisted Miss Tyler.

She induced a firm to produce the play. It ran for four years in metropolitan cities. Nine companies offered it to the populace. It made a fortune.

"Find the work that interests you. Believe in it, and give it your best," says Miss Tyler. So the poor relation of a President of the United States became a rich one by her own efforts.

## THE CURSE OF HURRY

THE national curse of hurry prevents most Americans from reading to advantage. The trouble is that we read too much and reflect too little.

Richard LeGallienne says: "We Americans bolt our books as we do our food, and so get far too little good out of them. We treat our mental digestions as brutally as we treat our stomachs. Meditation is the digestion of the mind, but we allow ourselves no time for meditation. We gorge our eyes with the printed page, but all too little of what we take in with our eyes ever reaches our minds, or our spirits. . . . Books are the strong tincture of experience. They are to be taken carefully, drop by drop, not carelessly gulped down by the bottle. Therefore, if you would get the best out of books, spend a quarter of an hour in reading and three-quarters of an hour in thinking over what you have read."

Better read one book in this way than a score or more superficially. Some of America's greatest men and women read but few books in their youth, but those few they read so exhaustively and digested so thoroughly that their spirit, purpose, and principles became a part of the readers' very souls and were the dynamo which moved their lives to great ends.—O. S. M.

Original from

# YOUNG MAN DO YOU WANT A COLLEGE EDUCATION?

Perhaps you are ambitious to obtain a higher education, but like many others you lack capital. You would like to go to college, but you say, "I have no money."

## Earn while you learn.

THE NEW SUCCESS has a plan whereby you can earn your way through school or college while pursuing your chosen course. Live-wire, red-blooded, forward-looking young men and women will find our plan dignified, healthful, and extremely remunerative. All you need do is to spend an hour or two each day telling your friends about THE NEW SUCCESS and the Marden books. Every one is glad to help young people with a worthy ambition, especially when they are engaged in selling a real service.

Because of its inspirational character THE NEW SUCCESS is in great demand by educators, professional men and big business organizations everywhere. The field for our work is unlimited and the way is open for any young student to earn from **\$25.00 to \$50.00** a month without interfering with their regular school work.

You owe it to yourself to fill out the coupon below and mail it to us without further delay. It will cost you nothing to find out just how we can help you to help yourself.

### THE NEW SUCCESS

1133 Broadway, New York City.

Gentlemen: Please tell me about your plan for helping young men and women to earn their way through college.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State.....  
College .....

## GOOD HEALTH

SOMETIME ago, an ambitious young man asked me to tell him now he could increase his personal force and magnetism. He said he did not seem to be able to make a dent anywhere. He could not interest or hold people, because his mind seemed to be negative, and he lacked the compelling force which commands attention and respect.

On questioning the young man, I discovered this: Though he was not naturally forceful, instead of increasing what he had, he was probably wasting at least fifty percent of his possible physical and mental energy. He was working in an office during the day and trying to educate himself at night.

This, of course, was a perfectly natural and praiseworthy thing for a normally vigorous, healthy person to do. But this young man was nothing of the kind. He told me that he felt so dull and stupid at night that he had to resort to all sorts of expedients to keep up his studies; that he would often tie a wet towel round his head, and drink strong tea or coffee to keep himself awake and force his brain to work.

Apparently he was very ill-nourished and there was no regularity in regard to his meals, to his sleep, or his general methods of living. He was simply murdering what little physical health and strength he had left, trying to force good work out of a tired, exhausted brain, without sufficient food, or the right kind of food, without enough sleep, and with absolutely no recreation or physical exercise in the open air.

NOW this young man's ambition was all right, but he was all wrong in his method of trying to attain it. He was beginning at the wrong end. Tackling the great game of life with a weak, depleted body, a low vitality, and indifferent health and expecting to win out in any large way is about as sensible as it would be to try to win a prize in an athletic contest by entering in an unfit condition—half fed, tired out, exhausted, and without proper training.

Frailness of body is inevitably a handicap in life. Physical weakness always discounts the possibilities of achievement. The first thing the young man in question should have done was to build up a healthy, vigorous body. Most of the prizes in life fall to the physically vigorous, the men and women who back their brains with capacious lung power and fine physical stamina.

We all know what a tremendous part personality plays in a successful career. There is no one thing which will improve your personality so much as abounding health. Everyone is attracted by a forceful, magnetic personality; and personal magnetism is largely physical. It depends to a great extent upon health, virility. It is a radiation of conscious power. The better the health, the greater the magnetic attraction of the man or the woman.

PERFECT health means enthusiasm, assurance, courage, faith in one's self. It means virility, forcefulness, masterfulness; it means initiative, efficiency, larger opportunity, greater possibilities. In short, success, happiness, the ability to make our lives count for something, everything we desire, is so dependent upon good health that it becomes our first duty to build up our bodies and keep ourselves always in superb physical condition.

If you want to do the biggest thing possible, to win a prize in the life race, you must enter the race every day in first-class condition, with the maximum physical reserve ready to back you in any emergency that may arise. You can't do this if your blood is vitiated, weakened by poor food, insufficient sleep and exercise.—O. S. M.



## HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

### YOU ARE BADLY if you lack HANDICAPPED High School training.

You cannot attain business or social prominence. You are barred from a successful business career, from the leading professions, from well-paid civil service jobs, from teaching and college entrance. In fact, employers of practically all worth-while positions demand High School training. You can't hope to succeed in the face of this handicap. But you can remove it. Let the American School help you.

### FIT YOURSELF FOR A BIG FUTURE

This Course, which has been prepared by some of America's leading professors, will broaden your mind, and make you keen, alert and capable. It is complete, simplified and up-to-date. It covers all subjects given in a resident school and meets all requirements of a High School training. From the first lesson to the last you are carefully examined and coached.

### USE SPARE TIME ONLY

Most people idle away fifty hours a week. Probably you do. Use only one-fifth of your wasted hours for study and you can remove your present handicap within two years. You will enjoy the lessons and the knowledge you will gain will well repay the time spent in study.

### YOU RUN NO RISK

So that you may see for yourself how thorough and complete our training is, we invite you to take ten lessons in the High School Course—or any course of specialized training in the coupon below—before deciding whether you wish to continue. If you are not then satisfied, we will refund your money in full. We absolutely guarantee satisfaction. On that basis you owe it to yourself to make the test.

Check and mail the coupon NOW for full particulars and Free Bulletin.

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OF CORRESPONDENCE**  
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Explain how I can qualify  
for the position checked.

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| .....Hydroelectric Engineer    | .....Accountant and Auditor    |
| .....Telephone Engineer        | .....Bookkeeper                |
| .....Telegraph Engineer        | .....Stenographer              |
| .....Wireless Operator         | .....Fire Insurance Expert     |
| .....Architect                 | .....Sanitary Engineer         |
| .....Building Contractor       | .....Master Plumber            |
| .....Civil Engineer            | .....Heating & Vent. Engineer  |
| .....Structural Engineer       | .....Automobile Engineer       |
| .....Mechanical Engineer       | .....Automobile Mechanic       |
| .....Shop Superintendent       | .....Airplane Mechanic         |
| .....Steam Engineer            | .....General Education Course  |
| .....Draftsman and Designer    | .....Common School Branches    |
| .....Photoplay Writer          | .....Employment Manager        |
| .....Foreman's Training Course |                                |

Name.....

Address.....

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



# WHAT A SOLDIER SAYS

Euelid Hall Hospital  
515 Jarvis St.

Toronto, Canada.

Centre Publishing Co., New York.

I want to thank you for the benefit I have derived from the study of "Concentration—Its Mentology and Psychology," by F. W. SEARS, M. P. My memory had been impaired through wounds received while serving with the "Contemptibles," B. E. F. 1914. Nothing has given me as much assistance in getting back to my normal condition as that book.

Please send me a copy of "How to Attract Success," also, "How to Conquer Fear," by the same author, for which I enclose M. O.

Yours truly, B. V. DAVIDSON.

## "Concentration — Its Mentology and Psychology"

By F. W. SEARS, M. P.

is the "open sesame" to the wealth, health, love, happiness, joy, strength, courage and harmony of the "Universe."

This book teaches how to develop a harmonious consciousness and thought habit, and bring out into constructive expression the great wonderful soul consciousness and soul power inherent in each life.

Those who are ready to learn to develop their soul consciousness will find a colossal power of attraction stored up within them which far transcends either physical or mental force, and which can be brought out into expression by these newer discovered, finer, more subtle, constructive and harmonious teachings.

You can develop this soul consciousness and power rightly by persistently applying the lessons taught in this little book.

Price, 50c. paper; 75c. cloth, postpaid. Money back if you want it. No other "just as good." Take no substitute. For sale at all reliable book stores or by mail direct from publishers.

**CENTRE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Suite 665, 110 W. 34th St. (at Broadway), New York**

NOTE—Dr. Sears lectures Sundays 11 a.m., Princess Theatre, 39th St., bet. Broadway and 6th Ave., N.Y. City



F. W. SEARS, M. P.  
(Master of Psychology)

## The Prisons Must Build Men

(Continued from page 24)

He regards Stillwater prison, in Minnesota, as the best in the United States. This because of its great farm and its factory for agricultural implements. At Stillwater, men labor for a wage and the wage is sufficient to support their families.

San Quentin, in California, he rates second best. High-grade organization and humanitarian practice make it effective, according to his belief. Sing Sing, in New York, stands highest in the dishonor class. Wethersfield, Connecticut, ranks next. The Wilmington, Delaware, prison, with its whipping post, is a blot upon civilization, he argues.

MR. CHISHOLM pleaded for the service of convicts under our colors in the World War. He quotes from indisputable records: "The first man who landed in France after our country declared war against Germany, was a young man from the Rahway Reformatory. The boy managed to enlist. Anxious to be the first American to set foot upon French soil, he jumped overboard and swam ashore." And again: "In one of the Marne engagements, instead of a regiment of blue bloods or veterans, criminals—men with prison records who were on parole—were used. They went up the hill leaving a trail of dead behind them and destroyed the enemy to the last man. Holding the ground against all assaults, they helped to turn the tide of the struggle in favor of France."

"The bane of efficient management in the prisons is politics. To make political plums of these offices is fatal to the prisoner and to the community," he says.

"I am opposed to kaiserism in prisons. Repressive measures have never promoted happiness. Unhappy men are of little use—in the prison or elsewhere. The tendency should be to give rewards for good behavior and eliminate punishment for misdeeds."

"Occupation for all prisoners, a just wage for labor performed and the opportunity to support their dependent families, are the fundamental steps toward making good citizens of these men. The state must provide a livelihood. No need to fear the labor unions. Stillwater conferred with the labor unions. It showed them that the system of prison labor would reduce taxes, and the unions declared friendship and offered aid to the movement."

"The indeterminate sentence is the greatest boon to the prisoner, provided it is justly administered. It opens up to him the vista of hope. If he succeeds in his efforts to maintain good conduct, it gives him the chance to get back to the world earlier than he expected and it enables him to make a fresh start."

"Education helps men out of darkness into light. Illiterate men must be taught. Those with some education must be properly placed in a graded class and systematic work continued. Religious training is needed. Books are needed. Every reasonable opportunity should be given to improve a man."

The belief, backed by the twenty years' experimental study of the descendant of the fighting parson, the man who, wardens agree is the best informed man on prison matters in America, is summarized in this:

"The State must do its duty to a man during his term of sentence."

Timidity is a disease of the mind, obstinate and fatal; for a man, once persuaded that any impediment is insuperable, has given it, with respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before.—DR. JOHNSON.

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I BELIEVE neither in idols nor demons. I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and soul.—MOTTO OF AN OLD NORSEMAN.

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck; and woe be to the coward. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born to succeed, not to fail.—THOREAU.

This is courage indeed: to look into a dull future and smile; to stay bound and not chafe under the cords; to endure pain and keep the cheer of health; to see hopes fade and die out and not sink into brutish despair,—here is courage before which we may pause with reverence and admiration.—MUNGER.

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.

## HOW DO YOU LOOK AT DIFFICULTIES?

A YOUTH'S future success may be predicted largely by the way in which he looks at difficulties, the way he faces obstacles, the spirit with which he meets the great trials, or the great problems of life. If he is always putting up excuses, if he is always finding so many obstacles and difficulties in his way that his courage is weakened, if the objections, the obstacles, the difficulties leave him in doubt, and take away his spirit, if these dampen his ardor and his ambition, we know perfectly well that this youth is not made of the material that wins.

I know an employer who hires hundreds of young men and who always tests them along this line. In the first place, he tries in every possible way to discourage a young man by showing him that the position he is seeking is a most difficult one, that it requires the most exactitude of service, long hours, intense application, etc. When he finds that an applicant is likely to agree with him and to say, "Well, perhaps this is not just the place for me, perhaps I had better not try it," then he knows that he does not want to employ this young man. On the other hand, when an applicant brushes aside the obstacles that are presented to him, and lets the employer see that he is not easily discouraged, he is not afraid of hard work, or difficulties, then the employer knows that that young man has mettle in him, and is made of winning stuff, that he is the sort of man he desires in his service.

Unfortunately, people are so constituted that they look at obstacles, or difficulties, through the small end of the telescope, and this greatly magnifies them, making them appear very formidable. A winner always looks at obstacles through the large end of the telescope.—O. S. M.

## THE THINGS YOU DIDN'T DO

IT isn't the thing you do, dear.  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
That gives you a bit of a heartache,  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flowers you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts at night."

—SELECTED.



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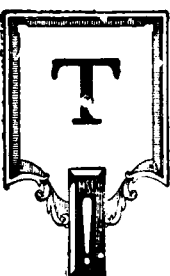
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# THE MARDEN SUCCESS CLUB

*A Rapidly Growing Organization Composed of Forward-Looking Men and Women*



THE idea in forming The Marden Success Club is to bring together all ambitious, enterprising, progressive men and women for the closer study of Dr. Marden's philosophy of self-development and achievement. That we have touched a responsive chord is evidenced by the hundreds of letters and applications that have poured into headquarters from almost every corner of the earth.

Clergymen, lawyers, doctors, teachers and leaders in every field of endeavor have written to thank Dr. Marden for the practical help and perpetual inspiration they have found in his books and his newspaper and magazine articles. Business men and women have told how they have been saved from failure or encouraged to go on after they thought they had failed. Stories of young folks who have been encouraged to go on from common school to a better education, and of struggling college students who have been re-invigorated and re-inspired to overcome all difficulties and finish their courses could be told by the scores.

In fact, readers in every walk of life have acknowledged with gratitude that the Marden books and messages have aroused their ambitions, changed their ideals and aims, and spurred them on to successful undertakings of things that they before had thought impossible. Presidents, statesmen, editors, authors, artists, scientists and men and women of every other calling in all parts of the world have united in praise of Dr. Marden's work.

A large volume might be printed of the voluntary letters of tribute

that have been sent to the Doctor, but space will permit us to print only a few messages relative to the work of the Success Club. These letters are of especial interest because they show how anxious people are to belong to an organization that will furnish them the inspiration and help that all of us need.

It is interesting to notice how enthusiastic the young people are in the work of the Success Club. G. A. L. of Minneapolis says: "I am a young man struggling hard for the goal of success and I am determined to get there. I feel that by joining an organization of this kind I can be helped in many ways."

The Marden philosophy of individual mental and physical development that leads to success and happiness is eagerly sought after, as evidenced by a letter from R. V. C. of Providence: "While wandering through a book store I purchased The New Success Magazine and have been greatly benefited by the inspiring stories therein. As a believer in individual development I seek to further my ambition by associating myself with the class of people who think and believe as I do. This class I believe I have discovered in The Marden Success Club."

Many of our large business and manufacturing organizations find the Marden philosophy indispensable. An Efficiency Engineer writes in to say: "I have been for the past several years a reader of nearly all of Dr. Marden's books and have found them very inspiring and helpful. I am delighted to learn that a movement is now under way with the end in view of organizing The Marden Success Club."

"I am an efficiency engineer, specializing on human engineering activities, and am greatly interested

in inspirational literature pertaining to human relations."

From Fort Sill, Oklahoma, a young man writes: "I wish to become a member of the Marden Success Club. I have read some of Dr. Marden's books and The New Success Magazine and they have both helped me greatly and I wish to make further study of the Marden philosophy of success."

And C. H. G. of Fort Wayne, Indiana, says: "Dr. Marden's books and magazine have awakened a great desire for right thought and living, but the way seems just a little uncertain as yet. I will welcome with all my heart an opportunity to render a service to my fellows."

The membership of the Marden Success Club will soon be divided into locals, which are privileged to develop their own form of social and club intercourse. The local organizations will strive to give as often as practicable, if possible every month, an "experience meeting," luncheon or dinner, to be addressed by competent and successful exponents of Dr. Marden's teachings. For this purpose the Marden Success Club maintains a Lecture Bureau which will make the necessary arrangements for speakers at these meetings.

Membership in the Marden Success Club carries with it the privilege of wearing the symbolic official emblem—a gold filled pin—which will enable successful business men and employers, thousands of them admirers of Dr. Marden, to recognize men and women who are pledged to succeed.

You owe it to yourself to make inquiry concerning the club and its work. A post-card or note, addressed to The General Secretary, 1133 Broadway, New York City, will bring you full particulars.





# Cupid vs. High Cost of Living

(Continued from page 29)

that by doubling up with another ex-officer, he could live decently, if not any too comfortably, in New York for twenty dollars a week. And if anyone doubts the difficulty of this the author only suggests that they try it. Many of K's associates—men he was obliged to meet day by day in business—spent more than this on personal "needs" every week in the year. But the magic of love had touched K's soul and he went at old High Cost of Living in the same spirit that he had battled the enemy on the blood soaked fields of France.

At a salary of forty dollars and a weekly expenditure of twenty K succeeded in putting away exactly one half of his income. Ten weeks, and he had a balance of two hundred dollars. Then he "blew his wad." He purchased a solitaire and happily boarded a train for the suburbs. The girl was entranced—then shocked. She wanted to know how he ever expected they could be married if he was going to spend money so recklessly. He didn't tell her that he had purchased the stone, from a friend in the jewelry business, at the wholesale price; but he did assure her that an engagement ring was absolutely essential to an engagement.

"The plain gold band can't cost over ten dollars," he told her, with a laugh, "and so my saving from now on can go toward the house and its fixings!"

And that's exactly what happened. Five months passed, with twenty dollars going into the savings account with every passing week. His clothes were not new—in fact, they were those he had worn before the war; but it had become smart to be a bit shabby. But, strangely enough, the greatest victories are not won in uniform nor to the tune of martial music. And few of those who knew and associated with him realized the greater, harder, silent battle he was waging at home. He held up his end when he met men at luncheon, and, now and then, there were evening excursions with the girl. But no matter what happened, that twenty was "salted" every time pay-day came. What this meant to K may be realized by the invitations he refused, and the secret pangs that never escaped his heart via his lips. For he was closemouthed and determined. And he put over that incredible thing—living in New York—holding a responsible position and holding up his end with men, on an expenditure of exactly half his salary.

Then, as the time for the wedding approached, he confided it all to her. She had dreamed of a pretty little cottage in a fashionable suburb, or a neat little apartment in a fashionable section of New York. K's salary was going to be raised after his marriage. He had told her that and she had counted on it, although expenditures for domestic upkeep meant little more to her than they do to the average bride.

But K couldn't see the fashionable suburb or the gilded New York apartment. He had planned an inexpensive honeymoon in a quiet section where riding, fishing, and walking would be their most expensive diversions. And after that he had visions of a quiet little home, well within his means as he saw his means.

The girl was a bit startled at first. She was still more startled when she saw K's budget. Oh, yes, he'd worked out a budget! and the biggest item on it was that the two when married were going to do exactly what he had done when he was single.

They were going to save precisely half of his salary every week!

She suggested, gently, that it couldn't be done—that no one dreamed of such a thing under present conditions. But K's lip hardened. "I've been doing it—for you," he said. "We're going to do it together. I'm not going to have to borrow money or look to your father for help. This is going to be a going concern with its own capital—and all the capital it needs for any emergency!"

What the girl said in reply is her business—and K's. But they were married. And they installed themselves in a tiny little apartment in Brooklyn. It has a living room, bedroom, bath and kitchen—and it costs \$35 a month—at least a third of the cost of the home they had been thinking about. For personal expenses each of the two draw ten dollars a week. "Fifty-fifty," says K with a smile. "She needs it as much as I do!"

K has a five-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy which costs him \$100 a year, and an accident and health policy which drains the fund another \$50 annually. It cost \$300 to furnish the little apartment. They didn't buy extravagant things, but everything was good and substantial.

Food, including ice and milk, takes \$20 weekly from the budget, and another three dollars pays a woman who comes in to wash and clean the apartment.

THERE'S the story of a man who had five cents in his pocket and a vast fund of determination in the back of his head when he returned from France in February, 1919. It is the experience of a man who made up his mind to marry and live in what is probably the most costly sector of the United States—New York. What he has done, but few men have the stamina to do. But few girls have the courage and determination to help, and that is more than half the battle.

This is but one example of what a will to win can accomplish. There are many, many thousands in the class that is hit hardest by the High Cost of Living. Unquestionably those who suffer most to-day are business and professional men whose annual salaries run from \$2500 to \$4000. They are professors, heads of departments, doctors, and lawyers to whom the crown of fame and vast practices have not come. They are obliged from innate habit to live quietly, in dignity and reasonable comfort. These men have seen their children taken from school and forced to help out in paying the family expenses. They have sacrificed themselves, have seen their wives sacrifice, and even indulge in work that they could do in connection with household responsibilities.

To those who are wedded, who are on the way to middle age, and who have struggled all their lives, it is a bit discouraging to see the man of the moment, next door, buying a new car or a new piano. Brains and the industry of years, go for a song; and the task of the hand—for the need of the day—reaps the harvest. How small the wonder that the brain-worker and the ambitious clerk, who seeks to wed to-day hesitates and says, "I wonder if I can swing it!"

## AN EXAMPLE OF SYSTEM

THE late J. Pierpont Morgan was a remarkable example of system. As an instance of this, Mr. Morgan visited Aix-les-Bains for his health, for more than eighteen consecutive years. He arrived there almost always on the same day, at the same hour, and on the same train. He stayed there three weeks to an hour, and always left on the same day, at the same hour, and on the same train.

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# Big Successes Won by Little Margins

By JACOB HARVEY McCARTNEY

**W**HEN James A. Garfield was elected President of the United States, an intimate friend asked him, "Why is the secret of your success?" The President remained silent a moment, then replied: "I learned a lesson early in life that has proved a great help to me. It may, in part at least, answer your question. When I was at school, I determined to win the highest honor in a certain class. Try as hard as I would, there was one boy who always had his lesson better than I. I was almost persuaded that it was useless for me to attempt to surpass any one so talented.

"One night when I was ready to retire, I put out my light, threw up the window and looked out into the darkness. Down the street I noticed a light, the only one in that part of the village. Getting it's location I soon realized that it was in the room of the student who was keeping ahead of me in class. I stood there and watched that light with a great fascination. In fifteen minutes it went out.

"Then I said to myself, 'Jim, that fellow hasn't any more brains than you have, only he's working harder than you are. He is winning success by a fifteen-minute margin.' "There isn't much more to tell, but I got out

my light and, for the next half-hour, I put the hardest study on that lesson I had ever given to any problem in my school life. I followed this custom each night thereafter. Yes, I received the coveted honor, but, what is more important, I learned a lesson that has helped me in many a hard-fought contest since. I found the principle held good on the battlefield and in politics as well as in school. Many a victory is won because one man keeps on a few minutes after his opponent has given up. He wins by a fifteen-minute margin. Mr. Garfield closed his story by saying, "If the power to do hard work is not genius, it is the best possible substitute for it."

**T**HE late Frank Woolworth, the merchant, learned this lesson in another way. In an elevator, one day, he told a friend that he had just received the plans for his new York building and was ready to let the contract. "It will be a fine one," he said. "It will only lack a little of being the tallest office-building in the world."

His friend answered: "Fine; but why don't you make it the tallest while you are about it?"

Mr. Woolworth's keen mind caught the

point. He went back to the architect, had the plans changed and the Woolworth Building became famous by a margin.

**I** REMEMBER, when a boy, watching a close horse race at the county fair. Two of the horses came under the wire so nearly together that the spectators could not tell which one was ahead. The judges decided that the sorrel "won by a neck." He received the blue ribbon and his owner the great prize of the week. To my boyish mind it seemed too bad for the other horse was so near the goal. I learned that no matter how close he came to success, he failed. In the race only one could be first.

**I**T is often said Napoleon almost conquered the world. The difference between "almost" and "success" could be seen in the lonely exile of St. Helena.

**A** FAMOUS sculptor rejected a fine block of marble because he detected a tiny red line in it. He said, "It is good, but not good enough for the best." In these strenuous times no one can afford to stop short of his best. It may be the margin that spells success.

## How Herbert Spencer Worked

*Greatest Intellectual of the 19th Century Devoted Three Hours a Day to His Books*

**L**IKE that other great philosopher, Kant, Herbert Spencer died of old age. Neither ever carried his work to bed with him. Kant's hobby was good company for dinner. Spencer's was that consistent care of his health which frequently yields an invalid the longevity denied to a strong man who draws upon his strength as if there were no end to it. In his early career, when Spencer was compelled to earn a living at engineering, at the same time that he wrote for recognition with the persistence of a Balzac, the shadow of illness was always upon him. Success brought him the privilege of practicing his gospel of relaxation, which he announced so vigorously in New York thirty-seven years ago.

**W**HILE he was writing his "Synthetic Philosophy," he was as methodical as a clerk. From nine to ten o'clock every morning, he walked in Kensington Gardens, London. Though his head was slightly bowed, and he seemed wrapped in meditation, yet he never failed to note a passing friend with a nod and a smile. After he returned to the house and had attended to his correspondence, he reached the full tide of dictation about noon and kept on until one, or until his head "felt queer," as he put it. That meant that he would drop everything and leave the house. Expression came easily to him, so that he rarely halted for a word or made changes in the stenographer's copy. When he resumed the next morning, he seldom needed to be reminded of the last word spoken.

**B**EFORE he had settled in his London régime, and into the full tide of his great task, when he was living on the shore of a Scottish lake, he would alternately row and

dictate by stretches of a quarter of an hour. When he rowed it was vigorously; when he dictated he was as motionless as a statue, while his light-blue eyes seemed to look into space. Most of his "First Principles" were composed in this way.

He never worked in the afternoon. At one o'clock promptly he dropped his thinking and dictating for the day as Kant did at the dinner hour. He was a familiar figure at the Athenæum Club, where he smoked very mild cigars and drank very weak tea. His favorite pastime was billiards, which he played well. He enjoyed explaining how his proficiency was due to his study of the angles of play. One day he was pitted against a rather foppish young man who was not gracious enough to allow him to win. When the young man had run out the string a second time, Spencer put up his cue and said impressively: "Sir, to play a good game of billiards is the mark of a well-rounded education; to play too good a game of billiards is the mark of an ill-spent youth."

**I**T is interesting to note that the one who probably gave to the nineteenth century its greatest intellectual achievement was not a university graduate. His education was entirely on unconventional lines, under the tuition of his father and his uncle. At seventeen he became a civil engineer. He was not an extensive reader; rather, he depended upon his friends among great scientists and thinkers, from whose talk, as from a book, he had in perfection the faculty of extracting that which was needful to his work. Mundane honors meant nothing to him. He cared neither to receive degrees from universities nor to appear at scientific or scholarly gatherings. Time was far too precious for this, he said. His spare hours he needed for relaxation.

## Presidential Length of Life

**O**F the twenty-five Presidents of the United States who have died, only twelve reached the age allotted to man by the Psalmist. Only one, John Adams, reached fourscore and ten, and no President since John Quincy Adams has lived to be 80. The three oldest Presidents were the immediate successors of Washington.

Taken according to longevity, the table of our departed Presidents offers an interesting sequence:

	Age when Inaugurated	Age at death
John Adams	61	90
James Madison	57	85
Thomas Jefferson	57	83
J. Q. Adams	57	80
Martin Van Buren	54	79
Andrew Jackson	61	78
James Buchanan	65	77
Millard Fillmore	50	74
James Monroe	58	73
John Tyler	51	71
Grover Cleveland	47	71
R. B. Hayes	54	70
W. H. Harrison	68	68
George Washington	57	67
Benjamin Harrison	55	67
Andrew Johnson	56	66
Zachary Taylor	64	65
Franklin Pierce	48	64
U. S. Grant	46	63
Theodore Roosevelt	42	60
William McKinley	54	58
Abraham Lincoln	52	56
C. A. Arthur	50	56
James K. Polk	49	53
James A. Garfield	49	49

The average age at which the President of the United States took office was 55. The average period of their lives after that was fifteen years. So, in a way, the Psalmist scores after all, for the average age of these upright men was 70.

Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest to enter the White House, and of the five who died younger than he three were the victims of assassins.—*The Sun*

### "OF COURSE YOU CAN!"

A LADY writes me that at a time when she was greatly perplexed over complicated matters, and there seemed no way for her to straighten things out, she was about to give up discouraged when she picked up a small piece of paper on the floor of which there were only four words, "Of course you can." This had been part of the heading of an article, but the rest of it was gone.

"Of course you can." These few words opened up a little rift in her dark mind, let in a little light. They made such an impression upon her that she pinned them to a wall of her bedroom, and every time she was attacked with discouragement or the blues, she would look at the paper and repeat the words. This seemed to be a turning point in her fear slavery.

A little slogan like this will often change the whole career. It will often furnish the match which will start the giant powder within us and release pent-up powers which will deliver us from our slavery.

### SLAVE OR MASTER—WHICH ARE YOU?

ARE you going through life half slave, half freed? Are you tied down by certain habits which enslave you? Are you a slave to your appetite, a slave to your palate? Are you a slave to tobacco, a slave to some drug? Are you a slave to laziness, to apathy—a slave to the easy chair? Are you a slave to your peculiarities; a slave to your temper or your nerves? Do you go all to pieces over little things—little annoyances which should not trouble a man or woman of poise or self-control?

Many people are slaves of their nerves. They can't stand this and they can't stand that. They can't sleep in a room with a clock ticking, or stay in a room where anyone is chewing gum or talking aloud! Are you a slave to any of these things? Are you a slave to fear and worry and business cares? Are you a slave of some political party, of some church denomination, of prejudices, of superstition, or of your likes and dislikes?

Are you slave, or are you master?

### PRESIDENT WILSON'S MAIL

PRESIDENT WILSON receives an average of 2000 letters daily—some days more. The President insists that every communication shall be read and respectfully answered within twenty-four hours. In fact, he is very insistent that the routine of the executive offices shall be punctiliously carried out. Probably less than one-fifth of the daily mail, addressed to the White House, comes to the President's personal attention; most of the letters which do are marked for his perusal. His correspondence clerks are employed frequently until eleven o'clock at night. President Wilson, it is said, receives more letters than any former President. Since his illness, letters concerning his health, have been received from the remotest corners of the world.

### SEEING ONLY THE GOOD

IT is a great thing to learn to see only the good in people, to look for the man or the woman God intended, not the burlesque of the man or the woman which sin, discord, hatred and jealousy have made. When we see God's image in a human being, we cannot hate him. We can only sympathize and love. But so long as we look for the distorted man or woman—the crooked, the ugly—we call out the corresponding qualities in our own nature, and must sooner or later express them outwardly also.

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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 four score 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.

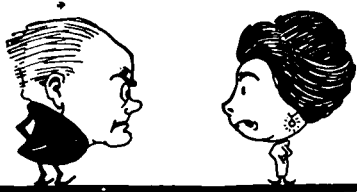
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The same reeducational, reawakening and redeveloping methods I employ are used by the governments of the United States, England, and France, in treating the cases of WRICKED NERVES, SHILL SHOCK, FEAR, LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE AND SELF-CONTROL, and GENERAL NERVOUSNESS developed in connection with our present war. Send me 24 cents in stamps for my book LEAVITT-SCIENCE, which also entitles you to a free diagnosis of your case. You will then know just what your handicaps have been and I will tell you JUST how to overcome them. I can be of material help to you. Will you let me be by writing today?

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# The Best Jokes of the Month



## Beginning and End

**MRS. BACON**—Do you remember the night you proposed marriage to me, Henry?

**MR. BACON**—“Oh, yes, very well indeed.”

“I just hung my head and said nothing, didn’t I?”

“You did; and that was the last time I ever saw you that way.”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

## Returning Thanks

“**SURE**,” said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present. “I always mane to do me duty.”

“I believe you,” replied his employer, “and therefore, I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year.”

“Thanks,” replied Pat; “and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally.”

## An Emergency Excuse

**FARMER**—“You young rascal, what are you doing up in my apple tree?”

Boy—“Please, sir, I’m frightening away the birds; they’re such awful thieves.”—*Boston Transcript*.

## Waiting at the Fire

“**NUMBER**, please?”

“Never mind, Central. I wanted the Fire Department, but the house has burned down now.”—*Life*.

## His Greatest Fear

“**I BOUGHT** a new hat for my wife to-day, and ran all the way back with it.”

“What did you run for?”

“I was afraid the styles would change before I got home.”

## New Pet Words

**HE**—“See that man over there? He’s a bombastic ass, a nonentity, a conceited humbug, a parasite, and an encumbrance on the earth.”

Sue—“Would you mind writing all that down for me?”

He—“Why in the world—”

Sue—“He’s my husband, and I should like to use it on him some time.”—*Tit-Bits*.

## Live vs. Let Live

“**DO** you think your poems will live after you are dead?”

“Can’t say. I wish they’d let me live while I’m alive.”

## Dumbfounded

**IRATE FATHER**—“Why did you keep my son after school when he did nothing?”

TEACHER—“I detained him because he wouldn’t tell me where the Missouri River is. He just stood and looked at me.”

FATHER—“He was dumbfounded at your ignorance.”

## Dispirited

“**THESE** are gloomy times.”

“No wonder, with everybody out of spirits.”—*Baltimore American*.

## No Difference

**A FOOD** faddist harangued a mob on the marvelous benefits to be obtained from a vegetarian diet.

“Friends!” he cried, “two years ago I was a walking wreck! What do you suppose brought this great change in me?”

He paused to see the effect of his words. Then one of his listeners asked:

“What change?”

## Strained

**TWO** microbes sat on a pantry-shelf

And watched with expression pained

The milkman’s stunts; both said at once,

“Our relations are getting strained.”

—*The American Legion Weekly*.

## Explains Those Busy Lines

**IT** is announced that New York telephone girls are marrying off so rapidly that the service is seriously impaired. Well, they get somebody’s number!—*Des Moines Register*.

## Heating

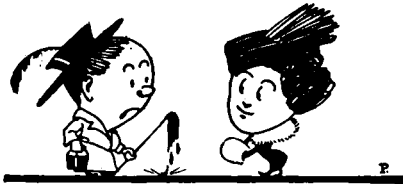
“**IT** is said that paper can be used effectively in keeping a person warm.”

“That’s true. I remember a thirty-day note of mine once kept me in a sweat for a month.”—*Boston Transcript*.

## Couldn’t Catch Bobby

**PAPA**—“Bobby, if you had a little more spunk, you would stand better in your class. Now do you know what spunk is?”

Bobby—“Yes, sir. It’s the past participle of spank.”—*Chicago News*.



## New Threat to the Poor

“**SORRY** to inform you, mum, as I sha’n’t be able to come no more.”

“And why not, Mrs. Bouser?”

“Can’t afford it, mum. Me husband says if I earns any more money ’ell ’ave to pay income-tax.”—*London Punch*.

## No Escape

**DINER**—“You charged me more for this steak than you used to.”

RESTAURANT MANAGER—“I have to pay more for it. The price of meat has gone up.”

“And the steak is smaller than it used to be.”

“That, of course, is on account of the scarcity of beef.”—*Buffalo Commercial*.

## Tight

**JOHNNY**—“These pants that you bought for me are too tight.”

MOTHER—“Oh, no, they aren’t.”

JOHNNY—“They are too, mother. They’re tighter’n my own skin.”

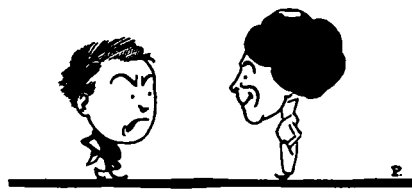
MOTHER—“Now, Johnny, you know that isn’t so.”

JOHNNY—“It is too. I can sit down in my skin, but I can’t sit down in my pants.”—*Boys’ Life*.

## That Was the Trouble

**SHE**—Why complain of your father’s treatment? Didn’t he pay out every cent he had to square your debts?

He—Just so, and now what has he got to leave me?—*Boston Transcript*.



## Questionable

**JAMES** came home from school with a determined look on his face. He was determined on one point.

“Mother,” he cried, “I’m going to quit school and be a school teacher!”

“Why, James,” said his mother, laughing, “how can you? You don’t know enough.”

“Don’t know enough?” exclaimed the would-be teacher. “You don’t have to know anything! All you have to do is ask questions!”

## “Getting” His Audience

**A N** evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of “Liars.” He advised his hearers to read in advance the seventeenth chapter of Mark.

The next night he arose and said: “I am going to preach on ‘Liars’ to-night and I would like to know how many read the chapter I suggested.” A hundred hands were upraised.

“Now,” he said, “you are the very persons I want to talk to—there isn’t any seventeenth chapter of Mark.”—*Boston Transcript*.

## Not Afraid

**EMPLOYER** (hiring new man)—You are not afraid of early hours, I suppose?

NEW MAN—No, sir; you can’t close too early for me.—*Punch Bowl*.

## Rehearsed

**DOCTOR** (complacently): “You cough more easily this morning.”

PATIENT (querulously): “I ought to, I practised nearly all night.”—*Life*.

## An Honorary Degree

**A CHIMNEY** sweep who was complainant in a case in Edinburgh gave his name as Jamie Gregory, LL.D.

“Where on earth did you get that distinction?” asked the attorney.

“It was a fellow frae an American university,” answered Jamie. “I sweggit his chimney three times. ‘I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,’ he says, ‘but I’ll mak’ ye LL.D. an’ ye’ll ca’ it quits.’ An’ he did, sir.”—*Boston Transcript*.

## Settled

**ARED CROSS** worker accosted a big, good-natured workman and a button and credentials soon changed hands.

“Sign here,” said the girl.

“My hands are soiled,” said the man, “you better sign for me.”

“Shall I mark it duly paid?”

“No,” said the man, “you’ve got me wrong. I ain’t Dooley. Just put down ‘Hennesy paid.’”—*Youngstown Telegram*.

## The Water Was There

“**LOOK** here,” said the new tenant, “you advertised this place as being near the water. I’ve looked in every direction and I don’t see any water.”

“You haven’t looked in the cellar yet,” the agent told him.—*Boston Transcript*.

## If Money Could Really Talk

(Continued from page 39)

Now they want that much or more for just one seat—if the fellow's lucky enough to get it at the box office.

"Half Dollar used to buy a pair of boy's overshoes. Now it takes me and a Quarter besides. As for regular shoes for grown ups—three of me used to be quite enough, now about four times that is none too much. Twenty-seven of us were put together the other day to buy a pair of high boots for the wife of the boss.

"As for a man's suit, fifteen to twenty-five of us dollars used to buy something pretty good. Now I blush at the trash thirty to fifty of us produce! Then there are shirts. I can recall a dandy little shirt that I once purchased all by myself. Think how little I can do now in a haberdashery—whether it's shirts, ties, or underwear."

**DOLLAR BILL** laughed out loud. "They used to chaff people for stealing umbrellas. Of course, nobody really ever does such a thing. Umbrellas just forgotten or borrowed. But there used to be a nice, homely cotton affair that was priced at just a dollar. In an emergency, the other day, a man gave up two of us for one of these makeshift storm shields.

"About three years ago, a fellow succeeded in borrowing ten of us from a friend. He paid me back with nine others last Tuesday. When he'd gone, the man who had us remarked, 'I loaned ten dollars and I'm getting about forty-eight cents back out of every one of them.' I didn't like that much. I don't like to be thought of as being worth less than Half Dollar; but I guess I've got to make up my mind to it.

"It's kind of hard when you think that I used to get a nice pair of white kid gloves for a young lady. Now she needs three of me and a Half Dollar besides. The old dollar petticoat's gone for good they say—like-wise the dollar nightgown—and a pair of pajamas that I used to buy cost just three of me now.

"I'm passing through strange hands now. I find quite a crowd of my fellows in pockets and purses where it used to be pretty lonely; and we don't stay so long in pockets or purses that used to make us think we'd struck a home for life."

**A HAND** came down upon them and stopped the conversation. The fingers grasped Dollar Bill and hauled him up reluctantly.

Old Bill sighed. "Well, so long, fellows!" he said resignedly. "I don't know where I'm going or what I'm going for; but I'll make a little bet with you that I'm about to be spent for something that Half Dollar could have done in the good old days!"

"Cheer up!" Willie Penny called after Dollar Bill. "I'll be buying newspapers all by myself one of these mornings—and we'll all be back where we were before Merchandise got so infernally stuck up!"

### IN THE NEW SUCCESS FOR MAY

—**"New York, the Wonder City"**—  
an article containing the most remarkable facts ever recorded

#### How It Struck Her

**SO** this is the first time you've ever seen the ocean," said her escort.  
"Yes; the very first time."  
"And what do you think of it?"  
"Ah!" she sighed in ecstasy, "it smells just like oysters."—*Boston Transcript.*



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or

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**Stop Forgetting**  
The Key to Success



## Why President Wilson Selected Edwin T. Meredith

(Continued from page 66)

results. Edwin Meredith was still a farm boy—therefore, a poor boy—when he was sent to college, a modest western institution, the Highland Park College at Des Moines. Like many another boy he had to work to help pay his way through college, and in order to complete his education he served as a waiter and did other odd jobs. That is another subject that is never mentioned until a man has "arrived."

**M**EREDITH left college in his twentieth year and became associated with his grandfather in publishing the *Farmers' Tribune*. This publication could not be made to pay expenses. It was a political farm journal, and the farmers do not like to have partisanship injected into a publication which obviously is intended to tell them how to raise wheat and hogs. Meredith saw what was the matter with his venture and disposed of it and in 1902, started *Successful Farming*. Now, success rarely comes to men without effort and *Successful Farming* did not succeed without great effort. It began on a limited scale—limited as to size, circulation, and advertising. For a long time the publisher had to hustle for money to pay drayage to the post office, and pay the postage in advance before the paper could be sent to its subscribers. Those were some of the adverse circumstances attending the launching of *Successful Farming*. In making it a great farm paper, in sending it into every nook and corner of the country, Meredith made himself; he and his publication together grew into prominence and success.

### Possession of a Pig, His First Business

**M**EREDITH believes in developing a good idea when he finds one. When he was a boy on a farm, his father gave him a pig. It was Ed Meredith's own pig, and he made the most of it; but he has made more of the idea it gave him. He realized what it meant to a boy to own something—to have a stake in his own labor. He believes that one of the most essential things connected with agriculture is to keep the boys on the farm, and he believes that individual ownership of something that grows on the farm will do much in this direction.

Meredith has made it a practice to loan any boy money to carry on farm work. A boy can borrow from \$25 to \$100 from him to buy a pig or a cow or whatever he may want in the way of something to feed or cultivate on the farm. The boy gives a note. If through some mischance he cannot meet it, the loan is renewed. He also loans money to young men who are working their way through college. He has lost but little on account of investments in farm boys or the young college men, and he feels well repaid for having given them a start in life.

### What He Brings to the Department

**M**R. MEREDITH brings to the Department of Agriculture two things that are needed in that great governmental institution; one is a knowledge of practical farming and the other a knowledge of scientific farming. He knows that both are necessary in order to make farming successful.

"What was scientific farming thirty years ago is practical farming now," he remarked, when discussing these subjects. He says no man would think of following the old haphazard methods. Testing seeds before planting is now practical; knowledge of soils, the benefit of crop rotation and a hundred other matters that were once considered as scientific farming are now a matter of routine

methods on the farm. The farming of today is as much in advance of the farming of his early days as were the farmers of that time in advance of those who planted various seeds by the phases of the moon or shifted their hog killing to the dark-of-the-moon in order to prevent the meat from shriveling in the frying pan!

Meredith not only brings a knowledge of practical and scientific farming to a department devoted to farming, but he also brings that main attribute of success, the vigor, initiative, quick comprehension and all else that goes with a real live wire. He may not be able to infuse his spirit into a sluggish department in the year he has to serve, but he will at least wake up the bureau chiefs, division chiefs and others who have been going along in government grooves; they will realize that he has been there. The Agricultural Department is a big field; it covers the entire country and that is what Meredith likes. He takes a broad view. He combines the practical with the visionary.

"Imagination spells the difference between small success and large success," he says, and he will try and infuse a little of this imagination into the Agricultural Department.

### A Man Who Is Sure of Himself

**S**ECRETARY MEREDITH is a man of frank personality. So sure is he of himself and so well informed on the subjects which he may discuss that he might be considered dogmatic. At all events he never hesitates to express his opinion on occasions where his opinion is required or where he thinks his views are of value. He is a forceful speaker, with a clear, ringing voice, never at a loss for words and consequently convincing in his manner and carrying weight by his earnestness. He has appeared before committees of Congress and held his own with men of ability who were opposed to his views. This was particularly noticeable in various hearings on the postal-zone law for newspapers and periodicals. Meredith is much opposed to the zone system, believing that every part of the country should be accessible to every other part in respect to intelligence and information. It is a part of the larger field-view he entertains in regard to industry and education. He believes that every part of the country should be, without discrimination, allowed to receive from every other section whatever there may be of worth concerning literature and industry. It would be interesting if, perchance, one could listen to the fireworks at a Cabinet meeting in case this subject should be opened and Postmaster-General Burleson, who backs the zone system, and Secretary Meredith, who from practical knowledge and strong sentimental considerations opposes it, should undertake to air their antagonistic views.

Personally Secretary Meredith is a likeable man although his intense nature and vigor together with the active business life he has led inclines him to seriousness rather than social frivolity. But he is neither austere nor priggish, nor is he the least different at the desk of the Secretary of Agriculture than he is at the desk of the publisher of *Successful Farming*. A short time after he assumed the duties of his new office, he was spending a part of an evening with a group of publishers several of whom he had known and others who met him for the first time. He was addressed several times as "Mr. Secretary," which finally caused him to exclaim:

"Hold on, boys; in this crowd I'm Ed Meredith."

And that gives one an idea of the more human side of the new Secretary of Agriculture.

## WHY NOT COMMAND WILLING SERVICE?

**I** KNOW a man who says he never has any trouble getting attention at a hotel or anywhere else. He says he always makes such a fuss that everybody knows when they see him come along, that he must be attended to at once. He has made a disturbance time and again in the dining-room of a certain hotel he patronizes, and now he says he always gets a good seat at one of the best tables and first-class attention from a good waiter. This man declares it pays to kick, that this is the only way to get anything, and he is always kicking, even when traveling.

At home, he says, the servants are so afraid of him that when they see him coming they step lively.

**T**HIS may be true, only I would like to ask this disagreeable man: "But what do these people you make 'step lively' think of you? How do they regard you? Do you think they respect you? Do you think they feel any admiration for you? Do you have an idea that they think you are a real man?"

No! They know that to conciliate and please you is the easiest way, in fact, the only way to retain your patronage. It is their business policy to please everyone, but they can feel only contempt for you and your disagreeable assertiveness.

In domineering over others and giving vent to a selfish, mean spirit, a man is injuring himself much more than he realizes.

**M**R. DISAGREEABLE MAN, think for a moment. Is there not a better way, a more manly way, a way that commands respect and admiration? Have you ever tried the Golden Rule way, instead of the old greedy, grasping, short-sighted way?

If you should use the same policy with your business employees, that you employ in your dealings with others, what would they think of you? If you were to die tomorrow how many of your employees, think you, would mourn your departure? Do you imagine they would mourn very much for you? Could you expect they would, when you have not won their respect, their admiration, their esteem?

No man is a success who fails to get the good will of those who work for him. The man who is coining his fortune out of his employees, to their detriment, is not a real success, no matter how great a fortune he may amass. There is only one way to be a true success: Help everybody who makes your success possible, help the men who work for you, prosper with your prosperity, not on a meager, insignificant salary, but on a generous co-operative basis.

No employer is really a very big success if he does not make his employees feel that they are partners, make them feel anxious to help him to make a big success of his business.

Unless you have voluntary loyalty (and no other is good for anything) you are not much of a success.—O. S. M.

### THE SMILE IN BUSINESS

**A** VOLUME could be written on the psychology of the smile in business, another upon the frown in business. The smile is the friend to business; the frown the enemy. The smile opens the door; the frown closes it. The smile is welcome everywhere; the frown is not wanted anywhere. The smile opens hearts; the frown closes them. The smile gets past the office boy, past the buffer to the private office; the frown sits waiting for the admission which he never gains.

The smile opens all hearts as well as doors. It always makes a good impression, while discouragement and despondency repel.

# 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**

**T**WENTY 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 Sweet 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 return the book and your \$5.00 will be refunded in full and without question.

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## "SOMEONE TO BELIEVE IN US"

WHO can ever estimate what it means to a human being to have someone believe in him whom he admires and loves. What a stimulus it is to know that someone sees something in one which others do not see, and believes he is going to win out in life in a much larger way than the majority of people imagine.

The thought that somebody believed in him has turned many a criminal to a better life, started many a "down-and-out" on the upward path. Many a dissipated man, a so-called failure, coming to the consciousness that a mother believed in him when others did not, has resolved to redeem himself, to make himself worthy of her faith and confidence. The love of some pure, beautiful woman has redeemed many a man who would otherwise have gone to an ignominious grave.

A real friend is one who believes in us no matter what misfortunes may befall us; who comes to us in our need, whatever that need may be, and supports and encourages us.

The consciousness that someone believes in us, that somebody cares what we do and predicts we are going to do something worth while, something unusual, is the greatest encouragement in the world to a discouraged soul.

## The Editor's Story

(Continued from page 22)

"The best that is in me tells me so," replied Mary, "and we will answer Hannah's letter by sending the book to her. We will tell her to find the answer in its pages."

"They were a great success, the Torrance sisters," said Lawrence, "that goes without saying. In fact you could guess it without me telling you so. I have related this story so you may understand that, regardless of what many of us believe, there are thousands of people still living in little, narrow, darkened cells. They are people who do not seem to want to advance. They simply want to exist in their own selfishness—and selfishness is the very life blood of the devil incarnate and it is getting a terrible grip on this world. I want you fellows to ponder over the bigness of this story. Maybe some of you would like to use this for a basis of a fiction plot; two wonderful girls full of life, animation and natural talent, who would have lived in drudgery, darkness and misery, had they listened to a stingy, crabbed father, and an elder sister who had never realized the first unfolding of the petals of the rose of life."

## Little Talks to Salesmen

(Continued from page 12)

men." Half the audience got up and went out. I wonder what would be the percentage these days when most of the gang are doing morning work? This is forgetting one's lunch box. This is not the time to lay down because it's easy to sell goods. This is the time to study and learn. This is the time to develop the rarest bird that flies—judgment. Then when you are confronted with a buyer's market you will know what to say and how to say it. You will know your man, if it's chickens, golf, or horses. You will know what his smile means, you will know whether "No" means "Yes," or "Yes" means "No." You will know whether or not he knows what he is talking about.

Now is the time to get on the inside without the use of a cro-bar. Now's the time to be on the job just as persistently and intelligently as ever. Build today when building is reasonably easy, and build on a firm foundation.

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