SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine

May, 1920 25 cent

The sweetness of

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

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

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

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

Rich Man? Poor Man?

The only difference between the poor man and the rich man, between the pauper and the well-to-do, between the miserable failure and the man who is financially independent, is an understanding of this fundamental law of life; and, the degree of your understanding of it determines the degree of your possession.

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

No Chance—No Luck

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

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

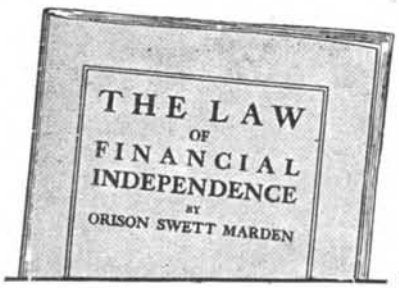
"One copy of your magazine has been the means of my closing a deal amounting to several thousand dollars."—W. A. Rockwood, Binghamton, N. Y.

"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, Centralia, Ill.

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

Mail Coupon To-day

Surely, you also can profit greatly by this same philosophy and you can secure Dr. Marden's booklet "The Law of Financial Independence" *free of cost* by subscribing to the NEW SUCCESS for a year, either for yourself or for a friend, at the regular price of $2.50 (Foreign price $3.50). 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 $5.00 for 2 years' subscription, or three copies by sending $7.50 for 3 years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. Therefore, fill out and mail the coupon opposite before this special offer is withdrawn, or write a letter if you do not wish to cut your copy of the magazine.



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ROBERT·MACKAY–MANAGING·EDITOR
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The Sweetness of the Other Fellow's Grass

Are You Like Either of the Mules Pictured on Our Cover This Month?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"OH! if I only had the place he has, I'd show people what I could do!" "If I only had that fellow's opportunity I could get ahead, I could be somebody!" "If I'd had the chances my boss had when he was a youngster, I'd be my own boss to-day instead of slaving for someone else on a miserable salary, with no prospects of anything better!" Things always come easy to some people; but I've never had any luck, and I suppose I never shall. So what's the use of trying. Nothing ever comes my way!"

Everywhere we hear people making excuses like these for their failure to get on. They are dissatisfied with their lot; miserable because of their mediocre or inferior positions, and envious of the success of others. If they could only get somewhere else, into some other occupation; if they could only have someone else's opportunity, some other man's chances they, too, would be successful and contented. But they never can do anything where they are or with what they have.

These people are like the mules pictured on our cover this month. Each imagines that the grass in his neighbor's pasture, though it is exactly like it, is much sweeter and better in every way than that in his own. They look at their possessions, their own conditions and opportunities through the big end of the telescope and, of course, they look small and mean and of no account compared with their neighbor's, which they look at through the other end, the magnifying end, of the glass. The grass in the adjoining pasture is so tempting; it looks so luscious and juicy, so much greener and tenderer and more luxuriant than that in their own that their longing, discontented, envious eyes are forever turned in the wrong direction, always looking over the other side of the fence at their neighbor's pasture.

THE good fortune and the happiness you are seeking are right within yourself.

Those who do not get on in the world, but never think of putting the blame for their lack of success where it belongs, always have a great deal to say about other people's good fortune and superior opportunities. They excuse their own failure on the ground that those who succeeded have always been "boosted" or "favored" by employers, or they "had a pull," or some one or something outside of themselves "gave them a lift."

A YOUNG MAN, who has risen rapidly from an office boy to the possession of a fine business of his own, and owes his success entirely to his own pluck, industry and initiative, was recently telling me some of his experiences when he first began working.

During his climb as an employee he was constantly laughed at by his comrades for working so much harder than he needed to, for doing more than he was paid for or was expected of him. When he stayed after hours to clean up and get things ready for the morning, they would tell him that he was a fool for his pains; that his employer would probably never know he was working overtime, and that even if he did learn of it he wouldn't appreciate it. "And now," he said, "these fellows are saying that my success is due to the fact that, from the start, my opportunities were better than theirs; that even in the old days when we used to work together in the same firm, the boss always favored me and was prejudiced against them. They positively resent my success, and seem to think that I have in some way injured them."

THE mule's tendency to under-rate his own pasture and over-rate that of his neighbor is common among all classes of people. Wherever we go the same tendency to undervalue what they have and to magnify the value of what others have is noticeable. It

seems to be an element of our nature. Children exhibit it without restraint. They get tired of their own toys, their own surroundings, and think if they could only have what belongs to their companions how much happier they would be. How quickly, for instance, a baby will drop whatever he is playing with to grab what another child has.

As we grow up we exercise a little more self-restraint, but the feeling of dissatisfaction with what we have and the longing for what our more successful or prosperous neighbor has are as dominant as ever. I know a number of people who have comfortable homes and everything calculated to make them happy and contented, but who make their lives miserable by envying what their neighbors have.

One of these, for example, a woman who has a well-set-up horse and buggy hates the "old rig," as she calls it, because she says that everybody else who is anybody now has an automobile. She doesn't enjoy the delightful rides she can take in the country because she wants an automobile instead of a buggy. She doesn't enjoy the well-made, appropriate clothing she wears because she wants better, richer things, such as her wealthy neighbors wear. She has no use for her humble but comfortable home, and does not try to make it attractive or happy, because she is longing for a big mansion with fine furniture and servants to wait on her.

Most of us are like this woman. In longing for what we don't have, or looking forward to some big thing we hope to have in the future, we miss all the enjoyment we could get from what we have and the multitude of pleasant things within our reach.

THE farmer bemoans his hard lot, and longs to exchange his life of drudgery for the career of the merchant or the manufacturer. The country boy leans on his plow-handle and looks toward the city with longing eyes. If he could only be free from the slavery of the farm, wear good clothes, get hold of a yard-stick and stand behind a counter, how happy, how contented he would be! Happiness, fortune, opportunity, everything is somewhere else. The good things are for others. They are quite out of his reach. Around him there is only misery, toil, poverty—nothing desirable.

And while the farmer youth is envying him his fine life and great opportunities, the city youth, behind a counter, or sitting on a high office-stool, rails at fate for confining him to the limits of brick walls and the dreary details of merchandise—buying and selling—or of figuring up accounts. If he could only go to sea and travel to distant countries, become a captain in the navy, or the owner of a merchant vessel! Life would be worth something then. But now—

How much energy has been lost; how many lives have been spoiled by this fruitless longing for other fields, other opportunities out of reach; in dreaming of what we would do if we were in somebody else's place; if we had been born at some other time, or in some other place—if we had, in fact, been some other man or woman than God has ordained us to be.

Has it ever occurred to you that the people you are envying for their good fortune, their fine position, their beautiful home, the enjoyment within their reach, have been the architects of their own fortune? Do you not know that some of the grandest characters in history have blossomed and borne magnificent fruit in just such limited fields as you now think yourself in? If you are really in an inferior or unfortunate position and feel sure you are capable of better things than you are now doing, you have the power to advance yourself if you will only get hold of it and turn it to your advantage.

THE good fortune and the happiness which you are looking for elsewhere are right in yourself. Instead of embittering your life and wasting your energy in useless repining and in envying others what they have probably attained by hard work; instead of longing to be someone else or to have someone else's opportunities, make the most of those you have. Do the best you can where you are, and you will be surprised at the strength you will develop, and how the obstacles that now discourage you will be overcome. The Power that placed you where you are, has implanted in you a divine force that will carry you past all obstacles to the goal of your ambition, if it be a legitimate and honorable one. Envy and inertia will never get you anything but more discontent, more poverty, more unhappiness.

Everywhere there are disappointed men and women who have soured on life, because they could not get what they longed for—a musical or art education, the necessary training for authorship, for law or medicine, for engineering, or for some other vocation to which they felt they had been called. They are struggling along in an uncongenial environment, envying those who succeeded where they failed, railing at the fate which has robbed them of their own. They feel that life has cheated them, when the truth is they have cheated themselves.

LIKE Bunyan's Pilgrim, in the dungeon of Giant Despair's castle, who had the key of deliverance all the time with him but had forgotten it, they did not realize the power that was theirs. They failed to rely wholly upon the ability to advance all that is good for us which has been given to the weakest as well as the strongest. They were envying those who had reached the heights and looking for outside assistance to carry them to the same heights, and so they neglected the little opportunities close to them that would have brought them to their goal.

No matter what the accidents of birth or fortune, or what our neighbors have that we may lack, there is only one force by which we can fashion our life material—*mind*.

There is no use in trying to reach into your neighbor's pasture when you have never tried to develop or to call out the sweetness and juiciness in your own. You would be no happier, no more successful in his environment than you are in your own. The power that makes our desire, our dream of happiness and success a reality, is not in any condition outside of us—it is within us.

Reaching Your Goal

By Katharine Haviland Taylor

FAVORED by Fate? Smiled on by Chance?
Is that what you think of the winning man?
Then stop, my friend, another glance
And you'll sense the race he ran.

Oh, men by him, as men by you,
And all of them striving to win the race.
But he, among the very few,
Found and stuck to his pace.
Work, hard work, through the long, hard hours:
Oh, dreaming and planning for more work, too:
Plodding along through the hardest showers—
In such manner fortune grew!

There's work for all, for you—for me—
And the chance to make, within each soul,
Ourselves, our slaves, ah—then you'll see
The reaching of—your goal!

The World's Greatest Fiction Writer

Why This Honor Goes to Joseph Conrad, Born a Pole—a Stranger to the English Language for Seventeen Years.

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of "The Man With the Hoe" and other Poems.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, writing in 1908, declared that of all the writings of the twelve preceding years, it was probable that only the work of Joseph Conrad would permanently enrich the English language.

Now with the century twenty years on its way, and with two books of reminiscence, ten novels and five volumes of short stories to the credit of Conrad's revealing pen, this Galsworthy testimony is strengthened. For, upon comparing Conrad's prose style with that of his contemporaries, we may tell the world that he stands almost alone in the high peerage of literary expression. He excels, not only in presenting nature through poetic word and symbol, but also in projecting the human heart through subtle and coercive psychology.

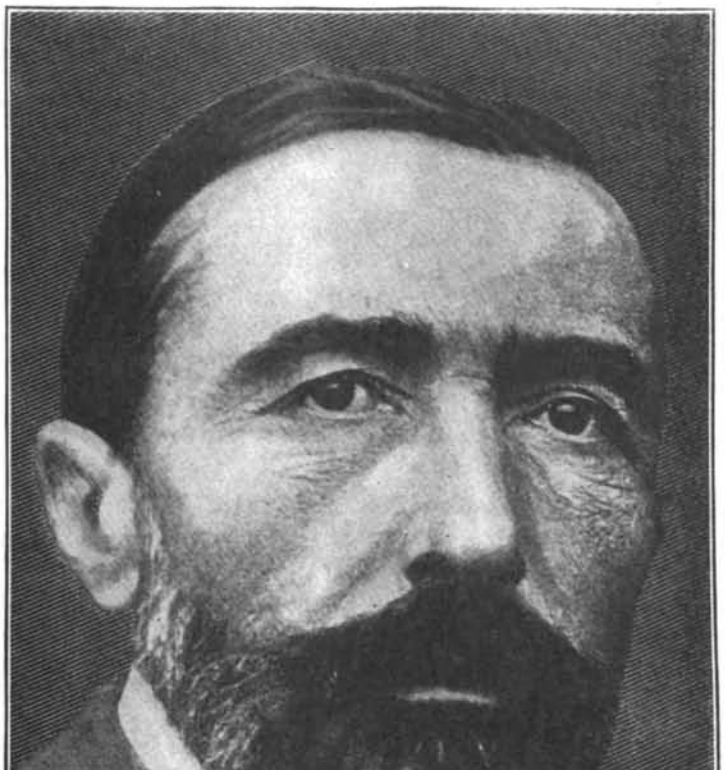
Conrad's expression of thought is as flowing, melodious and colorful as river-water taking on a hundred hues and curves as it glides and glories on its way to the sea. His subtle power of expressing the motives of human action and of tracing the ramifications of human action, read like a page torn from the Book of the Last Judgment.

WHILE Conrad is an observer sternly facing life as it is, he is also constantly aware of the Veiled Something that, through the human will, is molding the destiny of man. He sees—as under the light of eternity—each action hinged to its cause and its consequence. It is his power of being at once realist, romanticist, mystic, master of expression, which gives Conrad his unique place in modern letters.

A man does not see life all-'round if he sees only the bare facts. The cynical observer of life does not see life: he sees only the husk of life. The mere digger at the roots of a tree does not see the meaning of the trees: he sees only the mold and the worms. The meaning of the tree is in its apples of gold, in the music of its leaves, in its mysterious suggestions when it is trembling in the wind of dawn or else turning to ghostly beauty in the moon. In these things we see the higher values of the tree.

So it is with life. Its real meaning is not in the crude realism of events, but rather in the spiritual currents behind the events. The mere fact-hunter, then, does not get the deeper significance of life—does not see its tragic terror, its poetic wonder, its mystic meaning.

Now Conrad sees all this. He comes with a boy's heart of adventure and with a startling knowledge of the secret springs of human actions. He comes with the great literary gift—the deep-seeing eye, the eye that penetrates the husk of things and discovers the permanent spiritual realities behind the husk. He sees the facts of life, but the poet in him sees the higher or spiritual significance of the facts. It is the poet in Conrad that has caught the heart of the world.



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JOSEPH CONRAD

MANY critics have wondered how this native of Poland, 62 years old, a complete stranger to the English language until he was a young man, has reached the highest pinnacle among the world's novelists. Why? He always has something to say; he knows how to say it; he has genius. From childhood he was as familiar with French as he was with his native Slavic tongue; but he realized that English would bring him the largest audience in the world, so he became a master of that language.

BUT what was the genesis of this Joseph Conrad who, with his first story, leaped to a lofty place in the modern literature of England, a land renowned for masters of literature. It is an extraordinary thing in the dealings of destiny that Feodor Jozef Konrad Kornzeniowski, born in Poland (an inland country), never in his youth having heard the sound of the sea—never, up to his nineteenth year having heard a word of Anglo-Saxon—an extraordinary thing that he should have sought a roving life on the sea, should have then conquered the English tongue and made himself a master of a powerful English style, should have become an authority on far lands and far seas, and should also have trained him-

self to be a revealer of the gulfs and caverns in men's souls.

In his fine story, "Typhoon," there is a bit of musing on one of the characters that suggests Conrad's own experience. Here Joseph Conrad (whose name is now trimmed down for easier sailing) speaks of the character, *Captain MacWhirr*. This *MacWhirr*, let me say in passing, is one of Conrad's finest conceptions, a dull and unimaginative being whose stubbornness and ignorance keep him from all fear of danger, and also from all possibility of dishonesty. Speaking of the career of *MacWhirr* and (no doubt thinking of his own destiny) Conrad tells us how this son of a grocer, *MacWhirr* of Belfast, ran away from the safe and decent home shop, at the age of fifteen, to spend his life afloat and afar.

"Thinking on this," says Conrad, "was enough to give you the idea of an immense, potent and invisible hand thrust down into the ant-heap of the earth, laying hold of the shoulders, knocking heads together, setting the unconscious faces of the multitude toward inaccessible goals undreamed of directions."

CONRAD, however, was not the son of an unlettered tradesman. His father belonged to the landed gentry of Poland and was a scholar, a writer, a dreamer and a revolutionist. Before his early death, caused by the pressure of Russian despotism, the father had translated into Polish both Shakespeare from the English and Victor Hugo from the French. As a child then, Conrad became familiar with these leading spirits of foreign literature, including Dickens, Henry James, Flaubert and de Maupassant. Their outlook on life as well as their inlook molded and modulated the temperamental boy athrill to all the winds of the spirit.

Conrad's early education was in Warsaw and in Cracow. It was in Cracow, while studying the globe, that—in a moment of fate—he put his prophetic finger on the vast (then all-unknown) void of Central Africa, and cried out, "When I grow up I'll go there!" And there he did go, as well as to the West Indies, to the wilds of South America and to a hundred other strange shores and inland rivers.

At nineteen, in the harbor of Marseilles, Conrad heard, for the first time, the English language spoken; and following his heart's desire, and against all the wishes of his people, taking, as he said, "this running jump out of his racial surroundings and conditions," young Conrad took ship and joined his destiny to the sea.

For twenty years, on the magic monotony of the waters, Conrad followed the sea, always efficient and faithful. They were years great in the quiet harvests of the eye and spirit, great in giving him power to depict all the aspects of the elements and power to probe to the deeps of men's souls. At the age of thirty-seven he left the British marine where (all unsuspected by laborious students and professors at the same task in a hundred universities of the world) he had perfected himself in the use of the English language, had become a master of winged words, of sworded and singing phrases.

THE only visible booty, however, that Conrad brought back from his ocean wanderings was an unfinished manuscript. It was the story of an isolated life on a Malayan archipelago, and he chanced, on the sea-way home to read it to a Cambridge student, who had the artistic insight to urge Conrad to finish it. The story was "Almayer's Folly," Conrad's first novel, published in 1895. It established him at once as a story-teller. It lifted him out of obscurity into the white light of publicity. The sailor boy of Poland was now a world figure.

Conrad's rise to his high place is a life-story more incredible than any story of his imaginative pen. Here we see a young man plunge into a new life in new lands, and in twenty years he becomes the master of a new language, writing it with vivid color, poetic charm, melodious cadence. We behold a young man stepping out of the sequestered valleys and mountains of Poland, and in a few years he becomes the lord of the sea and her wonders, lord of the heart and its secrets, lord of the English language and its mysteries. Here we behold an unknown youth fighting his way upward from hard labor, a youth without benefit of college and library, with only his own sleepless will-power to drive him on, with only his inborn sense of values to guide him—fighting his way onward and upward to his commanding place at the literary summit of the modern world.

It is as a teller of sea tales that Conrad shines with a peculiar luster. He excels Captain Marryat, Clark Russell and the rest in his keen knowledge of sailors and seas and ships. He has more than any other man uttered the wonder and terror of the winds and tides, and given voice to the baleful spell of the tropics. His art is dramatic. He does not describe a ship (as Walt Whitman might) by giving us a long inventory of its various parts. Instead of this he dramatizes the ship, until she becomes a living and breathing form under the touch of his magic pen, becomes palpitant and impassioned, a thing athrill with life. Take this:

> The brig's business was on uncivilized coasts, with obscure rajahs dwelling in nearly unknown bays; with native settlements up mysterious rivers opening their sombre, forest-lined estuaries, among a welter of pale green reefs and dazzling sand-banks, in lonely straits of calm blue water, all aglitter with sunshine. Alone, far from the beaten tracks, she glided, all white, round dark, frowning headlands, stole out, silent like a ghost, from behind points of land stretching out all black in the moonlight; or lay hove-to, like a sleeping sea-bird, under the shadow of some nameless mountain waiting for a signal. She would be glimpsed suddenly on misty, squally days dashing disdainfully aside the short aggressive waves of the Java Sea; or be seen far, far away, a tiny dazzling white speck flying across the brooding purple masses of thunderclouds piled up on the horizon.

> THE most difficult thing in the world is to make a human being believe in his own bigness, in his own supernal grandeur, in his own divinity, in the important part he was intended to play in God's great universal plan.

Conrad flashes a living spirit into his pages. He beholds the ocean as an arena of the tempestuous passions of men—their love of gold, their love of adventure, their love of glory, their love of the vast and ever-alluring unknown. He sees the ocean as a capricious, yet mysterious, presence, a thing to fear, a thing to love. But in his sea-pictures, he flashes on us not only the wildness and the witchery of the waters, but he also projects before us the forms of men in their eternal struggle with the sea. Take this vignette:

> For all that has been said of the love that certain natures (on shore) have professed to feel for it, for all the celebrations it has been the object of in prose and song, the sea has never been friendly to man. At most it has been the accomplice of human restlessness, and playing the part of dangerous abettor of world-wide ambitions. Faithful to no race after the manner of the kindly earth, receiving no impress from valor and toil and self-sacrifice, recognizing no finality of dominion, the sea has never adopted the cause of its masters like those lands where the victorious nations of mankind have taken root, rocking their cradles and setting up their grave-

(*Continued on page* 62)

COLBY
Secretary of State

A Man Who Is Not Afraid to Express His Own Mind Openly and Frankly

By ROBERT MACKAY

WHEN the news flashed over the wires that President Wilson had named Bainbridge Colby, of New York, to succeed Robert Lansing as Secretary of State, many a man asked, "Who is Colby?"

The thing has happened before. It happened when Grover Cleveland, then mayor of Buffalo, was nominated for governor of the State of New York. It also happened when President McKinley appointed John Hay his Secretary of State, and most of us could only remember John Hay as the author of the poem "Bludso Jim."

But the summing up of Bainbridge Colby is just this: He is a lawyer of skill, a hundred-per-cent American, a citizen who is not strictly a party man, but an extremely *partisan* man. He has been successively a Republican, a Progressive, and a Democrat. He doesn't care a hang for party principles—he seeks out a man or an objective and he is loyal to that man or that objective. At first some members of the Senate couldn't see why Colby should be Secretary of State. The Republican, Democratic and what is left of the old Progressive Party couldn't see why he should have first place in Mr. Wilson's cabinet. But the fact remains that he has it—that he is an aggressive, earnest, learned man—and that he will be a great help to the Chief Executive.

SECRETARY COLBY was born in St. Louis, December 22, 1869. His college degrees include Williams, Columbia, and Ohio Northern, which made him a Doctor of Laws, followed by similar action by Moore's Hill College, Indiana, and Lincoln Memorial University.

But the man's winning personality and his quick wit are more important than his modes of education, and his legal successes are more convincing than his college degrees. As to party principles he has never hesitated to oppose those who wavered in their allegiance or in their purpose. Colby seems to fasten upon a man and stick to him until that man proves fickle—or undesirable—and then he tosses him overboard. He praised Roosevelt—he fought for him—bolted for him—and then deserted him when he thought that Roosevelt's utterances and stand were wrong.

Colby may not be the strongest man in the cabinet today, but at least he is about the most frank. He fully believes in the things for which he stands. He is against strict prohibition. In regard to this and other burning questions of the day, he says:

"There is a limit to the extent to which you can moralize the government. There is a limit to the extent to which we should indulge in doubts as to our government. These are unsettled times and strange doctrines confront us. They are preached by men with unfamiliar names—preached with a passion and a tenacity which is menacing.

"We have just emerged from a great struggle in which we cast away our very life blood. This was a dislocating, profoundly disturbing time in our national life. We are reeling out of it, trying to regain our mental poise, and those temperamental and moderate processes which spell security and happiness. This is a time for a very sober examination of our processes and resources, mental as well as physical, with careful consideration of what our objectives really are.

"It is difficult for us to consider men and measures unless we have some normal standard of what we consider good.

"What *is* our objective? What *are* we trying to do in all this turmoil of conflicting forces?

"We are trying to get back to the Constitution; to our institutions that have spelled security to the decades, and have been the sources from which we have derived our happiness and well being. The Constitution is our chart. Let us love and venerate the Constitution. By renewed vision of study and examination of its blessed provisions, we will be well guided.

"Now, when we are all citizens in an equal right, when the decisions of great questions affecting our institutions, affecting the future course of government, are decisions which we all must join in making, what a very great responsibility; it rests upon each man and woman to examine and familiarize himself or herself with the elements that enter into the question and with the ground of a rational and responsible decision.

"No man has more respect than I for the churches and for religion as such. I am descended, on both sides of my family, from ministers of the gospel: both my grandfathers were Baptist clergyman, and that is going some.

(*Continued on page 56*)

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BAINBRIDGE COLBY
Secretary of State for the United States

"This is a time for gravity, but it is not a time for despondency. It is only from the clash of opinions, from the study of great ideas, from the responsible exercise of the high privilege of citizenship that the growth and expansion and development of the United States can go on."
—*Bainbridge Colby.*

The Man Who Talked too Much

A New Novelette in Two Parts

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

Author of "The Dollar-an-Hour Philosopher," "The Road to To-morrow," "The Lonely Rich Man," and other stories

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

DINGLE'S salary was actually forty dollars a week! But Dingle said it was *four hundred*—and some of his friends believed him. Dingle also let it be understood that he made quite a handsome sum "on the side" through his intimate knowledge of the stock market. Sometimes his landlady wondered why he found it inconvenient to pay his weekly rent; but Dingle was always on the verge of "putting over a big deal" and eventually he *did* pay, so she charged his delinquencies to the fact that he considered the modest sum she was charging for his room and meals as too incidental to be considered.

Dingle had "almost" purchased a car for more than a year. But the local agency had not been able to supply him with just the machine he wished. "A Rambeau or nothing, for me!" he had declared, with a depreciatory wave of his hand. "And they wont be able to deliver any new 'eights' within six months, I'm told."

Dingle was cashier for the Fordham Iron Works, in Meadville, and as his desk was quite near that of grizzled old Robert Fordham, Dingle found it easy and reasonable to say that he was Fordham's right-hand man. Dingle was, literally, at the right hand of the president of the company, but he stretched the truth considerably when he let it be known that he was in charge of the business when Mr. Fordham took a holiday.

ALL of this wasn't because Dingle didn't have brains. He had a lot of them. If he had exercised them with a view to placing himself where his imagination had already set him, he might have been, in fact, what he was in his mind's eye. He had ambition without limit, and industry with a decided limit. Old Fordham had once said that if Dingle could only forget that he was a gentleman and a successful man of affairs, he might make good in his job.

Dingle dressed like a fashion-plate. He swung a stick over his arm. He was the envy of the gilded youth of Meadville; the idol of the feminine population. His tongue was glib. He owed his reputation as a "world beater" to the successful exercise of his organ of articulation. If he had confined his endeavors to the field of fiction, rather than to eulogies of himself, he might have become rich and famous.

Dingle belonged to the Country Club and was always on the verge of joining the Merchants' Club, of which Mr. Fordham was president. But, somehow, he was never put up for membership. In fact, he expressed the opinion that the Merchants were a "crowd of old fossils, and a live man would die of ennui in that club!"

The strange part of it all was that Dingle himself really believed most of the stories of self-aggrandizement which he circulated.

He seemed to be eternally standing apart and observing himself. He outlined, with minute detail, those things which he *wished* to be rather than those things which he actually was. He placed himself upon a pedestal without taking the trouble to erect that pedestal. His forty dollars a week enabled an unmarried man to live decently in Meadville.

When it came time to pay a restaurant check, carfare, or some similar item, Dingle was usually telling the prettiest girl in the party of his recent social and commercial achievements, and some less-shining light was deftly permitted to rid the party of the sordid detail of paying the piper.

Dingle was a good-looking youth. His hair was neatly brushed and his clothes were faultlessly pressed. He was always neat and well-mannered. If he talked a bit too much, as many people said, he at least talked in an interesting vein, and he was looked upon by even the more conservative men of the town, as a rising young man.

"If I had *my* brains plus *his* manner and his facility of speech, I'd have all the money in the world!" opined Sam Tregar, who earned seventy-five dollars a week by dint of close application to business and a forced

Harris gave him a steely look. "This office is run on the level," he said. "When we make purchases, they are actual purchases—not 'wash' sales. Your money's gone. If you'd told me the truth, I'd have advised you to keep out!"

lack of interest in social affairs. Dingle had heard of this remark, through a roundabout source, and just to discipline Tregar and test the efficiency of his powers of persuasion, he had borrowed a hundred dollars from the disapproving, yet admiring one, just prior to Christmas.

But now that spring was coming on and the time for the delivery of Dingle's "Rambeau" car was drawing close, the town found another matter of interest in connection with the gilded youth. It was rumored that he was shortly to marry pretty Mary MacKenzie. Mary's father had once been a big man in the town. But the MacKenzie fortune had dwindled at the time of his death, and Mary found herself faced with the necessity of earning her own living. This she did by making millinery for the élite of Meadville—wondrous creations at very satisfactory prices. Yet, it was generally whispered, no customer of Mary's ever looked so fetching in one of her hats as Mary herself.

Mary dressed with the utmost simplicity, yet with a *chic* smartness. She lived plainly in a little furnished room at Mrs. Townesend's, yet Mary was invited to the most exclusive of Meadville's entertainments. And the town gossips said that Mary and Tommy Dingle would make an ideal pair. "She's real, all through," observed Mrs. Hunter Thompson, "family, character, beauty—everything but money. And, of course, young Tommy Dingle will supply that!"

Thus it will be noted, that Dingle had qualified in the eyes of Mrs. Grundy and had successfully persuaded Meadville that he was precisely what his imagination conjured himself to be. He was a bit of a bore, perhaps, and sometimes the older men wondered just how Dingle managed to make all the money he openly boasted of earning. The younger men envied Dingle, and wondered what he did with all the money he was reputed to possess.

Dingle got himself invited to dinner with the greatest regularity. Thus saving the price of countless meals. He was a guest at many a week-end party, and because he could dance, and sing, and talk entertainingly, he was not without many invitations. Because his "interests" were elsewhere than in Meadville, he did not place his account in the local bank. This had manifold advantages, and permitted him to keep the amount of his balance from his friends who worked in the Meadville National. It was true that he did keep a small sum there, "just to have a convenient checking account close by," as he explained. The bank officials several times had considered asking him to withdraw this account, but they figured that, one day, Dingle, of course, would become a millionaire and then their patience would be rewarded substantially.

Dingle was getting away with it. He was living in that fool's paradise which precedes a fall. He took himself seriously. He began to believe most of the stories he circulated about himself. He forgot to do those things which would have helped make his dream come true, and he found his salary standing about where it had two years before. He had considered making a change—taking himself to New York "where the real money is made;" but, somehow, the New York opportunity did not present itself and Dingle reasoned that to be a big toad in a little puddle was better than being swallowed up in the vastness of the metropolis. But he had mentioned his increasing worth to old Mr. Fordham. His employer had regarded him thoughtfully.

"Dingle," he said. "There's a lot of money in this business—if you get it out."

That ended the discussion. Dingle's salary remained at forty dollars.

He finally saved enough to buy Mary her ring—at least, to make the first payment on it, and that ring was the talk of Meadville. It was beautiful—set in platinum and exquisitely carved. And by this momentous gift, Dingle's reputation was greatly enhanced.

Plans for his wedding and subsequent married life began to leak out—the result of chance remarks dropped by Dingle from time to time. It seemed that the young bridegroom-to-be was looking over property up on "the hill," the most exclusive section of the town. The real-estate men heard of his plans and proceeded to make their offerings. But Dingle was dissatisfied with what they presented. He did run out in their cars, with Mary at his side, to look over the properties then on the market. Mary saw several that she liked, although their price rather staggered her. But Dingle would not be satisfied with any of them. Each house had some flaw which made it impossible for his occupancy. So, he finally announced, he and Mary probably would reside at the Mansion Hotel during the following winter, and, in the spring, build their own home. He meant to have a famous New York architect draw up the plans from his own specifications.

THE town looked on with ever increasing interest, and old Mr. Fordham said never a word. Dingle was earning his forty dollars a week, so he wasn't discharged; but the shrewd old business man wondered how his employee meant to support Mary and build her a fairy palace on two thousand dollars a year. He heard that Dingle was speculating "in the street," and had an accountant go over the young man's books. But the books were all right. Dingle's services were satisfactory if not remarkable.

"If dreams were certified checks, that boy would be a second Rockefeller!" Fordham told his wife.

But the engagement dragged along and the gossips wondered why. Mary held her own counsel; but she, too, became impatient. She loved Tommy Dingle with all her heart and soul, and Mary loved with a spirit of self-sacrifice and patience that makes a woman's love a holy thing. Dingle himself took up the task of silencing this unwarranted curiosity as to his matrimonial plans. He and Mary were going to Europe on their wedding tour, he explained. He wanted to do the thing right—and to live in becoming style afterwards. Some young men might hasten to marry on an average salary; but he felt that it was his duty to Mary, as well as to himself, to see that he was financially entrenched before taking such an important step.

A few newlyweds in Meadville pondered over the matter and decided that Dingle's attitude was correct. The high cost of living had been a rude shock to love's young dream in their modest establishments. And, without exception, parents nodded their heads with approbation and told each other this declaration was merely another instance of the level-headed good sense of this coming young man of affairs.

Mary held her peace; but she grew tired of struggling along and waiting, when Tom was making more money by far that any of the other young men she knew—men who had little homes of their own.

"Tom, dear," she said, one night, "why not give up some of our extravagant ideas and marry now? I wouldn't mind if we didn't have a car and a big house."

Dingle seemed surprised. "Why, Mary," he said, "it wouldn't do at all. I have a certain dignity and position to maintain. It would hurt my prospects if we went to live in a little bungalow, and couldn't hold up our end socially. Meadville expects certain things of me. I'm no piker, and you were not made to live on crackers and cheese in a fool's paradise."

"But, Tom," she said, "with your salary—and what you make in the market—we could get along very well. And I've saved a trifle, myself."

He sat thoughtfully for a while. "I'm just as impatient as you are for the wedding," he told her, "but we must wait just a little while longer. I've another big deal on now, and the next two weeks may make a world of difference in my finances. It's an absolutely sure thing I've learned of, the formation of a new company that will make millionaires out of those who get in on the ground floor."

"How did you learn about it?" she asked wonderingly.

HE smiled indulgently, "Oh, I know these fellows intimately," he explained. "That's the advantage of going about with really big men—men who are informed about big things."

"And you are sure that it will be a successful venture?" Mary asked a bit doubtfully. She remembered her own father's unfortunate investments. "I would hate to see you lose all you have worked so hard to accumulate, just on the chance of making a great deal of money. That might result in our having to wait even longer."

He smiled at her rueful expression. "Mary," he said, with a self-satisfied air, "I know exactly what I am doing. I haven't studied the market for nothing. It is child's play to me; I can't possibly lose. This is the big opportunity I've been waiting for. I knew it would come and that I would have breadth of vision sufficient to recognize it when it should finally present itself."

"But, older and more experienced men than you have been deceived, Tom," she warned him.

"Not me!" he assured her. "I am absolutely sure of myself—and of this proposition. I only wish I had more to put into it."

Mary was silent for a few minutes. Then she slipped her hand into his and looked fondly into his eyes. Her mind was picturing a pretty home and the happiness for which she had waited so long. How glorious that the time was close at hand!

"Tom," she said softly. "I'm going to ask you to do something for me, and I don't want you to misunderstand the spirit in which I ask it."

"You're not going to be silly and ask me to keep out of this venture, are you?" he inquired with a superior air.

She shook her head. "Since you are so sure of it, I want you to take *my* savings and invest them with your own. I know you wouldn't risk everything we both have, if you had not the fullest confidence in the enterprise. And since you are going to make your own money stretch so far, why not take mine, and then we'll have just that much more?"

"I—I didn't know you had any savings, Mary," Dingle said in surprise.

"Then I know you're not marrying me for my money," she teased. "Yes, dear, I have about two thousand dollars. I'll draw that out of the bank in the morning, and then we'll go into this deal together. How long will it be before we can get some return from it?"

"Maybe a month; maybe less," Dingle said, sparring for time to think. "I can triple our money at least—that's sure. It may run into even a larger figure."

But even as Dingle said this, he had a strange feeling of uneasiness. He had received his tip on the market from Bert Harris, who was a clerk in Betran & Company's offices; but he realized now that he really had no inside knowledge of the deal. His boasted familiarity with the street was based upon an occasional transaction on "margin"—entries into the world of finance that sometimes left him richer—often poorer than before. He didn't like the idea of taking Mary's money. If he lost it he would lose caste in her eyes—even though she might not blame him—and he knew she would not cease to love him. But his boasted reputation was at stake. Still, he figured, the chances were that the tip was straight and the profits would be forthcoming. Then it would be a triumph, indeed, to casually remark that he "turned a few thousand for Mary."

So he let her draw out the money next day. With the bills in his wallet, he went to the Fordham offices. The chief was in Boston, and Dingle sat alone at his desk. He looked over the check book he always so ostentatiously carried, and noted a balance of seventy-nine dollars. Not a great deal with which to speculate, yet it represented his entire worldly capital. Besides, there was another installment overdue on Mary's ring, and the jeweler had threatened to demand it from her, if payment was not forthcoming.

WAIT AWHILE

By Nan Terrell Reed

IF that old demon, Grim Despair,
Creeps up and grabs you by the hair;
And all your thoughts are full of fears,
And all your days are full of tears;
And seems 'twill stretch on through the years—
Well—just wait a while.

I know you'd like to heave a sigh
And calmly fold your hands and die;
And yet the things you've wanted long,
The things you feel have all gone wrong,
May somehow work out like a song—
So—just wait a while.

DINGLE frowned. That must not be allowed to happen. Yet, even if he tripled Mary's money, there would not be too great a sum for the plans he had outlined so ambitiously. His own tiny pittance was as nothing. But—there in the safe was three thousand dollars in cash! If he could make a quick turn over-night—even if it took several days—he could easily replace the money, give Mary her capital plus her profit, and materially boost his own fortunes. He hesitated for a long time. Of course, there was the danger of loss—the possibility that things might go wrong. The consequences were unpleasant to consider; but then, he muttered to himself, "'Nothing venture nothing gain.' I'll do it!"

Two hours later he was on his way to New York and to the brokerage offices of Betran & Company, with five thousand dollars in cash in his pocket. He sought out young Bert Harris, a member of the firm, and placed the money in his hands, and instructed him, airily, to invest it for him in the "little Q. D. and M. deal" he had mentioned. As he tossed the packet of money to young Harris, and basked in the admiration that flashed from his friend's eyes, he casually asked Harris to be his guest at dinner.

Harris accepted with alacrity, and Dingle left the office, promising to meet him at the Vanastor Hotel at six o'clock. First he wired to Mary, saying that important business would keep him in New York overnight. Then he sat down and ostentatiously wrote "hasty notes" to several Meadville acquaintances—figuring shrewdly that they would be impressed by the hotel stationery and by the fact that he was "dining there with a few business acquaintances."

Thoroughly satisfied with himself, he purchased an expensive cigar and strutted about the hotel lobby, seeking to give the impression of ease and self-reliance which he was far from feeling. He found himself wishing he had not taken the three thousand from old Fordham's safe. If he lost Mary's money it would only be a blow to his pride, and he could readily make it up to her after they were married. But if he lost Fordham's—it meant—the terrible picture flashed through his brain!

HE shuddered at the thought, but hastily shook it off. He wasn't going to lose it, he told himself. He had always been lucky. This was his big chance, and he would show Meadville a thing or two when he returned with the neat little nucleus of the fortune he meant to build with the gains of this particular speculation.

Six o'clock came, and he met Bert Harris. Under the stock clerk's skillful guidance they dined at a gay cabaret and then proceeded to see New York by night. Dingle had the remains of his own bank balance in his pocket, and haughtily and patronizingly refused to permit Harris pay for anything. It would be good policy to impress him, Dingle figured. Thus Harris would see the possibilities of a rich client in Dingle, and would mention him favorably to his superiors. In this way they would naturally seek to see that he was successful in his first operations with them.

It was foolish reasoning, old as the hills in its fallacy, but Dingle was only trying to justify his actions and ease his conscience—as so many other foolish men have done since temptation first began to battle with mankind. Now and then he thought of the other and more pleasant side of matters. He pictured Mary's beautiful eyes lighting up with pleasure when he should return to Meadville with his profits. He would pay for that ring at once, and make her some handsome present from New York as well. He would advise Mary to put her part of the money back in the savings bank and not to touch it again. It should be her nest-egg. He did not like the idea of touching a woman's money, even though she were his fiancé, and all risks in the future would be assumed by him with his own money—not "borrowed" capital.

But now he gave himself over to the delights of the evening. It was seldom that he spent a night in New York, and he found his young guide thoroughly familiar with its gayest places. The sum of money he was spending, rather startled Dingle, and he realized that he would be sadly in need of his "profits" if he were obliged to remain long in the city.

In the morning he was at the brokerage office early. There was no need of his being there—for there was nothing to do. He had given his instructions, and Harris would see that they were carried out. He owned the stock and took an unwonted pride as he saw it listed on the board in the customers' room. Right after it were the figures showing its worth at the close the night before. What would happen to those figures meant every-

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Lord Northcliffe

The Man Who Made Britishers See Things from a New Angle

By JOHN T. DRAYTON

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LORD NORTHCLIFFE, THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER IN THE WORLD.

***"Specialization will become more and more the keynote of success. If I were giving just one word of advice to a young man I should say—concentrate"*—Northcliffe.**

"SMASHER of precedents" is what the British call Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, unquestionably the greatest newspaper publisher in the world to-day. The rapid rise of Northcliffe rather startled his fellow countrymen, who do not believe that a man should succeed with undue rapidity. But, though British to the core, Northcliffe is a man of dynamic personality, unceasing energy and overwhelming ambition.

Combined with these qualities is a rare genius, exceptionally blended with ability, and an infinite capacity for hard work. It was about thirty years ago that as Alfred Harmsworth, a young man, he "went up to London" to enter the newspaper field. From the start, everything he touched seemed to succeed like magic, with the result that, while in his early forties, he was recognized as the foremost proprietor and director of magazine and newspaper enterprises in his country.

Northcliffe has made nearly twenty trips to the United States, and, from the first visit, was a keen student of American publishing methods. Convinced of their value, he returned and, with rare courage, began to apply them to his own publications. The conservative Britisher gasped! He thought it dreadful; but he was curious and he began to read the Harmsworth dailies with their familiar names and most surprising new policies.

Northcliffe's first experiment was with the *London Daily Mail*. To say that his manner of conducting it caused a furor, would be to put it mildly. He determined that John Bull *should* read what he provided—and he proceeded to make John Bull do so. Then he took over the historic *London Times* and proceeded to turn this ancient diary of events, into a live, breathing newspaper.

Subscriptions were cancelled, a flood of protests deluged Northcliffe; but, as the years went on, the circulation of his publications increased. To-day, his countrymen actually like them.

They have learned also of Northcliffe's tremendous services to his nation, especially during the World War, when his influence in molding public opinion, in keeping up courage, and in pointing out the straight and narrow road to victory, were of intense value to Great Britain.

His rise from plain Mr. Harmsworth, a poor newspaper reporter, to a peer of the realm, was one of the most unusual things in his country—it was purely "Yankee." The Britishers were not used to such sudden preferment. But when Northcliffe goes in for personal preferment, he is as impatient to be through with it as he is with any other task. To-day Lord Northcliffe is very little different from the ambitious young Harmsworth who went to London armed with his pen and the ability to use it.

He Accomplished the Impossible in Great Britain

IN his writings, and those of his staff, he has caused the British to look on life and public affairs from a new angle. He has accomplished the seemingly impossible in making his readers take a new view of themselves.

His methods of working are extremely interesting. Although he has offices in both the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*, one can never tell when he is to be found there. It is said that he has literally scores of "hiding places" throughout the United Kingdom—quiet little retreats into which he will drop when the spirit moves him, take communion with himself, and emerge with a new idea.

His main office, in the Times Building, is in the oldest part of that historic structure. He has the Belasco genius for backgrounds, and in this holy-of-holies he is to be found, when he is in London—in an ideal atmosphere.

Its great Gregorian mantle, its mahogany furniture, its every accessory, seem to belong to a bygone age. So does the view from his window. Yet Northcliffe, the embodiment of modern-day enterprise and vision, blends ideally with the quiet dignity of this room.

Picture him standing there, gazing out over the fog blurred roof tops of the old City of London—its crooked streets and crumbling chimney pots. Northcliffe is a large man, portly, athletic, yet a trifle stooped—a typical example of the well-fed, middle-aged Englishman. His step is hurrying, rather military. His hair is boyishly brown and his eyes are keen, restless, piercing. His voice is soft, and his accent distinctly English; but when he is speaking earnestly, his words shoot at one with the precision and rapidity of a machine-gun.

There is something unusually magnetic about his personality, and despite his quiet manner, no one ever forgets that

ere is a really great man. Seated in his office, with his avorite cup of tea, Northcliffe will outline to an employee r to an interviewer, the most intricate matter—clearly, conisely, unmistakably—within ten minutes or less. While loing so, he will give his attention to no end of things on is desk and his agile mind will be grappling with half a lozen problems other than the one of which he speaks.

His grasp of facts, and his logical, orderly way of prenting them, have made him little short of a marvel. In he early days of the war, Northcliffe rudely awakened Britain from a number of rosy dreams. In the first days of he conflict, he hastened to the front, with all the enthusiasm nd carefree spirit of the youngest "cub" reporter. Having een for himself how things were going, having formed his wn estimate of the enemy's strength, he returned to London nd began to thunder his views through the columns of his apers.

Knows Every Prominent Man's Strength

IT is said that he knows every prominent man in Great Britain like a book. He particularly knows their strength nd their weaknesses. This knowledge stood him in good stead when England was trying to find itself in the dark days of 1914. The "munitions" squabble came on, and Northcliffe bitterly assailed Kitchener, the popular idol of he hour. This action stirred up one of the greatest storms f protest the kingdom has ever known. Civic organizations nd individuals made public pyres of the *Daily Mail*, but Northcliffe only smiled. "The circulation is increasing steadily," he said, "the public must be buying the papers o burn!"

Northcliffe's wit can be subtle or caustic, but it is always dramatic. He leads on from one situation to another in a conversation, like a finished actor building a scene in a play. Often it serves him in good stead in gaining his point, in winning a friend, or in putting an opponent to utter rout.

No matter how busy he is, Northcliffe always finds time to receive callers. He is a keen conversationalist, but he draws far more from his visitors than he gives. He frankly admits that conversation is his way of "working his thoughts to the surface." To the casual observer, it might seem that he wastes a great deal of time on trivialities; but his every word, his every action, is the result of a definite plan to attain a given objective.

He will "put through" a long-distance call when away from London. In a few crisp sentences he will give his instructions or secure the information he seeks. Then, as a man whose task is finished, he will chat for twenty minutes on what he has seen that day, or some other seemingly purely personal matter. In this way, Northcliffe familiarizes himself with the personalities of his associates. He brings them close to him, and establishes a bond of harmony that is invaluable in the working out of his plans.

Possibly, this telephone habit, is all the more remarkable because of the fact that long-distance conversations are far less frequent abroad than they are in this country. Even the greatest of English financiers and business men, use the phone but sparingly. Not so Northcliffe. Perhaps this is another example of his absorption of American ideas. And here, it may be observed, that it is his wont to take the best of what he finds in other people's methods, and very shrewdly, indeed, to discard those schemes which seem to him faulty.

He Hides—But Produces Ideas

NO one can ever tell when or where to find this remarkable man. The office will be informed that he is to be absent for a week or a fortnight. But twenty-four hours later—or, maybe, less—he is back with fresh enthusiasm and full of some new idea.

It is said that no one but his private secretary and his family, know of all of Northcliffe's retreats. He still maintains the tiny office he occupied as editor of his first publishing venture, *Answers*, and it is here that he hides himself when some new plan is budding in his brain. Somehow the memories of the old paste-pot-and-shears days seems to inspire him and set his mind on the right track.

He also spends much time at his country estate on the east coast of England. Another of his favorite retreats is an exquisite old Tudor house on Sutton Place, in Surrey. But at which of these to find him, often perplexes his most intimate staff.

In the midst of the most intricate problems, he will suddenly announce that he is off for a holiday. Ten minutes later, he is gone; perhaps for a day, perhaps for a fortnight. He plays as hard as he works—and he made it a point to do so in the darkest days of the war.

"I believe in keeping fit," he said. "The more difficult the task, the greater the need of keeping in trim."

So, periodically, he will drop everything and slip away for a round of golf or a fishing excursion in the streams of Scotland. The British like him for this typical trait, and Northcliffe admits that he could not work as he does if he did not play just as hard.

He is as proud of his prowess as a sportsman as he is of his skill as a publisher. And, unquestionably, Northcliffe is a paragon of what a man at the head of a great industry should be. Not a detail of his enterprises escapes his attention, though he refuses to burden himself with petty matters and gives his subordinates free rein.

Follows Every Detail of His Vast Enterprises

TO watch the man tugging in harness is a rare treat and an inspiration. "Carmelite House" is the home of the *Daily Mail*, just a short walk from his other office in the Times building. This structure, too, is a relic of old London. From the outside, no one would believe that it housed the vast and complicated machinery required to produce the largest circulating newspaper in the English language.

"Apartment One" is Northcliffe's sanctum. It is familiarly called "The chief's room." Here he meets his executives in a magnificent old oak-paneled room, filled with photographs and souvenirs of many years of journalism. Perhaps he will leave his desk and wander down to the pressrooms, through the composing department, or out to the platform where great bundles of freshly printed papers are being shipped. And always his keen eyes are drinking in unthought of bits of information and flashing a cordial greeting to his many employees.

It is said that he reads every line that appears in his papers. He is fair in dealing out praise and equally quick to make criticism; but his criticisms are always constructive. With a few words, he will point out his objections to an editorial or his reasons for believing an article would have proved more interesting if written from a different angle.

He even takes a lively interest in the comic supplement of his papers—another "Yankee innovation," as they call it in England. These receive the same careful attention as the editorial section, and not infrequently Northcliffe calls in an artist and tells him how to make his conceptions still more humorous.

He is keenly interested in men who can really write, and is equally quick to perceive the signs of budding genius. When he finds such a man, his editors are instructed to watch and develop him carefully, and the "chief" himself is careful to observe the progress of his discovery. When he has been observing someone not in his employ for some time, and decides that he wants the man to work for him, Northcliffe will often approach the individual personally. Yet it is said that he personally dislikes to hire or discharge men. His procedure, in one instance, was to put his question point blank to his chosen candidate. The man seemed flattered and readily consented.

"Good," said Northcliffe. "Go to my business manager

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Good Cheer at the Dinner-Table

It Will Save Doctor's Bills and Promote Happiness and Efficiency

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Which is Your Dinner-table?

A LADY whose charming manners and delightful conversation made her a favorite wherever she went, was once asked by a friend how she managed always to be cheerful and such a ready talker.

"I think," she answered, "it is because we were taught as children to be cheerful always, especially at table. My father was a lawyer with a large criminal practice; his mind was harassed with difficult problems all day long, yet he always came to the table with a smile and a pleasant greeting for every one, and exerted himself to make our meal hour delightful. All his powers to charm were freely given to entertain his family. Three times a day we felt this genial influence, and the effect was marvelous. If a child came to the table with cross looks, he or she was quietly sent away to find a good boy or girl, for only such were allowed to come within that loving circle. We were taught that all petty grievances and jealousies must be forgotten when meal time came, and the habit of being cheerful three times a day, under all circumstances, had its effect on even the most sullen temperament. Grateful as I am for all the training received in my childhood home, I look back upon the table influence as among the best of my life."

FORTUNATE, indeed, are the children who enjoy the advantage of being trained to behave at the table as this lady was trained in her youth. It will be of more value to them in later life than a great fortune; for it will not only make them cheerful, and ready and entertaining talkers, but it will make them healthy, efficient men and women.

Cheerfulness in the family, generally, especially cheerful, entertaining conversation at the dinner-table, at all meals, would save half the doctor's bills, besides promoting happiness and efficiency.

A specialist in mental diseases says, "A hearty laugh is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties." And a great European physician recommended to a royal patient the ancient custom of jesters at the king's table, whose quips and cranks would keep the company in a roar.

WHAT we want is not merely food for the body, but also refreshment for the mind. Food supplies only part of our needs. We require mental nourishment and relaxation. The meal hour ought to mean something besides supplying a mere animal need. It should be looked forward to by every member of the family as the noon recess is looked forward to by pupils in school—as a let-up in the strenuous life, a time for fun and laughter. The father should tuck away his business cares; the mother forget her household problems and perplexities; the children their little disappointments and vexations, and all join wholeheartedly in making the gathering round the family table the happiest occasion of the day.

In some homes it is just the opposite. Every meal is a gloomy occasion. The family sit around the table in depressing silence or grumble and are cross and crabbed, with never a pleasant word or a smile all through the meal.

I HAVE visited in homes where the members of the family would come to breakfast with long faces, stretching, gaping, discontented, surly and cross. When conversation took the place of the gloomy silence, it was depressing. Everybody had some tale of woe or trouble to tell. Nobody made an effort to say anything pleasant; no one tried to be cheerful or to look agreeable. They would tell what bad dreams they had; or how they couldn't sleep because they were ill; or how they lay awake half the night worrying about something.

At dinner it was just the same. The father would come home from business tired, grouchy, irritable and disagreeable, and would sit through the meal either moodily brooding over all the things that had troubled and annoyed him during the day, or snapping at his wife and children, grumbling about the food, finding fault with everything at the table, behaving generally like a hog. The children quarreled with each other, and the mother—fretted, peevish and anxious—found fault with all of them by turns. None of them seemed to be in the least embarrassed by the presence of a guest, but gave vent to their ill feelings and bad manners as if it were quite the correct thing.

On the other hand, some of the most delightful times of my life have been spent in a home where the whole family look forward to the reunion at meals as to a picnic.

AS a health promoter, nothing else will take the place of good cheer and laughter at meals. There is very little dyspepsia, very little complaint of indigestion, very little illness of any kind, in families which indulge in jollity and fun at the table. It is in the gloomy, melancholy family, in the home where the children wear long, sad faces and old age is stamped on the features of the young man and the young woman, in the home where there is bickering and worrying and faultfinding, that dyspepsia, liver trouble, insomnia—all sorts of physical and mental ills—hold sway.

There is a vital connection between amiability and digestion,—between good cheer and assimilation. Laughter is the best friend the liver, or any of the other digestive organs has; depression, or melancholia, is their worst enemy. Numerous experiments have shown that mirth and cheerfulness stimulate the secretion of the gastric juices, and are powerful aids to digestion. If people only knew that mirth and cheerfulness are more effective than any medicine that can be found at any apothecary's shop, or at any health resort, they would encourage them in every way.

IF the meal hour were more generally looked forward to as a joyful occasion, as the best kind of mental relaxation and recreation, an opportunity for the brightest conversation, for humor, for mind-renewing and refreshing—a mental bath and a good time generally—the race would be much healthier and happier, and there would be much more efficiency and much less crime and misery in the world.

Sunshine in the inner, as well as in the outer, world is the source of all that is beneficient, strong, wholesome, and upbuilding. Darkness and gloom in the outer world produce rank, noisome weeds, weak, sickly, unfruitful plants. Darkness and gloom in the inner world weaken the hand of the worker, palsy his efforts, make him puny, ineffective, unproductive. Sunshine and good cheer, on the other hand, multiply his faculties and draw out all that is best in him. Not only that, but every one who comes in contact with him is the better for his cheerful spirit.

Benjamin Franklin gives a good illustration of this in a little anecdote about a humble mechanic who, among a number of others, was at work on a house a little way from his office.

"He always appeared to be in a merry humor," said Franklin, "and had a kind word and smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced in his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant flow of spirits."

"'It is no secret doctor,' he replied. 'I have one of the best of wives; and, when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and, when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.'"

One can imagine what a pleasant meal it was to which this humble workman and his wife sat down when the day's tasks were done; and although Franklin does not mention it, we may be sure the quality and quantity of the man's work were in proportion to his good humor.

MAN is the only laughing animal. His Creator gave him the power of laughter and good cheer as special gifts. They were given to him as his natural protectors, his physicians. If people only knew the power of laughter, the constant unrepressed expression of joy and gladness, half the physicians would be seeking other occupations.

One of the greatest sins parents commit against their children is suppressing their love of play; in insisting, as some parents do, that they must not talk or laugh at meals. This is a crime against childhood. It is actually unfitting them to be pleasant and agreeable companions, "good mixers" when they grow up and go out in the world, for the habits of childhood become a part of the grown man and woman. What your boys and girls are taught to do as children they will do as grown-ups; and to sit at table, as so many grown-ups do, gloomy and absorbed as if they were assisting at a funeral, without speaking a word except to ask for some article of food, is a most depressing experience.

DO not suppress your children at the table. Let them laugh and enjoy themselves, without becoming rough or boisterous. Impress it upon them that meal time is a time of joy and gladness; the time for every member of the family to put up his best front, to bring the best that is in him to the fore for the benefit of the others—his best appearance, his best conversation, his pleasantest manner.

LAUGHTER begins in the lungs and diaphragm, setting the liver, stomach, and other internal organs into a quick jellylike vibration which gives a pleasant sensation and exercise, almost equal to that of horseback riding. During digestion, the movements of the stomach are similar to churning. Every time you take a full breath, or when you cachinnate well, the diaphragm descends and gives the stomach an extra squeeze and shakes it. Frequent laughing sets the stomach to dancing, hurrying up the digestive process. The heart beats faster, and sends the blood bounding through the body.

"There is not," says Dr. Green, "one remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by a good hearty laugh."

In medical terms, it stimulates the vasomotor centers, and the spasmodic contraction of the blood-vessels causes the blood to flow quickly. Laughter accelerates the respiration and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. It brightens the eye, improves the respiration, expands the chest, forces the poisoned air from the least-used lung cells, and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health, which results from the harmonious action of all the functions of the body. This delicate poise, which may be destroyed by a sleepless night, a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often wholly restored by a good hearty laugh.

A Patriot Who Fights for Truth

An Interview with MRS. GEORGE THACHER GUERNSEY *President-General of the D. A. R.*

By KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

Author of "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," "Barbara of Baltimore," "Yellow Soap" and other stories.

THAT shop-worn utterance which concerns honesty and advises it as the policy that is safest to adopt, is not a thing with which to begin an article of to-day; but—how I want to! For, my subject, Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, is a perfect example of the truthful woman, and her achievements show what truth will do. People who know Mrs. Guernsey and the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution will say:

"Oh, but she's a fair fighter and she has sufficient self-confidence to be able to take her own part. It wasn't truth *alone.*"

But—I stick to my point and I believe that it *was* truth alone. Fair fighting is the outcome of that; and self-confidence, a legitimate self-confidence, is only the result of knowing and acknowledging one's self. The days, and let us devoutly give thanks for it, of the woman who says, "Oh, my dear, *do* you think I can? I think it's too *sweet* of you to suggest it, I'll try —I'll do my *little best,*"—those days are fading. In their place steps a time healthily filled with women who know and acknowledge their own abilities; who greet truth, even that about themselves, openly; who, after personal inventory, if they feel able, will say, "I *can* and I *will* tackle it!"

Such a woman is Mrs. George Thacher Geurnsey of Independence, Kansas, and Washington, D. C. Let me tell you a little something about her.

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MRS. GEORGE THACHER GUERNSEY
President-General
National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution

MRS. GUERNSEY was the daughter of a Methodist minister. She was one of a large family, and she started her usefulness when at an absurdly young age for school teaching. I can imagine her saying, "You need help, dad, I'm going to teach school." And she did. I do not doubt a great deal of the money she earned went into frocks for her little sisters and to comforts for the not always comfortable parsonage. Her little sisters, by the way, have now grown to the name of legion and many of them she has never seen, but she always helps—helps anyone who needs help. And, when I hear of any of her many kindnesses, I always seem to see a slip of a girl standing in the center of the perhaps somewhat shabby living-room of a Methodist parsonage, and I can hear her say: "You need help, dad—*I'm going to help!*"

Sometimes I think that the big moments we meet in youth, the fights we make, the fences we take, register; and that the blank record, in the mind of the individual who is forming, is open to and will take and hold through life the clearest voice. The voice in this case came from within a charming and beautiful girl who saw need and answered it; who said, "I will help!"

Certainly this idea seems reasonable when one thinks of the woman that girl came to be, of her continual giving of sympathy, aid, and—real work.

SHE married Mr. George Thacher Guernsey when he was a man of humble means. She helped him fight for his financial footing, she ran her house very well on very little and, after a few years, she had the pleasure of seeing his hard work answered. He is now one of the leading financiers and bankers of the Middle West. And in here, I really must insert a small pill —a pill that many women need, I am afraid. When I was in Kansas last year, I had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Guernsey. We spoke of starts and goings on, what made them difficult and what smoothed the way.

A little story of disappointment made me say, "Didn't that depress Mrs. Guernsey? Most women, you know—" I stopped. The rest was unnecessary. One could see a moist ball of a handkerchief, and hear a sob-sprinkled voice saying, "Why didn't you *make* him pay? I—I *wanted* it. Y-you said I could have it. Every other woman in t-town has one and I—" It was a carpet. You know the sort worn in the early "eighties." Everyone *had* to have one. They were being worn that year, you know! Hopes of heaven faded before the wants for those—yes they had large red roses!

"Didn't it depress her?" I repeated the question. "Most women, you know- -"

"No," said Mr. Guernsey. "Or—if it did I didn't know it. She said, 'Hard luck, Thach; But we'll get it yet. Hold on!'" And—he did!

MRS. GUERNSEY has had three children: two boys, one of whom died early in his dear little, soldier-playing life; and a girl. To-day Mrs. Guernsey is the grandmother of four children of whom she is justly proud. Her energy and her interest in anything of importance have kept her young—not tight corsets, hair dyes nor cosmetics. She is often taken for the sister of her daughter and daughter-in-law, which, strangely, does not seem to please her. On these occasions she almost invariably says, "Pshaw! I'm her mother. Could have been her mother

before I was, too. I'll have you know I have four grandchildren and that I'm—" Yes, she would, but I won't. I'm enough of a Victorian to think that every woman should be keeper of her own age, even if she doesn't keep it carefully, or care whether it is kept!

BUT, to go back—although Mrs. Guernsey does not use a lip-stick, rouge or a too-assertive powder, she is not carelessly or shoddily clothed; she is too efficient to neglect herself. Last year a rumor swept Washington to the effect that Mrs. Guernsey was the best-dressed women in that city. That, you know, means something; a good many good-looking women live or migrate there for various social and political activities. When Mrs. Guernsey heard this she was vastly amused.

"I?" she said. "My soul!" She laughed in her contagious way, sobered and then, somewhat wonderingly went on with, "But I think you must be wrong. I don't bother much about clothes. I try to get good materials and then I have them made up plainly. I like them that way. And they say that—" she paused and then ended with an "Oh, *pshaw!*" And I think she gave no more than two minutes' consideration to a remark that most women would have placed in the treasure room of their memories—on a pedestal! —I take it back. She thought of it again.

A dressmaker out in Kansas City (Mrs. Guernsey patronizes home industries and is an ardent believer in doing this), received a telegram in which the busy president of a great women's organization troubled to tell her that the frocks she had built were liked. I don't know how many of us whose time is little occupied would have bothered to do this, but Mrs. Guernsey did. She knew that this woman was very anxious to please her and that her business would be helped by this recognition and generously—as always—she gave the particular brand of help that lay at her hand. It seemed little to her; it did not to the maker of her clothes. And that truly, that is the largest generosity—giving not what you *want* to give, but what the other person wants.

"Thought it might please her," she said to her secretary, after she'd dictated her telegram, and then she went back to more serious things.

REMEMBER that the moment you resolve to make your life dream come true you have already taken the first step towards its realization, but you will stop there if your efforts cease. If, however strongly you decide to turn a certain way at the cross-roads and a stronger desire arises in you to take the other turn, you will go back. You cannot go two ways at one time.

WHAT are those?

You probably know what the D. A. R. is for. There is no need, I am sure, for me to tell you that its activities keep historical spots unmarred and open to the public many doors that would otherwise closely and selfishly guard treasure. The last time I was in New York, I went out to the Jumel Mansion, within which Madam Jumel married Aaron Burr, and where, during the War of the Revolution, Washington and the British troops made their headquarters—not at the same time! Here I saw the imprint of the D. A. R.; for the historic mansion, in the custody of the Washington Headquarters Association, New York, was founded by the Daughters of the American Revolution. All over the country are such places, made seeable, and opened to the public, by women who realize that the dead are not dead so long as a whisper of the good and great things they did shall live.

I saw small boys before the Washington mementoes. I thought: "Washington was a hero to you before you saw his shoe-buckles; now, with the little human touch that catches, you realize that he was a man. Perhaps—but who knows what dreams and aspirations lie in a twelve-year-old head? However, everyone knows that children are not injured by the realization that great men were real, wore laces, shoe-buckles, carried their snuff-boxes and loved the pretty lady to whom the lace fan belonged. I, personally, think these places have the greatest effect on the ideals of the growing boy and girl. School dates and school-drummed history seem so dull and so hopelessly, coldly dead!

DURING the war, the D. A. R., most magnificently widened its scope and helping power, under the able direction of Mrs. Guernsey. I shall not quote many figures, for you wouldn't read them; but the work they did for the Liberty Loan amounted to $73,408,872. They adopted villages, restocked war-steriled farms, adopted orphans—did wonderful work for the Allies; their work here amounted to $293,468.12. Of course they bought and sold thrift stamps, contributed magnificently to the Red Cross—even sending women from their own ranks—a few of whom, from their giving of life, have gained the great distinction.

They salaried camp mothers, gave ice cream to soldiers and sailors, provided healthy amusement for them. The list of contributions is really funny, even though the things were so much needed. One can see the home woman in a listed tea wagon. (I *hope* this was not sent to Flanders! I can't see it wading through the mud!) And you can often see the effect of good sense, (or the advice of a good husband) as in "Pool-table, hot-water bags, (150), kodaks, cablegrams" and so on. Think of the mothers those cablegrams relieved, think of the tummies those water bottles eased! And think of the fact that the D. A. R., through Mrs. Guernsey, not only accepted responsibility, but asked for more.

MRS. GUERNSEY has done one thing during her reign that is more than remarkable; she has put through the ruling which provides that no president-general may have more than one term. She reasoned that a good deal of working time was used, not for the benefit of the society, but for the benefit of the individual who was campaigning for her own second term. Pretty large, wasn't it, when if she hadn't inaugurated this, she might have gotten her own two helpings?

She was defeated the first time she ran and she showed her truth qualities when she fought for her second chance. She had some adversaries of whose methods she did not approve; and they knew it—she told them so.

I HEARD one story about Mrs. Guernsey that amused me considerably. It was about some flowers, the odor of which was particularly distasteful to the present president-general of the D. A. R. She was, on the occasion of this story, addressing a group in some small town, and the table by which she stood was loaded with flowers. "Take those away," she said, waving to a very sweetly perfumed boquet. "They make me sick!"

The donor approached with an outraged stride. And now —I am sure that nine women out of ten, on sensing the situation, would have tried, futilely and stupidly, to better it with a lie. I know I would have said, "Oh, not those! You gave me those, didn't you? I have *always* cared for them! I meant the ones by them!" Mrs. Guernsey did not.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Getting on with Business Associates

How Personality Increases Producing Power and Efficiency

By ELEANOR GILBERT

"EDWARDS is a capable chap, but hard to get along with." The general manager gave the verdict regretfully, and a perfectly conscientious and ambitious young man was shoved out into the cold when promotions were being distributed.

"I'd like to see young Marvin handle the job instead," continued the general manager. "It's true he isn't as able as Edwards, if you consider each of these men by himself. But the thing that counts in this executive job is not the work that a man gets out of himself, but what those under him produce.

"Edwards hasn't the knack of getting on with folks. He tries to make his assistants work as hard as he does, but I notice they do only as much as they absolutely have to and quit as soon as they can. He's been with us five years, but he's never been able to keep the same stenographer for more than six months, and not many stay that long. He puts in more hours of work than any other man on the pay-roll, but everyone who works with him is a clock watcher. Put him in charge of several hundred people in this new job, and he'd cost us more in the hiring and firing and secret loafing among his employees than he would save us by his own personal efforts—and I admit that he's an unusually hard worker.

"As for Marvin—well, he doesn't know as much about the business. He hasn't worked for us so long as Edwards. But he'll learn. I notice everybody's keen to tell him things, and he can worm anything he wants to know out of anybody. He has an easy-going, smiling way about him that's misleading. I used to think he was inclined to be lazy. He isn't. He sticks to his desk regularly and I guess he turns out a normal day's work.

"The important thing, however, is that he knows how to get on with his staff. There isn't a man or woman in his department who wouldn't work nights and Sundays and holidays if Mr. Marvin asked and be glad to do it! In his department few are fired and none resign, and I've never heard a mean or unjust thing reported of him.

"I also notice that, although he hasn't submitted nearly as many ideas as Edwards, more of his suggestions seem to get over. Looks to me as if his personality influenced the management as well as the employees!"

♣

OR let us hearken to the opinion of Miss Hazel Johnson, who yawned and chafed through six months of stenographic work for Mr. Edwards, but has blossomed into a brisk and amazing "efficiency," as "private secretary" to Mr. Marvin.

"Edwards? Oh, he can work for two all right. But he's the worst grouch in the world. Tries to be a slave-driver, but the girls always put something over on him like forgetting to come back Saturday afternoon after he's dictated a book full and terribly anxious to get most of the mail off. He never talks except to give you orders or to criticize. If you work your fingers off to get some letters on time he never even notices it; but if you make the least mistake—heavens!—he talks about it for a week until you get to believe you're a criminal for taking a salary!

"Mr. Marvin is just wonderful to work for. He's always so cheerful no matter how disagreeable anyone else is nor how many mistakes you make. Honestly, it hurts me a lot when I make the least error now, just because Mr. Marvin's so nice about it. Yesterday, I got an estimate confused transposed some figures. If I'd been working for Edwards, he'd have bawled me out so that I'd be nervous and unfit for work the rest of the day. But what do you think Mr. Marvin did? He stopped at my desk with the letter, smiled, and said: 'See here, Miss Johnson, what do you want to spoil a perfect record for? First mistake you've made in a month!' I stuck the letter in my machine and made the correction, and I was just as sorry as I told Mr. Marvin I was. There's another thing, too, that's so much nicer about Mr. Marvin. He lets you make corrections if if you do them neatly—and, of course, if they're not neat enough I wouldn't submit them.

"But Mr. Edwards seems to like to pile on unnecessary work whenever he can. If there was an error in a letter he'd ink a circle around it. Of course, you couldn't erase that and it would mean re-writing a letter. That isn't a dreadful job of course; but it's the meanness of the thing—

(*Continued on page 56*)

If You Want to Kill Nervousness—

Be optimistic.

Learn to relax.

Get plenty of sleep.

Be reasonable about everything.

Cultivate friends of placid temperament.

Bathe frequently and take plenty of exercise.

Do not be ambitious for great wealth or fame.

Do not economize on your vacations or outings.

Do not allow trifles or anything else to annoy you.

Work vigorously, enthusiastically: play as heartily.

Do not carry your business troubles home with you.

Do not be too intense in what you undertake. Keep a serene poise.

Avoid excesses of all kinds. The nerve-free life is a temperate, regular life.

Make yourself immune to all disturbances from what others do, or say, or think.

Breathe fresh, pure air, and live an out-of-door life in the sunshine as much as possible.

Determine that whatever comes to you after you have done your best, you will be content.

Do not worry. Many a shattered nervous system can trace its disaster to worrying about things which never happened.

Do not take stimulants: they are all enemies in the guise of friends. Over stimulation of nerve centers has wrecked many a life.

Do not over-eat, or eat foods which irritate the nervous system. Many people go through life cross, and crotchety, burdens to themselves because they eat wrong things.—O. S. M.

What Your Thoughts

HOLD to optimistic ideals and you will drive out pessimism, the great breeder of disease, failure and misery. Stand guard at the door of your mind; keep out all the enemies of your happiness and achievement by continually flooding your mental kingdom with thoughts of love, good-will, success, happiness, prosperity—whatever you desire to realize in your life, —and you will be astonished at your increased power and happiness.

THERE is an old saying that, "curses, like chickens, come home to roost." In other words, the curses, instead of finding their mark, recoil on the head of the one who curses.

The same thing is true of our thoughts. They are boomerangs which come back to us, to curse or to bless. If a blessing is sent out, a blessing will come back; if a curse is sent out, a curse will come back—and all according to a law that like attracts like.

Scientists say that our words and thoughts, as they go out from us, impress themselves upon the universal ether, and make pictures corresponding to their nature. These are hideous and depressing, or beautiful and uplifting, to match the thought or the word that created them.

If we could only see with the physical eye the invisible pictures, our thoughts, our motives, our emotions, our various mental attitudes are constantly creating as they fly away from us at lighting speed to perform their errands in the mental world, we would get some idea of the tremendous importance of these silent forces that are, every hour, every moment, making or marring our lives.

THE accompanying pictures help us to visualize them in a tangible way. The difference in the appearance of the two men is a very good illustration of the different effects produced by our thoughts. Both are about the same age; at the start, both were physically well-endowed by nature. In the one case, a vicious mental atmosphere, created by all sorts of evil thoughts,—greed thoughts, worry thoughts, thoughts of hatred and malice and vindictiveness, thoughts of envy, of avarice, of jealousy, of self-pity; a whole brood of demoralizing and destructive thoughts, cherished for years, and sent flying in every direction, have flung back their curses and so altered the man's physical appearance that his own mother would hardly recognize in him the youth who started out with high hopes and great ambitions to make his career.

The other, instead of letting setbacks and disappointments sour and embitter him; instead of letting discouraging and evil thoughts take possession of him and ruin his life, made his mind a store-house of beautiful, helpful, constructive uplifting thoughts. Truth, love, faith, benevolence, kindly charitable thoughts towards everyone; hopeful thoughts, courageous thoughts, success thoughts—all the happy family thoughts—were his daily companions, cheering, encouraging, helping him, no matter how dark the outlook, to make his dreams come true. His face shows their benevolent creative work, the boyhood dream realized. Here are no wrinkles, no bitterness, no hideous frowning furrows carved by ugly thoughts. The serene, poised, harmonious mind, the habitual constructive, courageous, happy mental attitude, has added new beauty, new charm, new strength to the man's face.

WE are all familiar with both types of men; we number them among our friends and acquaintances; we see them everywhere; in the street, in cars and trains; in shops and offices; and whether we are acquainted with them or not we recognize them for what they are at a glance; their faces tell the story. Also whether conscious of it or not, we are constantly being bombarded by the thoughts they are sending out, and are helped or hindered by them according as they correspond with our own. For, like attracts like in the mental as well as in the physical world.

Quick as thought, is a very familiar saying. We all use it, but very few of us realize how quickly thought acts upon ourselves. Yet we live in the midst of all sorts of currents and cross currents of other people's thoughts, moods and emotions; and every time we think, or feel, we make connection with one or another of these currents. If we are filled with thoughts of fear, of malice, of hatred, of revenge, of envy, of doubt or discouragement; if we are holding any evil or depressing thought, all of the innumerable thought currents related to our own flow in upon us and add to our misery, increase the power for harm to ourselves of the evil thought we hold. Similarly, when we think constructively, when our thought connects us with the love-thought current, with the current of courage, of faith, of

Are Doing to You

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

ALL thoughts which suggest weakness, failure, unhappiness, poverty, crime, hatred, envy, greed, malice—the whole miserable brood of pessimists—are destructive, negative, tearing-down thoughts. They are our enemies. Brand them whenever they try to gain an entrance to your mind. Avoid them as you would thieves. They are thieves—thieves of our comfort, thieves of harmony, of power, of happiness, of efficiency of success.

love, of hope, of harmony, of power, of success, of prosperity, we are reinforced by similar currents flowing in on us from every side, adding their strength and inspiration to our own.

A YOUTH who begins to harbor thoughts of wrongdoing, who dwells upon the criminal thought, the criminal act, contemplating these things, holding them in his mind, makes connection with the criminal thought currents, and before he realizes it he is swept off his feet and commits a crime.

Or a girl who has been well reared sometimes shocks a community by the rapidity with which she goes to her ruin. The reason she deteriorates so rapidly is because her thoughts first go wrong. She begins to make mental connection with those who are steeped in vileness, and her diverted thought-current is reinforced by the great current of impurity, coarseness, vulgarity, with which she makes wireless connection, and very quickly she is drawn into the maelstrom of vice.

In other words, your thought is always contacting with its affinity, for good or ill, making you better or worse, stronger or weaker, happier or more miserable. You cannot think vicious, impure thoughts, despondent, discouraged thoughts, hatred or jealous thoughts, grasping thoughts, greedy thoughts, disease thoughts, criminal thoughts, without attracting to yourself the things that are like them, because thoughts are creative forces.

The thought you hold in your mind will live in your body, will out-picture in your face, in your expression, will express itself in your health, in your fortunes, in your relations with other people. In short, the law of attraction will unerringly bring to you that which corresponds to your mental attitude, your good thoughts or your bad thoughts, your faith, or your lack of it, your hope or your despair, your courage or your cowardice.

SOME of us would be horrified if we could see, in picture-form, the cowardly, miserable, distressing, often vile, currents with which we unintentionally make connection. If everybody we meet could see the mental companions we attract, because we are in tune with them; if we could see, and others could see, the kind of people with whom we make wireless connection because of our thought affinity many of us would shudder at the sight.

No one, however, is left helplessly at the mercy of his own harmful thoughts, or those of others. No one need be a victim of the unfortunate thought currents and cross currents which are flying in every direction from other minds. Mental chemistry will tell us how to neutralize these mental enemies with their antidotes.

PRIMITIVE people have great faith in the curative power of certain plants and herbs, because they believe that the Creator has put into them remedies for every physical ill. The most highly civilized peoples are beginning to realize that man has within himself the great panacea for all his ills; that the antidotes for the worst poisons, the poisons of evil thoughts, passions and emotions, exist in the form of love, charity, and good-will essences, which the Creator put in the soul of man from the beginning. He has implanted in every human being a force that is stronger than any evil or vicious thought. We have the power, if we will only exercise it, to direct and control our thoughts, to make them what we will. We can send out and draw to ourselves whatever manner of thought we desire.

"I can not shut the darkness out, but I can shine it out," said John Newton. The way to get rid of your harmful evil thoughts is not to exhaust yourself by violently trying to drive them out, but simply by neutralizing them, antidoting them, replacing them with the opposite thoughts; literally by substituting light for darkness.

EVERY true, beautiful and helpful thought is a creative seed, which, if held in the mind, reproduces itself in the life and atmosphere of the man or the woman; and so long as such inspiring and helpful thoughts fill the mind their opposites can not get in their deadly work, because the two opposites can not possibly live together. They are natural enemies. Discord can not exist in the presence of harmony; ill-will and good-will can not occupy the mind at the same time. The charitable thought, the love thought, will very quickly drive out the jealousy, the hate, and the revenge thought. If we make pleasant, cheerful pictures in the mind, the gloomy, "blue" pictures will be wiped out.

The Play of the Month

"SHAVINGS"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

A Comedy that Makes the Sun Shine Brighter

Reviewed by Selma H. Lowenberg

Photo by White, N. Y.

Babbie Armstrong **(Lillian Roth): "Truly you'll forget, Uncle Jed?"**
Jed Winslow **(Harry Beresford): "Truly, bluely, lay me down and cut me in twoly."**

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN whose short stories and novels of Cape Cod folk have won thousands of readers, has found his way from the covers of his interesting books to the speaking stage. His latest novel, "Shavings," has been dramatized by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, and the result is one of the most delightfully diverting and philosophical comedies that New York has seen in many a day.

IN the Cape Cod town of Orham lives J. Edward Winslow, intimately and fondly known to all the members of the community as "Jed" or "Uncle Jed." All the children love Uncle Jed. He seems to understand them perfectly. Then, too, Uncle Jed makes wonderful toy windmills, and he is never too busy to stop and chat and sympathize with the children, nor too eager to sell his toys or neglect to give them to little girls or boys who have only a few pennies.

The older folks of Orham—that is, most of them—think Jed Winslow is a little queer because he spends all his time turning out windmills and other wooden toys for children. Of course, that is his business, but to them it seems strange for a grown man to sit and whittle out shapes of animals, fishes, and birds—even Biblical characters—and make them, respectively, wave their tails or wings or arms wildly in the wind.

The villagers nickname him "Shavings," in good-humored contempt.

The inhabitants also think Jed is queer because he doesn't seem to care much about money. So long as he earns sufficient to supply his simple wants, he is content. If it wasn't for his friend and adviser, Captain Sam Hunniwell, President of the Orham National Bank and former sea captain, who calls regularly to make Jed hunt around the littered shop for the money that has strayed in, Jed wouldn't have anything put aside for the proverbial rainy day. But then, Jed doesn't believe in worrying about rainy days or anything connected with them.

JED WINSLOW, however, has a sound philosophy—all his own. He believes in kindness to everyone, particularly to children, and his pleasure is in giving of what he has to those less fortunate. And, somehow, notwithstanding his idiosyncrasies, the villagers have acquired the habit of coming to him with their troubles and their misunderstandings, for he seems to have the magic spark of sympathy which is life's eternal balm for the healing of the nations.

As a boy Jed always liked to meddle with mechanical things. He had planned to study at Boston "Tech;" but a few months before he was to go away to school his mother suffered a stroke and the doctor said she would never

Jed Winslow **(Harry Beresford) discovers that his dream girl, *Ruth Armstrong* (Clara Moores), loves *Major Leonard Grover* (Mitchell Harris).**

walk again. Jed was only fifteen the night the doctor told him the dreadful truth. He didn't seem able to think, so he sat all night long and whittled at a piece of wood—and the first Cape Cod toy windmill was the result. He gave it to a little child who happened to come to the house next day. "The child must have shown the windmill to his mother and the mother showed it to other mothers, and before I knew what was happening the orders began piling in," says Jed.

So rapidly did the business grow, however, that Jed had to move his work to a little shop in the back yard of the cottage. When his mother died, he moved into a little room adjoining the shop because the cottage was too "sociable," too intimate of memories of other days.

Jed kept on making windmills, for he was too old to go to school after his mother died. "Anyway," he said, "if we can't have our wishes it's up to us to stick to our jobs and grin."

ONE day, Captain Sam and his daughter Maude stop at the shop to visit Jed, and before he leaves, the Captain asks Jed to rent the vacant cottage to a young widow who has recently come to Orham and, that morning, had been to the bank to ask Captain Hunniwell to find a house for her. Jed demurs. He doesn't need the money, he says, and besides a woman living next door would encroach on his liberties. He could no longer wash himself outside in the yard nor hang his underclothes on the line on wash days. Then, in the evenings, he always likes to sing over his work, and if a woman lives next door she will probably think he is sick and annoy him by rushing over to offer assistance. Jed doesn't want any neighbors. He is content with his life as it is.

Photo by White, N. Y.

WHEN Captain Sam has departed and Jed is once more singing over his work, a little girl enters the shop hugging her old rag doll. She wants to see the windmill man and she has walked ever so far to visit him to buy a toy sword-fish. Uncle Jed soon forgets all about the unpleasant possibility of having neighbors, and he and the child soon become good friends.

The little girl, Babbie, is much interested in Jed's two pet toys: Noah, who sits in his ark, and the prophet, Isaiah. They are formally introduced to Babbie's doll, Petunia. Isaiah, Jed explains to the child, decides all great questions for him. One hand is painted black and the other white, and when Jed wants a decision he twirls Isaiah's hands—and if the black hand sticks up in the air the question is decided in the affirmative.

"And what if the black hand don't stop pointing up?" questions Babbie.

"Well," answers Uncle Jed, "then I just give Isaiah another spin until he points the way I want him to."

WHILE Babbie and Uncle Jed are having a delightful time together, Babbie's mother comes in search of her. The young mother is as charming and captivating as Babbie, Jed soon discovers. She asks him to rent the cottage next door. By this time Jed has forgotten his horror of women neighbors and enthusiastically acquieses. Jed loses no time in hunting the key to the cottage saying that whatever rent Captain Hunniwell asks, he will cut in two.

Again Jed is busy at his work, singing louder than ever, when Phineas Babbitt, the hardwarestore man—an inveterate old crank—stamps into Jed's shop, boiling with rage because, in renting his home to Mrs. Armstrong, Jed has taken a potential tenant away from him. Phin's is the only house to be had in the village, outside of Jed's cottage, and Phin was demanding $70 a month for it. Babbitt is especially angry that day because his son, Leander, has just returned from the war, a cripple, and complains that he will have Leander on his hands for months before the boy will be able to work again. He blames Jed and Sam Hunniwell for having put "fool notions" into Leander's head about going to war. Phin's son, Leander, and Sam's daughter, Maude, are sweethearts—much to the disgust of the two fathers, who are bitter enemies.

A MONTH passes, during which time Jed has become more and more fond of his new tenant. Babbie, the child, loves her Uncle Jed. On this particular day, Babbie with her doll, Petunia, is sitting in the yard with Uncle Jed, watching him work on a windmill. Babbie and Uncle Jed are carrying on an animated conversation about the new windmill, Petunia, and all the other important things in Babbie's life.

Babbie becomes more and more confidential and tells Uncle Jed that they are expecting her Uncle Charlie, her mother's brother, the following week.

"He's been away such a long time, 'cause he was shut up an' they wouldn't let him get out. Policemen came and took him away and made mother cry," she confides. And then suddenly remembering that her mother had forbidden her to ever speak of the policemen to anyone, she begins to cry. Uncle Jed comforts her and promises to forget everything she has said.

"Truly, Uncle Jed," she says, happy again.

"Truly, bluely, lay me down and cut me in twoly," he promises.

CHARLES PHILLIPS, Mrs. Armstrong's brother, arrives a week sooner than expected. They are all very happy and Ruth, Mrs. Armstrong, tells Jed that her brother would like to stay in Orham if he can get work. Then she tells Jed that Charlie has served two years in State's Prison and has just been released. He had worked in a

Gabriel Bearse (George Neville), the village gossip, listens eagerly to *Phin Babbitt's* (Charles Dow Clark) accusation against *Charles Phillips* (Saxon Kling), ardently defended by Jed and Ruth, The prophet, Isaiah, Jed's oracle, stands at the left.

bank, had borrowed from the bank to invest in stocks and had lost. The shortage was discovered and Charlie was sent to prison. He is not bad, she says, and Jed immediately thinks of his friend, Sam Hunniwell, and suggests that he talk to Sam about a position in the bank for Charlie. Ruth is delighted, until she realizes that Jed takes it for granted that Sam will be told of her brother's past. The boy does not wish to take a position under false pretenses, but Ruth begs for her sake that nothing be said. Charlie's record before this one mistake had been faultless, and during his imprisonment his sister has received excellent references from his other employers.

That evening Sam Hunniwell and his daughter, Maude, come to call on Mrs. Armstrong; and when the Captain learns that Charlie wants to stay in Orham, the question of a position in the bank is discussed. Captain Hunniwell employs Charlie on the strength of his former recommendations and Jed succumbs to Ruth's mute pleading for silence. Nothing is said about the prison term.

Major Leonard Grover, a friend of Jed's from a nearby aviation field, drops in to visit and is surprised to see Ruth whom he had known before her marriage, ten years previous. There is a happy reunion and a prompt renewal of friendship.

IN the three months that have passed since Jed rented his cottage to Mrs. Armstrong, a change has come over him. He is more careful in his dress and the shop has taken on a different aspect. Previously the floor was littered with sawdust and shavings and nothing was in its proper place. Now it is spic and span, and the floor swept clean. Even a rocking-chair has found its way to the shop. Ruth Armstrong has made herself useful in the shop, she takes orders, and makes sales to relieve Jed. Her brother has made good at the bank. Sam Hunniwell cannot sing his praises too highly. Everything is rolling smoothly along.

A TRAVELING salesman has come to town and is in the shop giving a large order for various toys to which Ruth is attending. He is always in a hurry. He calls himself the efficiency salesman, proudly boasting of his prowess in never forgetting either a face or the incidents connected with it. And so he seems to remember having seen Ruth before.

Phin Babbitt has entered the shop, as usual, to quarrel with Jed, but Jed is out. When Ruth goes to look for him the salesman questions Phin about Ruth and learns that she came from Middleford, Connecticut. He immediately asks if she has a brother, Charles Phillips. Phin, sullen before now, becomes talkative and questions the salesman about Mrs. Armstrong's past. Thoughtlessly he tells of Charlie's misfortune. Phin is delighted with the news, for now he feels that he can get revenge on Sam Hunniwell—and Jed, as well. Jed returns before Phin leaves and soon learns that Phin knows the story of Charlie Phillips! Phin says he is going to the bank to tell Captain Hunniwell and have Charlie turned out. Jed is angry and alarmed, but determined to save his friend. He plays his trump card.

"When Leander enlisted in the war, you wrote me a letter," Jed says, "givin' me fits 'cause you said I put him up to it. I *didn't,* because he didn't need any puttin' up to make him want to fight for Uncle Sam—thank God! But, in that letter, you said a lot of other things—crazy things! You said you hoped the Germans would lick us, and you'd do everything you could to help 'em. You said you'd blow up the ammunition factory at Ostable, and the Lord knows what. That was the biggest fool letter I ever read, Phin. I suppose it comes natural for me to be interested in fool things—so I've kept that letter ever since. I've got it now."

Then Jed tells Phin that if one word comes out about Charlie Phillips, he will have the letter read at the town meeting. Phin's anger is boundless, for he is thwarted again, and Major Grover, from the flying field, who has entered in time to hear Phin explode, naturally takes sides with Jed, which only adds to Phin's anger.

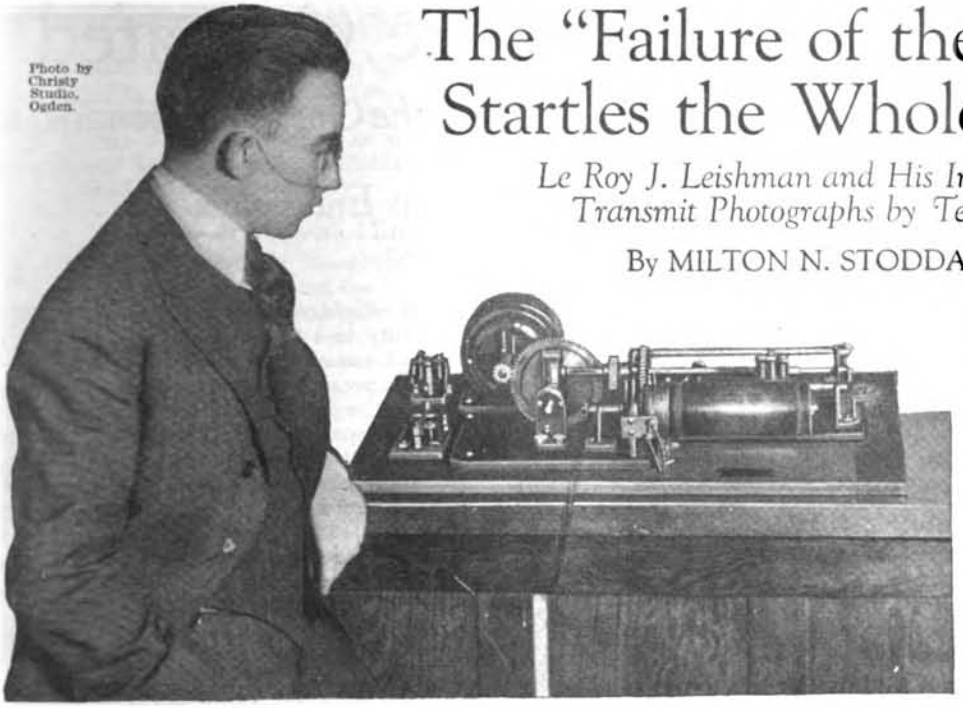
Jed and the major are to have dinner with Ruth that evening, and Charlie has come into the shop to tell the guests that dinner is ready. The major goes at once, but

(*Continued on page* 77)

The "Failure of the Family" Startles the Whole World

Le Roy J. Leishman and His Invention to Transmit Photographs by Telegraphy

By MILTON N. STODDARD



Le Roy J. Leishman and his invention for the transmission of photographs by telegraphy. President Wilson's likeness may be seen on the disc.

CONSIDERED throughout his boyhood as hopeless, foredoomed the "failure of the family," viewed with kindly commiseration as a "hopeless dreamer," Le Roy J. Leishman, at the age of twenty-three, has proved his unwavering self-confidence and his almost fanatical determination to win. His invention—sending photographs by telegraph—is a demonstrated success. When at the age of nineteen he announced that his marvelous creation was almost perfected, he was listened to with deference by a number of highly successful concerns.

Now, Le Roy J. Leishman, who believed in his own ideas, who flouted discouragement, is the president of two large organizations—the L. J. Leishman Company, of Ogden, Utah, and the Leishman Telegraphed Picture Service, of New York, both built on his inventions which is regularly supplying 150 American newspapers with news pictures. A picture of a big event can be sent from New York to the Pacific Coast within a day of the time the picture was taken.

Combined Catsup and Acids for Batteries

AN explanation of "how she works" is, after all, not half so interesting as the human story of Mr. Leishman himself—the boy out in Ogden, Utah, who, though artistically talented in several lines, became an inventor.

Mr. Leishman's boyhood attempts are somewhat analogous to Edison's amusing youthful efforts to transfer electricity from a cat's hair to wires over which the cat was made to brush his legs. During the time that the other boys of La Grande, Oregon, were playing baseball, "trailing" on their sleds behind delivery wagons over the snow, forming "savage Indian tribes" among themselves, Le Roy Leishman was sending telegrams over wires he had strung from the parlor to the woodshed, making a phonograph after an inquisitive study of the one his parents had in the house, combining all manner of catsups and acids to form batteries, and dreaming of the day when his workshop with its big sign, "Wire and Supplies," would expand into a nation-wide chain of giant electrical laboratories with movie-theatre adjuncts, admission to which would be in terms of insulators and copper wire.

After moving to Ogden, Utah, young Leishman captured three cash prizes as the best high-school orator in his State, and published a book of poems that received creditable mention in the newspapers. And, all the while, he continued his study of the piano and gave no little attention to drawing. Thus far that strange combination of the musical and artistic with the logical and technical had not shown itself. But when he invented the arcascope, a "triangle with a brain," as he called it, his career as an inventor was successfully begun. This little instrument was planned when he was seventeen. To-day arcascopes are used by the thousands for mathematical and trigonometrical work by students in technical schools, college professors, architects, draughtsmen, and mathematicians. The startling sale of this little triangle laid the basis of the company that has been marketing his slideless slide-rule, his adding machine, his ready calculator, his percentograph (which figures interest instantly), and his etching-controlled electric sign which flashes, in letter of lights, a succession of signs as fast as they can be written on a plate attached to the control-box.

Inspired by a Detective Story

SO before his greatest invention—"telegraphed pictures"—Leishman had already achieved a reputation that few young men attain. Until his method of "telephotography" was invented, the idea of sending pictures in all their clearness and accuracy over the wires existed only in fiction and in certain impractical experiments.

Sitting in a hotel in Blackfoot, Idaho, young Leishman was reading a detective story by Arthur B. Reeve, in which, without any concrete explanation, mention was made of the transmission of pictures over the wire by the rapid succession of tiny parts that gave the illusion of a complete picture. This set his mind to work. Before the evening was over, all the essential details of his invention had been evolved. Perfecting done by him since then has resulted in a co-ordinated, nation-wide, telegraphed picture service to newspapers in all parts of the country. He expects that it will not be long before the whole world will be virtually within the focus of a universal camera, as it were, since news pictures that "break" anywhere can be made publishable immediately to papers thousands of miles distant.

Every day the young inventor spends an allotted time in his laboratory where his mind is free for a while from the pressing details of his two fast-expanding companies, with whose every item of management he is familiar. If there is a reason for his admirable success, it is his capacity for concentration without exhausting his consumption of energy. He keeps a cool head always; he is never flurried; he cannot be stampeded; he is logical, analytical, and a dynamo of ideas. And, best of all, he believed in himself.

How Big Businesses Are Operated

Take, for Example, The Canadian Pacific Railway, the Only Transcontinental Line in America.

How Nine Men Keep the System Free from Entanglements

By EARLE HOOKER EATON

EVERY working day a keen-eyed, square-jawed young man sits in his office in the Windsor Street Station, Montreal, and runs the only trans-continental railroad in North America, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which starts at St. John, New Brunswick on the Atlantic, and ends, 3,366 miles away, at Vancouver on the Pacific.

His name is E. Beatty. He is forty-one years old, and an army of 100,000 well-trained, loyal men obey his orders and keep the wheels moving over 18,500 miles of tracks in Canada and the United States.

At his command, too, great steamships cross the Pacific Ocean to China, Japan and Australasia, and still others pass and repass on their way across the Atlantic Ocean between Canada and Europe.

He is not only one of the world's greatest railroad men, but one of the world's greatest hotel magnates, as well. As president of the Canadian Pacific he is responsible for a $25,000,000 chain of hostelries strung along the railway from the Algonquin at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, on an estuary of the Bay of Fundy, clear across the Dominion to the Empress at Victoria, "a Bit of England on the shores of the Pacific."

What One Man Guides

THE sale of millions of acres of farm lands; a $15,000,000 irrigation block in Alberta; a great express company; a vast telegraph system; coal mines; smelters; car-shops employing thousands of men engaged in building and repairing locomotives, freight and parlor-cars; a dining-car, sleeping-car and restaurant service—these and many lesser enterprises look to him for orders and guidance.

Day by day this immense industrial army attacks and takes its objectives, moving forward without the slightest excitement or confusion. It is like a miracle, but the miracle is performed so smoothly and with such apparent ease that the average onlooker wastes no time in marveling—he merely wakes up and kicks if something goes wrong for a moment.

But, admitting that the performance of each day's titanic tasks is in a sense a miracle, how does the young Mr. Beatty do it? Who are his advisers and the generals commanding his far-flung battle line in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia? Who is the admiral of his fleets in the two great oceans? Who places him in command, and to whom is he responsible for a billion dollars in investments and the welfare of a hundred thousand men?

The organization of the Canadian Pacific Railway is exceedingly simple and direct in its workings. "There's the bull's-eye—shoot at it!" is its motto.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS is the first of a series of articles dealing with the operating of great industries in America—a series that will describe the romantic side of this important phase of American business. Here is a great railway system—the Canadian Pacific—the only trans-continental line on this continent, which has reduced its method of running things to such a simple basis that the president of the company, Mr. Edward W. Beatty, forty-one years old, knows to a penny, every day, just how much money has been spent by his company, and how much taken in—who can learn, in a moment, the most insignificant happening at any point on the 18,500 miles of track under his control. Many people make a tremendous fuss running a small business, but here is a great lesson in system, organization, and economy.

First of all the shareholders, numbering about 200,000, delegate their authority to a board of directors of fifteen members. The board, immediately after the annual meeting elects a chairman, president, and vice-president of the company, and an executive committee of six directors including the three officers mentioned. The board of directors meets once a month, but the executive committee meets as often as is necessary and has all the powers of the board between meetings of the latter.

The two great leading spirits of the company are the chairman, Right Honorable Lord Shaughnessy, K. C. V. O., whose long experience, financial skill and executive ability well fit him to be the president's chief adviser, and his successor as president and chief executive, E. W. Beatty. Then come three vice-presidents: Grant Hall, in charge of operating; I. G. Ogden, in charge of finance, and W. R. MacInnes, in charge of traffic—all of whom report direct to the president. The operating, finance and traffic departments report daily so that the president is kept informed constantly of everything of importance along the vast system. For example, he knows, *every night*, the revenues received and the exact financial condition of the company. Through these three departments, too, he has his finger on the financial, industrial, meteorological and sociological pulse of the whole country. The Windsor Station, being grand headquarters of the Canadian Pacific army, has a big ear and there is excellent justification for the company's new slogan, "Ask the C. P. R., about Canada."

No Aloofness in Dealings With Public

EVERYBODY has heard that knowledge is power, and getting the news first is of more value to a magnate of big business, oftentimes, than it is to an editor. The Rothschild fortune was founded by the Rothschild who knew that Wellington had beaten Napoleon at Waterloo before London got the momentous tidings. There is plenty of competition in the railway business to-day, and the chap who is on the job first has a fine chance to get the passenger or freight haul for his own company. Furthermore, the Canadian Pacific is Canada's greatest booster and works constantly to increase the prosperity and prestige of the Dominion by furnishing accurate information about it to all inquirers.

"There is little, if any, merit in that old-time aloofness with which railway companies dealt with the public," President Beatty stated recently. "The Canadian Pacific is a citizen of Canada, not the first citizen of Canada, but one of the most corpulent, it has a grave interest in the economic and industrial future of Canada. I can imagine

nothing which concerns Canada's progress that does not concern directly, or indirectly, the Canadian Pacific. It is, therefore, proper in its own interests and that of its shareholders, that its officers should take an interest in its commercial and trade problems, and further the solution of them to the best of their ability."

Big Chiefs Vie with Little Chiefs

THUS far we have Lord Shaughnessy, the sage adviser, still active and vigorous, at the Windsor Station offices every day that he is in Montreal; Beatty, the young president and field marshal of the forces in the field; and Hall, Ogden, and MacInnes, his three great generals, in command of the armies of operation, finance and traffic.

Reporting direct to the president, too, are the admiral of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services, Limited, George M. Bosworth, who commands the fleets that span the Atlantic and Pacific, and still another general, John S. Dennis, Chief Commissioner of Immigration and in charge of Lands, Colonization and Development. Then there is W. H. Curle, K. C., general solicitor who succeeded President Beatty when he climbed higher, and who handles all the legal affairs of the company. After him is a long list of other officials of the executive department all with their important duties to perform.

Continuing the military simile, Vice-President Hall, as operating chief responsible to the president, has two able and experienced major generals under his command: A. D. MacTier, vice-president in charge of eastern lines from St. John, New Brunswick, to Port Arthur, Ontario, on the shores of Lake Superior; and D. C. Coleman, vice-president in charge of western lines from Port Arthur to Vancouver. As the Canadian Pacific operates under what is known in railroad parlance as the divisional system, the organization is very simple but it gives each of these vice-presdents a real job. MacTier and Coleman, supported by their respective general managers, Alfred Price for eastern and C. Murphy for western lines, have complete charge of all departments and their expenditures in maintenance and operation conducted under the supervision of eight general superintendents, and with absolute control over movements of traffic and discipline of the big organization.

Each general manager in addition to his four general superintendents has a superintendent of motive-power, a master carbuilder, an engineer of maintenance of way, a superintendent of transportation and a general storekeeper.

The eight general superintendents are in charge of an equal number of districts conforming

E. W. BEATTY
President

LORD SHAUGHNESSY
Chairman of Board

GRANT HALL

W. R. MacINNES

I. C. OGDEN

A. D. MacTIER

D. C. COLEMAN

The Vice-Presidents

J. S. DENNIS

J. M. BOSWORTH

The Men Who Operate the Largest Railroad System in the World

as closely as possible to the boundaries of the Canadian province. They, in turn, have division superintendents, there being fourteen on lines east and seventeen on lines west, the length of the various divisions being governed by physical difficulty in operation and density of traffic. Each general superintendent, in addition to his division superintendents, is supported by an engineer, district master-mechanic and transportation officer; and each division superintendent has a trainmaster who has charge of trainmen and station staffs, and a division master-mechanic with control over engines and roundhouse staffs and with responsibility for the maintenance of proper power. A resident engineer sees that all track, bridge and building standards are observed.

The chief dispatcher supervises the work of all dispatchers and is responsible for supervision of all orders put out and for getting business over the lines with speed and safety. This is one of the most important, one of the busiest offices in any big railroad system.

Promoted for Disregarding Orders

UNDER these various officials are workers too numerous to mention, all doing their bit, down to the section bosses and the men who wield pick and shovel. Many of those who started in humble capacities have mounted high in the company's service, for the men higher up are quick to recognize initiative and ability. Discipline is maintained, but at times even discipline gets an unexpected jolt.

A few years ago a number of trainmen had been discharged for disorderly conduct. There was a big movement of wheat but no men to handle the cars. The trainmaster was in despair. That wheat must go forward. There were the discharged men, all competent workers, but the general manager had positively declined to take them back. This seemed final.

"Come on, boys," said the trainmaster. "Go to work. I'm disobeying orders—but that wheat is going to keep moving." And it kept moving.

His superior reported the incident to Grant Hall and added these words: "What shall I do with a man who puts men back to work after the general manager refuses to do so?"

"Promote him the first chance you get," was Hall's prompt reply.

He wanted action, he demanded action and he wasn't going to quibble with a trainmaster who kept the wheels turning and the freight moving. This broad spirit, this common-sense view of things is typical of the big men who run the Canadian Pacific, and that is why the great armies they command are loyal and efficient

One Car-Shop Covers 200 Acres

IN addition to MacTier and Coleman, who are responsible for the operation and maintenance of the eastern and western lines, Vice-President Hall has a chief engineer, who supervises the initiation and progress of all new construction work. The chief engineer is assisted by an engineer of bridges.

Another of Vice-President Hall's responsibilities is the operation of the company's great system of car-shops, the principal ones being the Angus Shops, Montreal, which cover over 200 acres and the extensive Ogden Shops near Calgary, Alberta. Other shops, mainly for repair purposes, are conveniently located at McAdam, Toronto, North Bay, Winnipeg and Vancouver. The Angus shops employ 8,000 men and not only make, but repair locomotives and all classes of cars and other equipment. During the World War, the Canadian Pacific suggested and designed the first hospital-cars, and Canada's first shells were made at the Ogden Shops. In the great work of running these shops the vice-president has the aid of a chief mechanical engineer; a general master car builder; a general electrical engineer; an engineer of locomotive construction; and an engineer of car construction. A general superintendent of car service, who is also transportation assistant, keeps the vice-president informed as to movement of traffic over the system, and the availability of equipment to handle it properly, and secure the return of equipment from and to foreign lines. This official has a car accountant, who keeps details of all car movements on the Canadian Pacific and foreign lines, renders all bills for the use of cars and supervises demurrage, etc., a little job with more kinks and brain-fag in it than one would expect to find in a game of chess.

How Beatty Learns of the Smallest Happening

THE vice-president and the operating department also has a general purchasing agent, with assistants at a number of places along the system, who purchase all the company's materials needed in this department.

So well organized is this department, however, that if a wheel is off anywhere along the entire 18,500 miles of trackage, MacTier and Coleman know all about it. Their chief, Vice-President Hall, has the news, too, and President Beatty is equally well informed if the incident is important enough to demand his notice. In other words, it takes no time whatever for news to travel from the lowly track walker up to the president, and for orders from the president to reach the man on the ties. Furthermore, if the president wants to interview the track walker, or any other employee, he can send for him and get first hand information direct without doing violence to Canadian Pacific etiquette. Lord Shaughnessy inaugurated this particular method of cutting red tape, and President Beatty is emulating his example.

These Officials Climbed from Humble Positions

IN the Canadian Pacific the men at the top thoroughly understand and sympathize with the men at the bottom of the ladder and those who are endeavoring to advance upward, round by round. Most of the men now in important positions, started near the ground and, in the course of years, through hard work and display of ability, climbed to their present places of power and responsibility.

Lord Shaughnessy is an American. He was born in Milwaukee, secured a public school and business college education and started his railroad career at sixteen years of age with the purchasing department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

President Beatty, at twenty-three, joined the Canadian Pacific as an assistant in the law department.

Vice-President Grant Hall got his first railroad experience as an apprentice machinist in the Montreal car-shops.

Vice-President I. G. Ogden's first job with the company was an auditor.

Vice-President W. R. MacInnes, at eighteen, was a clerk

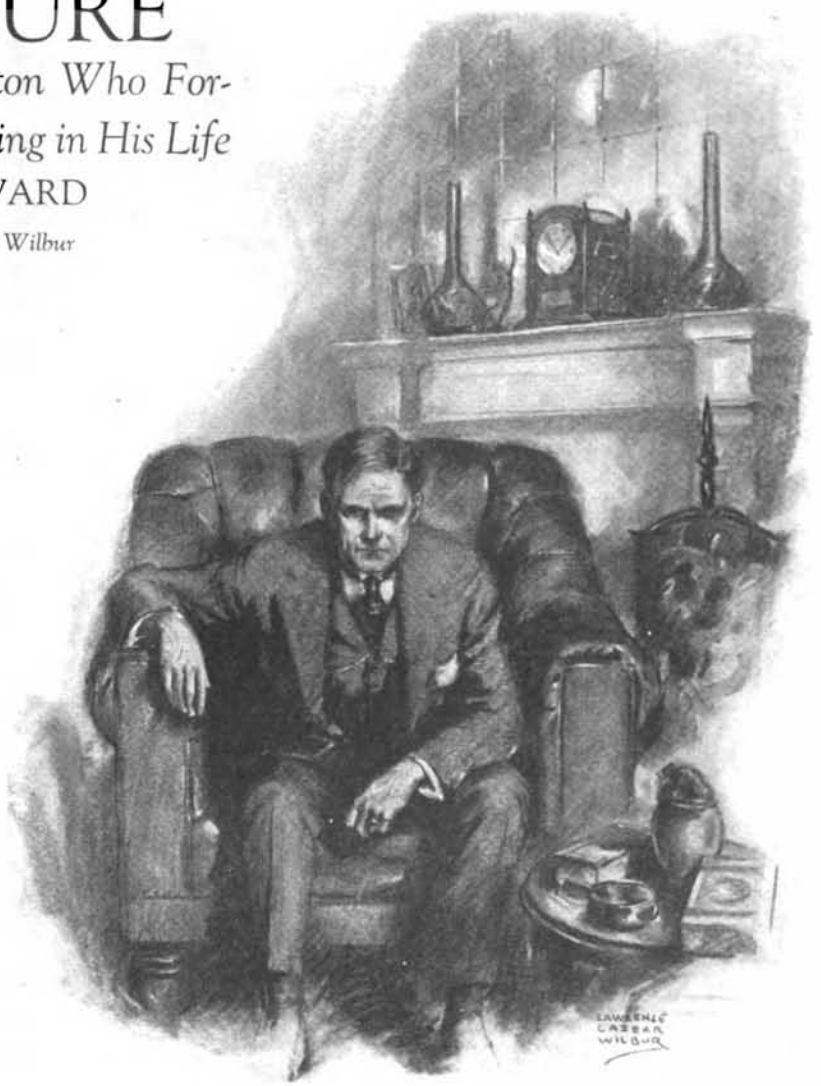
(*Continued on page 75*)

THE FAILURE

The Story of Richard Lawton Who Forgot the Most Important Thing in His Life

By BARKLEY HOWARD

Illustrated by Lawrence Lazear Wilbur



He sank into a great chair, hopelessly dejected—his face the picture of misery. "A failure in *two* ways!" he burst forth in agony.

RICHARD LAWTON was a typical example of the successful American business man. He was reputed to be worth several hundred thousand dollars, and his associates looked upon him and his family with friendly envy. With a beautiful wife, a handsome son of eighteen, and a charming little daughter of seven, it seemed as if Lawton had nothing earthly to desire, and his sufficient worldly goods placed his family in a most fortunate situation.

But notwithstanding all this, happiness did not dwell in the Lawton home. Day by day, it was beginning to dawn upon Mrs. Lawton, though she bravely refrained from saying as much to her husband. She was well aware that the children realized it, too, notwithstanding all her mother love attempted to do for them. Lawton himself, immersed in his business, did not dream of the fact. In his own estimation, Lawton was a devoted husband. He loved his wife dearly, and he was extremely proud of his children. He gave them all they could possibly ask for: education, clothes, pleasures, and a delightful home. But, as Mrs. Lawton confided to her sister, "Dick denies us the one thing we crave most—fatherly love and companionship. I haven't a complaint in the world so far as things of a material nature are concerned. But the trouble is that the most beautiful side of home life is left entirely to me!"

THERE was a suggestion of a tear in her eye as she spoke—this handsome woman who was clothed with simple elegance, surrounded by every luxury her husband's money could buy.

"Sometimes," she said wistfully, "I wish Dick didn't have any money—that we just had a little cottage somewhere. Then, perhaps, he would give us the thing we all want most—a little more of himself. Of course the children do not fully realize what they are hungering for; but really, my dear, they are actually starving for their father's companionship. It isn't fair—it's cruel!"

Ann Benton, her sister, did not seem to grasp the point. She found herself wishing that she possessed a home like the Lawton's, that her husband was a successful business man instead of a plodding salesman. She did not seem able to realize that great wealth cannot bring true happiness unless it is generously blended with love and family comradeship.

Lawton himself felt the lack of something in his home, and his nervous, irritable manner showed it plainly. But he did not seem to sense his fault, so matters only went from bad to worse. As he made more and more money, he lavished more costly gifts upon his wife and provided more costly pleasures for the boy and girl. He gave them far more than was good for them, and his wife knew it. In the boy's case especially, she wished Richard would not provide him with spending money on so liberal a scale.

"If Dick would only be more of a pal with Tommy, how much better it would be for both of them. The boy needs his father's mature judgment and guidance, and Richard needs the boy's freshness and buoyancy. An hour or so a day of companionship would make a better, stronger character of Tommy, and help iron the creases of care out of his father's brow."

But it seemed as if Mrs. Lawton was doomed to suffer in helpless silence. She hesitated to bring the matter to the attention of her husband, and was at a loss to know just how to do so. But there was not a night that she did not pray that some solution to the problem would present itself—and speedily.

"I'M going home and get acquainted with my wife and family," Lawton said laughingly, after a week's business trip, which resulted in the successful culmination of a fortunate deal. He said it lightly and humorously, without realizing that in this offhand statement, he had hit the nail squarely on the head. Without knowing it, he had told the truth—that he knew less about his own children than he did about his employees. He was thoroughly familiar with every detail of his office system, and with the cost-sheets of his factories; but he did not know that his daughter had a talent for drawing, and his son a decided bent toward waywardness. He would have considered such a lack of observation and accurate knowledge, an unpardonable sin in his business; but with his family—well, he left that to his wife.

Morning after morning, he would come to the breakfast table for some five or ten minutes, sip his coffee and scan the market reports, while his wife and children sat in silence—hoping for a smile or a friendly word—and, then, sadly sighing with relief when he had gone. Not because they did not love him, but because he had built an austere wall of unapproachableness about himself.

The big motor-car would hurry him to his office, and there, for the next three hours, he would be swamped in the multitudinous enterprises he directed. A hasty luncheon, accompanied by much lead-pencil figuring and vital conferring, four or five more hours at his desk, and then the trip home. Often his secretary rode out in the car with him, taking dictation until the last moment.

Little Marjorie frequently was tucked in bed when he arrived, and Tommy would have gone off to spend the evening with some companions. Who these companions were, the father did not know, and the mother could not keep track of the boy's movements. He was too old to be forbidden certain liberties, yet she had a feeling of

uneasiness because his friends were not his father's as well.

"Lick," Mrs. Lawton ventured one of these evenings, when her husband did not return until nearly nine o'clock, "don't you think you are working too hard? We hardly ever see you except for a few fleeting moments in the morning and before bedtime. The children miss the companionship and beautiful friendship that they have a right to demand between themselves and you. Making a home for them is fast devolving on me. Really, they are entitled to a *father* as well as a mother."

"Nonsense!" snapped Lawton impatiently. He was tired, irritable, rather peeved at her reproaches. He looked about him with a meaning glance—at the handsome furnishings of the room—the evidences of his generosity toward his family. He felt that his wife's charges were unjust.

"Please don't think I'm complaining, dear," the wife went on, observing his mood and feeling that, since she had broached the subject, she must make her point clear. "You are more than good to us; but we miss your companionship, your guidance and counsel. I did not marry you because I wanted riches. I did so because I wanted *you*. And it's the same way with the children. Of course we appreciate all the lovely comforts your money buys us; but wouldn't you work with greater ease, enthusiasm, vigor, and with better results if you would relax now and then and give the finer side of your own nature an opportunity to develop?"

"Please don't moralize to-night," he said wearily, putting aside his cigar. "I'm working on some big things just now, and I can't afford to relax. You may be right, and I'll see what can be done. As soon as I put through the deal I'm working on, I'll try to spend a little more time at home. I know Marjorie is growing up so fast I hardly know her, and Tom will soon be going away to college. I *want* to be with them more—and with *you*, too—but you know how it is."

SHE did "know how it is"—and she sighed. She had heard such resolutions before, and knew what became of them. She had seen him engaged in one deal after another—had known him to put forward first this and then some other plausible excuse for not curtailing his business hours.

"Has it paid? *Does* it pay?" she murmured to herself as she went upstairs, and peered into the pretty bed where Marjorie was sleeping. "Would it not be a thousand times better if we had less money and more family life. If Dick only had a richer experience in the happiness of his home—less stocks and bonds and more domestic enjoyment?"

Lawton, downstairs, was pondering over the matter. He had been inclined to be annoyed at his wife's remarks, but somehow they set him thinking, and he felt no desire for sleep, exhausted as he was after the day's struggle.

"There may be something in it," he forced himself to admit. "I *need* a rest—a change of environment. I know that—but how am I going to get it? I suppose I *am* a fool to barter everything else for a fortune, but, if anything happens to me, I want the children to have something. Alice should consider that. However, I suppose I should sort of rejuvinate myself for a few hours' association with Alice and the children every day. I'll have to try it."

His musings were interrupted by a step on the verandah and the sound of a key in the lock. He looked at the clock, which was about to chime midnight. He was surprised at the hour, and inclined to be annoyed that his son was returning so late. Then he became aware that the boy was apparently bent upon going to his room without coming into the library. With a feeling of suspicion, Lawton called to him.

Somewhat sheepishly, Tommy came into the room and stood before his father. He was ill at ease, confused, reluctant to speak. With a distinct shock, Richard Lawton realized that he and his son had absolutely nothing in common. Tommy knew nothing of the big world of finance; the father nothing of his son's tastes, habits and companions.

"What have you been doing?" the elder man asked with an effort at offhand pleasantry.

The boy hesitated, began to stammer, and flushed. Lawton looked at him in surprise. There was apparently something wrong; the boy had no thought of confiding in his father. He had, instead, only a sense of fear of offending this "stranger" whom he saw only at rare intervals. That his father was the logical person to share his joys, his hopes, his sorrows—had never occurred to him. And in that moment, Richard Lawton realized that *he* was to blame.

"Come, son," he said kindly, "sit down and tell the old man all about it. I'm not an ogre, and you're getting to an age when we ought to be pals together."

"I've been playing cards—"

"And you lost," Lawton completed the sentence. The boy nodded. "How much?" his father asked. "Fifty dollars," came the humiliated, half timid, and wholly guilty reply.

"Did you have that much money?" his father went on.

"No," was the answer. "I gave an I.O.U."

"Don't do it," Lawton cautioned. "I'll write you a check and you must pay it in the morning. I don't approve of gambling anyway. I'm not going to lecture you, for I know most boys only learn by experience; but don't ever do anything you haven't the money to pay for."

THE boy seemed relieved that the interview was not to be more unpleasant. But he had no sense of gratitude towards his father—no sense of having been helped by friendly counsel and affection. He needed money to get him out of an unfortunate position and his father was furnishing it. That, apparently, was what fathers were for. In any event, it was the only use he had discovered for his own father. He thanked him perfunctorily, took the check, and went to bed.

But although the boy was not conscious of the paternal spirit that was lacking, the father half realized that he had handled the situation badly. He was keenly aware of the fact that he had not the love of his son—that he lacked the boy's confidence. He seemed to awaken to the startling revelation that he had neglected his duty in not studying Tom's tastes and inclinations. He wondered with whom the boy had been gambling, and what other bad habits he might have contracted. Up until now, he had fed and clothed and sent Tom to school, and had decided that his responsibility ended there. The rest devolved upon the mother. But now he saw that this was wrong, and he meant to remedy it when he could spare the time!

In the morning, however, a flaring headline in the newspapers put all domestic thoughts out of his mind. Here was his big chance for a profitable coup—the very business situation for which he had been waiting so impatiently! For almost six weeks his wife saw but little of him. Marjorie he saw not at all, and Tommy only caught a glimpse of him now and then, and, much to his disappointment, did not get an opportunity to ask his father for an increase in his allowance. The example of the check for the gambling debt had had its effect. If his father would pay the bills, why shouldn't the son have a good time? Evidently dad was making a lot of money, and was willing to give him plenty. So Tom meant to enjoy himself to the full.

Mrs. Lawton was worried, but she held her counsel. She felt that it was not right for her husband to throw the whole onus of the moral education and training of their development upon her frail shoulders. She asked if it was fair to their children for her husband to deprive them of the broader rounding out which would naturally result from the combined influence of the masculine *and* feminine impression upon plastic minds. And she told herself it was not. She also felt the pangs of her own heartstrings. She knew that the happiness of many families has been wrecked—that wives and husbands as devoted as she and Lawton had been estranged—and had drifted apart—because of the husband's neglect of the home and his devotion of practically all of his working hours to business.

"It's pitiful!" Mrs. Lawton told herself. "No father can afford to accumulate a fortune at the cost of all that makes home an ideal place! I hate money! I just hate—hate— *hate it!*" And she burst into tears and fled to her own room, that pretty little Marjorie, then coming home from school, should not be upset by the sight of her mother's condition.

LATER in the afternoon, as she watched the child with her pencil and paper, making sketches full of youthful fancy and promise of practical development, she pondered over the matter again. What pleasure her husband ought to take in the budding talent of this child! What an inspiration to the little girl, would have been her father's approbation and encouragement! And both were sadly lacking.

"He can't—he *mustn't* lose his hold upon his children's affections!" she resolved. "A home should be the sanctuary of love—the lodestar of the family—and to sacrifice the sweetest and tenderest experiences of human life for the sake of a few paltry thousands, is a hideous crime against himself as well as against us!"

"Look," said little Marjorie, running up to her mother. "I've just drawn this picture for daddy. Do you think he will like it? See—it shows him making bread and butter for us!" The child laughed at the crude yet clear, though immature cartoon.

So that, too, was the little one's idea of

her father! His was only to "make bread and butter," and, as Marjorie sometimes put it, "cake and ponies and other things, too!" These charming children thought of their paternal parent as nothing more than a grinding money-machine. They held no affection for him save in a cold distant way.

Mrs. Lawton smiled at the child and assured her that her father would be delighted with the drawing, which was promptly placed upon his dressing-table. The mother knew that in all likelihood he would never notice it, that, in any event, Marjorie would be in the land of dreams and would miss the delight of her father's praise at her effort. She also pondered over the pang that would surely be Dick's, if he grasped the mental attitude which had prompted the sketch. The idea that his daughter looked upon him solely as a means of support would cut him to the quick, if he realized its full significance!

But the telephone rang, and its message banished all other thoughts from the mother's mind. Tommy was in trouble. Having failed to find opportunity to ask his father for more spending money, he had confided his troubles to his companions — older boys who realized that he was putty in their hands—just as he would have been pliable in the hands of his father, if the latter had exercised his powers in accord with his duty.

TOMMY also looked upon his father as a never-ending source of money. He had accepted his father's fifty-dollar check without question or gratitude, as a matter of course, and since he could not personally ask for another one, because of his father's absence, he had yielded to his companions' persuasion that he forge Richard Lawton's name. The check had come back from the bank, of course, and the man who had cashed it had caused Tommy's arrest.

Mrs. Lawton was stunned. She tried to get her husband on the telephone and learned that he was absent at an important conference in another city. The man who had received the check was obdurate. He refused settlement or compromise and she had no idea of the course to follow in securing bail. Tommy remained in prison overnight. Throughout the long hours his mother sat beside the bed of her sleeping daughter, having satisfied the child with some evasive excuse as to her brother's absence.

Bitter tears streamed down her cheeks. What, after all, was her husband's money worth, if his neglect of his children was to result in this? More strongly than ever it came home to her that parents cannot afford to speculate upon the chance development of their children, let their inclinations run riot, or to leave haphazard their choice of career.

"The whole foundation of the home, the happiness and success of the family, are bound up in these questions," she thought. "And to no one—outside of Marjie and Tommy themselves—is it more important than to Dick and to me, whether they are brought up to make the most of their opportunities?"

Opportunities! What greater ones could these two children have, with their luxurious home, their father's money, their mother's education and splendid character? That was it! Dick Lawton was *not* giving them the full advantage of the opportunities he was slaving day and night to create for them.

"I can't—I *can't* do it all *alone!*" she moaned. "It makes all the difference in the world whether they are to have the proper daily instruction and example to guide them right in life! I can't do it all. They *must* have the interest of Dick, as well as mine, in their training and their future!"

So, when morning dawned and the big car brought her husband back from the station, where he had arrived from a neighboring city, upon receipt of her telegram, she turned to him with a fierce appeal. He was haggard looking, and when she told her story about Tommy, he seemed helplessly broken. He sank down into a great chair, hopelessly dejected—his face the picture of misery.

"A failure—in *two* ways!" he burst forth in agony. His wife did not understand; but, for the moment forgetting her own heartache, she was all sympathy for this big, mistaken man.

At length he looked up at her with heavy, sleepless eyes, and listened to the details of what had happened. Then, steeling himself, he summoned the big touring car and hastened off in the direction of the police station.

LAWTON'S name was one to conjure with, and it was but a matter of a few minutes for him to have the matter satisfactorily adjusted. His own check satisfied the recipient of the forged one; his request sufficient to suppress the charges against his son.

But as he and the half-penitent boy rode towards their home, Lawton suffered a still greater pang. His own neglect had made Tommy look upon the affair as a lark. He held no gratitude, no filial love. Tommy *expected* his father to do just what he had done. And—Lawton told himself—that was all he had *taught* the boy to expect of him.

Lawton saw the situation now in all its horrid details. He realized that the average boy fails to evince any strongly marked talent which saves him the necessity of casting about for his place in life. Unless carefully guided, he finds it by chance, and Lawton had left his own son's development to chance. He saw now that daily intercourse with the boy would have prevented all this, and would have aided him to plumb the depths of his boy's soul. He could have advised and directed him—developed a feeling of warm affection in a heart that had never known what a father's love could mean!

It was cruel—far more cruel than the other secret sorrow which Lawton had not as yet confided to his wife. He dreaded doing so, but realized that it must come about—at once. The house—the car—the servants — everything must go. In this last deal, he had overreached himself. Everything was lost. The dollars he had amassed at the expense of love had faded away like a dream. He was a ruined man—forced to go back and start all over again. But how, he asked himself, could he start with enthusiasm and efficiency

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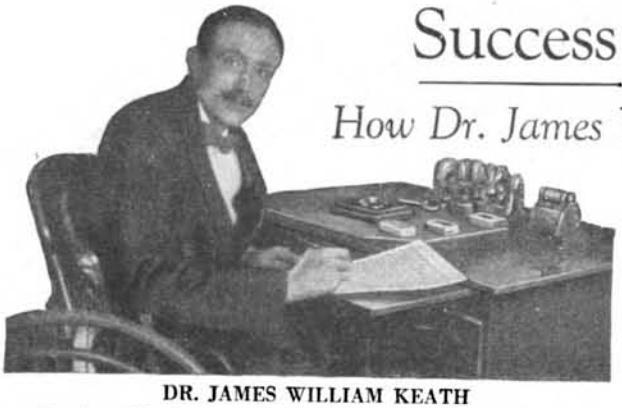
"Daddy," she said, "you wont ever get rich again—*will you?*"
"Perhaps—why, honey?"

Success Under Difficulties

How Dr. James William Keath Overcame a Terrible Physical Handicap

By T. C. Billig



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KEATH

Despite a handicap which would have cast most men into the depths of despair, he became a successful physician.

NEARLY six years ago, a senior student fell from the third-story window of a fraternity house at Jefferson Medical College, Pennsylvania. He lost his balance dodging a pillow thrown by his roommate. A few hours later his classmates learned of the fractured spine and paralyzed legs of James William Keath and saw ahead of the young student only years of hopeless suffering.

Yet, in spite of his pain, Jim Keath smiled. After his first operation, which cost him his left leg, he smiled again. Neither did the long weeks in bed, during which he studied medicine, dim the smile—nor did the amputation of his right leg, two and one-half years after the accident.

In fact, "Dr. Jim," despite his terrible handicap, says he has reason to smile. For he earned his degree from Jefferson, passed the Pennsylvania State Board medical examinations, and now enjoys a flourishing practice at Ephrata, a small town near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Here Dr. Keath lives happily with his wife and little girl, and is known to scores of persons simply by his well-earned college nickname of "Smiling Jim."

"Smiling Jim" spends his busy hours in his wheel-chair. In it, he sits in his office, and, in it, he makes his calls; for Dr. Keath is one of but few physicians in a town of 4,000 population. He went to Ephrata, the home of his wife's family, in 1917, shortly after the United States entered the World War. Patriotism burned warm in the heart of "Smiling Jim," as he saw other medical men rallying to the colors, so registered in the selective service and expressed a desire that the government would find a "little niche" for him. Dr. Evans D. Russell, one of his colleagues, was eager to enlist, so Dr. Keath felt his best service lay in taking over Dr. Russell's practice. For months he attended the sick in Ephrata, the rubber tires of his self-propelled wheel-chair often running over the pavements until late into the night.

He "Did His Bit" in the War

BUT the strain was too great. "Smiling Jim" stood it for almost a year and then was forced to take his bed. Long since, however, Dr. Keath had learned how to be happy when confined to his room. He is a constant reader, and finds books and magazines companions second in rank only to Mrs. Keath and their six-year-old Ida. The doctor was married before his accident while a sophomore at Jefferson, and his wife has been his inspiration, help, and friend ever since. "Smiling Jim" was confined for several months, but, since, has recovered sufficient strength to go back to work.

"You see Russell and I were buddies at 'Jeff'," said Dr. Keath, in explaining how he tried to do two men's work and then fell ill. "I just had to help him out while he did the fighting over there for both of us."

In the entire history of Jefferson Medical College, there has been no more unusual case than that of Dr. Keath. He is now only thirty-two years old. He is a native of Schafferstown, Pennsylvania. Later, his family moved to Philadelphia, and "Smiling Jim" was educated at the Boys' Central High School of that city, and at the Lebanon Preparatory School. He entered Jefferson in 1907, but because of ill health was compelled to quit college after studying a few months. The young man re-entered Jefferson in the fall of 1910.

A Spirit that Could Not Be Broken

DR. KEATH'S accident occurred April 17, 1914, about two months before his graduation, and he was a patient in Jefferson Hospital for almost a year with a fractured spine. "Smiling Jim" was a popular member of his class, but his injury precluded all hope of the completion of his medical course at the scheduled time. He stuck to his studies, however, with only one interruption. That came with the amputation of his infected left leg in February, 1915. "Smiling Jim" refused to take an anaesthetic, as his lower limbs were virtually devoid of feeling. He watched the surgeons during the operation, assisting them whenever possible.

Still his spirit was unbroken. Despite a handicap which would have cast most men into the depths of despair, he kept at his daily task of learning more about medicine, and on June 5, 1915, he was graduated in a class numbering 146. Propped up in a big wheel-chair, he received his diploma in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, while a thrilled audience applauded. And not even the young doctor, smiling his best smile, was more happy than Mrs. James W. Keath, who, far back in the crowd, hugged little Ida tight and rejoiced in the pluck and spirit of her undaunted husband.

Then came the last banquet of the Jefferson Class of 1915 in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. "Smiling Jim" was stretched on a wheel-bed and carried to the hotel in an ambulance. Every man leaped to his feet when he was wheeled into the banquet room. Down the long aisle, between rows of applauding classmates, and equally enthusiastic alumni came Dr. James William Keath, the man who had won his battle.

"Don't worry about me, fellows," he told friends that night, who were solicitous about his future. "I'm happy as a lark with Mrs. Keath and the baby, and everything will come out all right.

And it came out all right for "Smiling Jim."

Plenty of folks have a good aim in life—but most of them don't pull the trigger.

The Realities of Life Are Invisible

The Foundation of the Universe and the Things Which Are Doing Most for the World, To-Day, Are Unseen Forces, Guided by Eternal Principles

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"OUR senses are no criterion of existence," says Sir Oliver Lodge. "They were evolved for earthly reasons, not for purposes of philosophy, and if we refuse to go beyond the direct evidence of our senses we shall narrow our outlook on the universe to a hopeless and almost imbecile extent."

It is the most difficult thing in the world to convince us of the reality of anything we cannot perceive through the senses. Yet the most real things we know anything about are invisible.

We think we live in a material world; but, in reality, we live in a mental world—a world of externalized thought, controlled and guided by unseen forces. We contact with material things only at a few points of our lives. The corporal part of us is fed, warmed, and clothed by material things, but we live, move and have our being in the unseen.

It is nonsense for skeptics and materialists to say that they take no stock in anything that they cannot see or handle or test with their senses, when they know that the real force in the very things we live on, the elements that nourish and keep alive even the material part of us, are all invisible.

We cannot see the mighty life-building, life-sustaining gases in the air we breathe; we cannot see the air, yet we take it into our body eighteen or twenty times a minute and get the silent, unseen power resident in it. Our blood absorbs and sends it to the billions of cells in our body. None of its mysterious potency can we see or handle, yet we know we could not live a minute without it.

NO one has ever seen the force in the food we eat, but we know it is there, that we get strength from it, and after a time the apparently dead, inert matter comes to life in the body; that it acts, dreams, has experiences, works, creates. We are not so foolish as to say that we will not eat because we don't know the principle underlying food, can't see the energy locked up in it. Indeed, if we could see with the naked eye the myriad life in a glass of clear sparkling cold water with which we so eagerly quench our thirst, we could not swallow it. We know the life is there; but so long as we cannot perceive it, we are satisfied; it doesn't really exist for us.

The very foundation of the universe and the things which are doing most for the world to-day are the unseen forces, guided by eternal principle. The forces which transport us over the globe and bring its uttermost parts into instant communion; the power of the principle of chemistry, of gravitation, of cohesion, of adhesion, all the mighty agencies operating in the universe and producing its phenomena, we cannot see, hear, or touch; we cannot appreciate them with our senses only as we feel their effects; they are things we know little about, yet we know they are great realities. What scientist can tell what electricity or gravitation is? Who knows what is back of these great principles, these potencies which we know exist? Gravitation, which is holding the heavenly bodies in their orbits, which keeps the world so marvelously balanced in space, revolving at terrific speed around the sun, none of them varying in their revolutions, in their orbits the fraction of a second in a thousand years, is an invisible force.

ELECTRICITY is an invisible force. Nobody knows what it is. But the Morses, the Edisons, the Bells, the Marconis have, through experiments, found out certain things, certain laws governing it, through the operation of which we get heat, energy and light. They have put it to work for us in a multitude of ways. It carries our messages under oceans and across continents. It has already done away with a large part of the drudgery of the world, and is destined to serve mankind in ways perhaps not yet dreamed of by even the wisest scientists and inventors.

Not all the scientists in the world can tell the secrets of the unseen forces everywhere at work in the universe. Who can see or explain the mystery of the unfolding bud, the expanding flower, the generating of the wonderful fragrance and marvelous beauty of the rose? Yet we know that there is reality back of them, an intelligence which plans and shapes them, brings them to their glorious maturity.

When we come to the reality of ourselves, the soul, the spirit of man, which is one with God, we live altogether in an invisible world. *The real self is the unseen self.* The man whose reflection we see in the mirror is not the real man at all. He is but the shadow of the reality. The material body of flesh and blood that we see, and can touch with our hands, is not the real man. That is behind what we see and touch. It is back of the cell, back of the electrons, back of the atoms which make up the body.

THE new philosophy of life is going back of appearances and showing us the real man. It is revealing his hidden potencies and possibilities,

COWARDICE

By Edwin Osgood Grover

DELIVER me from the sin of *cowardice!*
From being afraid of *myself;*
From being afraid of my own *shadow;*
From doubting my own *courage;*
From questioning my own *strength;*
From denying my own *achievements.*
Let me see myself as *others* see me,
Failing here,
Succeeding *there;*
Unsatisfied but *undishonored.*
Let me see myself for what I *am.*
And let me *not* be ashamed.
Only keep me from *cowardice*
And the fear of my own *shadow.*

and pointing the way to their development and use. It holds that the impotent, sickly, ailing man; the weakling; the discouraged, disconsolate, complaining being; the failure; the man full of discord, disease, inharmony; *is not the man God made;* that this is the unreal creature man himself has made. This is the being that wrong thinking, wrong living and unfortunate motives have made; the being who is the victim of his passions, of his moods, of his ignorance of realities, the great eternal verities of life.

We all learned as children that man is made in God's image and likeness; but the new philosophy urges us to act on this truth—to look beyond the appearance to the reality, to see with the inner eye the real man, who is one with his Creator. He is strong, vigorous, robust, with God-like powers and qualities. He matches God's ideal of manhood. There is no suggestion of failure, of weakness, of instability about him. He is perfect, immortal, unchangeable as truth itself, because the real man is the truth of being. No matter what his conditions or circumstances, the divinity in him is still intact, still perfect, still contains all of his possibilities, is still stamped with nobility, with success, with health, with prosperity.

IF we could only realize this; if we would only measure life with its infinite possibilities from the standpoint of the changeless reality of man, instead of from that of the changing, superficial unreality of the body, how infinitely richer it would become, how much more we could accomplish, how much higher we could climb, how much happier we should be!

To skeptics and materialists life is a strange enigma, an unsolved riddle. They cannot understand why we are here, and what we are here for, or what life means. But the new philosophy has no doubts, no uncertainties in the matter. It teaches that we came out from God and that we go back to Him; that we are a part of the creative intelligence of the universe, co-partners with God, co-builders with Him, in lifting the race from animalism, spiritualizing men, changing the face of the world, pushing civilization up to new heights.

It is in the unseen world that man is doing his greatest work. There is where he touches realities, there is where all his creative work is done.

MATERIAL science itself is demonstrating that there is but one substance, one eternal, invisible, cosmic intelligence in the universe, which is the great changeless reality back of all things. To the senses it is non-existent. Yet all the time scientists are piling up proof after proof that every visible thing is evolved from this universal substance. And the power that has brought them out of the unseen, which has brought ourselves, our bodies, the earth, with its teeming life, every material thing we see, is Divine Mind.

When mankind realizes the tremendous significance of these truths; the unity of man with his Maker, the unity of all life, the oneness of the source of all things in the universe, and that all is a manifestation of Divine Mind, we will have come into possession of the illimitable power the Creator has implanted in us.

When Christ emphasized the fact that the kingdom of Heaven is within man, he meant that this kingdom within is identical with the Divine Mind, and that it is there that man taps the source of all power, of all supply. It is there he fashions all his creations, and the invisible tool with which he works is thought.

This thought tool, rightly directed, is a miraculous force which acts upon the hidden mysterious substance from which everything in the universe emanates. It moves, fashions, directs, controls, creates according to our desires. Thought is the power that moves the world. It finds its materials in the unseen world, and in proportion as the mind grasps the reality of the unseen, the power and the possibilities are there.

THE invisible world about us is packed with infinite possibilities, exhaustless potencies, awaiting our thought seed, our desire seed, our ambition seed, our aspiration seed. Inventions, discoveries, great productions of art and literature and music and drama, marvels in every field of human endeavor, are in the great cosmic intelligence awaiting the contact of man's thought to come into visible form on our earth.

Your health, your happiness, your success, the fruition of your ambitions, all your possibilities, my friend, are in the great formless energy, which responds to our seed-thought sowing. The invisible soil nourishes your thought seeds and returns a corresponding harvest. It is just as faithful in developing the seed thoughts which you plant in it as the earth is faithful in lending all its energy for the development and unfolding the seeds which the farmer plants in it.

The mighty chemical forces in the soil, the rain, the dew, the air, and the sunshine have no choice as to the kind of seed the farmer sows. They simply nourish and develop whatever he gives them. And so it is in the invisible soil in which we live, move, and have our being. It will give us back in kind whatever we give it. It asks no questions, and favors no one.

All the potencies, all the powers in the great cosmic intelligence are working on the thoughts and desires of the meanest man on earth just as they are on those of the noblest, just as the sun and the rain, and the dew give their potencies to the poor farmer and the good one alike. The thief, the criminal, the murderer, the failure, the marplot, all have the same material to work in as the just man, the nobly successful; the great architects, and artists, the great engineers, inventors, merchants—the great men and women in every field who are uplifting the race and making the world a better place in which to live.

In other words, the creative force of thought puts an invincible power into man's hands, makes him a creator, the molder of his life and fortunes. He cannot think without creating, for every thought is a definite force, just as much as electricity is a force. We are constantly producing something with our thoughts, and we can all choose our thoughts. You and I can sow in the invisible, constructive thoughts, beautiful thoughts, thoughts of love, of good will, of health, of happiness, of efficiency of success. Or we can sow destructive thoughts, ugly thoughts, thoughts of hatred and ill-will, of disease, of discord, of failure, of all sorts of misery.

And, one thing is certain, whatever we sow we shall reap. That is the law, and there is no escape from it.

By the creative power of thought you can make your life what you will.

WE become like that which we contemplate. Hence the injunction, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Sickness is not true: therefore forget it. Sin is not lovely: do not indulge in it. Gossip is never of good report: do not listen to it, and the peace of God shall be your peace.—W. John Murray.

The Watch-Dogs of the Senate

SMOOT, the Republican; KING, the Democrat. Both Are from UTAH.

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN

United States Senators Reed Smoot (left) and William H. King. Both are Mormons; both were born in the State they represent; both are fighting against extravagance.

IT is observed frequently that a State, small in size or population, perhaps with only three or four votes in the electoral college, will be represented in the United States Senate by men of transcendant ability, superior to those coming from States of larger size which wield great political influence in national conventions and elections. We have known of Vermont with Edmunds and Morrill; Delaware with her Bayards and Saulsburys; Colorado with Teller and Wolcott; Idaho with Heyburn and Borah, and other far-western States have often been represented in the Senate by men of striking character and ability. When Missouri had only one member of the House, she was represented in the Senate by Thomas H. Benton.

It happens that, at the present time, Utah is represented by two men of more than ordinary repute; two men who are more prominent than any two men from any one State. Both are Mormons; one is a Republican and the other a Democrat; both are natives of the State they represent; both are in the very prime of life; both have taken the same course in regard to opposing extravagance in the government.

In this effort they have accomplished a great deal in the thousands, although they have not been able to do very much to prevent the waste of millions and billions which reckless extravagance has thrown away. The waste of government money is like a tidal wave; it sweeps over the opponents of extravagance, and while it may not silence their voices, it drowns their efforts in its spume.

He Knows the Contents of Every Bill

REED SMOOT is nearing the end of his third term in the U. S. Senate. Because he was an apostle of the Mormon church when elected, he had the hardest kind of a fight to keep his seat, because the prejudice against the church at that time was running high. Only a short time before a Mormon had been "excluded" from a seat in the House of Representatives in much the same manner as Victor L. Berger was excluded from the Sixty-sixth Congress.

But Smoot was patient under the trial and when secure in his seat he never made the slightest distinction between those who opposed and those who supported him. He attended strictly to his senatorial duties and, in a very short time, it was found that he was a man of unusual mental equipment. He had that inclination toward absorption of details, particularly the dry-as-dust but useful statistics in regard to finance, the revenues, commerce, production, consumption, costs, etc., that made him invaluable as a Senator. He became an authority on everything of this kind.

More than that, he became familiar with all legislation that was presented. He always knows what is in a bill when it is considered or before it is passed. Every bill that is introduced in either House is laid on his desk every morning, and its purport and importance is noted by the Utah Senator. In nine cases out of ten, he knows what every bill contains as soon as it is reported from any committee. If he does not know all the facts concerning it, the bill is not allowed to pass until he is fully informed as to its provisions. Oftentimes he unsuccessfully opposes bills, the majority being against him, but it is generally with a great deal of misgiving that senators vote for a measure which Smoot has opposed.

Absent Only 11 Days in 17 Years

NO Senator has been more faithful in attendance than Smoot. One could almost say that he is always present, or at least he is always in the Senate when he is needed, and only absent when he is obliged to attend important committee meetings. Even when there is nothing going on in the Senate save long-winded speeches, he is a better listener than most of his colleagues. Often he will sit at his desk and read or write while the debates are in progress.

Senator Smoot has been seventeen years in the Senate and during that time he has been absent eleven days. That is a record which no other senator has been able to achieve.

It is doubtful whether the late Eugene Hale, of Maine, the most useful senator, with the exception of Smoot of the

past forty years, ever approximated such close attendance. And this does not mean that Smoot waits in a room close by and darts in to answer to his name and immediately retire—as do many other senators striving for a record of regular attendance—but that he is there day after day and hour after hour.

Senator Smoot is one of the few men who make bold to fight the mounting expenditures of the federal government. He does this even at the risk of making himself unpopular, for no man can retain personal popularity among his fellow senators if he fights for economy. It may seem strange in these days, when a large proportion of high taxes and the high cost of living are directly traceable to the waste and extravagance of the federal government, that a man who fights for economy should become somewhat obnoxious to his associates, but such is the case and has been as far back as any old-timer can recollect.

His Constant Battle Against Waste

IT is because the economist must tread on a fellow senator's toes, and if he is persistent he is sure in time to tread on the toes of nearly every one of his associates, for, first and last, nearly every senator wants something out of the federal treasury for his State, his community, his friends, or his hobby, and the man who is after federal money does not easily forgive a fellow member who blocks his way. Even with his consistent fight for economy and his opposition to bad legislation, Senator Smoot is not really unpopular. He is simply not the "good fellow" that he might be if he should content himself with the rôle of being the great mental and mathematical machine of the Senate and not use his knowledge to point out that the pet hobby of different senators is merely a useless waste of money.

Senator Smoot has not allowed personal friendship or pathetic appeals to change his course, but has maintained a general insistence upon economies regardless of the men or forces pressing for federal money. This consistency has saved him from creating personal enmities and antagonisms. The persistency of Senator Smoot has effected a great deal in the way of saving; but the wasters often find a way to overcome the opposition of Smoot and the few who may be supporting him, generally by multiplying the millions that are to be spent and spreading it over a larger area, thus creating a larger number of beneficiaries.

He Knows How to Pick Assistants

IN the thirty years that I have been observing Congress, no other man has had such a complete grasp of all the business of the United States as Senator Smoot. That statement applies to the executive as well as the legislative departments. Only one other legislator ever approached him in this respect—James R. Mann, Congressman from Illinois, when he was at his best.

When Smoot had been in the Senate less than four years, he was made a member of the finance committee, the most important committee of the Senate. In those days it was not the practice to allow a man to be a member of this committee until he had been elected a *second* time. Smoot was a new member of the finance committee when the Republicans last enacted a tariff bill. Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island was chairman of the committee, but even his cunning mind could not grasp all the manifold questions concerning the items in all the schedules of the tariff. Smoot became an invaluable assistant to Aldrich. In fact, it came to be a regular hourly remark by Aldrich, when pressed by different men and various organizations for changes and modifications, to say: "Go and see Smoot." This was particularly true regarding the more complicated and technical rates which were involved in the tariff bill.

The manifold duties which Smoot assumes in the Senate may be gaged by the number and character of the committees on which he serves. First there are the committees on finance and appropriations—two of the most important business committees of the Senate. Then he is chairman of public lands, and, in this connection, it may be mentioned that after many years of unsuccessful effort an oil-leasing bill was passed under the skillful generalship of Smoot.

He is also a member of the following committees: printing, pensions, territories, audit and control of the contingent expenses of the Senate, and two others which have no business. Those named are all business committees. In addition he is a member of a housing commission which looks after the allotting of office space for government bureaus and of the joint printing commission which attends to all the government printing. In the two latter capacities, Smoot has busied himself in trying to prevent a waste of space and the waste of paper. In fact, a great deal of his official life is devoted to a constant war on the waste of public funds.

How Senator Smoot acquires all his knowledge and information is one of the marvels of legislative life. Of course, he is an indefatigable worker, a man of steady habits, and capable of sustained effort. In addition to this, he has had the faculty of picking the right kind of assistants: young men who know what the Senator wants and how to get what he wants. A man of marvelous memory, a wonderful mental machine is the Senator from Utah.

A Business Man Who Isn't Worried by Defeat

REED SMOOT is a business man. He always has been a business man. He was in business when he entered politics. But before he entered politics he was a Mormon Churchman. Much has been said about Smoot because he was an apostle of the Mormon Church when elected senator, but very little has ever been told about the manner in which a man is made an apostle of this organization. He is not chosen in any direct primary nor by the *vox populi*. There has been, from the beginning, a lot of "wise guys" managing the affairs of the Mormon Church. It never would have made such headway without brains. Now, when there is a vacancy in the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, these wise men who manage the church begin casting about for the right kind of a man to fill the vacancy. They do not hold town meetings nor invite the "great mass of humanity" to make the choice. They pick the "most likely" young man they can find; a man of brains, of vigor, of vision. It may happen that they make a mistake; not often, however—perhaps once in a century, and the Mormon Church is not yet one hundred years old. Reed Smoot was one of the young men whom these "wise old guys" chose for one of the Twelve.

In addition to being an Apostle of the Mormon Church, Smoot was in business at Provo, Utah, and other places. He knew a lot of people in the new State; just about everybody, particularly those of a voting age. The tendency of the church, up to the year 1900, was Democratic in politics. Smoot always has been a Republican and was active in politics during the days of Democratic ascendancy.

They once talked of him for governor of Utah. Then at a senatorial election he received the votes of the Republicans in the legislature—in those days the legislature elected United States Senators. The Democrats were in control at that time, but at the next senatorial election a change had come and a Republican legislature, composed of Mormons and Gentiles, elected Smoot. It is a rather interesting fact that Smoot has always had strong support among the Gentiles, as the non-Mormons of Utah are called.

When Smoot was chosen Senator, the Mormon Church gave him a "leave of absence"; that is, he was relieved of all church duty which would naturally fall to an Apostle of the Mormon Church. He retained that position, but he was not required to give time to the duties of the Church.

Can It Be Your Nerves?

The aim of civilization is Human Perfection, 100% Efficiency, 100% Health, 100% Manhood, 100% Womanhood, 100% Happiness, 100% Everything.

Have you taken a fair and square Inventory of YOURSELF? If you fall far below 100% in any of the higher human attributes, ask yourself: "Can it be due to Nerve Exhaustion, for NERVE FORCE is the basis of all Energy, both Mental and Physical.

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It is Life; for if we knew what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he would jump over mountains and push down sky-scrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

Unfortunately few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

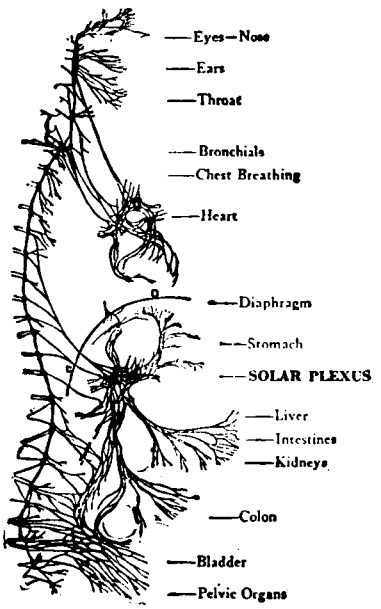
The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

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.

It is through the Sympathetic Nervous System that worry, anger, fear and other emotional strains paralyze the vital organs, which in turn deplete the constitutional forces and health.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. See address at bottom of page.

You should send for this book to-day. 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 nerved 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 only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

If the thousands of highly enthusiastic letters from readers of the book NERVE FORCE may be taken as a criterion of the real value of this book, then it is by far the most important treatise on the subject of Health, Mental Efficiency and Happiness that has ever been written.

Thousands of readers send in orders for books to give to their friends. Large corporations buy them by the thousand to distribute among their employees. Extracts from the book have been reprinted in many magazines, newspapers, etc. Innumerable testimonials are constantly pouring into my mail.

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 193, 110 West 40th St., New York

And it has happened that the United States Senate has had the benefit of the talents and industry of Reed Smoot.

Senator Smoot would naturally like to remain in the Senate, but he is not allowing the hard fight that is being made against him to ruffle his temper or disturb his equanimity.

"They know me and know what I have done," he remarked, referring to the people of his State. "If they want to defeat me, why, they can go ahead and do it. I'll not make any complaint."

The Other "Watch-Dog"

WILLIAM H. KING is the most attentive man on the Democratic side. Like his colleague from Utah he is rarely absent. It devolves upon one man on each side to become a "watch-dog." Utah furnishes the two "watch-dogs" for the United States, and in this regard her position is unique. King occupies more space in the *Congressional Record* than any other Senator. He not only wants to know about legislation which is presented, but he is so well informed in regard to nearly every phase of legislation that he can give the senators facts about different bills as they are considered. To acquire this information means untiring industry.

Senator King reads all the bills, all the reports, all the documents, and much else besides. Therefore, while he occupies space in the congressional proceedings it is to some purpose. He speaks often and fluently, showing a wide field of general knowledge and a familiarity with the law that is rather surprising, considering the fact that he is a comparatively young man.

Senator King was a member of the House something like twenty years ago. He was then thirty-three years old, and his first published biography showed that he had held offices totaling thirty-four years, or one year more than his age. This is explained by the fact that he held two or more offices at the same time, such as being a member of the legislature and a county clerk. Some of the offices were unimportant.

A Judge Before He Had Read Law

SENATOR KING is a Mormon, but has not, like Senator Smoot, been an active man in the affairs of the church. At the age of seventeen, he was sent abroad as a missionary, but on his return he entered politics and became a layman in church affairs.

King was twenty years old when elected a member of the legislature of Utah. While holding that position he was elected to a number of county offices. Then he was appointed a judge. "That happened before I had ever looked into a law book," he remarked. Then he decided to study law, a profession in which he has had a gratifying success. He was fairly launched in the political game when, in the memorable campaign of 1896, he was nominated and elected to Congress. He then had senatorial aspirations, and, after one term in the House, he was a candidate for the Senate before the legislature. A deadlock was engineered by his opponents and the young man failed of election. At that time Utah had elected a polygamist to the House. He was denied a seat, and King was sent in his stead, thus having two terms in the House.

About this time there came a shift in the politics of Utah. The Mormons had been Democratic, but, in 1900, there was a change and Utah became so solidly Republican that it was one of the two States in the whole Union that voted for Taft in 1912. After that, there was another shift, and, in 1916, the Mormon Church returned to its old allegiance, Utah giving Wilson 32,000 over Hughes, and electing King to the Senate by 24,000. King was not elected as a Mormon—any Democrat could have been elected, for it was a landslide.

He Is Fighting a Worthy Battle

SENATOR KING is a ready debater and the business of the Senate interests him. He is the opponent of two pronounced tendencies of the times, one being the encroachment of the federal power upon the States; the other, the wasteful extravagance in federal expenditures. He is fighting a good battle, but an almost hopeless one.

It calls to my mind the comment of a new western Senator who was given the chairmanship of one of the many useless committees of the Senate—chairmanships that carried an extra amount of patronage and were intended solely for that purpose—the Committee on Civil Service, Retrenchment and Reform.

"I can't imagine why I was selected for that chairmanship," said the western Senator; "I am neither for civil service, retrenchment, nor reform."

So far as a large proportion of the senators are concerned, it would seem that they are heart and mind with the western senator, although not so outspoken. And so Senator King finds himself in a very small minority as to economy in government expenditures, and buffeted by waves of extravagance and swamped in an orgy of waste.

The other hopeless battle Senator King is fighting was lost about the time he came to the Senate. He was there in time to be an unwilling voter in favor of two propositions that put the finishing touches on what was once "States rights." I refer to the prohibition amendment and the woman-suffrage amendment. But before the States sacrificed control of their police powers in the first and their control of the franchise in the second, the drift toward federal supremacy had been going on at a rapid rate.

When Senator King returned to Congress after an interval of twenty years, he was astounded to note the great change that had taken place. He found that State lines were being extinguished and that States and individuals were surrendering themselves to federal supremacy. He made the strongest fight he could for his beliefs, but found himself enmeshed in the demands of his own people that their rights as a State and individual rights of citizens be turned over to federal control, and also that the nation-old battle had been won by the federalists.

MUCH to Senator King's surprise he found that his own party, the party that had stood for more than a century as the champion of States rights, had almost completely surrendered to the federal idea. Democrats, to a large extent, had placed their votes in the keeping of their President, which caused not only a diminution of State authority, but, to a large extent, the surrender by Congress of its power.

Democratic statesmen of the old school, like Senator King, found themselves out of place under the new order of things. But an active man can always find enough to do and Senator King is of that kind. His interest in all kinds of legislation is unflagging, and he is persistent in fighting for economy even if his efforts are sometimes vain and the results not always to his satisfaction. He is not tilting at windmills, however, he is laying a course that will be followed sometime—sometime when the people realize that a large share of their burdens, the high prices they pay and the taxes which are constantly increasing are due to a large extent to waste of public money.

Your friend is the man who knows all about you and still likes you.

"They don't write such English nowadays. The book is charming." —*The New York Sun.*

Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, of The Tribune:

MY UNKNOWN CHUM is as much alive as any of the six best sellers of the current week, and seems likely so to remain as long as there are readers to read and publishers to publish good literature. Nor need we wonder why. Open the book at random and read a dozen sentences and the question is answered. Read the whole from first to last and conviction is reduplicatively confirmed. He writes in English so pure, so perfect, so unfailingly felicitous in every word and phrase and period, that the sensuous charm of his speech is commensurate with the intellectual and spiritual appeal of his thoughts.

Clean literature and clean womanhood are the keystones of civilization, and MY UNKNOWN CHUM "is the cleanest and best all-around book in the English Language."

Whether young or old, you will find "My Unknown Chum" the best of comrades all through life. He will introduce you to about all that is worth while—tell you how to invest even suffering with charm, how to manage should you, too, ever be "Hard Up in Paris" or elsewhere. His views of Cant—of Life are worth in lasting results a typhoon of spoutings from the manicured ministers, serio-comic revivalists and others, who with their Croesus Christ and profiteer pewholders have abandoned the lowly Nazarene and His followers to the three-balled mercy of neighborhood pawnbrokers.

Preachy? Not a bit of it. He'll lead you into delightful Bohemia, sip some punch with you in an historic Boston Alley, conduct you to all that is truly best on the other side—go with you to the theatre, there or here—take you Behind the Scenes if you like, chat with you about the art, the pleasures of the playhouse, with never a word or thought of the sensualistic rubbish that features only the flesh-mummer, her toothbrush brilliancy and the stage door—that leads to so-many family scandals, domestic wreckage and divorce.

"Life is too short for reading inferior books."—Bryce.

MY UNKNOWN CHUM

("AGUECHEEK") Foreword by HENRY GARRITY

"An Ideal Chum." You will read it often and like it better the oftener you read it—once read it will be your chum, as it is now the chum of thousands. You will see France, Belgium, England, Italy and America—men and women in a new light that will make it the Chum of the home, of your traveling bag—and an inspiration for letters. "It has naught to do with the horrors of war."

The essay-story of a beautiful English girl and wife will remind many a youth and man of what he owes to womanhood in these truly chaotic times.

It fulfills to the letter Lord Rosebery's definition of the three-fold function of a book—"TO FURNISH INFORMATION, LITERATURE, RECREATION."

U. S. SENATOR DAVID I. WALSH, of Massachusetts: (The only book he has ever endorsed to the public.) *"'My Unknown Chum'—I cannot too strongly express the pleasure and companionship I found in this excellent book. It is all that is claimed for it—even more. It is not only a companion, but a friend."*

PHILIP GIBBS, the brilliant War Correspondent: *"'My Unknown Chum' is delightful."*

EX-MAYOR JAMES LOGAN, Worcester, Mass., Vice-Chairman Y. M. C. A.:—*"A friend gave me a copy of 'My Unknown Chum,' and since then I have given away about ten or twelve copies. I recently made a trip to San Francisco and took 'My Unknown Chum' with me for a second reading from cover to cover, a thing I have not done for thirty years, i. e., read a book the second time. It is wonderfully interesting."*

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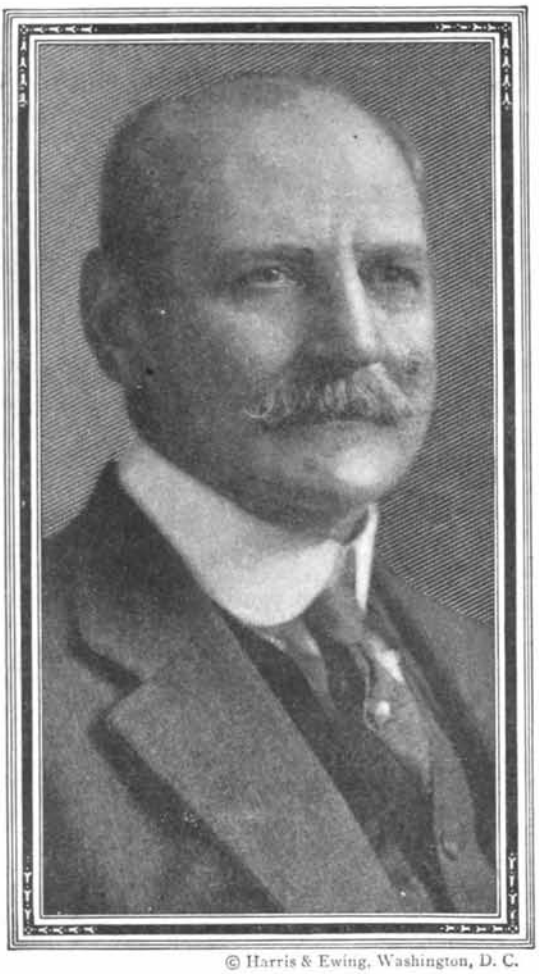
Close Friend of Six Presidents

Hugh C. Wallace, Ambassador to France, Now Shaping Events Which Will Make History

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN



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HUGH C. WALLACE
Who Holds the Most Important Position in the United States Diplomatic Service

HUGH C. WALLACE, United States Ambassador to France, holds the most important foreign position in the American service. The orbit of the diplomatic world has been around Paris for more than a year, and for a long time to come the French capital will be the center of international interest. Ever since President Wilson sailed from Europe on his last Atlantic voyage, the United States Ambassador has represented him and this government in shaping events which have been making history; consequently the position of Mr. Wallace has been one of peculiar importance, requiring tact and judgment.

Whatever Ambassador Wallace may do it is certain that he will not force himself into the limelight nor personally undertake to secure the center of the stage. At the same time, when he is the personal representative of a man like Woodrow Wilson and the official representative of the greatest nation in the world he cannot keep in the background, more particularly at a time like this when the United States is taking such a prominent part in the affairs of the world at the seat of world activities.

A Man of Many Friends

WHEN Mr. Wallace was appointed Ambassador to France, he was not very well known to the public at large, due, no doubt, to the fact that he never had been the kind of a man to push himself to the front, and also because he never had held any official position which attracted public attention. And yet he was known to persons worth while in every part of the country. He was well known among business men and particularly the men who frequent clubs and transact so much important business over a luncheon or in a corner of a club library or reading-room. But he was also known among the politicians of the Democratic party, those who managed the last two campaigns especially, as he was closely identified with the campaign work of 1912 and 1916. On the Pacific Coast he had a wide acquaintance among men of business and men who devoted some time to politics. In that great West, the region where a man's worth is tested, Hugh Wallace has been known among the best of them for more than thirty years.

Mr. Wallace was an early member of what is commonly known in Washington as "The Son-in-Law Club," of which I will tell more in a future issue of THE NEW SUCCESS. It was about thirty years ago that he was married to Mildred Fuller, a daughter of the late Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States. For a score of years, he was rarely ever introduced, spoken of, or mentioned in the papers that his name was not coupled with the further explanation that he was a "son-in-law of Chief Justice Fuller." Probably no man had more reverence and respect for Chief Justice Fuller than Hugh Wallace, but it is also a fact that no man ever became more weary of having his personality coupled with that of the distinguished jurist than the present Ambassador to France.

Rose Above His Handicap

A FEW of his achievements before and after his very happy marriage will show that Wallace would have made a name for himself without his alliance to a distinguished family; more than that, he made a success of his life in spite of the handicap. He is a native of Missouri, born in the midst of the Civil War. His father was one of those brave spirits who, at the request of President Lincoln, risked all in the struggle to keep Missouri in the Union and was bankrupted by it, while his home at Lexington, the birth place of the Ambassador, was destroyed in the battle at that place.

Hugh Wallace received his early education in the public and private schools of Lexington and finished with a tutor. When he was eighteen years old, he was a newspaper man, going to Colorado, New Mexico, and Mexico as the correspondent of the Kansas City *Mail*. He wrote vivid accounts of the Indian War of 1881, which ranged over that region of the Southwest.

President Cleveland, in 1885, when Wallace was twenty-two years old, appointed him receiver of public moneys of a United States land office in Utah territory. The young man procured a bond of $200,000 in his home town—in those days there were no bonding companies. He held the office less than two years, when he resigned and went to Tacoma, Washington, which has since been his permanent home. In that territory, he made investments and acquired property which, by businesslike and careful handling, has afforded him an ample income.

VAN AMBURGH

(*THE SILENT PARTNER*)

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THIS is a story of Fred D. Van Amburgh, "Builder of Men," whose facile pen is directed by almost divine belief in human nature and his fellow men. His plain, homely, practical philosophy is inspiring and aiding thousands in their every-day effort to succeed.

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We do not know how we can better describe Van Amburgh's books or their purpose than to quote Mr. Van Amburgh:

Just Common Sense is a book that circumnavigates you. I have tried to plant guide posts to guide humans past mistakes in their upward climb.

The Silent Partner Scrap Book I have tried, in THE SILENT PARTNER SCRAP BOOK, to crowd between its covers every evidence possible of my most earnest and enthusiastic work.

It's a pleasure-bearing, radiant, genial remembrance that will last long after my name is forgotten; for I have not tried to make this book ME; I have battled to make it all YOU.

By The Side of The Road In this book I have tried to make my thoughts bigger and broader than any single street—I have tried to give expression to the thoughts that will work in Everyday Life—thoughts that will help humans up the hill.

The Buck Up Book THE BUCK UP BOOK is for humans who have taken the wrong fork, who have wandered into the Cemetery of lost Hope, looking for the marker of an almost forgotten Friend. This book will make you forget self-pity—cause you to stop wishing and to go to fishing. It is to get you to look up, think up, brush up, Buck Up, and in this condition you will be able to keep up.

Friendly, heart-to-heart, me-and-you books, built around the hard-earned graduation from the great school of experience.

These books should be in the library of all thinkers, all doers. Next to having Van Amburgh (The Silent Partner) at your side to advise and counsel you as he does some of the largest men in this country, is to have his books as a constant source of inspiration.

This is the Man Hear His Lecture

"How to Fail"

Van Amburgh (*The Silent Partner*) has delivered his lecture, "How to Fail," on over one hundred and sixty-three public occasions. His other lectures are "What is Holding You Back" and "Intimately Personal."

What They Say of Van Amburgh

Van Amburgh (*The Silent Partner*) spoke to the Convention Wednesday noon. He is just as good as they say he is.—*Daily National Cash Register*, Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. Van Amburgh teaches the right kind of aggressiveness.—*The World*, New York City.

He is a noted after-dinner speaker. The same encouraging personality that runs through the editorial pages of his magazine carries his seated audience.—*The Globe*, New York City.

What I believe to be luck on my part, I have happened upon the most remarkable, biggest little magazine on the market, *The Silent Partner*.—W. M. GILMAN, Fairbanks, Morse & Co., 30 Church St., New York.

I assure you that I appreciate *The Silent Partner* and get more genuine pleasure out of reading same than I do from any other magazine I know.—H. L. STIERS, United States Railroad Administrator, Baltimore, Md.

I like *The Silent Partner* because it calls a spade a spade, and breathes a philosophy so helpful that it is worth its weight in gold.—LESLIE E. GOLD, Liverpool, England.

I wish to subscribe again, this year for the twenty-five men in my office whose names and addresses I am furnishing on the enclosed list.—E. CALDWELL, JOHN WANAMAKER, New York.

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Once Declined a Cabinet Place

HUGH C. WALLACE always has been interested in politics and has been an active force in the Democratic party, save for a period when it was waltzing in the depths and he was not in harmony with its leadership.

In 1889, Washington was admitted as a State, and Wallace presided over the first Democratic State convention his party held. In 1892, he was made a member of the National Committee and took an active part in the campaign which resulted in the election of Grover Cleveland. In 1894, the Democrats of the legislature nominated him for the Senate, but the Republicans controlled the election. Wallace was a delegate-at-large from his State in 1896, and was re-elected a member of the National Committee, but resigned.

Then followed a period when he was not in harmony with the Democratic control. He came forth in 1908, and championed the candidacy of Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, which like all other booms was smothered when William Jennings Bryan was nominated a third time. Four years later, Wallace was again active and was a delegate to the Baltimore convention. At one of the critical junctures of the convention, he was offered a place in the cabinet if he would swing his delegation for a certain candidate, which, of course, he did not do. But it turned out that he had an opportunity to decline a cabinet place in 1913. He was a third time elected a member of the National Committee in 1916, and was one of the campaign managers in the close election which followed. In 1918, he was offered a special embassy to Brazil, and declined. He was appointed Ambassador to France in February, 1919.

Seldom in the Spot-lights' Glare

IN view of the active career and political prominence of the man, is it not surprising that when he was appointed to his present position quite a number of persons and a few newspapers amused themselves by asking, "Who is Hugh C. Wallace?" It was no doubt a fact that he had been overshadowed by the high and distinguished position of his father-in-law, and then, again, he had resided for some years in a northwestern city. A man from that region cannot be known in the East; that is, he cannot have newspaper reputation and be known to newspaper men unless he holds a public position, or in some way gets into the limelight.

I recollect, back in 1888, that a young man came out from the West and was made permanent chairman of the Democratic National Convention, and yet when the announcement was made of his selection, 300 political newspaper men asked, "Who is Steve White?" Afterwards he was a United States senator from California and known among all politicians. And yet there are few western men better known in the business circles of the East than Hugh Wallace. He has personally known and been on intimate terms with every Cabinet minister beginning with the first Cleveland administration. He has known many of our ambassadors and ministers who have represented this country in foreign lands, and has known all of the prominent representatives of foreign governments accredited to this country as he has spent much of his time in the national capital.

This serves to show that a man may be well and favorably known to many people, prominent people and politicians, and yet never have been in the center of the stage or under the glare of the spotlight.

"Who is Wallace?" Quickly Answered

AMBASSADOR WALLACE has been quite a favorite with six Presidents during the past thirty-five years, only two of whom were members of his party. During the time when his party was in eclipse and was controlled by doctrines to which Wallace did not subscribe, he was in Washington a great deal and became well acquainted with the Presidents and other prominent men during sixteen years of Republican ascendancy. In those years, it is true, it was a good thing for him to be the son-in-law of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and neither he nor his friends would for a moment belittle the fact that such a connection was helpful in the way of making the acquaintance of hundreds of worth while people who frequent Washington. But it is a long distance from Washington, D. C., to Washington State, and the hundreds of friends whom Hugh Wallace made in the East were of little use to him in the West, where a man has to make his own way on his own account. He can carry little in the way of assets of a personal character across the Mississippi River, or over the Rocky Mountains. But better than the thousands of friends in the East to Hugh Wallace, was his own personality. Affable and without affectation, readily adaptable to the environment of a new country and without sacrificing his characteristics and habits of culture, he is a type of the men who have gone to the Far West, become a part of it, and injected into it something of the eastern character which has made all sections of our country so much alike in all that is best for the nation.

If You Would Succeed

Talk success, think success, expect success.
Never under any circumstances admit the possibility of defeat.
Cultivate the love of excellence.
Have a clear-cut purpose, a life program.
Do not try to save on foundations; prepare thoroughly; be superbly equipped.
Establish yourself in the confidence of others.
Get a reputation for doing things, for reliability.
Crush all discouragement and doubt, for they are the great destroyers of ambition.
No matter what difficulties may arise, or how hard your work may be, do not waver or give up.
Avoid association with slipshod, ambitionless men.
Be original, individual. Never lean, imitate, or follow.
Do not let difficulties which appear in every vocation, temporary despondency, or disappointment discourage you.
Do not let anything tempt you to swerve from the right.
Put your best thought, your best work, your best energy — never your second best — into everything you do.
Bring the whole, not a part, of yourself to your task, however small.
Do not be satisfied to be a "Cheap John" lawyer, doctor, engineer or "Cheap John" anything else.
Do not think so much of the amount of your salary at the start as of the possible salary you can give yourself in increasing your skill, in expanding your experience, in enlarging and ennobling yourself and in absorbing the secrets of your business or profession.
Keep fit. Do not sacrifice your health to business or pleasure. Remember that health is the vital principle of life.—O. S. M.

How to Increase Your Will Power In One Hour

Author of This Article Tells How He Acquired a Dominating Will Power that Earns Him Between $50,000 and $70,000 a year

FOUR YEARS ago a man offered me a wonderful bargain. He was hard up for money and wanted to sell me some shares in a young, growing company for $1,000. Based on the earnings of the Company the stock offered me was easily worth $5,000—in fact, the man who finally bought the shares sold them again in five months *at a profit of* $4,300.

The reason I didn't buy the shares was that I could no more raise a thousand dollars than I could hop, skip, and jump across the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand dollars! And my income only twenty-five a week.

The second chapter in my life began a few months later, when another opportunity came to me. It required an investment of $20,000 during the first year. I raised the money easily, paid back every penny I borrowed, and had $30,000 left at the end of the first year! To date, in less than four years, my business has paid me a clear profit of over $200,000 and is now earning between $50,000 and $70,000 a year. *Yet for twelve years before, the company had been losing money every year!*

The natural question for my reader to ask is, "How could you borrow $20,000 to invest in a business which had previously been a failure, after being unable to borrow $1,000 for an investment that seemed secure?" It is a fair question. And the answer can be given in two little words—*WILL POWER.*

When the first proposition came to me I passed it by simply because I didn't have the money and couldn't borrow it. I went from one friend to the next and all turned me down. Several refused to talk business with me at all. They all liked me personally, and they asked about the kiddies, but when it came to money matters I hadn't a chance. I was scared stiff every time I talked to one of them. I pleaded with them, almost begged them. But everybody had their "money all tied up in other investments." It was an old excuse, but I accepted it meekly. I called it hard luck. But I know today that it was nothing in the world except my lack of Will Power or rather my weak Will Power, which kept me from getting what I wanted.

Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical Power.
How to Think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Definite Principles for Perfect Mental Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Constructive Thinking. Reasoning Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to eliminate from the mind all worthless thoughts.
How to fill any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The Secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to develop Will.
How a strong Will is Master of Fate.
Will Creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Building.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
THE NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental Physical Personal power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Mastery, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.

These are only a few of the many subjects treated

When I heard that the man sold those shares at a profit of $4,300 it seemed that my sorrow could not be greater. That profit was just about what my salary amounted to for four years! But instead of grieving over my "hard luck," I decided to find out why I was so easily beaten in everything I tried to accomplish. It must be that there was something vital that made the difference between success and failure. It wasn't lack of education, for many illiterate men become wealthy. What was this vital spark? What was this one thing which successful men had and which I did not have?

I began to read books about psychology and mental power. But everything I read was too general. There was nothing definite—nothing that told me *what to do.*

After several months of discouraging effort, I finally encountered a book called "Power of Will," by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. The very title came to me as a shock. When I opened the book I was amazed. I realized that will power was the vital spark—the one thing that I lacked. And here in this book were the very rules, lessons and exercises through which anyone could increase their will power. Eagerly I read page after page; including such articles as The Law of Great Thinking; How to Develop Analytical Power; How to Concentrate Perfectly; How to Guard Against Errors in Thought; How to Develop Fearlessness; How to Acquire a Dominating Personality.

An hour after I opened the book I felt like a new person. My sluggish will power was beginning to awaken. There was a new light in my eye, a new spring in my step, a new determination in my soul. I began to see, in my past, the many mistakes I had made, and I knew I would never make them again.

I practiced some of the simple exercises. They were more fascinating than any game of cards or any sport.

Then came an opportunity to acquire the business which had lost money for twelve years, and which I turned into a $50,000 a year money maker. Instead of cringing before the moneyed people, I won them over by my sheer force of will. I would not be denied. And my every act and word since then has been the result of my training in will power.

I am convinced that every man has within himself every essential quality of success except a strong will. Any man who doubts that statement need only analyze the successful men he knows, and he will find himself their equal, or their superior, in every way except in will power. Without a strong will, education counts for little, money counts for nothing, opportunities are useless.

I earnestly recommend Prof. Haddock's great work "Power of Will," to those who feel that success is just out of reach—to those who lack that something which they cannot define, yet which holds them down to the grind of a small salary.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine "Power of Will" for five days may do so without sending any money in advance. If after one hour you do not feel that your will power has increased, and if after a week's reading you do not feel that this great book supplies the one faculty you need most to win success return it and you will owe nothing. Otherwise send only $3.50, the small sum asked.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountain head of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, but the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 400,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christensen, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; L. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas; E. T. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 123-J Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid for "Power of Will" by people who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that will increase your will power in one hour.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publishers feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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FACTS WORTH KNOWING

NE human being dies every second somewhere on this earth. Every day 86,400 rsons die,—31,000,000 every year, or more an 3,000,000,000 in a century.

EVENTY-FIVE thousand young men in the United States become of age each nth.

EVENTY per cent of the adults of the United States haven't the intelligence of e average ten-year-old student and a ange in the school system is necessary, ys Dr P. H. Goddard, of the Ohio State niversity.

Y a government decree, the Japanese alphabet is to be reduced to 2,400 charters. Heretofore Japanese children were liged to learn 5,000 alphabetical characters fore they were able to read and write. -day they must master 2,600 letters—one ndred times as many as an American ld learning the English language.

N ten years the descendants of a single pair of rats, if allowed to multiply undisrbed, would number 48,319,698,843,030,-4,720, according to figures prepared for Department of Agriculture by a well own scientist. It is claimed that, in the ited States, the damage caused by rats ounts to over $200,000,000 a year.

is estimated that there are 102,800,000 acres of reclaimable swamp and marsh d in the United States. This includes not y the large blocks of flooded country pped by the Geological Survey, but the aller areas so common in most parts of rly all states outside the mountains. This 10,000 square miles greater in extent than combined territory of Italy, Switzerland, therlands, and Belgium—four European ntries with a population of more than 000,000, about half the population of our n country.

TEUBENVILLE, Ohio, famous as the home of Lincoln's war secretary, Edwin Stanton, was the home of President Wil-'s grandfather, James Wilson, and the thplace of his father, Joseph Wilson. It s there that his mother, Miss Janet odrow of Chillicothe, first met his father, romance terminating in a wedding on ne 7, 1849. President Wilson's grandrents are both buried in a Steubenville metery.

HE United States contains 800,000 farms, 240,000 schools and colleges, 250,- miles of railroads, and 17,000,000 separate industries.

HE human body has 200 bones and 400 muscles. It is like a flame. It is constantly wearing out and being replaced. No in the body is more than two years . The life of a tiny blood-cell is about ten days. The skull is the best planned part of the human skeleton. It is a fort made of solid bone, to protect the brain from danger.

THERE are two kinds of leaders in Congress. One is a real leader and the other is known as a "whip." The whip makes no pretensions as a leader. It is his task to see that everybody is on hand when emergencies require it. The leader plans policies. The place of whip is distinctly below that of leader.

AN Italian scientist has figured that a square mile of the surface of the earth, in six hours of sunshine, receives heat equivalent to the combustion of more than 2,600 tons of coal.

WHEN the sun is pouring down its rays upon the ocean at noonday, none of the rays penetrate to a depth of over 200 feet. Could a diver descend to that depth, he would find himself shrouded in darkness as profound as though he were immersed in a sea of ink.

A BULLET travels faster than sound, so that if a man is struck by a bullet and instantly killed at a distance, say of 1,000 yards, he is dead before the report of the rifle that fired the bullet could reach him.

THE bamboo holds the record among plants for quick growth. It has been known to grow two feet in tweny-four hours.

THREE-tenths of a second is the time required for a signal to pass through the Atlantic cable, 2,700 miles long.

THE exact cause of sun spots is unknown. They are probably due to movement within the sun's interior which cause tremendous masses of electrified gases to rush up and down the sun's surface. To the eye these masses appear simply as dark, irregular spots, lighter at the border and constantly vibrating.

THERE are about 40,000,000 less able-bodied men than there should be on the earth. The World War killed about 13,000,-000 of these and incapacitated about 17,000,-000 more. Influenza took 10,000,000 additional lives in 1918. Forty million men represent the man power of a nation of nearly 200,000,000 people. It is as if three countries the size of Germany had disappeared from the map.

THE United States is short 4,000,000 laborers. It is estimated by the Department of Labor that when the return movement following the armistice is concluded, about 1,300,000 aliens will have left the country, carrying with them nearly $4,000,000,000.

THE total coinage of United States money in gold, silver, nickel, copper, etc., from 1793 to 1915, amounted to $4,500,000,000. All of the gold produced in the United States since 1792, amounts to about $2,500,-000,000.

SHOULD the farmers of the United States make common cause in politics they would be an irresistible power. Of the 48,282,911 industrial population in 1917, 44 per cent, or 19,070,843, were farmers. At the 1916, Presidential election the voters numbered 18,256,743; and if the 44 per cent ratio holds good, the number of farmer voters is over 8,000,000. This, if cast in a solid block, would carry any election. The farmers have it in their power to exercise complete control of the affairs of the country, and of nearly every state in the Union.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of copies of speeches made and distributed throughout the country at public expense, as taken from the figures of the Government Printing Office, July 1, 1916, to September 15, 1919: Secretary McAdoo, 25,-060,000 copies; President Wilson, 1,113,862; Secretary Glass, 500,000; Postmaster Burleson, 165,000; Herbert Hoover, 160,000; Secretary Houston, 74,000; Secretary Lansing, 65,000; Secretary Lane, 62,000; Secretary Wilson, 50,500; Walker D. Hines, 20,500; Samuel Gompers, 10,000. The War Department is credited at the Printing Office with only 500 copies of speeches; the Navy with none!

THE value of the silver in a silver dollar has been a fluctuating one. In 1862, it was worth $1.04; in 1909, it was worth but forty cents; in 1915, it was worth fifty-two cents; in 1918 it was worth seventy-five cents, and in 1919, it was worth $1.08. It is not believed by financiers that silver can fall below $1 per ounce for the next ten years, however, on account of the extraordinary market for it in India and China.

WOMEN voted for the first time at the Democratic primaries in the Philippines, last month, for the election of delegates to the territorial convention. Our "little brown brothers" seem pretty well up with the procession.

ACCORDING to income tax returns, audited and studied by United States experts, the number of American millionaires trebled in three years since the beginning of the World War, standing at 6,654 at the end of 1917.

PLACED end to end, the matches manufactured in the United States in a year would reach from the earth to the moon and back again twenty times. Enough are produced to allot 177 matches to every man, woman and child in the world.

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Colby, Secretary of State

(*Continued from page* 19)

"But I do not believe that the principles of democracy e of theocratic origin, and I think that in some ways the gacy of that old New England theocracy, great as is our ligation to it in many ways, is still a somewhat pernicious ing in our thinking and in our national life. It is a very rious thing to impose your own ideas of what is good on some other man because he may disagree with you, d in an open and free discussion he might prevail against u before a disinterested and impartial tribunal. Gov- nment is scientific if it is good. Government should be jective, not emotional. The trouble with America is that are awfully strong on emotion, and a little bit lacking en it comes to scientific accuracy and proficiency and ill and mastery of the work in hand.

"I hear a great deal and read more of the tremendous portunities in international trade which the war has rewn at the feet of America, but I make the assertion thout fear of contradiction that America has made very tle progress in gathering up the world markets or in vancing her trade in any regions where she was not etty well and firmly secured before. What is the reason it? Our banks do not understand the rudiments of ternational banking. Our merchants do not understand e elements of international trade. Of course, there are few outstading exceptions. There are some great and terprising and scientifically conducted businesses in nerica, which have made a very enviable record of suc- ss in competitive international trade, but international de does not spring from a great fleet of vessels."

I KNOW Bainbridge Colby personally, and, I think, I can tell just why President Wilson selected him for the premier position in his Cabinet. Colby is honest, straightforward, and a scholar. He is clean-cut and he knows—that is, he knows from long, deep study. He is the type of man who does not go into a thing without finishing it. He is noted for the finished manner in which he can prepare a case. He is a good talker, convincing in an argument, and is never at a loss for words. He knows how to think on his feet. His ability to get at the bottom of a case—and he has had some pretty tough ones—is well known to his associates in the law.

Personally he is a genial, likeable man. A ready, entertaining speaker, he is in demand whenever the after-dinner programme of a big banquet is being discussed. And there is nothing of the snob about Bainbridge Colby. He is as democratic as he is forceful. He knows how to make friends and keep them, and he can hold his own in an argument, with any man.

Many of President Wilson's critics have said that Mr. Colby was appointed because the President desired someone whose mind would run along with his. If that be true, isn't it more of a compliment than otherwise? Every man who holds a big position, in business or professionally, when selecting his associates, looks for men whose minds are in harmony with their own.

But Bainbridge Colby has a mind of his own. Whatever his Cabinet duties may mean, he is a man who is going to be heard from.

Getting on with Business Associates

(*Continued from page* 29)

npelling you to do even a little extra work when it wasn't lly necessary.

'Mr. Edwards just treats you like a machine, and I guess believes nobody but him has any intelligence. He used insist on dictating every word of every letter, and some them were forms that I could sing off in my sleep. If hanged the least word in any of his letters, he'd know and be furious.

'But when I came to Mr. Marvin's office he put me complete charge of certain form letters when I said I ld handle them. Now he never bothers with them any re. He lets me handle a lot of letters without dictation d he tells me everything about all the work we do. I end to the follow-ups and appointments and everything. asks my advice sometimes and that makes me feel like ing a real interest in every bit of work. When he gave my last raise he told me I could sign personally the ters I wrote without his dictation—with my own name private secretary! Do you think Edwards would do t? I guess not! Edwards is a perfect clam—never s anybody a thing if he can help it, doesn't want anyly's advice and doesn't think anybody's ideas but his n are worth a hoot!"

we didn't have the factor of human sensitiveness in business, then people of such great personal efficiency Edwards would get the plums. But even if he has uine ability himself, the man who can't get on with associates is a handicap to the business. He poisons atmosphere; he decreases the producing power of others. ople don't work at their best unless they are in accord h superiors or fellow-workers.

This matter of tact and agreeable personality is an inence sometimes overlooked by men who like to believe in power of a finely mechanized efficiency. But some- es the men who outwardly affect to minimize its value are themselves guided more by a man's personal charm than his abstract efficiency.

Who was it that said, "*We do business with our friends because our enemies will not trade with us.*" A trifle exaggerated, but there is this grain of truth in it. Given the choice between two propositions of equal merit, the man with the more pleasing personality gets the preference. Furthermore, the man with the pleasing presence sometimes creates the illusion that his is the better proposition!

Men like Edwards are often able, honest-minded chaps—so able that they are contemptuous of others' inefficiency and don't take the trouble of being tactful or agreeable. Edwards is not the contemptible type that bullies subordinates and fawns on superiors. He is democratically disagreeable to both. It's a great pity. His particular ability is needed in important places; but unfortunately, his unpleasant manner antagonizes and irritates and he consistently destroys the efficiency of others.

Some firms cut the Gordian knot by weeding out both officials and minor employees who prove that they can't get along with associates. That, of course, adds to the cost of labor-turnover, and it is more costly when good men must be let go for this reason. Sometimes transferring employees to other departments teaches a salutary lesson in the fine art of getting on with folks.

Another plan is to encourage frank expressions of opinion in house meetings. If unpopular individuals thus learned exactly where they stood in the opinion of their fellow-workers, they might mend their ways.

Occasionally a re-grouping of departments or officials works well. A man may disclose the worst side of himself among certain kinds of individuals. Place him elsewhere and he seems to find the associations more congenial and reverses all former disagreeable verdicts about his disposition to be kindly and tactful.

THE MIRACLE OF MILK

Drinking Your Way to Health — By H. B. Galatian, M. D.

Dr. Harry B. Galatian

IF you should meet a friend on the street whose appearance indicated that he was in the grasp of some chronic disease—who was pale, thin and haggard, with a "keeping up to save funeral expense" air about him, and then a few weeks hence should meet the same man, and this time his erect bearing, steady stride, and robust condition indicated perfect health, you would feel like asking whether he had found the proverbial "Fountain of Youth." The chances are he would tell you that he had been drinking of that fount from which issues the white waters of youth, health, and strength—**milk.**

"Cure Alls" have been ridiculed and derided by those who subscribe to that foolish maxim—"What is one man's food is another's poison," but if we stop to consider we will remember that we are all created in the same image and all have the same physiological functions, and are all subject to the same disease, and the one method that has come nearest to curing all cases of disease—is milk. I believe if I were told that I must select one method of treating disease, and only one, and must discard all other methods, I would ask to be allowed to retain the exclusive milk diet.

This conclusion is not based on the results obtained in a few selected cases, but after many years' experience in prescribing the milk diet, both in private and institutional practice. . . . . .

One case I will mention because of its immediate interest, is that of a man whose normal weight should be one hundred and forty pounds, but who weighed but ninety-two pounds when he began treatment. His heart and lungs were in good condition but his alimentary tract and nervous system were in a sorry state. For years there was no bowel action without medicine or enemas. There was a chronic gastritis and almost entire atonicity of colon and intestines, and because of the distress incident to eating he had reduced his diet to mere nibbles, which meant that he was practically fasting. His circulation was so sluggish that he suffered severely from cold, and he was bundled up in a thick suit of underwear, two suits of clothes, a sweater and overcoat, and only after several days on the milk diet could he be induced to discard any of the excess clothing, even while indoors. His memory was practically gone and his mind a confusion of ideas. He had tried treatments galore—from medicine to electricity, from spinal manipulations to diet—and was slowly starving to death. The milk treatment was prescribed. And with what results? He has gained 20 pounds and will continue to gain. There are regular bowel actions without artificial aid of any description. All of the superfluous clothing has been shed. He can walk long distances and take other exercise. His memory has been regained, his mind is clear, and he is in every respect a different person.

Another case came to me weighing one hundred pounds. This man suffered from extreme physical weakness, mental lethargy, and chronic constipation. There was also inflammation of the bile ducts, with retention of bile. Milk was again the prescription. This patient gained twenty-five pounds and was entirely relieved of the liver trouble, his skin becoming pink, his strength increasing, and the constipation remedied. He was advised to continue the milk after returning home, and his weight increased to one hundred and forty-five pounds. He has returned to his regular diet and is still well.

Another interesting case is that of a young man who had been having one or two epileptic seizures each week. He took the milk diet for several months, and when I again saw him a year afterward, he told me he had only one attack in the year, and that, a few weeks previously, induced by overeating of cake and ice-cream at a Sunday School picnic. Milk is undoubtedly the best diet for epileptics.

That the exclusive milk diet is literally a life saver is attested by the case of a young lady who had been told that she would be dead in less than a year, because of anemia. Her hemoglobin was less than fifty per cent. and the red cells one-third of normal. Today she is alive and well, red cells and hemoglobin normal, and thirty pounds heavier.

These few cases are mentioned not because they are unusual, as such results are common with the milk diet, when it is taken correctly, but to stimulate those who have not tried the diet, to do so.

How does milk cure? Milk cures only because it furnishes elements which are badly needed to make new blood. Milk is an easily digested and assimilated food containing ample amounts of all substances required for growth of tissues and organs, and repair of worn-out cells. When taking milk one does not have to worry about combinations or whether this element or that element is being supplied. They are all there in the milk, in living organic form, and the sick body uses them to the best of its ability.

There is no chronic disease in which the exclusive milk diet should not be used. It has long been the standby in wasting diseases, but it should be employed in all chronic ailments of whatever nature. I believe that the person who knows how to use the milk diet has a regimen at hand that can be used in any form of acute and chronic ailment, and even should necessity in disease never arise, a few weeks of milk diet every year, will keep any one well, give renewed energy, greater resistance to disease, a cleaner complexion and a better feeling of bodily comfort than any spring tonic or blood purifier ever compounded.

I will close this article by quoting the beautifully expressed tribute to the cow, by Gov. Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, in a pamphlet issued by the Illinois Department of Agriculture.

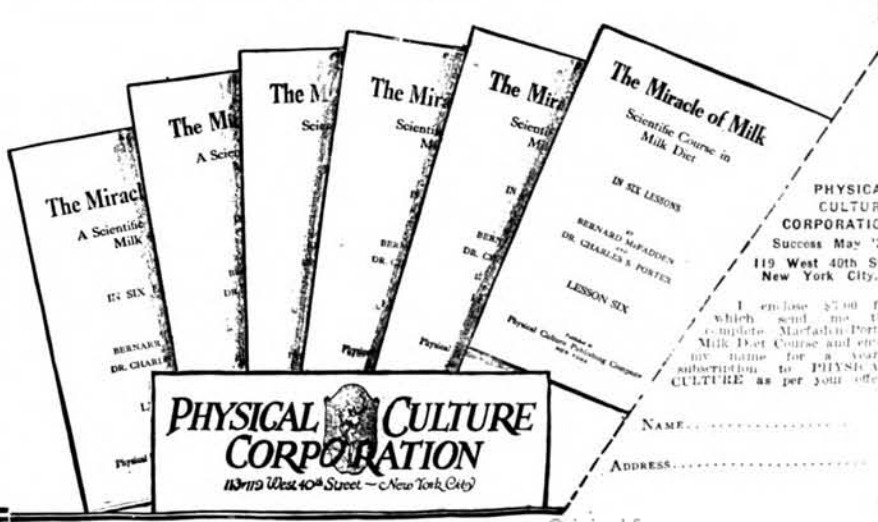
"The cow is a most wonderful laboratory. She takes the grasses of the pasture and the roughage of the field and converts them into the most perfect food for man. In that food there is a mysterious something which scientists have found essential to the highest health of the human race and which can be found nowhere else. Men have sought for centuries the fabled fountain of youth. The nearest approach to that fountain which has yet been discovered is the udder of the cow."—

The above is from an article by Dr. Galatian that appeared in a recent issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE. Its appearance created a tremendous demand for further information concerning the milk diet treatment for building up run-down bodies. To supply this knowledge we have had prepared a complete course of instruction in the Milk Diet Treatment, comprising six lessons. This course is the joint work of Bernard Macfadden, the world-renowned Physical Culture Authority, and Dr. Charles Sanford Porter, America's leading Milk Diet Specialist.

This course makes it possible for any person to take the Milk Diet Treatment without the necessity of going to a sanitarium for the purpose. It puts the treatment at the disposal of every person that needs it. Its practise, as laid out in this course, need not interfere in any way with the regular routine of your daily life.

If you are weak, run down, in the grip of a chronic disease, or are engaged in any way in a struggle for health, YOU NEED TO KNOW THE MILK DIET TREATMENT. In all probability it will be the means of solving your health problem.

To get the Macfadden-Porter Six-Lesson Course in the Milk Diet Treatment, you need only to subscribe to the PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE for one year at $3 and the complete course will be sent you free. Just sign the coupon attached and send to us accompanied by a $3 remittance. The six Milk-Diet lessons will go to you by return mail with the current number of the PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE. If, after receiving it, you do not consider it one of the best investments you ever made, just say so, and we will quickly refund your money.



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Why 1,000,000 Public-School Children Are without Teachers

By FRANK WINSLOW

Normally there are 75,000 school-teachers in the United States.

The average daily school attendance is over 20,000,000 pupils.

During the past year 22 per cent of the teachers have quit their profession because they could not earn sufficient money to pay their living expenses.

In six of the Southern States, one-third of the schools are without teachers.

At the beginning of this year, six per cent of the nation's schools were unable to open for lack of teachers. This meant that over 1,000,000 children can receive no education.

Less than five per cent of the teachers in the United States are men.

School teachers in New York begin with $80 a month—the highest rate in the United States. New York window cleaners are paid $7.50 a day.

New England rural schools pay teachers $15 a week. Girls in factories receive $30 a week.

In 29 of the United States, the average wage for teachers is $550 a year.

The United States does not stand as high in education as it should. It ranks only eighth among the nations in literacy. One in every ten of our adult population cannot read or write.

THE United States is facing a vital question. Her citizens must soon decide whether their children shall be properly educated and whether they are willing to ay the bill. The country has grown used to paying excess rices for every sort of commodity and practically every ort of labor; but the idea that school teachers are entitled more money has just dawned upon the nation. The atter has become a national issue. It threatens to be- me a national calamity unless some drastic corrective tion is taken and taken speedily.

More than 140,000 teachers sought other fields of earn- g during the year 1919, because they were unable to ist on the "starvation wages" paid them by their posts. t the opening of the schools in the fall of last year, over),000 teachers of both sexes either failed to put in ap- earance or resigned their positions.

Teachers Must Insist on Adequate Compensation

A BULLETIN of the National Educational Association Commission on Teachers' Salaries and Salary chedules reveals some startling facts. It is summed up a demand of the educators that all teachers insist upon lequate compensation so that present-day education may conducted upon efficient lines. That the educators can- t be efficient and cannot be expected to be when they are need of necessities, let alone comforts and luxuries, is a oregone conclusion. And, at last, even the quiet, patient acher has revolted.

This revolt comes at a time when education looms larger an ever before. Not only must each American child be lucated, in accord with the nation's traditions, but there a vast army of illiterate foreign population to be edu- ted in matters far more important than our elementary udies—the great course in One-Hundred-per-cent Amer- anism.

Country Faces an Educational Crisis

DR. J. P. GARBER, Superintendent of the Public Schools of the city of Philadelphia, brought out this oint recently when addressing a meeting of the country's ading educators in Cleveland.

"We must take a studious and yet a determined stand gainst every spurious form of democracy," said Dr. Gar- r. "Few people understand just what bolshevism eans—and its appeal is not by any means to the people America. Yet liberty, when it tends toward license, ssumes various insiduous forms."

It is pointed out by the National Educational Association that the country is, to-day, facing an educational and social crisis, in which the best efforts of the pedagogue is earnestly required. And in visualizing the solution of that emergency, the association's statement says: "This emergency is not only going to put on trial the democracy we fought to win, save and perpetuate, but, in many ways, is going to test the power of civilization itself. It will not be solved by the present generation of citizens, who will be able only to make temporary settlements, which will serve as experiments. The real solution will not and cannot come until some of those experiments are made and evaluated by a people trained to think in the light of new ideals of service and social values.

"The responsibility for the solution of many problems of reconstruction rests with the teachers of the next decade. If this emergency is to be met and civilization enabled not only to endure but to progress, it cannot be done by immature, unprepared, and underpaid teachers. These conditions will be removed when a united teaching profession can bring an interested, informed public to demand the highest degree of educational efficiency, and as the essential of that efficiency, to provide for every teacher a living and saving wage."

Over 2000 New York City Teachers Resign

IN New York City alone, over two thousand teachers resigned last year because they could not live on their salaries, and despite the fact that practically all of them worked through the summer vacation in a vain effort to make ends meet. As a result, thousands of pupils are unable to be accommodated in the schools and large numbers must be sent back to their homes from day to day.

Yet the average laboring man is at present earning more money than the man or woman of training and education who is teaching the laboring man's children. New York City, which averages higher teachers' salaries than most other communities, pays more to unskilled mechanics than it does to school teachers.

The result of this situation in the past few years has been a steady decrease in the qualifications of those admitted to teach in the public schools. It is estimated that of the 600,000 teachers in the United States, one-third of that number have had no special training beyond the eighth grade; that 65,000 of these are teaching on temporary certificates, not having been able to pass the required tests of the various educational boards.

Strengthen and Correct Your English By New Invention

Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's great invention will give you the command of language that insures success financially and socially.

Crisp, hard-hitting English is the great driving force of modern business. Today, the demand is for men who can speak and write clearly, forcefully and convincingly.

A mastery of Language indicates the right to a responsible position and the ability to hold it. It is the mark of the mentally alert man!

If you make mistakes in grammar, spelling and punctuation, if you use flat worn-out words and expressions, if your pronunciation is faulty and repellant, you are working under a tremendous handicap. You are advertising your own incompetence.

Power of language can be yours. The famous "100% Self Correcting Device," Mr. Sherwin Cody's wonderful invention perfected after twenty years of scientific investigation and study, places the Mastery of English, which means SUCCESS, within the reach of everyone.

SHERWIN CODY

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. The man who is expert in the use of these weapons is the man who achieves recognition and position.

An Invention Which Improves Your English at Once!

Sherwin Cody's amazing system (pat. Oct. 15, 1918) is the result of his own researches into the unsatisfactory teaching methods employed in our school. Years ago business men began to ask the question, "Why can't they give us men who speak good English? What is wrong with the system?" Mr. Cody set out to answer that question.

He went to 150 corporations, and examined the employees and talked to the employers. He looked into the methods used in our schools and colleges,—and from the data thus acquired he has built his entire system.

He found that the trouble with the old system was, that what they taught *would not stick.* Rules, definitions, explanations, exceptions,—all the mass of detail which encumbered the teaching of the English language, served only to confuse the student, and could neither be applied nor remembered.

Mr. Cody decided that the the way to teach English was to instill into the mind of the student the *habit of correctness.*—With that end in view he perfected and patented this great invention which has revolutionized teaching, cut the time element by several hundred percent, and *does* "form the habit" of speaking and writing correct forceful English.

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 could 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.

Excerpts from Letters

I have examined a number of English courses and believe that there can be no improvement over the Sherwin Cody "100% Self-Correcting Course."
FRANCIS DE S. RYAN,
Washington, D. C.

I cannot too highly recommend it.
PAUL R. SNYDER,
Saugerties, N. Y.

Your course is without doubt the plainest, surest and most direct route to good, usable, every-day English.
JED SCARBORO,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I do not believe there are any other publications in the field that can compare with yours.
WALTER D. MOODY,
Chicago, Ill.

The ability to use the English language correctly is a fine asset for anyone—especially those engaged in business.
C. R. HEMLER,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Language Power and Money Power

What is the one great characteristic which has marked every great man since history began? What made him stand out from the crowd? To what special quality do the leaders of the world in every field of activity today owe their successes? It is the Power of Language,—the power which enables them to sway men to their will; the power with which they drive home their own thoughts and policies. It is the power which makes history, changes national boundaries and swells incomes!

The Wonderful "100 Per Cent 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 to acquire a mastery of English. You need no longer work under the terrible handicap of poor English—Mr. Cody's great invention places Language Power within your reach.

AMAZING 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.

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105 News Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me at once New Free Book Explaining about the "100 per cent Self-Correcting" Course in English.

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Since statistics show that the cost of living has more than doubled, and that the wages of labor have advanced proportionately, it will be seen that the salary of the teacher, which has remained stationary, is totally inadequate. They have been gradually forced to make untold sacrifices, to give up their recreation and the improvement of their minds. Time which would ordinarily be spent in study and supplemental courses must be spent in outside labor in order that they may live.

Obviously such a condition does not result in the mental poise. Unless a teacher is physically well, free from worry and anxiety, and able to take part in social activities indulged in by men and women of similar tastes and mental advancement, the result is bound to be harmful. Yet, while teaching has never been a remunerative profession, it is, to-day, at the foot of the sources of mental income.

Teachers Forced to Wear Second-Hand Clothes

THE teachers are accepting the situation with characteristic calm. Instead of stirring up a storm of protest, they are resigning—that is, those of them who have not reached an age where their narrowing experience and unfamiliarity with other forms of livelihood makes a change impossible. On this latter group the blow falls hardest, and, in the majority of instances, they are the most deserving of their class.

As an example of the professional ethical attitude of the pedagogues, take the declaration of Dr. L. D. Coffman, Dean of the University of Minnesota. "An affiliation of teachers with the labor unions would be a blow to the foundations of democracy. Teachers, as public servants, owe their allegiance to no one class. To side with one faction or the other would present the way for lowering professional standards, and the teachers would sacrifice much of their public support."

Teachers by the hundreds have run into debt during the last eighteen months. They have been forced to wear second-hand clothes, to forswear books and lectures, and to stoop to menial tasks that few who work their way through college would condescend to perform. And, under such conditions, how can a teacher command respect? It has been estimated that if the average teacher had saved the money it cost to prepare herself or himself for the position now held, the interest on that money would amount to more than their yearly salaries.

In private schools, the salary of the chauffeur who brings a pupil to and from school is frequently greater than that of the teacher of the child. Machinists, lathers, bricklayers, men who rivet girders, plumbers, carpenters and a host of other such vocations, receive from half again to twice as much as the best paid school teacher.

New York has ordered an investigation into the matter. Universities are raising great endowments to secure increased pay for their professors. Alumnæ are being urged to endow chairs that the high standards of educational work may go on. But the *public* does not yet seem to have learned that a teacher is a human being and must live.

Ten Million Pupils Taught by Untrained Teachers

ANNING S. PRALL, president of the New York Board of Education, is urging a minimum yearly salary of $1200 for public-school teachers—meager enough when it is realized that any reasonably competent stenographer receives more to-day. Dr. Prall states that "the mortality among teachers is largely confined to the younger, entering element—young men and women between the ages of twenty-six and thirty-five years—all of whom had excellent records, and ratings of over seventy per cent which showed them to be of more than average ability."

This is a serious condition, because students of educational matters state that it requires from *four to six years service* for a teacher to reach the highest state of efficiency. This group is being steadily depleted, and within the last year and a half, the shrinkage has become alarming.

Experts say that the immaturity and appalling lack of training and fitness for the work is increasing as new applicants present themselves in ever decreasing numbers. In an interview published in the New York *World*, Dr. George D. Strayer, professor of educational administration at Columbia University, said:

"I should like to burn these facts into the minds of the fathers and mothers of the country. They ought to know that 1,000,000 children, to-day, in our great and prosperous country are intrusted to the educational guidance of teachers who themselves never had more than a common-school education. Seven million children are taught by young people under twenty-one, who have barely outgrown their childish habits of mind. And 10,000,000, or about half of all the children in school, are taught by persons who have had no special training. The situation is even more serious when one thinks of the immediate future. Where are teachers for our children in the next few years to come from?"

Country Teachers are Paid $300 a Year!

FIGURES show that the compensation of rural teachers do not exceed $300 a year in many instances. The average "good" salary is barely enough to pay for proper subsistence. Most teachers spend their vacations giving Chautauqua or other instruction, or some form of supplemental endeavor. It usually takes all that this profits them to journey to and from their places of employment!

In summing up the situation, Professor Strayer advances these conclusions:

"I feel that the time has come for the American people to look at the problem of education from a wider point of view. It is not merely a question of salaries and money. The issue really is, what kind of education do we want for our children and what kind of schools must we have to provide such education? Do we want inefficient, semi-illiterate, inexperienced and immature teachers who can give our children a mere smattering of elementary education? Or do we want educated and professionally trained mature teachers who can prepare our children mentally and morally for the big tasks of a complex civilization? We have to face this question squarely and answer it clearly if we are to guide our schools safely through the present crisis.

"Now, the vast majority of teachers to-day are getting what I call a subsistence salary. They just barely get along. They are denied the things which add zest to life and are in most cases doomed to a drab existence which kills their spirit and deadens their work. If we are willing to leave our children in the hands of people who are below the standards of physical and mental vigor, then we may go on offering our teachers subsistence salaries. But if we want energetic, dynamic and inspiring teachers who will exhilarate our children and move them to think and act, we must arrange our scale of salaries so as to offer the opportunity to every teacher to pass from economic independence to a life worth living and to the higher positions. In short, we must offer what every other profession offers.

"Some people claim that we cannot afford such expensive education, but I assert that we cannot afford not to provide it. We have had enough mouthing of words about democracy. It is time we begin to think seriously about the situation. Education is the savior of democracy, and we cannot do too much to raise it to a higher level. It is absurd to say that we are too poor to provide good education for our children. We seem able to afford automobiles and silk shirts, and extravagances of one kind or another. Let us economize on such things if we must, but we dare not be niggardly in providing for the mental equipment of the growing generation."

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"I shall never cease to be grateful for the foundation you and your school gave me. I have all the work I can handle and more, and I feel that my present success is due largely to your course and your wonderfully efficient method of instruction.

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The World's Greatest Fiction Writer

(*Continued from page* 18)

stones. He—man or people—who, putting his trust in the friendship of the sea, neglects the strength and cunning of his right hand, is a fool! As if it were too great, too mighty for common virtues, the ocean has no compassion, no faith, no law, no memory

In the next passage, we are delighted with a Turnerlike scene, where he touches us with the pity and terror of a great ship going upward to the starry heavens in a glory of flame.

> Between the darkness of earth and heaven, she was burning fiercely upon a disc of purple sea shot by the blood-red play of gleams, upon a disc of water glittering and sinister. A high, clear flame, an immense and lonely flame, ascended from the ocean, and from its summit the black smoke poured incessantly at the sky. She burned furiously, mournful and imposing like a funeral pile kindled in the night, surrounded by the sea, watched over by the stars. A magnificent death had come like a grace, like a gift, like a reward to that old ship at the end of her laborious days. The surrender of her weary ghost to the keeping of stars and sea was stirring like the sight of a glorious triumph. The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the night patient and watchful, the vast night lying silent upon the sea.

Next to Conrad's pictures of the sea stand his pictures of tropic scenes. But he does not give pictures merely for decorative effect: he uses them as a background for intense human dramas. In this he is an artist, not a mere photographer. Yet his pictures are true to the deep reality of nature. They reflect to us the very atmosphere of the stifling, reeking, voluptuous jungle, with its sluggish, luke warm, fever-breeding waters. The odor of decay assails our nostrils, and we feel the gradual decay of the white man thrust alone and idle into this enervating atmosphere, into the debasing society of savage peoples in their unclean orgies.

Certain critics are saying that Conrad's "Youth" is the best short story in English. It is largely autobiographical, and it tells of the first voyage of a young sailor on a crazy vessel with a load of coal bound for Bankok, in the Far East, the realm of his dreams and desires after many tragedies of the sea. The coal takes fire and the men fight like demons to extinguish the conflagration. Finally, the ship goes down in a flaming glory, while the crew takes to the boats. It is a story of the struggle of daring youth with iron fate. The shipwrecked sailors are driven toward a shore in the Orient: one of them sketches this closing picture:

> The scented obscurity of the shore was grouped into vast masses, a density of colossal clumps of vegetation, probably—mute and fantastic shapes. And at their foot the semicircle of a beach gleamed faintly, like an illusion. There was not a light, not a stir, not a sound. The mysterious East faced me, perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave.

In "Heart of Darkness," we have a grim story of the somber forests of the Congo, where the hearts of white men degenerate in their lust for gold and loss of all sex restraint. The hero, *Mr. Kurtz*, "the highly successful agent" of an ivory company, has—by treachery and cruelty—gathered in rich treasures of ivory; but, little by little, he has lost his humanity, lost his old restraints, lost his soul. He went forth at first to be a great apostle of progress and enlightenment, but the hunger for worldly success killed his manhood. At last he dies detested by all, and his black servant announces the event: "Suddenly the manager's boy put his insolent black head into the doorway and said in a tone of scathing contempt: 'Mister Kurtz—he dead.'"

NO one has more terribly revealed the weakness of a man left alone, unrestrained, to choose between right and wrong. There is no one to check *Kurtz*, "this most successful agent"—no one to check his instincts and his appetites. He is alone with conscience and God. He had in him great powers for good, yet he yielded to lust and greed. His fate came upon him: with his huts full of ivory extorted from the savages, he sinks into death: the ripple closes over him.

Conrad's story stuff, outside the wonderful setting of seas and tropics, is often somber and monotonous. His dull-witted or greedy traders, his stupid natives, his taciturn sailors would often bore us in real life. But Conrad makes them interesting, not by any false glamor laid upon them, but by viewing them all in their deep reality. He pictures life in its meaning to them, for he sees them under the light of imagination. He thus completes the stolid facts of their existence with the inner truth that belongs to their ways and words, and orbs their fragmentary lives into all-round truths of life.

So while Conrad gives us a realism with the tang and tide of the sea in it and the scent and shine of the tropics, yet he seeks the inner meaning of these things, thus throwing upon life a light from the spiritual and eternal ground. It is this method of giving each day and deed its true psychological value that lends to Conrad's art its deep fascination, and that makes a quiet dialog in a still forest tingle with more than melodramatic intensity, that makes his brutalized traders not mere inert degenerates, but human spirits acting out a mysterious destiny.

GEORGE ELIOT is not more inflexible when dramatizing the downfall of a man through the vortex of his own deeds, than is Conrad noting the insidious black spot or weak spot in character, the mildew that spreads its dry rot, destroying the character. It may be pride or passion, or greed, or ambition that opens the rift that gradually widens into a devastation of the soul; but Conrad sees that this devastation is only the stern law in operation.

Conrad has no doctrine to preach, no definite message to promulgate. He gives the spectacle of life in all its far-reaching implications, and his readers get the moral of it all by indirection—get the moral by drawing their own conclusions. This is the way art does her preaching.

These stories of far waters and wilds impress the reader with Conrad's feeling of the ultimate loneliness of every human soul. While his narrative may deal with isolation of birth or of exile, deal with men born or stranded on alien seas and alien shores; yet he deals, too, with that deeper isolation of spirit in the case of men walled in from their fellows by heredity or else by temperament. *Almayer*, in "Almayer's Folly," was shut away among the Malays, and *Kurtz* was shut away among savage Africans; but *McWhirr* was even more hedged in by his own obstinate dullness; *Nostromo* is buried in the crypt of his own vanity; *Lord Jim* dwells in an aloof realm of his own ambition and remorse.

Long absent from the unrest of cities, Conrad takes no part in the social struggles about him. His interest is in the great ever-present relations between man and man or man and woman. His men are generally at the mercy of some dominant purpose, some ego-centric urge, whether of fame or greed or passion; or else they are fixed forever in some groove of tradition, some crevice of habit. His women are of primitive strain, whether they be women of civilization swayed by love or ambition, or women of the jungle swayed by primeval love or hate or jealousy. Yet Conrad contrives to give each the feel of the universal, and to suggest heights and depths of experience hidden under the film of the moment.

THIS novelist, then, is not bluntly didactic. But if he does press home any moral principle, it is the principle that man must accept his responsibilities. "My conviction is," he says, "that civilization rests upon a few ideas, old as the hills. It rests notably upon fidelity." His sailors, forced to work in unison by the stringent necessity of the ship's safety, are necessarily exponents of loyalty. Many of Conrad's stories turn on this unquestioning and undeviating sticking-to-one's-job, and making good for the benefit of others dependent upon our good faith. His insistent idea of faithfulness involves the squaring of one's self to duty. The beginning of downfall for many of his characters lies in the first careless or unconsidered lapse from the straight line of right-doing.

Conrad is continually on the alert for weak spots in character, for temperamental flaws. In "An Outcast of the Island," a story of most dramatic retribution set in a tropic isle, the continual decline of the two clerks, *Carter* and *Kayerts*, dates from the hour in which they tacitly give up their principles and begin to trade in slaves. In "Lord Jim," the romantic hero, in a revealing moment of destiny, turns from his long lazy dream of some day distinguishing himself by conspicuous bravery; and in the first moment of peril, following the line of least resistance, he leaps into the sea, deserting his post on the ship to save himself. "Lord Jim," however, spends his life trying to come back to honor, and he dies a hero.

CONRAD is not of the order of those writers who tell us glibly that "the story writes itself." He sees life as an inscrutable drama that demands all of a man's powers for understanding and transcription. In his reminiscences he tells us that his desire is to snatch from the rush of time certain passing phases of life, to hold up these fragments trying to reveal the vibration and color and essence of them and to disclose their inspiring secret. If the writer be fortunate (he says in substance) he will thus awake in the reader the feeling of human solidarity, awaken a sense of our mysterious origin, our uncertain fate—those things that band all men to each other in joy or in grief and bind all men to the visible world.

Speaking of his own work, so conscientious in artistry, so sincere in fundamental ethics, he implies his long aim, and his deep creed.

"If I succeed," he says, "you shall find, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm . . . truth."

✦ ✦ ✦

As above the oyster the starfish, the porpoise the whale, so above all matter does the human being rise preeminent.

The Shortest, Easiest and Surest Road to Prosperity and Success

A Subtle, Basic and Fundamental Principle of Success and Supremacy

THIS SUBTLE PRINCIPLE in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and **without study** or waste of time and without health, vitality or will power has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, **no exercise,** no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is **nothing to practice,** nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize or read, or learn, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books or merchandise.

This subtle principle must not be confused with Metaphysics, Psychology, New Thought, Christian Science, arbitrary optimism, inspiration or faith.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

MY TRUE AND ACTUAL EXPERIENCE

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for **I was negative** and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. **I was blue and despondent** and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that **I was shut out** of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health, as my father before me. I was a "floater" and **depended on luck** for success if I were to have any. I consciously or unconsciously believed that if I ever were to have health and success, the result would have to come through some element of ease or assistance or through some mysterious or magical source. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit out of this distress —arose within me a desperate reaction— "a final effort to live"— and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

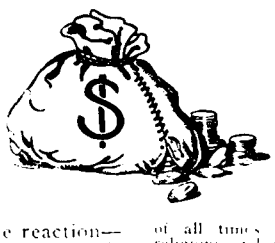
When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. **My life underwent an almost immediate change.** I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for, I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You also may use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the **principle of failure** consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

I discovered this subtle principle— this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. **It requires no education,** no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.



It was used by Moses, Caesar, Napoleon, Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, John D. Rockefeller, W. R. Hearst, Herbert Spencer, Emerson, Darwin, J. P. Morgan, Hartman, Woodrow Wilson, Bryan, Charles Schwab, Cyrus Curtis, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Charles E. Hughes, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Marshall Field, Sarah Bernhardt, Galli Curci, Nordica, Melba, and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries, and of all religions and of all color make a record of the action of this subtle principle of success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

WE OWE EACH OTHER

Every one realizes that human beings owe a debt to each other. Only the very lowest types of human being begrudge to the degree of wishing to get it without rendering some one else. The world does not owe any one anything—the lowest and the most successful alike. Almost everyone is conscious of this fact. Everyone also wants his fellowmen to recognize his worth. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglectful in my duty to my fellowmen if I knew human beings of whom I could honestly say that every decent and honest effort to help them to success would to a maximum extent through the use of this subtle principle

I fully realize that it is human nature for men and women to be less considerate in the use of the power or importance of in the hands of those to whom they owe a few pennies, but I cannot help that in any way. All I know I can do is to do my part and I must fulfill my duty just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great and effective.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and controlling in its influence for good, [illegible] success, that **it would be a sin if I kept it** to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

So sure am I of the truth of the statements made above, that every person I offer the principle to may use it in their hands, will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle **in your hands** for twenty four hours at my risk and expense. You will receive with the value of this principle within twenty four hours, in fact almost immediately as you become conscious of its working, both its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usefulness for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

Thousands of individuals claim that the information disclosing and elucidating the secret principle of success is worth a thousand dollars of anyone's money. Some have written that they would not take a thousand dollars for it.

You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for this information for reasons that will appear after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence.

I have derived such tremendous profits and success from its power, that I want every man, woman and [illegible] to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it [illegible] to any address on approval without a single penny in advance.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to place in the hands of [illegible] this subtle principle of success. **You would never forgive me** if I failed to [illegible] which I would consider for me, if our positions were reversed.

SEND NO MONEY. Just sign and mail the coupon and you will receive by return mail a booklet explaining Mr. Swoboda's "THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS" in a Master Letter, the equal of which you have never read or seen.

This "SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS" can solve your every problem absolutely.

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You may send me at once your free booklet "THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS."

I agree to [illegible] Master Letter, which I am to receive with the booklet, which I will read carefully and [illegible] PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS."

It is understood that I am to be under no obligation whatever now or later.

Name .....

Address .....

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NOTICE—If you send one dollar today, with coupon, it will be refunded to you if you are not entirely satisfied. You are to be the sole judge.

Editor's Note: **The above statements are absolutely guaranteed in every way.**

The Man Who Talked too Much

(*Continued from page 22.*)

thing to Dingle. The higher they went the more money he would make, and Harris had assured him that there would be "large doings" in Q. D. and M., that day. Already he heard several large purchase orders being given at the cashier's window and still others being received over the telephone.

HE would surely win. It would be some triumph. For the first time in his life, Dingle would have enough money to really make good his boasts—to startle the small town with his seeming extravagance—by expenditures which he would loftily pretend were mere incidents and nothing noteworthy to a man of his situation.

As he paced the outer corridor, he began to feel nervous lest Fordham should return to the office in his absence. Even so, it was unlikely that he would discover that the three thousand dollars was missing. If he did, Dingle told himself, he would turn the discovery to his credit by saying that he preferred to deposit the sum in his own account rather than let it stand in the safe at the office, subject to possible theft. He found himself rehearsing the scene in which he would lightly toss the money back in the drawer and comment upon his foresight; or, for effect, he might even draw his personal check and tell the office boy to run over to the bank and get it cashed.

Occasionally he would go to the door of the customers' room and watch the proceedings. Q. D. and M., was steadily rising. Every sale saw a gain of several points, and Harris gave him an encouraging nod as he passed his friend's desk. Figuring on the back of an envelope, Dingle calculated that he had already more than doubled his holdings. It was wonderful—so easy. Once he got his start, he could see money pouring in by the thousands. It would pay to treat Bert Harris liberally and get the benefit of his close inside information.

So, with rosy visions, he asked the broker's clerk to go to luncheon with him. Harris accepted with alacrity. They lunched at an exclusive restaurant in the financial section. Harris pointed out several leading lights of the exchange at nearby tables. Dingle carefully remembered their names and snatches of their conversation, so that he might relate them as interesting incidents of his journey, when he returned home.

But, while the two lunched a conference was taking place in the office of Harris's chief—a three-minute conversation of which the young clerk had not the slightest idea.

"How much have you sold short?" the banker demanded of his aid.

"Over eighty thousand shares," came the crisp answer.

The banker nodded with satisfaction and made a rapid mental calculation. "Break the rise!" he ordered curtly.

His subordinate departed, fully conversant with what he need do to accomplish the banker's wish.

THAT order sealed the fate of Dingle. By the time he and Harris returned from their leisurely luncheon, "the street" was gasping at the sudden drop in Q. D. and M. Harris whistled. Familiar with Wall Street tactics, he knew what had happened. Dingle gasped and turned a sickly pallor as the full realization of what had taken place dawned upon him. He saw every cent of his profits—every cent of Mary's and Fordham's money wiped out. Three lone dollar-bills, in his pocket, were all that remained of his own funds.

Weakly he sank down in a chair and held his hands out appealingly to Harris. "I want my money!" he wailed. "Can't you cancel that purchase order I gave you—save me what I put up—*save me three thousand at least!*"

Harris looked at him in contempt. "What's five thousand dollars—to you!" he casually remarked, thinking of Dingle's boasting of the previous evening, of the rosy outline of his affairs he had painted over the luncheon table.

"I wasn't—telling—the truth," Dingle confessed weakly. "It was all I had—and— and some of it isn't mine."

"You piker!" exclaimed Harris in disgust. "You bag of wind! You crook!"

Dingle stared at him in a daze. He could neither resent the accusation nor the insult. Harris was right. He was all of these things—and more. The ridicule of his friends, the loss of Mary's regard—his position with the foundry—all were gone. And before him loomed large, the shadow of a jail!

"Isn't there anything you can do?" he whined. "Bert, you must! I—I can't—"

Harris gave him a steely look. "This office is run on the level," he said. "When we make purchases, they are actual purchases—not 'wash' sales. Your money's gone. If you'd told me the truth, I'd have advised you to keep out of Q. D. and M. It promised big, quick profits; but just because it did, it was risky, and no buy for a lamb. But since you tried to play the high-and-mighty game, since you *lied* to me when there wasn't the slightest reason for it—no reason except your own silly vanity—take your medicine. Maybe it will make a man of you. Now, get out—I'm busy.

Stunned, unable to answer, with a sick feeling of terror, Dingle crept out of the office and into the crowded narrow street. It was all too sudden—too horrible for him to grasp. His house of cards had been overturned by a word from one man—although Dingle did not know that. But he did know that the policeman on the corner was staring at him strangely; that he had an almost uncontrollable desire to run. But his legs nearly gave way beneath him. Hardly knowing what he did, he made his way aimlessly through the jostling throng.

At length he came to the open space of Battery Park, the lower end of Manhattan. Far out across the waters, he could see the gigantic Statue of Liberty. He recognized it with a sinking feeling.

"Liberty!" he murmured with a sickly smile. "There isn't any liberty for fools like me. I can't go back to Meadville and I haven't sufficient funds to run away. What's more, I haven't even money enough to buy a revolver to end it all!" Perhaps a leap from the back of a ferry boat, or off Brooklyn Bridge, would serve as well.

HE looked back on his folly, on his idle boasts, his numerous lies; and then, with still greater horror, he realized the true meaning of the temptation and the weakness which had led him to succumb to it.

"You fool! You poor, helpless, guilty fool!" he chided himself. "You're not fit to marry a girl like Mary, and it's a good thing she will never see you again! There's nothing left—now that you've made a mess of things—nothing left but to end it all if you've enough courage to do it!"

Deep down in his heart, Dingle wondered whether he *had* the moral stamina to punish himself for his folly. He thoroughly hated himself and the part he had played so badly. The contempt he felt for himself, told him what others would say. He knew that he could not face their sneers and jibes any more than he could face Mary's blue eyes.

"Fool! Idiot! Thief!" he charged himself bitterly. "It doesn't make much difference how you end it—but this *is* the end."

(*To be continued*)

Charles M. Schwab's Six Rules for Success

(From a speech delivered by the man who rose from a dollar-a-day stake driver to the leadership of the steel industry, before the Princeton University Graduates.)

FIRST. Unimpeachable integrity. This is the very foundation. With this as a starting point the rest will be relatively easy.

Second. Loyalty. As a rule I find that the university men are loyal. Be loyal to the people with whom you are associated. Give credit always where credit is due, and remember always that it will attract credit to you to give credit to some one else. Make your employer believe that you are with him always, that you are proud to be with his department in his company.

Third. A liberal education in the finer things of life, of art, of literature, will contribute toward a success in life. Man needs imagination, and these are the sources for it.

Fourth. Make friends. Enemies don't pay. You will be surprised at the pleasantness that will surround you when you have made friends instead of enemies. Whatever your misfortunes in life, boys, just laugh.

Fifth. Concentrate. Learn to concentrate and think upon the problem in your mind until you have reached a conclusion. Don't be afraid of mistakes. Don't blame a man if he makes them, but it is the fool that makes the same mistake twice.

Sixth. Go at your work. You may not find yourself the first year. Don't hesitate to change from distasteful work, but don't change because difficulties come up or troubles arise. Give the best in you. Let nothing stand in the way of your going on

POOR WORK IS LYING

MOST employees get the idea that doing their work in a sloppy, slovenly, slipshod way is not dishonest in the same way as stealing a postage stamp belonging to their employer, or appropriating a piece of merchandise. But to botch the day's output, to weave sloppy, slovenly work into it, is absolutely dishonest.

All poor work is dishonest. It is lying, it is a violation of your contract with your employer, which implies that you would do good work. When you loiter at your task, do poor work, or waste or injure merchandise, you are dishonest.

There are thousands of employees who would feel insulted at the very suggestion that they might possibly be dishonest. They would think it a terrible thing to take a nickel out of the cash drawer, or help themselves to merchandise without paying for it; but they will not hesitate to steal time from their employer every day if they get a chance. They justify themselves on the ground that they are not paid enough for their services.

THERE are many ways in which employees can be dishonest. They can not only rob their employers of their time during their working hours; but they can be dishonest in their carelessness, their blunders, their mistakes, which have to be rectified at a lot of expense and annoyance to employer and customers.

It is not necessary to steal an employer's money or merchandise to be dishonest; it is dishonest to botch one's work, to half do it.

It is not enough to come mighty close to doing things right, they must be done just right, to a complete finish.

The employee who is always blundering, who is not accurate, and whose work has continually to be overhauled and changed, is a very poor asset for any concern. Some employees require so much supervision, so much showing, so much correcting, so much watching from a higher-priced employee that they are not profitable to the firm.

Others require practically no supervision at all. They simply go ahead and do their work just right, and accordingly are of greater value to their concern.

I HAVE always noticed that the man who puts the stamp of superiority, of high quality, on everything that passes through his hands, is not only sure of advancement, but he *is* advancing. You cannot keep such a man down. Superiority always keeps progressing and irresistibly rising to a higher plane.—O. S. M.

✦ ✦ ✦

Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it.

TO-DAY'S RELIGION

RELIGION is not a collection of creeds,
Theologies, dogmas, or rules,
A burning of incense, a prating of prayers,
Or ecclesiastical tools.

Religion is not singing psalms by the hour,
Nor pounding your prayer-book all day,
Nor reading the Bible, nor going to church
Though these are all good in their way.

No! Religion is vital, religion is life!
Full of impulse which flows from the heart,
Which scorns all hypocrisy, snivel and cant,
And is honest in every part.

Religion is telling the truth in a trade,
Without even counting the cost,
And having the courage to stand by the right
Tho' fortune and friends may be lost.

Religion is thirty-six inches per yard,
And sixteen full ounces per pound,
And sixty whole minutes of other men's time—
Not watching those minutes roll 'round.

Religion is meeting the world with a smile,
Then bringing a bright smile back home
A joy to the loved ones who wait for your step,
No matter how far you may roam.

Religion is turning your back on the wrong,
With a prayer in your heart to do right;
Then stepping forth boldly to conquer yourself,
With your face ever facing the light.

Religion is giving a bright word or more,
To those whose dark clouds hide their sun;
If you've got the kind of religion I mean,
You will hear the Great Master's, "Well done."

—*M. Y. Nosnibor in Forbes Magazine.*

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HE GETS TO THE FRONT

I HAVE never known a person to succeed to any extent who is all the time predicting his failure, expecting things to turn out badly with him; the man who is always talking about his ill-luck, that the fates are against him, that the trusts and the great combinations have ruined the chances for the ordinary man. It is not the pessimist, not the complainer, not the doubter, the kicker, but the man with a great faith, the optimist, who believes that the best is going to come to him, that he is going to win out in his undertaking who gets to the front.

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There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, and the other that they haven't any business.

How to Get What You Want

A Remarkable System of Personal Efficiency

Taught by Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the World's Greatest Inspirational Writer Who Has Helped Thousands of Discouraged Men and Women to Brilliant Success

NO matter what you want—whether it be wealth, power, position, fame, health, friendship, or any kind of material success—it is no longer necessary for you to grope for it blindly, uncertainly, wasting your energy and brain power in an unequal struggle against circumstance and environment.

There is a sure and certain way of reaching your goal, of attaining your desires, of realizing your ambitions. There has been worked out for your guidance a definite plan of action which if followed intelligently will put you on the road to assured success. So clear, so simple, so explicit are the instructions that anyone can grasp their meaning quickly and put them into practice. A single hour devoted to their study may change the course of your whole life. Many a man who had thought himself possessed of only moderate ability—yes, many a self-confessed failure—has suddenly found himself a new man mentally and spiritually, with a wonderful new power of accomplishment, new courage, new ambition and new opportunities for success, simply by following the suggestions given him by Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

What Great Men Say About Dr. Marden's Teachings

THEODORE ROOSEVELT said: "I am so deeply touched and pleased by your editorial in 'Success' that I must write and tell you so."

CHARLES M. SCHWAB says: "Dr. Marden's writings have had much to do with my success."

JOHN WANAMAKER says: "I would, if it had been necessary, have been willing to have gone without at least one meal a day to buy one of the Marden books."

LORD NORTHCLIFFE says: "I believe Dr. Marden's writings will be of immense assistance to all young men."

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY says: "Dr. Marden is one of the wonders of our time. I personally feel under a debt of obligation to him for his marvelous inspiration and help."

When such men as these, and a host of others too numerous to mention, have felt so strongly the debt of gratitude they owe this man that they have not hesitated to acknowledge it in writing, surely you also can be helped to develop your latent powers, to fill a larger place in the world, to make a *new success* of your life.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about Dr. Marden's teachings. They are clear, direct, personal. You will recognize their truth and their value to you as soon as you read them. And that they may have wide distribution throughout the world they have been put into a book called "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT," a book of 350 pages handsomely bound in cloth (instead of into an expensive mail-order course costing from $20 to $50) so that they are within easy reach of everyone who reads this announcement. And then there is THE NEW SUCCESS—MARDEN'S MAGAZINE, which every ambitious man and woman should read in connection with the book, as it is brim-full of the success idea and carries Dr. Marden's inspiring message to thousands every month. By special arrangement both the book and a year's subscription to the magazine can now be secured for only $3.50.

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If you yourself are already a subscriber you may have your subscription extended for a year, or you may order the magazine sent as a gift to a friend. There can be no more acceptable gift than one of Dr. Marden's books and his magazine, and many of our readers may wish to take advantage of this offer for a number of their friends.

Surely you need this book and you owe it to yourself, to your family, to your friends to take advantage of this offer which may open the door for you to wonderful new success. So mail the coupon NOW, thus making sure of getting your copy of the book before this offer is withdrawn.

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N. S.—May-'20

The Failure

(*Continued from page 41*)

when he realized all too keenly now he had failed in his greater duty as a father?

Mrs. Lawton and little Marjorie were awaiting them on the veranda. With tears in her eyes the mother took her boy in her arms, and Lawton saw again the difference between the relations of his children with his wife as compared to their attitude toward him. For the first time, Tommy showed indications of repentance—of shame. He knew he had hurt his mother, and it troubled him. "If only he had shown the least sign of caring what I thought about it!" Lawton murmured, brokenly.

Then, when little Marjorie was off to school, and Tommy was sleeping restlessly in his room, Lawton went to his wife in the library, and told her what had happened. "I hold no brief for myself," he told her humbly. "I have been a fool. I have placed money above everything. If it had not been for you, dear, with your keener insight into duty and your splendid, lonely struggle, it might have been even worse. I might have lost *you*, but for your wonderful, self-sacrificing character!" She was in his arms, soothing his anguish as best she might, but he was still bitter in his contempt and reproach of himself.

"Tom would never have done this if I had not been too absorbed in my business to give thought to the molding of his strong will and passions. I know I've left everything to you, despite your warnings. In the mad race for dollars, I've completely forgotten duty. And now I'm punished. My fortune has vanished, leaving nothing but the pang of knowing I've been a parental slacker! I'm worse by far than the youth who tried to evade the draft when his country was in danger!"

"There, there, dear," said his wife, tenderly, yet deeply moved at his repentance. "You only did what you thought was best."

"That isn't the point," he told her. "If every parent was a slacker, as I have been, the deterioration of the American home would be complete. If American homes are deteriorating, it isn't because of the increased activities of mothers but because of the voluntary alienation of fathers from family life!"

THROUGH the long afternoon they discussed the situation and made their future plans. It was not really so bad as Lawton had at first imagined. He had a reasonable competence left, although his great fortune was swept away. Tom could still go to college in the fall, and, for the summer, it was decided that they should take a little cottage. Lawton was to rest and recuperate—get himself in another frame of mind and lay his lines for the future.

"You don't seem to care at all," he said at last, when their little parental conference was ended.

"Care!" exclaimed his wife. "Please don't misunderstand me, Dick,—but I really think I'm a little *glad*. You built a wall of money about you, and even little Marjorie couldn't break through it! Now it's going to be different. We'll all be happier. We'll know that we're not neglecting the children's development of mind or body. We'll know that we're safeguarding the moral as well as the material success of the family, that we're both molding our children into the highest type of man and woman. They need us both, Dick——our dual encouragement and our inspiration."

He nodded. "I've wakened—although it took a great financial crash to do it!"

There was no feeling of ignominy in their hearts as they gave up the big house and

departed for the country cottage. Instead, there shone a new light of hope and happiness in the eyes of both mother and father.

Day by day Lawton and Tommy took long tramps through the woods—fished—loafed—camped and played together. Lawton seemed ten years younger, and Tommy was developing into a more manly sort of youth. His mind was broadening, his ideals were being molded, and he began to take a new attitude toward the future. But best of all, to Lawton, was the change in the boy's attitude toward him!

Then one afternoon, as father and son tramped back to the cottage, little Marjorie ran down the road to meet them, her golden curls streaming in the breeze. Lawton caught her high in his arms, kissed her, and mounted her on his shoulder.

Her laughing blue eyes met his, and she looked at him with a little elfin expression.

"Daddy," she said pleadingly, "you won't ever get rich again— *will* you?"

A look of surprise crossed Lawton's features. "Perhaps—why, honey?"

"Please don't!" she begged earnestly, "for if you do, you will go back to your old office in the city, and we won't have any more of the good times like we've had since we moved out here!"

Lord Northcliffe

(*Continued from page* 24)

and make an arrangement with him. Don't put too cheap a price on yourself. We journalists like our work, but sufficient money doesn't do us any harm."

Northcliffe prides himself on his knowledge of mechanics. It is said that he knows as much about a printing press as he does about politics and statesmen, and he likes nothing better than to potter about an intricate machine, talking intimately of its details with an ink-begrimed pressman.

The great publisher is intensely patriotic. It is evident in his every act and in his position regarding the welfare of his nation. His appreciation of honors has not allowed him to deviate one iota from his hardworking path. He is farsighted to an uncanny degree. Foreseeing a shortage of print paper, some years ago, he erected a gigantic papermill in Newfoundland. Here he employs two thousand operatives and produces more than 25,000 tons of paper a year.

He is the first Britisher to really absorb the pushing, hustling, efficiency methods of the Modern American and put them into practice.

Lord Northcliffe is assisted in his vast journalistic enterprises by his six brothers. He once said, "My only regret is that I haven't more brothers." He was born July 15, 1865.

The father of Northcliffe was a successful barrister; his mother a daughter of the late William Maffett, of Dublin, in which county Alfred Harmsworth was born. He was educated at the grammar school at Stamford, Lincolnshire, and under the Reverend J. L. Milne, of Streete Court, Westgate-on-Sea. His parents wished him to prepare for the bar, but the journalistic instinct asserted itself too strongly to be resisted. At fifteen he edited a school paper; at seventeen, after a holiday scamper through Europe, he entered the office of the *Illustrated London News*, as editor of one of William Ingram's publications. He has done practically every kind of newspaper work, from reporting fires and police-court proceedings to writing special articles for London dailies.

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One man makes his life an epic of happiness; another, right beside him, makes his a hell of misery.

The Best Humor of the Month

Solved!

"MAMA, this paper says that cattle when with other cattle eat more and fatten better than when kept alone."

"Yes, my child. I guess that is right."

"Well, mama, we must be like cattle."

"Why, what do you mean, child?"

"We always have more to eat and eat more when we have company."

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Slight Correction

"THERE is a lot of wishy-washy talk about the Bolsheviki," says a labor paper. Wishy, perhaps, but from what we see of their pictures in the papers, not washy.—*London Punch.*

Alert Hubby

"I HAD an awful scare this morning about two o'clock," said Mrs. Rapp. "I heard a noise downstairs and I got up and turned on the electric light in the bedroom, and I saw a man's legs sticking out under the bed."

"The burglar's legs?" asked Mrs. Tapp.

"No, my husband's legs," replied Mrs. Rapp; "he had heard the noise before it woke me."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

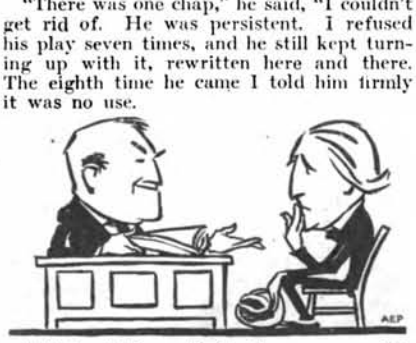
Took No Chances

A BUTCHER, one day, put up a sign reading: "Purveyor to His Majesty." Wishing to improve upon this, he added, "God Save the King."—*Tyrihans (Christiania).*

Staging the Pieces

A THEATRICAL manager tells the following story:

"There was one chap," he said, "I couldn't get rid of. He was persistent. I refused his play seven times, and he still kept turning up with it, rewritten here and there. The eighth time he came I told him firmly it was no use.



"'But, sir,' he said, 'is there no possible way you could put my farce on the stage?'

"'Well,' said I, 'there's one way, but I don't know if you'd submit—'

"'Oh, I'd submit!' he cried. 'I'd submit to anything.'

"'Then,' said I, 'we'll grind it up and use it as a snow-storm'."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Conscious of Error

A LITTLE girl was asked, upon her return home, how she liked the singing of the congregation in the church.

"I liked it very much indeed," she said, "although all the people said it was bad."

"All the people said it was bad! What do you mean, my dear?"

"Oh, it was so bad that I heard the people praying, 'Lord, have mercy upon us miserable singers'."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Absorbing

"IS the new filing system a success?"

"Great!"

"And how's business?"

"Oh, we've stopped business to attend to the filing system."

Mother's Art

IT was in the drawing class at the school. "Sargent was a great artist," said the teacher. "With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sorrowful one."

"That ain't nothin'," piped up Johnny. "Me mother does that to me lots of times."—*Chicago News.*

Real Efficiency

A LONDON employer advertised for an errand boy. The next morning a bright-faced lad came to his office.

Happening to be in a flippant humor, the employer asked the boy, "How far away from the earth is the North Star?"

"I'm sorry I cannot give you the exact figure off-hand," replied the boy, "but I should say that it is far enough away not to interfere with me running errands for you."

Did he get the job?

Rightly Named

AUNT Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning, when suddenly she discovered a little pickaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt Liza?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, what a funny name, auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah has seeh hahd wuk gettin' him filled."

Needed Her at Once

WHEN Bonaparte Bluebell announced his engagement to Lily Doe everybody in the blacksmith's shop congratulated him on winning such a hard-working and forehanded mate. But Erastus Coke remarked:

"Peared lak you wouldn't never speak up, Bonaparte. It's going on six months sence you begun to fiddle roun' Lily."

"Dat's so," Bonaparte frankly admitted, "but I didn't lose mah job till las' night."

A Tip

THE author's young wife burst in on him joyously.

"Oh, Milt," she cried, "I know now why Scribblers' Magazine has returned all your stories."

"Why is it?" he demanded with hopeful eagerness.

"It is because you have always enclosed stamps," said the young woman. "Haven't you ever read the notice on the editorial page, which says that no manuscripts are returned unless stamps are enclosed?"

Prompt Payment

"DOES our company pay promptly, ma'am?" exclaimed the representative of a well-known insurance company while canvassing in the Streatham district the other day. "Why, quite lately a man who had insured with us against accident fell from the roof of a house, and as he passed the third story window a check was handed to him for the full amount of the policy!"

A Problem

LETTER received from a Welsh lodging-house keeper:

"I should like to know, please, whether you want 2 bedrooms with double beds in, or 2 double bedded rooms, as I have only 1 double bedded room. All the beds are double beds except 1 in the double bedded room, which is a single bed."

—*Punch.*

Her Cleverness

"DADDY," asked little Willie, "why is a black hen cleverer than a white hen?"

"I give it up," said daddy.

"Because a black hen can lay a white egg," said Willie, "and a white hen can't lay a black egg."

An Event

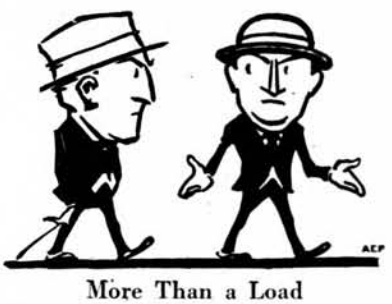
WILLIE—All the stores closed on the day my uncle died.

Tommy—That's nothing. All the banks closed for three weeks the day after my pa left town.

When the Larder Looked Lean

A NEGRO preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity of contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de gineral deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid his church, 't' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quahtah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctually heard by de congregation, an' a suspendah-button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'oceed, while I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn."—*Independent.*



More Than a Load

SO you're still carrying a mortgage on your house, are you?"

"Yes; and, strange to say, I'm carrying it because I cannot lift it."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Host Could Not Leave

AT an evening party one of the guests stood in a corner yawning.

"Are you very much bored, sir?" asked his neighbor.

"Yes, dreadfully," was the answer. "And you?"

"Oh, I am bored to death, too."

"How would it do to clear out together? What do you say?"

"I am sorry I can't. I am the host."

—*Democratic Telegram.*

THE OPTIMIST

LET me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.

'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things,—
There alway, alway, something sings.
—*Emerson.*

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ALL unhappiness, as all happiness, is from within. For, as St. Bernard has said, "Nothing can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain, I carry about with me, and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault." From the kingdom of the mind issue the edicts that govern life. If a ruler of a country were to abdicate, and turn his authority over to a lawless mob, one would hardly expect to see peace and order and happiness follow. If the ruler of his mind steps down from his throne, and allows fear, anxiety, hate, envy, and other rioters to usurp his authority, what can he expect but anarchy, disorder, and unhappiness?

✦ ✧ ✧

"NOT learned, but wise, he faced his lot
And laughed away its ill;
Nor life itself nor death itself
That sturdy laugh could still.
Oh! blest be he whose ringing laugh
Goes echoing along with years,
With brave delight of humble hopes
And hearty scorn of fears."

✦ ✦ ✧

BLESSED be all the heroes and heroines who, in spite of pain, sorrow, and disaster smile bravely and scatter sunshine as they go! These people do not cross bridges before they come to them. They revel in the glints of sunlight that fall across their path, and, when the shadows fall, the reflection of those treasured gleams still serves to keep their hearts warm and trusting, and to illuminate their faces.

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TO take things as they be,
Thet's my philosophy.
No use to holler, mope, or cuss;
If they was changed they might be wuss.
If rain is pourin' down,
An' lightnin' 's buzzin' roun',
I ain't a-dreadin' we'll be hit
But grin thet I ain't out in it!

✦ ✦ ✦

I never seen a night
So dark there wasn't light
Somewhere's about, if I took care
To strike a match and find out where.
—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

✦ ✦ ✦

If you can organize, systematize, promote and sell, you have the elements of leadership.

Most people would rather be miserably rich than happily poor.

A distinguishing characteristic of a great soul is that it hungers for something above it; it aspires, never grovels, because it has gotten a glimpse of the real glory of life.

SERMONS IN STONES

A GREAT firm figured on an engineering contract. Everything was calculated to the last cent, except the cost of some dredging. On this they couldn't quite figure within half of one cent per cubic foot without getting more facts.

"We'd better investigate," said the elder partner, "and find out just how much we'll have to dredge."

"Nonsense," said the younger partner. "It is only half a cent; it's not worth bothering about."

They signed the contract, and after they had worked six months it developed that the firm would have to dredge away 10,000,000 cubic feet of material. It also turned out that it would cost them exactly half a cent per cubic foot more than they were getting for it. Ten million cubic feet, at that half a cent each, which the younger partner had said was "not worth bothering about," amounted to just $50,000.

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DON'T overdo. Once a man went forth and scattered flattery indiscriminately. When he returned his office was crowded with persons who wanted to borrow money.

✦ ✦ ✦

THERE is a Syrian work in the British Museum on which is the imprint of finger tips—a signature to a deed of the sale of a piece of real estate. This gives significance to the saying, "What I thought can be read upon my finger tips."

There is a science among the Hindoos by which the life history can be read upon the finger tips. To-day we are photographing the imprints of finger tips in order to establish the identity of prisoners. No two finger tips are alike. The sum total of one's personal history seems to be revealed in these wonderful impressions.

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ROBERT LANSING, former Secretary of State, in addressing the New Era conference of the Presbyterian Church, made this statement, "To bring men back to the spiritual standard, to make Christ's principles an impelling force in the reconstruction of society and to teach men to think true and live true, is the mighty task to which the Church is called."

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I HEARD of a man who boarded a street car in a small town, wearing a gorgeous coat, a heavy watch-chain, and otherwise overdressed, who apparently wanted everybody to know it. It was a car-line where the tickets were sold. He gave the conductor his ticket, while looking all about the car, apparently expecting people to admire him. But the conductor returned the ticket to him, saying, "I'm sorry, sir, but we don't go anywhere near there."

"Where?" growled the owner of gorgeous coat.

"To the pawnbroker's. You have given me the wrong ticket."

There are people who think themselves big because others point them out as "somebodies." They measure their importance by the amount of attention they attract and the flattery they receive.

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

KEEPING FIT

A GREAT physician claims that if men eat meat they will be short-lived, as are the carnivorous animals, such as the dog, the cat and the tiger. Compare the lives of meat-eating animals with those that feed upon a vegetable diet and you will find the meat-eating animals are much shorter lived.

It is said that man is not normally a carnivorous animal. What some authorities call the canine teeth, which are supposed to be for the tearing of flesh, are deeper incisors and are not for the tearing of flesh at all.

Sir William Fairbairn, who has studied the influence of foods upon working people, decides that the strongest men are the Turkish laborers, who live chiefly on bread and fruit. They eat very little meat and drink no spirits or wines whatever. Frenchmen do not eat nearly so much meat as the English, and rarely have stomach troubles. They eat twice as much bread as Americans do, and larger quantities of fruits and vegetables.

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MANY years of studying the causes and preventives of longevity convinces me that flesh eating is conducive to premature old age, for there is much putrefaction along the digestive tracts resulting from meat, and there is much more danger of poisoning from the putrefactive gases, which are likely to be absorbed into the system and to cause kidney disease and other serious troubles, and greatly shorten life.

Meats in excess, particularly the red meats, and other foods which cause the greatest amount of intestinal putrefaction, are especially injurious to people past middle life. Too much meat, particularly red meat, causes an excess of uric acid in the system.

There is no doubt that there are many cases where the tissues have been greatly depleted by exhaustive diseases, such as tuberculosis, where a meat diet, perhaps almost exclusively meat, for a while is desirable. But under ordinary conditions I believe that milk and eggs are a splendid substitute for meat and that they are much more desirable.

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SIGNS of old age are indicated in the hardening of the tissues of the body, especially the middle coats of the arteries where the dangerous deposits begin. This may be prevented or greatly retarded if we live on natural foods—all things excepting meat. Abstain from stimulants, such as tea, coffee, alcoholic liquors, and tobacco, and eat plenty of fruit, of which few people eat half enough, and all kinds of vegetables and cereals which have come to perfection. Great care should be taken to avoid using blighted grains, which have never come to maturity, upon which the sun has not completed its miracle. They should be perfected, ripened before they are eaten.

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THE older we grow the simpler should be our diet. A great medical authority states that the more nearly it is reduced to bread and milk and fruits the longer will a person live and enjoy good health.

"They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing," Shakespeare tells us.

SMILE

SMILE—Every time you get the chance—it's the chance smile that wins.

Smile—If you're thin—laugh if you're fat. If you are neither—just grin.

Smile—At hard luck—the fates may think you like it and quit.

Smile—And never let the sun set on your troubles—set on them yourself.

Smile—At the past and you can grin at the future.

Smile—While you're awake and you'll laugh in your sleep.

Smile—When you fail and you'll die laughing at your success.

Smile—When you're mad—and try to frown when you're happy.

Smile—At a dime and it will look like a dollar.

Smile—Every time you think of it and you'll soon get the habit.—*Anonymous.*

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THINK OPULENCE

IF we could only learn to thing opulence instead of poverty we should not be poor. Opulence follows a law and is just as scientific as the laws of mathematics. If we violate it by thinking poverty thoughts, holding the poverty fear and the poverty dread, the poverty expectation—poverty is the only answer to this problem. On the other hand, if we persistently hold the law of opulence, if we keep our minds opened to the very source of things, if we are one with the One, we shall be in touch with the all supply and poverty cannot touch us. If we think opulence, believe in it, work for it, and never neutralize it with the poverty thought, the poverty belief, the poverty expectation, the answer to a problem so worked will be opulence, plenty. Poverty is a mental disease which comes from fear, from lack of self-confidence, anxiety.—*O. S. M.*

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WHERE THEY FOUND OPPORTUNITY

MANY great merchants have found their opportunity in sweeping the floors of the very stores they owned later.

Push, determination and grit are great opportunity makers.

A robust physique, a good education, integrity, are the best of opportunity makers.

Life, itself, is an opportunity to broaden, deepen, heighten the God-given faculties within, and to round out one's whole being into symmetry, harmony, beauty, power.

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THE "DEAD-BEAT'S" PASS

AMONG after-dinner speakers Joseph Jefferson ranked as one who could tell a good story in a dry, delightful way. Here is one of his best:

"While starring through Indiana several years ago," he said, "my manager was approached by a man who had the local reputation of being a 'pass-worker,' or deadbeat. He told the usual yarn about being an ex-actor and ended by asking for professional courtesies.

"'I would be glad to oblige you,' said the manager, 'but, unfortunately, I haven't a card with me.' Just then a happy thought struck him, and he added: 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write the pass where it will be easy for you to show it.'

"Leaning over, with a pencil he wrote 'Pass the bearer' on the fellow's white shirt-front, and signed his name. The beat thanked him and hastened to the entrance. The ticket-taker gravely examined the writing and let him take a few steps inside, then he called him back and said, in a loud voice:

"'Hold on, my friend; I forgot. It will be necessary for you to leave that pass with me!'"—*Harper's Weekly.*

FRANKLIN'S LESSON IN TIME-VALUE

Dost thou love life? Then, do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of!—Franklin.

FRANKLIN not only understood the value of time, but he put a price upon it that made others appreciate its worth.

A customer who came one day to his little bookstore in Philadelphia, not being satisfied with the price demanded by the clerk for the book he wished to purchase, asked for the proprietor. "Mr. Franklin is very busy just now in the pressroom," replied the clerk. The man, however, who had already spent an hour aimlessly turning over books, insisted on seeing him. In answer to the clerk's summons, Mr. Franklin hurried out from the newspaper establishment at the back of the store.

"What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir?" asked the leisurely customer, holding up the volume. "One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt reply. "A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work."

The man, who seemed to be in doubt as to whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest, said jokingly: "Well, come now, tell me your lowest price for this book." "One dollar and a half," was the grave reply. "A dollar and a half! Why, you just offered it for a dollar and a quarter." "Yes, and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

Without another word, the crestfallen purchaser laid the money on the counter and left the store. He had learned not only that he who squanders his own time is foolish, but that he who wastes the time of others is a thief.

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S "TWIN"

WHILE Theodore Roosevelt, when President, was holding an open air reception at Syracuse, a tall negro pushed his way through the crowd and eagerly grasped his hand.

"Yo 'n me war bo'n on the same day, Mistah Roosevelt!" the darky enthusiastically said, his shining face almost cleft from ear to ear by a grin.

"De-lighted, indeed, to hear it!" warmly responded Mr. Roosevelt, taking a fresh grip on the negro's hand and laughing heartily. "So you and I were born on the same day? Well, well!"

"Yo am fo'ty-seven yeahs old, suh?"

"I am," was the quick answer.

"An' yo' war bo'n on Octobah 17, 1858!"

"Yes."

"Ya-as, suh," then exclaimed the darky, shaking all over with rapture; "ya-as suh, Mr. Roosevelt, yo' an' me is bofe twins!"

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EVERYDAY BUSINESS ERRORS

1.—Neglecting to get receipts when bills are paid in cash.

2.—Neglecting to keep receipts where they can be located.

3.—Neglecting to check up items in current bills.

4.—Inability to keep checkbook balanced.

5.—Too easy optimism in starting credit accounts.

6.—Careless handling of valuable business papers.

7.—Signing documents without knowing their contents.

8.—Tendency to establish living expenses which would exceed income and eat into savings.

9.—Tendency to invest money on dangerous hearsay—without proper knowledge of facts.

A Patriot Who Fights for Truth

(*Continued from page* 28)

"I'm sorry," she said. "I like your giving them to me. You know that, don't you? But I do hate 'em!" The woman retrieved her offering and laughed. Mrs. Guernsey put a well-shaped and comfortably chubby hand on her arm. "Please don't hate me!" she said.

The woman didn't. She loves her. Not with a "Do come over this afternoon, dear, we'll eat macaroons and fudge and have a perfectly *sweet* time!" love, but with a love made permanent by respect.

IN fact, everyone who comes in contact with Mrs. Guernsey respects her, and most of them become her devoted slaves, even those who say, "But I worked for your interests and I thought you would give me some sort of an appointment!" To this, Mrs. Guernsey almost always says, "Well, what can you do? I'm not going to put you where you'll fail!" Sometimes she has to say, "You know yourself that you can't hold a big position; you're too hysterical." Yes, really, she does and really they take it!

I once made some laudatory statement about Mrs. Guernsey publicly. I thought, at the time, it might seem rather over-intense; but afterwards her secretary approached me to say, "All that you have said was true and much more could be said to her glory. She is much beloved and admired by many, many members of this society." I asked how many the society numbered and she said that it was nearing one hundred and fifty thousand members. That is a large number to control, isn't it?

When I asked Mrs. Guernsey for her latest achievements she replied to this effect: "I am not good in giving out 'stuff' about myself—am not used to it—but this is the latest. I have been appointed as one of the two women from Kansas on the council of one hundred of the Women's Division of the Republican National committee."

That interested me and—made **me** wonder. If I were a prophet, or the **ouija** board worked for me, I would do some future searching. But—being handicapped by a to-day and very feet-on-the-ground mind, I must wait. But—Mrs. Guernsey's driving force makes me think of an old game I used to play in an old barn. Little Louy Sellers and Isabel Harris and I used to play it and we called it "Jacob's Ladder." It really was immense, because it involved sitting on the top rung of a fascinatingly high and dizzying ladder and issuing orders—but—Louy would never play unless he could be God.

Mrs. Guernsey is a general. She doesn't stop playing if she can't be God, but—she naturally fits the rôle and—people see that she assumes it. I, for one, would not be surprised to see her do big things in political channels in the next few years. She will—if she wants to and if she considers that hers is a voice that will help. If she thinks she is needed, she will say so. Truth will reign, does reign both within and without, in her.

Is it the best policy?

Oh, certainly! But—so few of us have learned it! It has brought Mrs. Guernsey success, at home, in the world; in office and in friends.

If the world needs her and she goes on—she will succeed again.

It all goes back to the start, doesn't it? and the way one decides to take things. I can see her—a charming slip of a girl; I can hear her—she says, "You need help! *I'm* going to help you!"

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Man never reaches heights above his habitual thought.

How Big Businesses Are Operated

(*Continued from page* 38)

in the purchasing department. But he soon proved his right for promotion.

Vice-President A. D. MacTier, at twenty, was a stenographer in the general baggage-agent's office.

Vice-President D. C. Coleman, at nineteen, was a clerk in the assistant-engineer's office at Fort William, and, at thirty-nine, was vice-president in charge of western lines.

None of these men has forgotten what the man down below is up against. Their broad sympathy with even the little things that concern their employees is well illustrated by this anecdote about Lord Shaughnessy.

One day, during his presidency, he happened to find a young employee fighting in one of his offices. The youth was discharged promptly; but, next day, his mother came with an appeal for her son who, she said, was a good boy and her only support.

"What can I do?" said Lord Shaughnessy to the distracted mother. "I told Mr. McNicholl to discharge him, and I cannot ask Mr. McNicholl to take him back." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "The only thing I can do is to take him into my own office." And so the boy was given another chance.

Operating the System a Mogul-Sized Job

OPERATING a great railroad system, is a mogul-sized job. Another big job is running its finances, particularly in these times when operating and maintenance expenses are high and when every one of the company's hundred thousand employees can make good use of a "raise" if he can get it. Somebody has to sit on the safety-valve and, in the Canadian Pacific, this man is Vice-President Isaac Gouverneur Ogden, another American, a native of New York and, next to Lord Shaughnessy, the master financier of the company. He has associated with him the comptroller of the company's accounts and audit. J. Leslie, and the treasurer and paymaster of the company, H. E. Suckling. They are assisted by numerous auditors and other officials who have charge of the details of handling various receipts and disbursements.

There is no subdivision between western and eastern lines in Vice-President Ogden's department, the activities of which stand alone to insure a complete independence of action in enforcing the most rigid system of accounting and auditing and in exercising a very jealous care over the collection of the company's revenues as well as over its expenditures.

Now and then railroad financiers are compelled to face extraordinary readjustments. In 1918, according to President Beatty, railway wages were increased $77,000,000 in Canada, an amount greater than the interest on the entire war debt of the Dominion. The rates were increased at the same time, bringing in $43,000,000, but failing to equal the increase in wages by $34,000,000. Yet the Canadian Pacific was not caught napping. That year, as well as through the war and since the war, the company has paid its regular annual ten-per-cent dividend. In addition, it has loaned the British government $40,000,000, the Canadian government $30,000,000, and has invested $2,000,000 in United States Liberty bonds.

WHILE operating, maintaining, and financing a great railroad system are all very important, another exceedingly vital thing is to secure freight and passengers. President Beatty relies upon Vice-President W. R. MacInnes, his traffic chief, to do this. Vice-President MacInnes is supported by a freight-traffic manager, W. B. Lanigan, and by a passenger traffic manager, C. E. E. Ussher. Each of these men has under him competent assistant freight and passenger traffic managers and many other capable and hustling representatives in Canada, the United States, and Europe.

Where the First Surveyor Finally Landed

NEXT on the list of President Beatty's big chiefs is John S. Dennis, Chief Commissioner of Immigration and in charge of lands, colonization and development, whose business it is to place desirable farmers on the millions of acres of fertile land owned by the Canadian Pacific in Western Canada. Dennis prepared for his job by surveying the plains of Alberta when the only inhabitants were Indians and buffalo, and largely through his efforts these same plains now have great herds of cattle and thousands of prosperous farmers. He induced the company to spend $15,000,000 in building the big Bassano dam across the Bow River, and in developing a vast irrigation project in Alberta. Under Chief Commissioner Dennis is a well organized corps of representatives who cover the United States, Canada and parts of Europe. Closely affiliated with the Department of Lands, Colonization and Development is the Department of Natural Resources, at Calgary, under P. L. Naismith. During the past ten years, approximately 1,300,000 Americans crossed Canada's southern border seeking farms and industrial opportunities. Western Canada's vast yields of wheat and other food products rushed across Canada in Canadian Pacific cars and across the Atlantic in Canadian Pacific ships were a big factor in the winning of the great war.

Men Whose Careers Are Inspiring

LIKE Lord Shaughnessy and Vice-President Ogden, George M. Bosworth, Chairman of this service, is a native of the United States. He was born in Ogdensburg, New York, and prior to assuming his present duties had years of experience as vice-president in charge of traffic. Beatty, Hall, MacInnes and Dennis are native-born Canadians, and MacTier's birthplace is Scotland, but he has spent thirty-three years of his life in Canada. George Stephen, later Lord Mount Stephen, the company's first president, was also a native of Scotland; Sir William Van Horne, the second president, also a native of the United States, born in Illinois, and the fourth president, E. W. Beatty, is the first native of Canada to become the company's chief executive.

There is inspiration in the careers of such men, many of whom have worked their way upward from humble positions. The lion-hearted men who surveyed and built the road faced and conquered what many other men claimed were impossibilities. The search for a route across the western plains from Lake Superior and through the towering Canadian Rockies began in 1857, when Captain Palliser and his party explored Western Canada to report whether a transcontinental railway could be constructed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. After four years of strenuous work and hardships, Palliser declined to recommend forcing a thoroughfare through, either by land or water. One of his party, Dr. Hector, discovered Kicking Horse Pass which was later to be used by the railway, but Captain Palliser told Walter Moberley, an engineer at Victoria, that the Gold Range of mountains presented an unbroken and impossible barrier to any railway project.

Five years later, Moberley discovered Eagle Pass through the Gold Range. On a blazed cedar tree he wrote. "This is the pass for the overland railway." He tried to find a pass through the mighty Selkirks, but the Indians with him lacked his dauntless spirit. He could not induce them to go ahead. Winter had set in and death, they claimed, lay ahead. Moberley was sure there was a cleft in the Selkirks, and sixteen years after his discovery of Eagle Pass, Major Rogers found Rogers Pass. The pathway through these apparently impassable ranges had been discovered for the railway that was to unite Eastern and Western Canada physically and politically. British Columbia entered the Confederation of Canada, in 1871, with the understanding that, within two years, the Canadian government would commence building a railroad from the Pacific toward the Rocky Mountains and from a point east of the Rockies toward the Pacific. Twenty years after Moberley found Eagle Pass, Lord Strathcona drove the last spike at Craigellachie in Eagle Pass, uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific.

Mortgaged Their Homes to Help Build the C. P. R.

THE task was a titanic one. The Canadian government first undertook it and failed. Then the Canadian Pacific Railway, the leading spirits of which were two cousins, George Stephen (Lord Mount Stephen) and Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona) went to work, and in five years success crowned their efforts. All difficulties, physical, political and financial were overcome by these men of indomitable will and inexhaustible energy. In the darkest days they even mortgaged their homes to secure funds to carry on the work.

When their great master builder, William Van Horne, was personally making his preliminary survey of the wilderness on the north shore of Lake Superior, he found what he later characterized as "two hundred miles of engineering impossibilities." Yet he surmounted all of them.

Difficult as this construction was, it paled into comparative insignificance when compared with the task of building the road through the Canadian Rockies, once described by Edward Whymper, the conqueror of the Matterhorn, as "sixty Switzerlands rolled into one." As one writer has said, "The mountain portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway stands for all time as a monument to the dauntless hearts and daring genius of its engineer-builders, giants among men."

If there is any fire in you, things will warm up when you come around.

✦ ✦ ✦

Well-arranged time is the surest mark of of a well-arranged mind.

✦ ✦ ✦

The reputation for straightforwardness has given many a poor youth capital with which to start in business for himself.

✦ ✦ ✦

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

✦ ✦ ✦

Debt is disguised damnation.

✦ ✦ ✦

If a man wishes to rise above mediocrity he must rid himself of conflicting ambitions.

The Play of the Month—"Shavings"

(*Continued from page 34*)

Jed says he wants to talk to Charlie for a moment. Jed offers Charlie $300 which he had previously requested to settle a debt. Charlie thanks him; but he doesn't need the money now as he has made the settlement in another way. Charlie goes into dinner and Jed says he will follow in a few minutes.

IN those few minutes, however, Sam Hunniwell comes to the shop, very much excited, to ask Jed if he has found any money—a package containing $400. The bank is that amount short. He reminds Jed that, the day before, he had stopped in the shop with three packages of money—two containing $500 each, and one containing $400, which he had just collected in Wapotomac, a neighboring village. He says he remembers distinctly taking the three packages of money to the bank and depositing them with the receiving teller, who claimed that he found only the two packages of $500 each when he checked up his receipts.

Naturally Jed's mind immediately reverts to Charlie Phillips and he asks Sam if he suspects anyone. Sam answers that he doesn't know whom to suspect. The teller has been employed in the bank for twenty five years, and he is positive that Charlie Phillips is head and shoulders above suspicion. Sam decides to telegraph to Boston for a detective. Jed begs him to wait a day, or even half a day, but Sam says there is no time to lose.

Jed is determined that, for Ruth's sake, young Phillips shall not be suspected. He has in his pocket the sum of $300 which he had offered to Charlie earlier in the day, and he hastily goes through the town borrowing wherever he can to accumulate the balance, $100. When Jed returns to his shop with the money, and while waiting for Captain Hunniwell for whom he has sent, Phin Babbitt comes in cheerily. He has heard of the loss at the bank. He doesn't know the correct amount, he explains, as some say it is $4,000; and some $40,000. While everyone is conjecturing on the possible thief, he announces that he doesn't have to guess!

"If you put a cat in a closet with a saucer of cream; and when you let the cat out and cream is gone, you don't have to guess much who ate the cream," he says knowingly.

BABBITT talks about a jail-bird and looks significantly at Charlie Phillips who has come in followed by Ruth and the major. Jed wildly insists that it was he who stole the money and that he has sent for Captain Hunniwell to return it. When Captain Hunniwell enters, Jed thrusts $400 into his hands saying, "That's the money I stole yesterday." Sam joins the others in laughing at the idea of Jed stealing, and says he just dropped in to tell him that there isn't any money missing at all! He has just had word from Wapotomac, that he left the package containing $400 on the counter and it was found after he had gone.

When Captain Hunniwell thinks about Jed trying to make believe that he has stolen the money, he realizes that Jed must be trying to shield someone; and when Jed refuses to disclose the culprit; Charlie insists on telling the whole miserable story. At first the captain is furious that Jed has known and not told him. He says he can no longer employ Charlie. Then Jed quietly and subtly suggests that Phin Babbitt had somehow got hold of the story and had boasted that he would have Charlie Phillips turned out of the bank. So great is Captain Hunniwell's loathing of Phin, that so soon as he hears this he retorts:

"Fire him, he would! Phin Babbitt would! I want to know! Say, who's president of the Orham National Bank, Phin Babbitt or me? He'll fire him, will he? *Phin Babbitt* will?' And he hurries from the shop calling for Charlie to tell him that he shall keep his position.

"I kind of thought Phin Babbitt's name might start somethin'," Jed says smiling triumphantly at Ruth, who, in gratitude for all Jed has done for them and the bold but generous sacrifice he was willing to make, takes his head in her hands and kisses him. Jed is surprised and wonderfully happy, for he thinks Ruth is beginning to care for him.

RUTH is alone in the shop, the next evening, when Major Grover arrives. He asks her if she has told Jed of their love. They feel certain that he will be very happy as he is so fond of both of them. Jed has entered quietly at the back door and has heard their words and witnessed their embrace. It takes him several minutes to realize what is taking place; then quietly he withdraws. A few moments later, when the others have gone, Jed comes back to the shop, slips into a chair, and listlessly shakes his head. His dream is shattered.

As usual he is not given many minutes alone for Sam enters much perturbed. Maude has told him that she intends to marry Leander Babbitt and go west with him at once. For his daughter to marry Phin Babbitt's son is, to Sam, the worst calamity that could happen. He has planned differently for his daughter. He reminds Jed of the plans he has made for Maude:

JED—I know, Sam, I know; but pretty often our plans don't work out just as we want 'em. Sometimes, we have to change 'em—or give 'em up.

SAM—Give up—give up? It's easy for you to say 'give up.' What do you know about it?

JED—(*Heatedly.*) Know about it? Know about it? What do I know about givin' up, Sam Hunniwell? Ain't I been givin' up and givin' up all life long? I tell you, I've come to believe that life for me means one 'give up' after another, and won't mean anything but that till I die! And you ask me what I know about it—you who have had everything in life I haven't had—*you* ask me that? There—there Sam—go home and think. All your life you've had just what you wanted. You married the girl you loved and you and she were happy together. You've been looked up to and respected here, in Orham; folks never laughed at you or called you the "town crank." Your daughter is a good girl and the man she wants to marry is a good man. Go home Sam, go home and thank God you're what you are and as you are!

And then Maude and Leander urge Jed to help them persuade their fathers to agree to their marriage. Phin and Sam lose no time in picking a quarrel because their children want to marry each other. Jed finally quiets them by asking if they want their children to be happy. Neither can deny this, and soon Jed has them walking arm in arm down the main street of the little town.

JED wants to be alone to readjust his dream of Ruth; but when Babbie enters he cannot resist her call, although at first he does not answer:

BABBIE—(*Quietly.*) You're awful quiet. I don't like to have you not speak to me.

JED—(*Taking Babbie on his knee.*) You mustn't mind me—my head ain't workin' just right. You just listen back of my

starboard car and see if I'm tickin' regular.

BARBIE—(*Laughing.*) You're so funny, Uncle Jed. (*A dog begins to bark.*) What makes the dog bark that way Uncle Jed?

JED—Eh! That dog! Oh, he's barkin' at the moon, I shouldn't wonder.

BARBIE—At the moon? Why does he bark at the moon?

JED—Oh, he thinks he wants it to eat or play with, or somethin'. Dogs get funny notions sometimes.

BARBIE—I think he's awfully silly. He couldn't have the moon, you know. The moon wasn't made for a dog.

JED—That's right.

BARBIE—I feel kind of sorry for this poor dog though. He shouts as if he wanted the moon just dreadfully.

JED—Um, yes, I presume likely he thinks he does; but he'll feel better about it by and by. He'll realize that, same as you say, the moon wasn't made for a dog. Just as soon as he comes to that conclusion, he'll be a whole lot better dog—yes, and a happier one, too.

BARBIE—There, he's stopped. He isn't barking for the moon any more. Why has he stopped Uncle Jed?

JED—Maybe he realizes that he's mighty lucky just to have the moon to look at.

"SHAVINGS" is a play of human interest—a clean American play of good cheer and sunshine. It makes one realize that there is more to be gained in life than the sordid grind for gold.

✦ ✦ ✦

THIS IS BUSINESS

"BUSINESS is business," the big man said,
But it's something that's far, far more;
For it makes sweet gardens of deserts dead,
And the cities it built now roar
Where once the deer and the gray wolf ran
From the pioneer's swift advance.
Business is Magic that toils for man,
Business is True Romance.

—*Impressions.*

✦ ✦ ✦

RUSKIN'S ANSWER

IN reply to an appeal for help to pay off the debt on a chapel, Ruskin once wrote: "I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is: 'Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven, but don't borrow.' . . . And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sand-pit—or a coal-hole—first?"

It should be added that the recipient of the letter promptly sold it for ten pounds!

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SIZING UP A MAN

LOOK in a man's eyes for honesty; around his mouth for weakness; at his chin for strength; at his hands for temperament; at his nails for cleanliness. His tongue will tell you his experience, and under the questioning of a shrewd employer prove or disprove its statements as it runs along. Always remember, in the case of an applicant from another city, that when a man says he doesn't like the town in which he's been working it's usually because he didn't do very well there.—*George Horace Lorimer.*

✦ ✦ ✦

"Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy."—*Franklin.*

WHEN EDUCATION IS A CURSE

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard says: *"An honest workman, though uneducated, is immeasurably superior to an educated law-breaker or loafer."*

A great deal of the education in this country is a curse instead of the blessing it ought to be, because to educate a rascal is to multiply his power for rascality, just as to educate a good man multiplies his power for good.

Education is a curse when it increases a man's natural cunning, long-headedness and skill to take advantage of others. Education multiplies rascality, the ability to do harm to society. It enables the youth who is disposed to go wrong to do so in a wholesale manner. There is nothing so dangerous to society as educated scoundrels.

When a man uses his college education to intensify and multiply his skill for taking advantage of others, to accentuate his cunning and dishonest propensities, to increase his capacity for "doing" his fellow men. then his education is a curse.

Our colleges and other educational institutions today are educating hundreds of rascals to be turned loose upon the public with a diploma which vastly multiplies their power for harm. Nothing is more dangerous than the education of a natural scoundrel. He is a menace to the public.—O. S. M.

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GENERAL GRANT'S MODESTY

GRANT was the most modest unassuming of men. After he had been summoned to Washington to receive his commission as Lieutenant-Governor, he arrived in the capital, with his son Fred, wearing an old linen duster and carrying a grip, with no staff or show of authority whatever. He rode in the hotel carriage with other passengers, and proceeded to Willard's where he quietly waited at the desk, with his son, until the more eager arrivals had been assigned rooms. He then wrote his name in the hotel register and the clerk handed him the key to No. 467.

Grant took his grip and had already ascended several flights of stairs, when the clerk, who had not noticed the name signed in the register, suddenly discovered that he had sent the greatest and most talked-of man in the nation to a room at the top of the house.

In telling the story afterwards, the clerk said that this discovery made him feel so cheap that any one could have knocked him down with a feather. He immediately started upstairs and overtook the General on the fifth floor, whom he hastened to assure that he had made a mistake in the number of his room, that it was on the first floor.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE CONSCIENCE FUND

THERE is in reality no such distinct account as the "Conscience Fund" in the United States Treasury. Conscience money is immediately turned into the general fund and expended the same as any other receipt. Conscience money sent to the Federal Treasury during the fiscal year of 1913 amounted to $2,814.44. Several hundred persons contributed. The identity of all is unknown. The amount makes an aggregate of $434,615.69, thus paid into the Treasury.

Conscience contributions range from a few cents to thousands of dollars. The fund was established in President Madison's administration in 1811, when the first contribution of $5 was received. The largest amount ever received in one year was $35,868 in 1902, and the greatest individual contribution $18,669.60, was made to the Collector of Customs in New York over ten years ago by an unknown person.

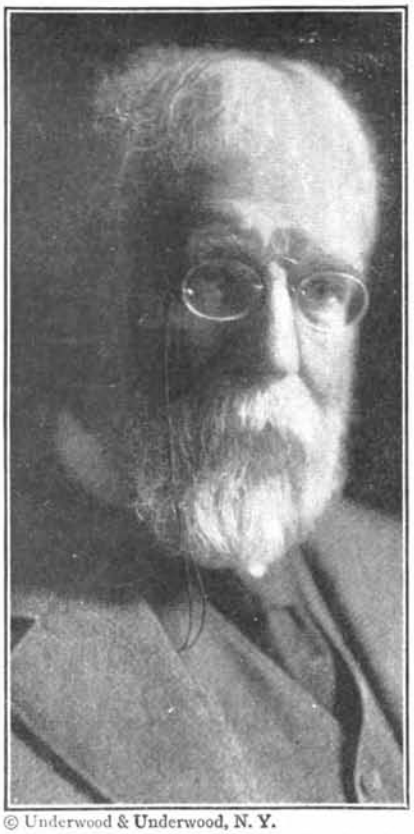
Our Ambassador to Italy

Robert Underwood Johnson, Poet and Editor, Is a Student of Italian Affairs

By PETER GRAY

PROBABLY no other American could be more *persona grata* to Italy than Robert Underwood Johnson, of New York, who has just been appointed by President Wilson to succeed Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia, as the United States Ambassador at the Court of Victor Emmanuel. Mr. Johnson is a man of letters, rare personality and a thorough student of Italian history, customs and literature. His own poems on Italy have created an impression both here and abroad. He thoroughly understands the Italian point of view, and if any man can promote a closer and more harmonious relationship between the two nations, it is recognized that Mr. Johnson is that man.

Author, publicist, formerly editor of *The Century,* and one of the founders of the League to Enforce Peace, Robert Underwood Johnson commands the confidence of both the American people and their President. He is held in high esteem also by the Italians, having been the originator of the memorial to Shelley and Keats in Rome.



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ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON
United States Ambassador to Italy

WHEN the World War started, Mr. Johnson's activities were naturally on the Italian front. He conceived the idea of the American Poet's War Ambulance for Italy and carried it into successful being. His "Italian Rhapsody," and other poems of Italy, have been circulated as widely in Italy as in America. As early as 1895, his services to the country to which he is now the American minister, were recognized by the king of Italy, who conferred upon him the Order of a Cavaliere of the Crown. In 1919, because of his services in the World War, Mr. Johnson was honored by King Albert of the Belgians, who made him an officer of the Order of Leopold, and the Prince Regent Alexander, of Serbia, conferred upon him the Order of St. John of Sava as a reward for his activities in connection with the Serbian Relief.

In addition to these decorations, the new ambassador is the possessor of a long list of academic degrees, and is a member of many learned and scientific societies and clubs.

It was Mr. Johnson who induced General Grant to write his memoirs, and his encouragement and aid were largely instrumental in enabling the late soldier-president to complete his death-bed literary effort. Mr. Johnson is at present a director of the Hall of Fame.

BORN in Washington D. C., in 1853, he spent his boyhood days in Indiana. He took his first degree from Earlham College, and, in May, 1873, he became associated with *Scribner's Magazine.* He later joined the staff of *The Century,* became its associate editor in 1881, and was made editor-in-chief in 1909. He retained this position until 1913, just prior to the outbreak of the World War. Since then his activities have been of a patriotic and humanitarian nature rather than literary.

Among the other monuments to his high regard for beauty and science, is Yosemite National Park, the result of the movement Mr. Johnson founded. Mr. Johnson is a notable addition to the long list of eminent literary men who have so creditably represented the United States in foreign countries.

Publisher's Statement

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The New Success—Marden's Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1920, State of New York, county of New York.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Orison Swett Marden, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of The New Success—Marden's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Lowrey-Marden Corporation, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Editor, Orison Swett Marden, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Robert Mackay, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Ralph Borsodi, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock): The Lowrey-Marden Corporation, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Orison Swett Marden, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; F. C. Lowrey, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Clare E. Marden, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state): None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holders appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1920.

[Seal]

HENRY L. RUPERT
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30th, 1921)

THE HEROISM OF ST. BERNARD DOGS

THE heroism of St. Bernard dogs has many times been told, but there is one instance that is well worth repeating. A monk from the Hospice of St. Bernard, that bleak rescue station in the Alps, had set out with other monks and three dogs to seek travelers believed lost in a night snow storm. Hearing a dog barking, they found a man buried in the snow. By the time he was revived, another dog signalled the discovery of another victim. As a monk went to his rescue, the dog seized him by the coat and dragged him from his feet. When a lantern was brought it was found that the monk had been saved from falling over a precipice to his death. On this occasion the dogs saved the lives of eight persons.

One of the most famous dogs of modern times was a St. Bernard—Barry. Among the forty lives saved by him was a child found in the snow and overcome with the drowsiness which precedes death by freezing. The dog restored the child to consciousness by licking its face; then crouched in the snow so that the little sufferer might climb upon him and be carried to the monastery on dog-back.

Over Barry's grave is the inscription: "Barry, the heroic. Saved forty persons and was killed by the forty-first." The tragedy was due to an unfortunate mistake, a lost traveler thinking that his dog rescuer was about to attack him.

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SPECULATE ONLY ON PAPER

THE story is told of a member of Plymouth Church, when Henry Ward Beecher was pastor, who had lost heavily in Wall-Street speculation and failed in business, who went to the great preacher one day and voluntarily promised that he would not speculate for one year. At the end of six months, however, he went to his pastor and asked to be released from his promise. "I can make more in one week than I am now making in a year," he said.

Mr. Beecher refused to release him. "Do your speculating on paper," he said, "and at the end of the year tell me how you would have come out had I let you go."

At the end of the year the would-be-speculator reported to Mr. Beecher: "If I had actually made those deals I would have failed three times in six months."

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BOIL IT DOWN

HAVE you had a thought that's happy?
Boil it down.
Make it short and crisp and snappy—
Boil it down.
When your mind its gold has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

—*The Survey.*

✦ ✦ ✦

"MISFORTUNES"

THE steel that has suffered most is the best steel. It has been in the furnace again and again; it has been on the anvil; it has been tight in the jaws of the vise; it has felt the teeth of the rasp; it has been ground by emery; it has been heated and hammered and filed until it does not know itself, and it comes out a splendid knife. And if men only knew it, what are called their "misfortunes" are God's best blessings, for they are the moulding influences which give them shapeliness and edge, and durability and power.—*Selected.*

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS OF HEART

"MY first impression of Mr. Lincoln," said an old lady who knew the Great Emancipator, "was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day came, but as the hour of departure approached, the hackman failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes passed, I realized, in grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, and I poured out my story.

"'How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big,' and he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood. 'Oh, ho!' he cried, 'wipe your eyes and come on quick.' And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-by, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

SUCCESS NUGGETS

There is no "impossible" for the man who can will strong enough and long enough.

✦ ✦ ✦

The sun never sees the dark side of anything.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "is the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

✦ ✦ ✦

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain, you weaken its powers, and you lose your authority to command its services.

✦ ✦ ✦

Ian MacLaren said that the central idea in his famous book, "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," was to show the rose in places where many people look for cabbages.

✦ ✧ ✦

The whole face puts on mourning for the death of self-respect.

✧ ✧ ✦

Your ambition, not your worded prayer, is your *real* creed.

✦ ✧ ✦

The constant effort to keep the desire alive increases the capacity to realize the vision.

✦ ✦ ✦

Self-control will succeed with one talent where self-indulgence will fail with ten.

✦ ✦ ✧

Horace Greeley said that the darkest day in any man's career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it.