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The New

# SUCCESS

June 1920

Marden's Magazine

25 cents



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

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

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

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

## Rich Man? Poor Man?

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

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

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

## No Chance—No Luck

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

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

world have been assisted in their struggle 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 have to 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 \$1.00 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 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 Company 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, Champaign, Ill.

"When I began reading your writings, I was making an average of \$150.00 a month in a lonely country village. Your philosophy changed the course of my whole life and enabled me to get away from poverty until today my practice is 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 a friend, at the regular price of \$2.50 (For 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 the magazine. You may secure two copies by sending \$5.00 for 2 years' subscription, or three copies 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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# The New Marden's



# Success Magazine

ORISON SWETT MARDEN—EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY—MANAGING EDITOR

Volume IV

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Number 6

## DOUBT OR AMBITION— Which Will You Follow?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

**A** HIGHLY magnetized piece of steel will attract and lift a piece eight times its own weight that is not magnetized. Demagnetize it, and it will be powerless to attract or lift a feather's weight.

There is just as much difference between the man who is highly magnetized by a self-confident ambition, the assurance of victory, and the man who is demagnetized by doubt and the fear of failure, as there is between the magnetized and the demagnetized piece of steel.

The great demagnetizer of the human race is DOUBT. It neutralizes more ability, keeps more able men and women in mediocrity, and makes more failures in life than anything else.

**A**T this moment, there are millions of men and women in the unhappy position of the man portrayed on the cover of THE NEW SUCCESS this month. While AMBITION is whispering in his ear, urging him to go forward, to do the thing he has so long been planning to do, DOUBT bars the way, lays a detaining hand on his arm, and cautions him to go slow, to consider well before he attempts this thing whether he really has the ability to carry it through, or whether it is wise to begin it at the present time!

Among many others personally known to me, one man, whose hair is now graying, has been going ever since I first met him, a quarter of a century ago, to start something in which he thoroughly believes. Each year he has assured me that he was convinced that that particular year was the year for him to start. He was really going to begin his great life work then. But, always DOUBT halted him on the threshold and made him put off the beginning to some "more favorable time." So the years passed until DOUBT established the putting-off habit, and this has such a grip upon him now that he shrinks from undertaking anything new. The enthusiasm of youth is gone and the idea of getting out of his old, mediocre, subordinate rut to try something different fills him with fear—fear that

things may not work out right; that it would be risking certainty for an uncertainty; that, at his time of life, it would be madness to run any risk!

**A**RE you among the hundreds of thousands of people in this country, to-day, who, like this man, have splendid ambitions, who have made resolutions to carry out those ambitions—and have the ability to do so—but who are cowering victims of DOUBT, which keeps them from making a start? Are you waiting for a "more favorable time," unable to make a beginning while DOUBT stands at the door of your resolution? Are you afraid to burn your bridges behind you, to commit yourself to your purpose, because DOUBT tells you that you may fail?

If this is your mental attitude, you are smothering the divine urge within you to go up higher, which the Creator has implanted in everything in the universe. You are opposing His plan for you; you are preparing for defeat instead of victory, to go down instead of up. If you don't change your attitude and drive your arch enemy, DOUBT, out of your life, you will wake up one day to find yourself an insignificant cog in a great wheel, plodding along in mediocrity among thousands of employees who, like yourself, might have been in business for themselves but for this great enemy inside of them.

No one will ever know how many round pegs have been doomed by DOUBT to spend their lives in square holes. How many splendid young men have been kept out of the pulpit, out of public life; how many young lawyers have been strangled by this traitor! How many men, to-day,

are clerks, bookkeepers, or other subordinates, who might have been managers, superintendents, or proprietors themselves but for the work of this damnable traitor!

**O**NE reason why the great mass of human beings live such mean, stingy, poverty-stricken lives is because they are constantly demagnetized by their doubts, fears, worries

*NO man is using his full strength until he is doing the thing he was born to do. No man who allows Doubt and Fear to keep him from his own, is a real man. He is only an apology for one.*

and lack of faith. Everywhere we see people making *slaves of themselves*, trying to get a living, while sidetracking the good things which would come their way if they did not head them off by the conviction that there is nothing much in the world for them anyway, nothing more than a bare living at the best. They are actually driving away the very things which might flow to them in abundance if doubts and fears did not bar the way.

What has so far been accomplished by the race is but a tithe of what might have been accomplished if everyone had been true to his youthful vision instead of allowing it to be blotted out by DOUBT. If every human being were doing to-day what at some time in his life he thoroughly believed he could do, our civilization would be centuries ahead of what it is.

There are no truer words than George Eliot's:—

*No great deed is done  
By falterers who ask for certainty.*

If a Marshal Foch, or any great general, were to wait for absolute certainty in regard to results before putting his plan of campaign into action, he would never win a battle. So, the man who would do anything worth while in life must have courage to match his vision. He must dare to begin or his vision will fade, his power will wane, and he will never do the thing he was sent into the world to do.

Armed only with pebbles from the brook, but thrice armed with faith in himself, the Hebrew stripling, David, went out to meet the giant warrior of the Philistines, Goliath, in all the panoply of war. If David had listened to the suggestion of DOUBT, he would have fled in terror at the sight of Goliath. But he didn't. Instead, he rushed into the fray, and, reinforced by his faith and the inspiration of a mighty purpose, slew his antagonist.

*THE very habit of expecting that the future is full of good things for you, that you are going to be prosperous and happy, that you are going to have a fine family, a beautiful home, and are going to stand for something, is the best kind of capital with which to start life.*

NOW, there is something in every one of us that rushes to our aid in any unusual undertaking and helps us to win out—as it helped David. This inner force or power, this locked-up energy which is there all the time awaiting our demand, seems to be in abeyance when DOUBT or FEAR or HESITATION is in the mind. All these enemies of FAITH obstruct its inflow and hold us back from SUCCESS. The divine power that carries us past all obstacles to our goal, is only released after we have registered our vow to do the thing we long to do, after we have thrown DOUBT and FEAR out of our mind—burned our bridges behind us and committed ourselves unreservedly to our aim.

Everybody who has hesitated, been timid, afraid to

launch out in response to the call in his blood, but who finally took heart and made the plunge, has had this experience. After he has dared to begin, he has felt this mysterious force come to his rescue. He has been magnetized and, like the piece of magnetized steel, his power to attract things to him has been increased many times.

Tens of thousands of successful men and women will tell you this. It was the beginning: the burning their bridges behind them; the launching out into the unknown, that was the hard part. After they had fairly started, although there were still obstacles in the way, the things they had been so afraid of didn't trouble them at all. The struggle wasn't half so hard as they thought it would be. In fact, they had enjoyed wrestling with difficulties—and overcoming them. Where before they had been slaves of DOUBT and FEAR, they now felt they were *masters*.

They were masters because they had released the power of the bigger self within them—that had been waiting all the time to come to their assistance.

YOU may be a round peg in a square hole; or you may be a cog in a wheel working for somebody else. Instead of striking out for yourself, DOUBT and FEAR have kept you imprisoned in your narrow rut. Many a time in your career you had a very strong impulse to break away and start for yourself. But something whispered to you, "Better go slow. Many men have failed trying to do what you are thinking of attempting, without influence, or capital, or anybody to help you."

DOUBT, the great human traitor, strangled your God-given impulse; and here you are, in middle life, a mediocrity or a complete failure—not because you didn't believe you were capable of something bigger, but because you *didn't dare* to attempt the thing which the divine urge, the bigger man within you, was persuading you to do.

Isn't it time for you to become your own master—the larger man you are capable of being?

Haven't you allowed the fiend, DOUBT, to dwarf your life and keep you out of your own long enough?

Isn't it about time you became acquainted with your other self, the giant in you, that you have never known, or used, because of your timidity, your doubts, your hesitancy, your fears, your uncertainty as to whether you would win out in the thing you were longing to do, but dared not attempt?

Stop being a coward, a hesitator, a doubting Thomas. Begin now to be what your Creator intended you to be. Have faith in yourself, in the power that He has given you.

THINGS are so planned in the moral universe that in order to get very far, or to accomplish very much in this world, a man has to be honest. The whole structure of natural law is really pledged to defeat the lie, the falsehood, the sham. Ultimately only the right can succeed, only truth can triumph. The whole lesson of life goes to show that no amount of smartness, brilliancy, scheming, long-headed cunning, can take the place of downright honesty, or be a substitute for personal integrity.





# THE SHAMEFUL MISUSE OF MONEY

How the American People Have Wasted Over  
\$8,500,000,000 Since the Armistice  
Most Willful Extravagance in World's History  
By THOMAS V. MERLE

All the facts, figures, and statements in this article have been carefully verified—  
*The Editors.*

**R**EGARDLESS of the wartime cry of conservation and thrift, the habit of saving and spending wisely seems to have become a lost art in America. Apparently many Americans have become so callous to thinking in terms of millions and billions, that they are applying these exaggerated terms to their own exaggerated incomes. The fiscal year will show the greatest spending orgy America has ever known! And the end is not yet in sight, although there are indications that this mad debauch of flinging away money is on its last legs.

Labor has been paid in terms undreamed of in the country's history. Speculation and the demand for manufactured goods have netted huge sums to thousands of persons who counted their pennies and saved their dollars previous to the World War. Houston Thompson, Federal Trade Commissioner, says that the American public is *squandering* the enormous sum of \$500,000,000 a year in "wildcat" investments. Facts and figures prove that the public seems to like the idea of the high cost of living, no matter how much complaining it creates.

But, as usual, we are not looking forward for the crash that seems inevitable. We go on spending, saying, "Nothing is too good for me." We are spending our easily gotten gains more easily than we acquired them.

## Newly Rich Want High-Priced Goods

**I**NVESTIGATION proves that the spendthrift of to-day actually prefers higher-priced things. The laborer who has doubled or tripled his income during the past three years, does not take into consideration that he is really *not* getting more value for his toil. Yet he spurns the cheaper articles offered him and desires to ape the millionaire in his expenditures. There are certain professional men and women—teachers, professors, scientists, and other brain-workers—who are suffering bitterly, whose incomes remain stationary while less competent and less-skilled workers are reveling drunkenly in a spree of spending.

Here is an instance which shows the popular trend of mind: A well known New York store endeavored to clear a stock of men's suits, worth \$40, for \$23.50 a suit. This firm made a great advertising splash to announce the sale. In cleverly constructed advertising the public was told why the reduction in price was made. The suits should have been gobbled up by a public weary of paying fancy prices for mediocre clothing. But they were not. The sale was a failure. Only a small

minority of the store's customers were willing to buy suits priced at *less* than \$40 apiece. They did not think such "cheap" things were worth having! They were unworthy of the affluent condition of the purchasers. Yet each suit was guaranteed to be all-wool, and the promise of service—always given by the firm—backed every one of them.

This example points clearly to the distortion of the public mind to-day. Wild waste is the order of the hour. Merchants have proved it by offering identical merchandise at different prices. The suit or dress or hat that bears the tag with the highest price is the one that is sold first, even though a lower-priced article is identical in value. We are buying blindly. Quality and value have no consideration. We are buying price-tags, not merchandise.

## "Something Will Happen" Says Henry Ford

**B**EHIND this lies a tragedy which soon will open the eyes of a money-mad public. Henry Ford sums up the situation in this statement: "Too many people are sitting around waiting for something to happen. Something *will* happen. These people will delude themselves until the present-day attitude of 'easy come—easy go' will find them unprepared. The fools who are acting crazily to-day will then regret their wastefulness. The time will come when a neat little nest egg, in the form of a bank account, will be a man's best friend."

The answer is that those who are making inflated wages to-day are paying far in excess of the value of what they buy. If they were to save these inflated wages—a few years hence they would be able to buy far more with the same amount of money.

A few sensible men know this. They are holding back on all but necessary purchases. The men who pay the heaviest income taxes are probably the most frugal in their expenditures to-day. Comparatively poor men do not balk at \$10, \$12, or \$18 for a pair of shoes. They are the kind of men who once complained because they had to pay \$4 for a pair of shoes.

But the man of means is having his shoes half-sole'd—not once but twice and thrice—instead of buying new ones. He is wearing last year's suit, last year's hat and making last year's automobile do, while the newly rich is buying a new car every time a fresh model is put on the market. Why? Because the possession of money is not a new thing to the man of means. He wants his money's worth, and just because his income has grown since the war, he is not willing to fritter it away for the mere fun of doing so—for the purpose of making an impression on the general public and letting his friends know that he can afford to indulge in wild extravagances if he cares to be so foolish.

**T**HE two dominating factors in the economic world, to-day, are the *Proletariat* and the *Profiteer*. Between them is the *Salary*—and he doesn't know where he's at!

## Silk Stockings at \$500 a Pair

**A** GLANCE at the bill presented to the United States for non-essentials during the past six months, is staggering. It represents an expenditure that, by the wildest imagination, would not be called necessary, or even condoned on the ground that it is helpful in the "all-work-and-no-play" sense.

The luxury tax revealed the situation in its true colors. In six months, we have spent \$67,212,677 for merchandise subject to a United States penalty of *ten* per cent. This tax went into effect May 1, 1919, and during the first two months it was imposed, the government collected nearly \$4,000,000.

The luxury tax, for instance, is imposed on men's hats costing over \$5; women's hats costing more than \$15; socks costing more than \$1 a pair; stockings over \$2 a pair, carpets at more than \$5 a yard, and trunks costing in excess of \$50 a piece. Thus it may be seen that the popular trend is to spend all that can be spent for such articles. And several Fifth Avenue shops display filmy silk stockings marked "\$500 per pair."

I dropped into one of these shops and asked a clerk if there were women who really purchased such things.

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "Quite a few." His tone indicated that the filmy weblike articles found many ready buyers.

Government figures estimate that the total luxury tax collected during this six-months' period amounted to a total of \$2,500,000,000—about \$25 each for every resident of the United States!

## We Are Buying "Price Tags" Not Merchandise

**B**UT aside from paying needlessly high prices for necessities, the people of this country have squandered huge sums on every sort of divertissement and personal indulgence. It is estimated that, since the signing of the

armistice, the astounding sum of \$8,500,000,000 has been thrown away by Americans. And a very large percentage of this has gone for "good times"—mostly eating and drinking.

The expenditure for theater going is startling. During 1918, we paid \$263,573,388 to attend theaters. This is estimated definitely because of the Federal tax on all theater tickets. And it does not include the amount paid to ticket "scalpers" and law-evading speculators, which, in itself, would increase this total tremendously. But, during the year 1919, this expenditure was doubled! In the twelve months of 1919, the theaters took in \$507,792,458. In the last half of the fiscal year this expenditure averaged over \$57,000,000 a month, thus indicating a steady increase in self-indulgence.

This extravagance along the line of personal pleasure, caused one Internal Revenue agent to exclaim, "Where do they get it all—and how do they get that way. There was a time when women shopped and when men balked at paying a reasonable price for things. But, nowadays, the more you ask for a thing the more likely you are to sell it!"

## The Money Tree Must Be Nursed

**B**UT America is going to awaken from her happy dream that money grows on trees. We will learn—and all too soon—that the money tree must be cultivated and carefully nursed. It cannot be ruthlessly stripped of its leaves and have its branches sawed off, while its roots are being sadly neglected.

Exports are decreasing. Imports are increasing. The country is being flooded with cheaply made, inferior merchandise. It doesn't sell at a low price and what it does sell for affords the foreign manufacturer an undreamed-of profit. The American manufacturer, paying high prices for materials and higher prices for labor, is not getting an equal return.

## A WARNING FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

## Our Future Strength Depends on Our Thrift

By DAVID F. HOUSTON

*(Secretary of the Treasury of the United States)*

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DAVID F. HOUSTON  
Secretary of the Treasury

**T**HE policy of living from hand to mouth is, at best, a precarious means of existence. Only that man who has erected a wall of reserve resources is safe from the forces of failure. To-day a very great number of people in the United States, whose working days are over, must depend upon charity because they failed to create a reserve, because they failed properly to apportion their dollars between the needs of the present and the contingencies of the future.

It is not what a man earns but what he saves that measures his success. A truly democratic nation is a nation of capitalists; a nation in which laborer and mechanic, teacher and merchant has set aside some part of his earnings to assure his future independence; to aid in the creation of new industry; to assist in Government enterprise.

**T**O-DAY, in America, while the thoughtless among our people are spending with prodigal hand, the judicious are putting aside their surplus in sound investment. They are promoting their own prosperity and strengthening the general economic situation by purchasing Liberty Bonds and War-Savings securities. They are assisting private enterprise to the end of securing increased production.

Upon the ability of the American people to think in broader terms than those of the gratification of present desires, and upon their determination to turn from habits of extravagance and waste to those of wise spending, regular saving and intelligent investment depends, in large measure, the future strength of America.

The bubble will burst! Advice will be too late! There will be nothing in bank for a rainy day!

Has America gone back to the days of the caveat: "Let the buyer beware?" The price of a thing is what a man can be induced to pay, and there is a decided shortage of dependable merchandise everywhere. This condition cannot last forever. And, according to students of economics, forever is *not* very far away.

### The United States Owns Two-thirds of All Precious Stones

LET me give you some startling facts and figures to prove that I am right in saying that we are, to-day, in the wildest era of extravagance the world has ever known.

The customs collections at the Port of New York, for the month of March, broke all records. They reached the astounding figure of \$22,281,878.58! exceeding, by \$300,000, the best month hitherto known, in 1910. These figures, significant as they are, tell only part of the truth. The real volume of business is much greater than the comparison reveals.

"Surprisingly large quantities of fancy laces, silks, jewelry and rare articles of chinaware, as well as precious stones, are being brought into the country," a customs' house official told me. As to the last, a careful check kept by New York Customs House indicates that *this country now owns more than two-thirds of all the precious stones in the world!*"

This, too, despite the fact that diamonds are 600 per cent above the pre-war values.

Dealers in diamonds inform me that they have a market among the laboring classes and Middle West farmers, never dreamed of by the wildest imaginations.

The daughter of an eastern millionaire recently spent \$130,000 for her wedding trossseau.

A California lady recently purchased a Russian-sable coat for \$120,000. It was made to order of one hundred selected skins, and weighs twenty pounds. It cost more money than any coat manufactured since the beginning of the world.

The American people are now consuming candy at the rate of \$80,000,000 a year.

Here are some more of our yearly extravagances:

We spent nearly \$15,000,000 for sporting goods.

We bought nearly \$12,000,000 worth of chewing gum.

We spent for all kinds of jewelry, \$275,000,000.

Our bill for perfumes amounted to \$175,000,000.

We purchased \$1,393,000,000 worth of new motor-cars.

Having grown used to Pullman-car advantages, we did not give up this pampered habit when the wartime excess-charges went into effect. In fact, they paid these extras so cheerfully and in such increasing numbers that the Railroad Administration was obliged to annul many Pullman trains. In 1918, the sum paid for railroad fares amounted to \$303,829,378. The following year showed a receipt of \$972,384,720—practically three times as much. Chair-car and sleeping-car accommodations brought, in 1918, \$22,366,997 and, in 1919, the sum of \$37,710,413. While the increase in railroad travel was 219 per cent, the added Pullman revenue was at the rate of ten per cent more than this—showing an increased desire for luxury, no matter what it cost even though the added travel may have been essential.

### The Reaction From Wartime Economy

THIS tendency of Americans to "blow" themselves evidenced itself immediately after the cessation of hostilities abroad. Restive under the wartime need for conservation and the contribution to every sort of drive, the country seemed to turn about completely and let the pendulum swing clear to the other end. No longer were war stamps being purchased. No longer was there a conscience-stricken feeling if every cent saved was not put into Liberty Bonds. We adopted the feverish spending habit which, until that time, had been the exclusive indulgence of the government itself.

It was no longer the fashion to wear old clothes—to let improvements and desired comforts about the house wait till later on. Spend, spend, spend! took the place of cautious saving. And it has been going on ever since. Apparently thriftlessness is like vice. Once sufficiently familiar with it, the public embraces the thing and forgets its pitiful side. But, like any other vice, thriftlessness exacts its toll, and the pointing out of this to the American people is the task of the nation's financial wiseacres to-day.

Prior to 1918, the Christmas holiday had been dampened by the horrible events in Europe. After the armistice everyone threw off the gloom that had been shrouding the civilized world, and proceeded to be more extravagant than ever. The war was over—the world was normal again—

only it really wasn't and hasn't been since. And those who know figures and can read currency depreciation tell us that the world will not be normal again until men wake up to the fact that financial waste is as foolish and even more destructive than the waste of war.

The Christmas spending orgy seemed to sober people a bit when they saw its effect on their purses. During the first months of 1919, there was an expectant hush. Goods did not move. People were waiting for the expected drop in prices. But prices only soared higher.

"Better buy now—prices will go higher rather than lower," was the whispered advice. And how we started to spend. It was a perfect frenzy—and it continued until the dawn of 1920.

### Content to Pay Even Ten Times More

OCTOBER, 1919, saw the peak of our squandering mania. Since then, figures are not available. But there are signs that people are beginning to think—to ask themselves whether they are really getting their money's worth and whether they can really afford all the things they have been buying so recklessly. The Federal Reserve report for November, 1919, states: "Never has there been so much spending, such a demand for expensive articles and such utter disregard of prices."

The Federal Reserve officials claim that the average person is quite content to pay from five to ten times the former price for jewelry, furs, furniture, and clothing. Furniture installment-house report that, despite an increase of 100 per cent in sales prices, the bulk of their customers are laborers, who either pay cash and take their discounts, or buy on short-time credit. And the more expensive the furniture is, the more quickly it sells. The same is true of furs. So great has been the demand for this luxury, that skins, heretofore never thought of for apparel, have been

(Continued on page 34)





Photograph by Hoover Art Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

**MRS. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND**

Who has composed some songs that will live so long as music is sung.

# Carrie Jacobs- Bond

Whose Songs Have  
Touched the Hearts  
of the Peoples of  
the World

By

CHARLES ALMA BYERS

"A Perfect Day," for instance, over four million copies have been sold. This song has gone into almost every country on the globe—even to China, Japan, India, Africa, and the South Sea Islands. In all, Mrs. Jacobs-Bond has composed more than three hundred songs, which have been translated into twenty-six languages.

THE World War, increased the popularity of this American composer's songs in foreign lands. From the grime of the trenches, from among the wounded in "no man's land," from the decks of the war vessels, from the cots in hospitals—from all sorts of places—would, now and then, be heard one of her wonderful melodies which gave to the boys who sung or heard them, courage, consolation, and, often, peace.

Mrs. Jacobs-Bond said when she heard of this, "I cannot make myself realize it. My songs seem so simple—such little things to me yet letters come to me every day telling of some heart they have helped."

And while her songs suggest a realization of life's romances, the life of Carrie Jacobs-Bond reads like some great romance. Her success, moreover, has been twofold; she has succeeded both as an artist and as a business woman—as a song writer and as a publisher—and in the one field quite as remarkably as in the other.

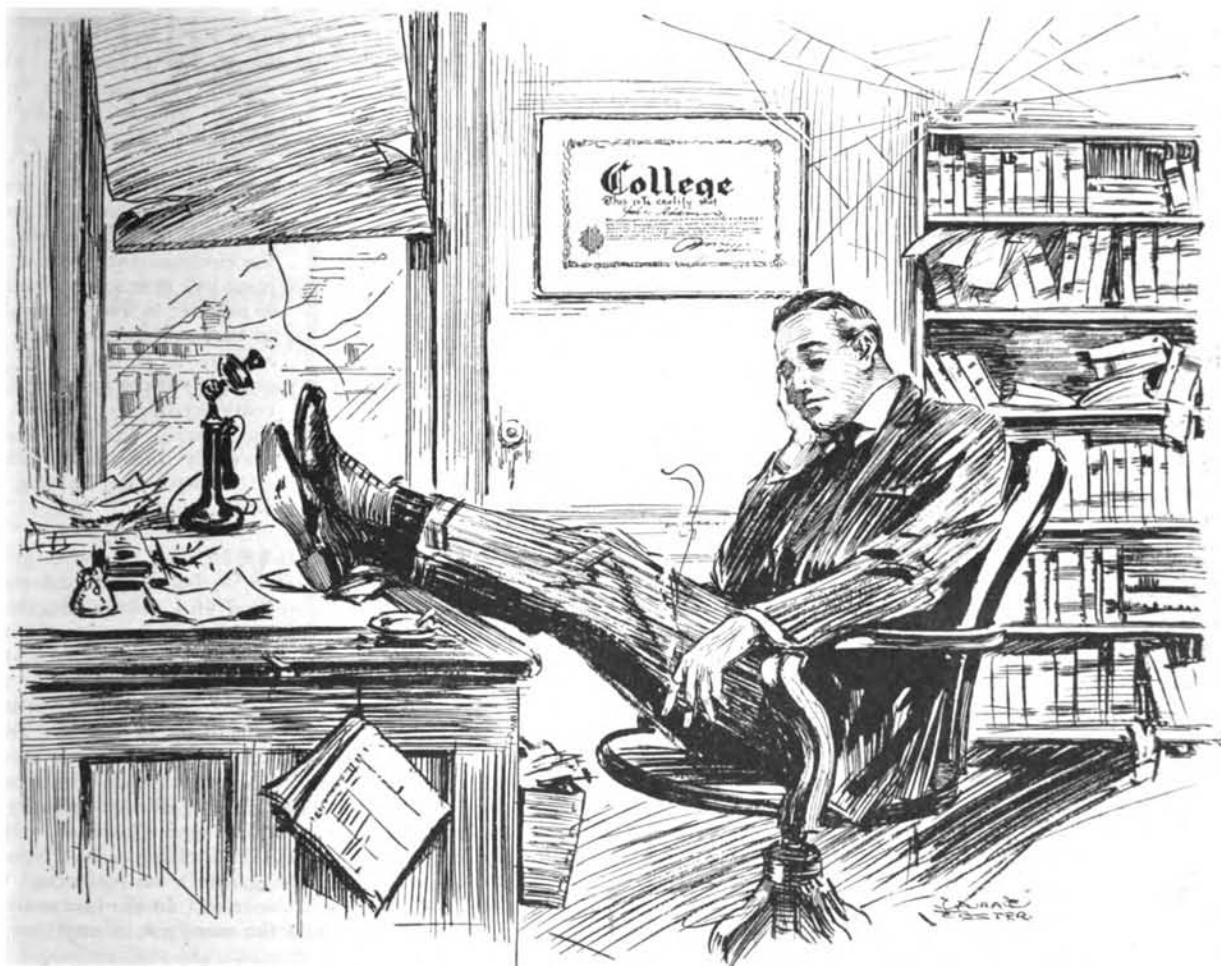
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND was born in Janesville, Wisconsin. Before reaching the age of twenty, she was married to Doctor Frank Lewis Bond. As a young girl she had taken a few music lessons, but her musical education seemed to promise her little, aside from being able to furnish a pastime. She also had studied water-color painting, and, in fact, she was more interested in it than in music. Later, however, prompted by a love for poetry, she tried her hand at writing verse herself—simple little poems of human appeal. Some of these she subsequently set to music, and, after a time, encouraged to do so by her husband and a few friends, she submitted the compositions to a publisher.

(Continued on page 82)

MRS. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND has composed some of the most beautiful and popular songs of recent years—and few women have attained eminence as composers of music. Take for instance, "A Perfect Day," "Just a 'Wearyin' For You," "Doan You Lis'n," "Shadows," "I Love You Truly," "Just by Laughin'," and other songs he has written. Sentiment and a philosophy—the one wholesome and the other simple and practical—are the basis of her songs. Love, friendship, happiness and sorrow, permeate her simple words and touching melodies.

These songs awaken old-time memories. In them you find a heart. That heart is the heart of the composer—heart that understands and feels the under-currents of life, which, though sometimes deeply submerged and all but forgotten are always with us. Her songs tell us much. Mrs. Jacobs-Bond herself is both dreamer and philosopher. She understands life, and she has experienced a great amount of the sentiment expressed in her songs.

Her songs carry, in simple words and on wings of appealing melody, a universal message in a universal language—with the result that they are sung everywhere. Of



Something besides a college diploma, a stuffed memory, and an office is necessary to bring him success.

## What Does Your Diploma Mean?

**“W**HEN you hire young men,” said Marshall Field to his manager, “give the preference to the high-school graduate, aged eighteen over the university graduate, aged twenty-two. You can manage the boy of eighteen, while the other calls himself a ‘man’ and will often protest, inwardly at least, against many of the things you will want done.”

Which shows that Marshall Field, like many of America's great business leaders of to-day, such as Charles M. Schwab, believed that a youth destined for a business career would better give the four years between eighteen and twenty-two to the practical training that business gives.

**O**N the other hand, thousands of men who have won success in various careers have always regretted the lack of a college education. Although they succeeded in their life work without it, they felt that it would not only have been of value to them in their work, but that it would have added greatly to their enjoyment of life.

The benefit derived from a college education depends on what sort of a young man or woman you are before you go to college. Froebel said, “Nature is the raw material, education is the manufacturer.” Some one has added; “And the best manufacturing-plant will have to get good raw material to produce results.”

That puts the matter in a nutshell. Whether you are wasting four years' precious time in spending it in college,

or making every hour of it count on the credit side of your life ledger in the years to follow, rests with you.

**T**O many graduates, the four years are a dead loss. They are seriously handicapped by their so-called “higher education,” for after leaving college they are still in the form of raw material. Worse than that, they have superimposed upon a warp of very ordinary raw material a woof of self-conceit and vanity that ruins all possibility of success. They imagine that their college education, in some mysterious way, has raised them above all those who have not had their opportunity, and that it would be a disgrace for one with a college diploma to go into any ordinary pursuit, to begin his career at the bottom of the ladder in any calling outside of the regular professions.

**T**HIS false standard of values plays havoc with the life of many a college graduate. Puffed up with an enormously exaggerated idea of his own importance, he regards his diploma as an insurance policy against failure, as an open door to success in any career he decides to enter. After four years' study in college, he believes that he has covered the whole field of learning, and that there is no need for further mental exertion on his part. He feels that he has won his laurels, and that the world will be at his feet. If he has taken a preliminary course in law or some other of the “learned” professions, he thinks all he has to do is to

hire an office, hang his diploma on the wall, take it easy, and wait for clients. Of course they will come! He hasn't any doubt of that!

**T**HE mere fact that one has gone through a college course, which is calculated to prepare for the professional life often turns the head of the graduate toward a life for which nature never intended him. Every year the colleges turn out a great many graduates who instead of being fitted for life are unfitted for life. Possible business men or practical workers in other fields, are spoiled by trying to make clergymen, doctors, or lawyers of them. Often-times a first-rate mechanic or farmer is made into a very poor preacher or lawyer because he was educated for it, and he thought it would be a disgrace for a man with a college diploma to remain a mechanic or a farmer.

"I have in my time met college men whose university training seemed to have proven to them of great value," said a successful business man. "I have met others who could not have been less fit if their college years had been spent merely in counting beads."

**A**S a magazine editor, I have seen many manuscripts from college graduates which would disgrace a high-school boy. These manuscripts did not contain a single paragraph of good English. Yet, among the writers, no doubt, there are some who expect to become governors of States, mayors, congressmen, senators and perhaps, even future Presidents.

On the other hand, I have known many graduates who stood high in all their classes in college who proved but sorry bunglers when they came to earn their living. I know graduates who can conjugate Greek verbs glibly, who can write a creditable essay on a great variety of subjects, who have obtained a good percentage in all their studies, but who feel utterly lost when called upon to reduce their theories to practical terms.

Now, there is nothing more out of place in this practical world than the college graduate who can render no serv-

## The Magic of Liking

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

**W**HEN you arise at dawning, kneel and pray;  
"Lord, help me learn to like someone,  
to-day."

No sweeter prayer than this may man contrive;  
For nothing finer may his spirit strive.  
Hate is a poison, hurting him who bears it  
Far worse than he is hurt who merely shares it.  
So, every morning, bend the knee and pray:  
"Teach me to understand some soul to-day."

For Understanding is a twin to Love;  
Both had their origin with Him above.  
Infinitude of wisdom on His part,  
Infinitude of love in His great heart.  
Learn what has hurt the man whom you detest;  
Learn what has planted hatred in his breast.  
When once you know, you will not need to pray:  
"Teach me to love some human soul to-day."

ice to his fellowman, who cannot even earn his own living, because he never learned to be practical in anything. He has been taken out of active life from four to seven years to prepare for life; taken out of the environment in which he must live ever after in order to prepare to live practically in that environment, and he returns to it less fitted to grapple with the problems of everyday life than he was at the start. In such cases there is something wrong either with the training or with the man.

**W**HILE I am a great believer in the right kind of a college education, it is not a *sine qua non* for success in life. Some of the most successful men in the history of this country, suc-

cessful not alone from the material point of view but from every point of view, were not college men. Seven of our Presidents, including some of the greatest, didn't have even a high-school education. They were Washington, Jackson, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Johnson, and Cleveland. Men who had only such training as "the little red school house" gave them, built some of the greatest railroads and the greatest business concerns in America. In the last analysis the success material is inside the man, not in anything he gets from the outside.

**W**HAT the world wants to-day, what it has always wanted, always will want, is practical ability. The education that is worth while develops this sort of ability. It develops the power of concentration, the ability to deal with great problems; to think clearly and act quickly. The really educated man has a peculiar faculty of transforming knowledge into power, of doing the things that need to be done.

The world of realities, with its manifold problems, confronts us. These problems were never so mighty and pressing as they are to-day. We want men who can solve them. If your college diploma is an evidence that you can qualify for the great work that is ahead, then it means something. If it only proves that your memory is stuffed with facts which your brain can not apply, then it means nothing but so many years lost out of your life.

**N**EVER for an instant admit that you are sick, weak, or ill *unless you wish to experience these conditions*, for the very thinking of them helps them to get a stronger hold upon you. We are all the products of our own thoughts. Whatever we concentrate upon, that we are.

**F**AITH is the substance of things hoped for, *the outline of the image itself; the real substance, not merely a mental image*. There is something back of the faith, back of the hope, back of the heart yearnings; there is a reality to match our legitimate longing.



# Physician to Three Presidents

*Cary T. Grayson—Discovered by Roosevelt, Inherited by Taft, and Promoted by Wilson*

How He Guarded Mr. Wilson During His Long Illness, and Was Nearly President *Pro Tem*.

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN

CARY T. GRAYSON, a man of forty-one years, a surgeon in the United States Navy, with the rank of Rear Admiral, was almost the acting President of the United States for five months during the serious illness of Woodrow Wilson. It is true that the Constitution of the United States provides that in case of the death, resignation, or inability to discharge the duties of the office of President, these duties shall devolve upon the Vice-President; but the wise fathers who wrote those words and who voted them into the fundamental law of the nation forgot to designate who should determine when an "inability" existed. Consequently such decision is left to the physicians who attend a sick President, and up to the present time the physicians, as well as others who are supposed to be in authority, have evidently decided that inability exists only when a President dies. So far in the case of any President who was sick or wounded unto death, no Vice-President has assumed the duties of the office while the duly elected President survived. Never has it occurred that a President while still alive has been considered by those around him unable to discharge the duties of his office.

## The Arbiter of Presidential Action

AND so it happened that after President Wilson was stricken on his historic trip through the West, in the autumn of 1919, there was no assumption by Vice-President Marshall of the duties of the President. And yet the President was so seriously ill and for so long a time that it became necessary that certain important business of the United States should be transacted, or at least the Presidential affirmative or negative had to be obtained in regard to a number of important subjects. Some one person had to decide what should be done. Some one had to say whether or not the subjects should come before the President. Someone had to be in a position to say to the stricken executive: "This should be signed;" or, "This should receive the President's attention."

During all this long period, this five months of anxiety and uneasiness throughout the nation, Dr. Cary T. Grayson was the arbiter of presidential action. It was this young naval surgeon who decided what was of sufficient importance to be brought before the President and what could await his restoration to official activity. It was Admiral Grayson who decided whether or not persons could see the President. He decided that the King and Queen of the Belgians might have a brief audience while the President was in his bed. In a like manner, he permitted the Prince of Wales, heir to the British throne, to have a brief interview with his distinguished patient. It was Admiral Grayson who denied admittance to cabinet



Photograph by Hartsook

*Cary T. Grayson*

members with important business that he decided could wait, and admitted two senators to discuss the Mexican situation which he decided was of transcendent importance. It was during the President's long illness that the Industrial Conference, which he had called, met in Washington and was soon in an inextricable deadlock. It was Dr. Grayson who came to the Conference and was consulted by such men as Secretary Lane, the chairman; Secretary Wilson, of the Labor Department; Bernard M. Baruch, and other very intimate friends of the President. It was this young naval surgeon who decided what communication should be laid before the President in regard to this important gathering, and it was he who allowed the President to undertake the necessary mental and physical exertion to express his views to the Conference.

### The Doctor More Powerful than the Private Secretary

FOREIGN complications continued most pressing but were held in abeyance, while, for the moment, Mexico had to receive consideration on account of the apparent determination of Secretary Lansing to work in conjunction with Ambassador Fletcher and Senator Fall of New Mexico for a radical change in the Mexican policy of administration. At this point, Admiral Grayson determined to allow Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, the President's representative in foreign affairs on the floor of the Senate, and Senator Fall to have an interview with the President. It was then settled that so long as Mr. Wilson was President there would be no change in the policy of the United States towards Mexico. These were only a few of several very important matters that had to be considered during the President's illness.

There were also cabinet changes. Secretary Redfield retired from the Department of Commerce and his successor had to be named. The same was true of Secretary Lane of the Interior Department. Then Secretary Glass decided to leave the Treasury to become Senator from Virginia, and when Secretary Houston was named as head of the Treasury Department a successor to Houston in the Agricultural Department had to be found.

All of these perplexing questions had to be settled by a President who was hourly under the eye of Dr. Grayson, and the young surgeon was responsible for the President's condition. As the illness which had been such a severe blow to the President was largely mental, it became extremely important that Dr. Grayson should consider with great care the questions presented and determine with the utmost circumspection as to what extent his distinguished patient should plunge into these delicate and complex national and international subjects that were pressing upon the White House for solution. While it is true that the person who stands at the door of a sick room or a great office may not actually decide questions of great moment so long as he can decide what questions are to be submitted to the sick man, or the great officer, he is a power, whether it be in statecraft or business. And the doctor is more powerful than the private secretary at the door; because his decision is final, while there are methods to get around the secretary.

It should be understood that Admiral Grayson did not assume to decide the matters of State that were brought to him day after day, but he did decide whether or not it was necessary to present the various problems to the President.

Who is this surgeon with the rank of Rear Admiral in the Navy who has wielded so much power and who has come through such trying times with credit to himself and has retained the confidence of all with whom he has come in contact? I have said that he is forty-one years old, and that is young in comparison with the achievements of the average man. Like President Wilson, he is a native of Virginia, but was born in the modest little town of Culpeper. A battle of the Civil War was fought in and around this place and Culpeper Court House figures in the history of the nation.

### Would Rather Be Called "Doctor" than "Admiral"

GRAYSON's father was a doctor, which may have inclined him to that profession; but that is doubtful, as his father died when Cary was twelve years old, and a boy of twelve is not influenced in his choice of a profession by his father's occupation. No, it was the innate craving of a mind which guided the choice of Cary Grayson. He wanted to be a doctor. Why, even now he prefers to be called "Doctor" rather than "Rear Admiral." A very hard struggle, indeed, confronts a boy without means to get what he wants. The world has a few examples of success of such boys, and everybody knows that the men who have won

have endured much and worked hard. Cary Grayson was a student at William and Mary College, and worked his way to an education not only while at the historic Virginia institution but afterwards when at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, where he obtained his degree of medicine. He became attached to the Navy in 1903, and soon afterwards his White House career began.

Before this, to go back a short time, Dr. Grayson was connected with Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. In the hospital, as a patient, was Henry C. Payne, a prominent Wisconsin politician and Postmaster General in Roosevelt's Cabinet. Grayson

was selected to take charge of Payne and finally went south with him. Payne regained his health, and Grayson sent in a bill for \$100. Payne sent him a check for \$1,000 and, later, left the young doctor \$1,000 in his will. But the important feature of the acquaintance of Dr. Grayson with Payne was that it brought him to the notice of President Roosevelt. The President distributed the diplomas when Grayson graduated from the United States Naval Medical School. Roosevelt always remembered men and incidents. He remembered Payne and what Payne had said of his physician. When the name, Grayson, was mentioned he asked the young doctor if he had been General Payne's physician and received an affirmative answer.

"Now, that you have your diploma what do you want to do?" asked President Roosevelt.

"I want to go to sea," answered Grayson, shrewdly knowing that such an answer would please the President.

"So you shall, and on the biggest ship of the Navy," was the President's response.

### Set an Example with Roosevelt

SURGEON GRAYSON was assigned to the *Maryland*, a battle cruiser of 13,680 tons, a big ship in those days but a pygmy compared to the super-dreadnaught *Maryland* recently launched. But he had a wonderful cruise, going around the world and spending nearly two years in the Orient. Coming home he again came within the presidential

*WITH consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now and to-morrow again speak what to-morrow thinks, though it contradict everything you said to-day. "Ah, so you shall be misunderstood." Is it so bad to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every other pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.*

—EMERSON.

vision, or, at least, he came under the observation of Admiral Rixey, a Virginian, Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy, and White House physician. Dr. Grayson was ordered to Washington and soon attracted the President's notice. Dr. Rixey was a horseman. He and Dr. Grayson rode together a great deal. Dr. Grayson's horsemanship impressed Dr. Rixey. About this time President Roosevelt issued the orders requiring physical tests for Army and Navy officers. Army officers were required to ride thirty miles each day for three successive days, at stated periods; and Naval officers were to walk ten miles. There was much growling and adverse comment. Army officers nearing sixty years of age made remarks about such tests in view of the fact that they had not been on a horse since they graduated at West Point. These criticisms reached Roosevelt, together with assertions by certain officers that they would like to ride a test with Roosevelt and show him something in the way of endurance.

"I can't enter a contest of that kind," said the President, "but I can show them an example. I have covered ninety miles or better in a day and can do it again."

"You are a horseman, Admiral," remarked the President; "wouldn't you like to go along with me? There ought to be a doctor along."

"I am not sure I could make it," replied Rixey, "but I know of a doctor who could."

"Who is it?" asked the President.

"Grayson," replied Rixey.

"Oh, I know him," replied the President. "Send him over to see me."

#### That Famous Ride with Roosevelt and Captain Butt

AND that was the preliminary to the famous one hundred and four-mile ride. Grayson was game to try it and so was Captain Archie Butt, the White House aid. At 3:40 one morning, in January, 1909, three horsemen left the White House. They rode with a relay of horses to Warrenton, Virginia, estimated at about forty-five miles distant from Washington. There they had lunch and the signatures of Roosevelt, Butt, and Grayson are still to be found on the treasured register of the little hotel. The three riders returned to Washington, arriving at 8:40. Owing to the condition of the roads they had to make a detour, and instead of a ride of ninety miles, as intended, they rode one hundred and four miles as afterwards ascertained. A part of the trip was made in a storm of sleet and snow. Only Roosevelt, Butt, and Grayson made the ride. No secret service men or other attendants accompanied them. Roosevelt was particularly pleased with his aids, Grayson at that time being assistant surgeon at the White House.

President Taft "inherited" Dr. Grayson and kept him through his administration. President Wilson inherited Grayson from Taft, and so he has the unique distinction of being physician to three successive presidents with the prospect of being inherited by a fourth President.

#### President Wilson's Physician for Over Seven Years

FOR more than seven years, Dr. Grayson has been the personal physician of the President, and, in that time, Woodrow Wilson has become attached to the man who has his physical well-being in charge. In all that time, the President has scarcely been out of Dr. Grayson's sight and, save for a few weeks, Grayson always has been within call. President Wilson has traveled a great deal and Dr. Grayson always has been with him. The doctor, next to the President, has been the most photographed man in the United States, for he had four years of it with Taft before he appeared with Wilson. That the President had confidence in and admired Dr. Grayson, there can be no doubt. At the very first opportunity, he manifested it. In the first naval bill for greater military preparation one of the items of increase provided for enlarging the medical corps of the

Navy and an additional rear admiral was authorized. President Wilson named Dr. Grayson for the place, jumping him over thirty officers of the corps. A wave of criticism was the result and serious opposition to Grayson's confirmation developed in the Senate. But the President was firm and persistent. He wielded the power he possessed and knew so well how to use, so the confirmation of Grayson was effected. It should be stated that there was nothing personal in the opposition, nor was there any intimation of Dr. Grayson's professional unfitness. All the opposition was based solely upon the injustice to the other surgeons in the Navy.

#### "Keeping the President Fit"

PROFESSIONAL ethics forbids a physician to talk about his patient or discuss the relations which exist between them. But when a President is a patient, the light of publicity beats so fiercely upon him and all that surrounds him that much must be known that would never become public if the patient were a private citizen.

It has been assumed that President Wilson has been a difficult patient for his physician, for the exhibition of his imperious will in other matters and his resistance to restraint in all his dealings in politics and statesmanship has given the impression that he would be equally headstrong with the doctors. Admiral Grayson will go so far as to say that the President, while chafing because of inability to continue work, is a very tractable patient and not, as many have asserted, difficult to manage. Those who know anything about Mr. Wilson can believe the Admiral's statement because it always has been known that the President has often been alarmed concerning his physical condition and felt the necessity of yielding to the advice of expert medical men. He has never gone anywhere without a doctor near him, and Dr. Grayson's constant attendance even when the President was in apparent good health always has been a matter of general knowledge.

Dr. Grayson devoted himself to "keeping the President fit." For that reason he spent hours on the golf links. Not wanting the President to talk politics or government affairs he insisted that the playing companions of the President should be those who would not take the President's mind from his game and thus prevent the relaxation from business affairs which was the object he sought.

During the World War the duties of the President's physician became more exacting. They were made more so by the exciting political campaign when the President was a candidate for reelection. Then as the President took on additional burdens, first trying to bring about peace and then the war, Admiral Grayson had to give the best his scientific and professional skill could devise, because his patient presented a mental as well as a physical problem. When the war ended and the President decided to go to the Peace Conference, the difficulties of his physician increased because the President worked harder than ever before, and overwork was his worst enemy.

All of this led up to the final collapse of the President, for while his physician could keep him in bodily health he could not restrain him from presenting his great ideas to the limit of his ability, and which finally resulted in a mental and physical breakdown.

#### A Delicate Matter for Any Man to Handle

THE months following were very trying for Dr. Grayson. He had a responsibility seldom imposed upon any physician. His patient was more than Woodrow Wilson—he was the President of the United States, and the whole world was vitally interested. From the time the President became ill, Dr. Grayson was rarely away from him and always within call. Every night he was at the White House and occupied a room adjacent to that of the President. He was

(Continued on page 52)



# YOU ARE BEATEN—



- When "If" controls your efforts.  
When you think you are a failure.  
When you get discouraged and lose heart.  
When you cease to stand up for your principles.  
When you let up in your efforts to push ahead.  
When you say "Yes," when you should say "No."  
When you are a leaner, a follower, an imitator, a trailer.  
When you throw up your hands and surrender to obstacles.  
When you have no fixity of purpose, no one unwavering aim.  
When you are pessimistic and have a wrong outlook on life.  
When you don't demand the highest thing of which you are capable.  
When you fail to stand by your proposition like the Rock of Gibraltar.  
When you allow jealousy or envy to mar your life, to make you unhappy.  
When you cease to do your best and are half-satisfied with your second best.  
When you go about showing dejection and despair in your face and bearing.  
When you cease to work for a living, to strive, to struggle to get on in the world.  
When you choose the lower and the higher is possible. Not failure, but low aim is crime.  
When you are not master of yourself and let your animal appetites and passions rule you.  
When you feel like a coward, a nobody, a down-and-out, and give way to discouragement.  
When you are afraid to step out of the crowd, to live your own life, to think your own thoughts.  
When you cease to be a good citizen and neighbor, and to stand for something in your community.  
When you can't stand up like a man and face the music, or take your medicine—whatever it may be.  
When you begin to say, "Oh, what's the use? The world is against me! A cruel fate is on my track!"  
When you are making excuses for not standing up like a man when difficulties and obstacles confront you.  
When you are so sensitive that you can't take advice, and go all to pieces when you are criticized or crossed.  
When you cease to walk, talk and act like a conqueror; when you cease to carry victory in your very face and bearing.  
When procrastination runs in your blood; when you can't decide things; when you are forever on the fence, always reconsidering your decisions.  
When you choose the easiest way; when you are enamored of the easy chair; when you are not willing to pay the price for the larger thing of which you are capable.  
When you lose your backbone; haven't iron enough in your blood; when you are afraid to begin to do a thing which you know you are capable of doing and ought to do.  
When you can't give an impetus to progress, a lift to civilization. When you can't leave the world a little better off, a little higher up and a little further on—a better place to live in.  
When you don't stand by your word, make good your promises; when you are not honest, straight, square, then you are beaten so far as being a man is concerned; and that's what you are on this earth for—to play the part of a man, to do your work with courage, good cheer, in a helpful spirit.

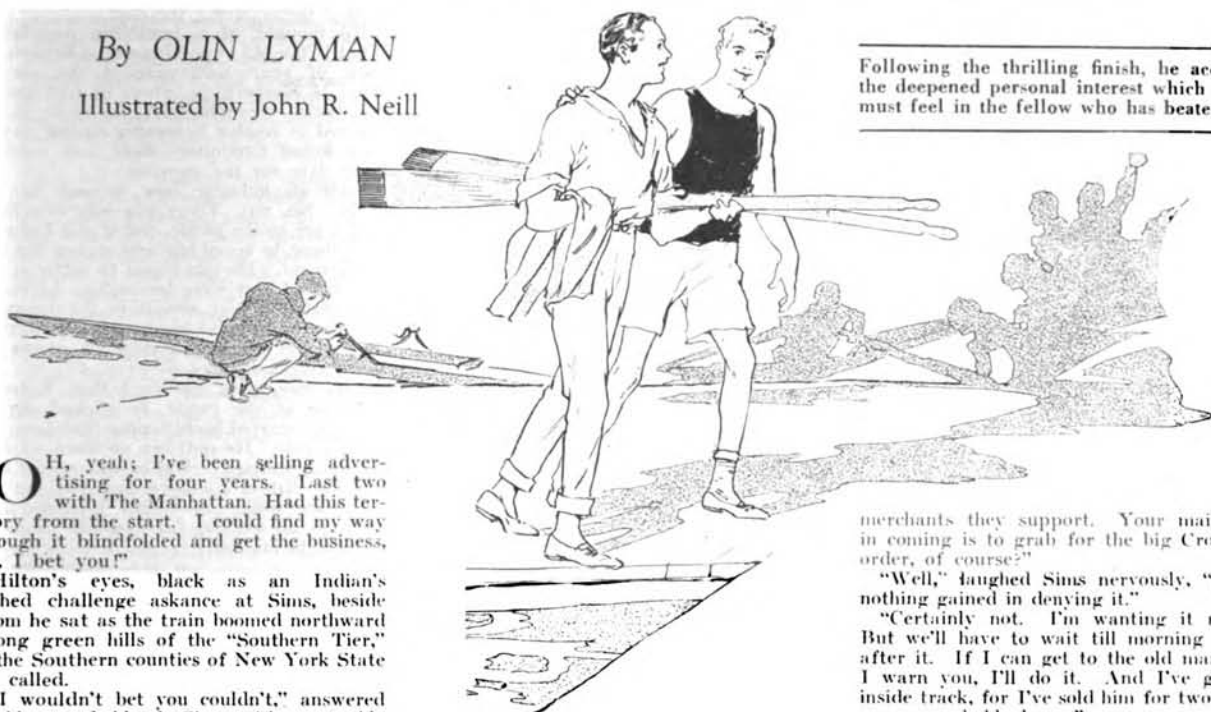
—O. S. M.



# THE VOICE THAT WON

By OLIN LYMAN

Illustrated by John R. Neill



"O H, yeah; I've been selling advertising for four years. Last two with The Manhattan. Had this territory from the start. I could find my way through it blindfolded and get the business, too, I bet you!"

Hilton's eyes, black as an Indian's flashed challenge askance at Sims, beside whom he sat as the train boomed northward among green hills of the "Southern Tier," as the Southern counties of New York State are called.

"I wouldn't bet you couldn't," answered the blue-eyed, blonde Sims, with reasonable humility of the tyro salesman on his first trip out.

Billy Hilton, who was taller and more slender than Harry, leaned back luxuriously: "If you did, you'd lose," he answered succinctly. "Orders" is my middle name. Odd thing, my happening to run into you at the junction just now. I knew the Royal had a man out, but I thought he was to the west of the territory. All the better; we'll hit Crompton together and have a little showdown. Eh, what?"

Little imps of malice danced in his eyes as Sims stirred uneasily. Hilton loved to catch these cubs raw and bait them under the guise of cordiality. His nature contained a streak of cruelty in accordance with his eagle-visaged, swarthy aspect, like an Indian's. Also, he was accounted an Indian in selling goods. In reaching for signatures upon the dotted line, his methods toward rivals were politely ruthless.

His eyes narrowed as he speculated regarding that "showdown." He meant to convince Sims later that he had run out of luck when they met on the train. He had expected to have Crompton and the other towns to the north to himself. Well, it was up to him to make the other man—who had admitted that he was a "cub" on the road—sick of having crossed his trail before he was through.

Sims had not answered his last remark. He was staring out of the window. Now Hilton nodded lazily and proceeded with his furtive baiting, which he intended should soon have the novice's heart quaking. It had worked successfully before.

"This road work is the hardest kind of going. You've found it so; what? But we all have to break in. Of course, the scrapping spirit is deadly; it's bound to be the spirit of business. It's a case of 'You breathe a lot of my dust and I'll breathe a little of yours.' Conversely, if the other fellow can reverse the process, your kelly comes off to him."

"I've been on the road for the Royal about a month," almost apologetically answered Sims. "I've managed to keep ahead of the drawing account."

"Good! You'll be coming up like a yeast-cake soon. I can give you some pointers. It will be just passing along what some of the 'vets' handed me, breaking in. I'm always glad to do as I was done by."

"Here's my creed. In business hours, war to the hilt, of course. Between whiles, choo-chooing to some other field of battle, belike, we're friends, see?"

"I see."

Hilton plunged headlong into his theory of salesmanship.

"What is selling? *Vamping*, my boy, *vamping*! The voice with the vamp wins. A voice without it has no show for the steady come-again trade. Now *you've* got it; I can see that, and it'll be an asset when you get so you can make it lie down and roll over and do anything you want it to do."

Sims nodded, impressed, apparently held in thrall by the pleasant persuasive voice of his companion.

"Second come the goods," Hilton went on. "But first is the voice. A voice with knots and slivers on it will fail to put over the best goods in the world. On the other hand a fellow with one of those kid-me-to-sleep voices could sell hashesh to a hash-house. Do you get me?"

"I hope so," replied Sims trustfully.

"So," broke off Hilton, pointing to the windows next which Sims sat, "we'll bust off this little lecture in the middle, for here's Crompton now."

THE train was rumbling by a collection of two-story frame houses built around a large brick factory. It was that of the Crompton Household Utilities Company, the great industry which accounted for the presence of the town itself and its twelve thousand inhabitants.

"And, by the way," pursued Hilton, "did you know that we have nothing to do 'till to-morrow?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're new to the territory, of course," chuckled Hilton. "We've run into 'Picnic Day' of the Crompton works. The town is made up of Crompton's workmen and the

Following the thrilling finish, he accorded the deepened personal interest which a man must feel in the fellow who has beaten him.

merchants they support. Your main idea in coming is to grab for the big Crompton order, of course?"

"Well," laughed Sims nervously, "there's nothing gained in denying it."

"Certainly not. I'm wanting it myself. But we'll have to wait till morning to get after it. If I can get to the old man first, I warn you, I'll do it. And I've got the inside track, for I've sold him for two years, as you probably know."

"Yes," rather hopelessly answered Sims, his usually sunny voice rather cloudy. "That means you've sold him four times. He buys twice a year; right after the holidays and in mid-summer, for the 'rush' fall stuff. And he buys big."

"I see the Royal has taught you your little book," gloated Hilton politely. "Yes, old Ephraim Crompton buys *big*, all right. He's a tough old crust, but I got the knack of cutting through it. Some pie underneath! The commissions add quite a little to my honorarium."

"He wouldn't look at anyone else, I'll bet you. Don't you think, old man, you'd better save your legs the walk-over-to-morrow, and tackle the small stuff? You might annex a little of it before I get back from the main tent."

"Oh, no," disconsolately replied the blonde boy, reaching for his sample-cases as the train halted at the neat little brick station. "I'm expected to call, of course, and I've got to see them as a matter of principle." With a heavy sigh he picked up his cases and followed his rival out of the car. It was trying enough, on this maiden trip, to find cards of experience and entry stacked against him!

"You see what I mean; the town being shut down on picnic day? It's an annual institution; everything shut up. Everyone's at the doings, at the grove a mile down the river."

SIMS' brooding glance assayed shut and shaded doors and windows. "Evidently. It's like Sunday." Notwithstanding summer sunlight and the green of elms shading the main macadam business street, it was a rather ordinary looking town, smacking of utilities.

"Cheer up!" soothed the "vampish" voice of his companion. "You might see old Eph to-morrow first, at that."

Lured by the false note of sympathy in the vocal organ of which Hilton was proud with reason, Sims' heavy manner brightened. "How's that?" he inquired eagerly.

"I might drop dead!" chuckled the brunette salesman. "Here we are at the hotel. They call it that."



The cases were heavy. However, the malicious enjoyment of his errand kept him cheerful.

His tall, straight, alert figure ran up the steps of the Kingsley House, a frame structure of three stories, built in rambling colonial fashion. The heavier young man followed easily. He was of rather leisurely type, at best, and Hilton had been at pains to carefully extract what "pep" his constitution might have concealed in reference to approaching the town's only worthwhile prospect the next day.

They registered, then Sims followed Hilton into the veranda where they took chairs and stared across the nearly deserted street. Hilton stole a stealthy side glance at his comrade-in-grips. He appeared depressed.

Hilton registered an elaborate yawn. "I believe I'll go up and lie down for an hour," he said. "I put in a hard day yesterday. Don't you want to do likewise?"

"No," glumly replied Sims, "I'll sit a while and look at the scenery, thank you."

Hilton rose wearily—a strange reaction after his alertness of a few moments before, and walked into the inn. He asked for his key. Not waiting for the boy to take his cases, Hilton carried them up to his room on the next floor.

THE moment he was out of range from where Sims might have looked back and seen him, his tired feeling seemed to evaporate.

Instead of carrying the cases into his

room, he continued through the corridor and down a rear stairway into a court back of the inn. There he paused for a moment looking back in triumph.

It was a furtive variety of that emotion and unmistakably malicious.

"It's tough to be green!" ran his thought. "But lucky for me, at that. I've got you vamped, Mr. Royal Advertising, into believing the whole Crompton works is closed down for the picnic. And so it is, almost."

"But for fear someone might tip you off to the fact that old Ephraim Crompton isn't at the picnic, I'll just beat it in that direction while the going's good!"

He had mislaid his sales rival through the favorite media of half-truths. This was the anniversary of the day on which he had made his midsummer sale to Crompton the year before. He knew the peculiar old fellow's habit of years. While financing the annual affair generously, he had never attended it, through a shy distaste of crowds. He knew that if he went there he would be the center of attraction, and from this his crusty soul revolted. The thousands employed in his shops understood him, and there was no resentment over his absence.

Moreover, Ephraim's devotion to his office amounted to a mild mania. Holidays and all days, except Sunday, he was to be found at his desk.

The buying he always did himself, trusting nothing to subordinates. Billy Hilton, in his forays among patrons, liked to engineer "sure thing gambles." He had one here, he gleefully reflected, as he darted down a rear alley toward a side street, leaving Harry Sims marooned in the inn veranda.

Upon the side street was a drug store which he hoped would be open. It was, and he stepped into a telephone booth.

HE emerged from the hot and uncomfortable box after ten minutes, mopping his brow. He had finally found, through the voice without a smile of a telephone girl who was probably resentful because she was not at the picnic, that there was a break in the line to the works that would not be repaired before the next day.

"Nothing for it!" grimly determined Hilton. "I'll have to walk out there. There'll be nothing doing in the way of rigs; they're all at the grove. Wish they'd built that trolley line they've been talking of laying. Well, I can't run any chance of the blonde Billikin beating me to it. Here goes! I'll give this Royal Sims person one of those 'pointers' I was telling him about. I'll do by him as a hated rival once did by me!"

With which parting reflection, a cynical sidelight upon why moral evolution does not progress faster through the generations, he started to accomplish the discomfiture of Sims.

THE cases were heavy. More than once Hilton set them down in the dusty street and scrubbed his forehead. However, the malicious enjoyment of his errand kept him cheerful as he trudged the street lined with the homes of the mill folk. They were deserted, except for a few elderly or sick persons. Everybody was at the picnic in the grove. The resort was at the opposite end of the town, three miles from the mill.

Perspiring but exultant, Hilton arrived at the office. His smile evaporated. The doors were locked.

He stood in the yard the picture of dismay. There was nobody about upon whom

he might ply his "vamping" voice, to inquire if Ephraim Crompton had been seen around there during the day.

He thought of a terrifying possibility. What if the old curmudgeon had broken his habit of years and were at the picnic? What if Harry Sims, whom he had left in the hotel veranda with nothing to do, chanced to resolve to wander to the picnic? And found Crompton there and made a prior date for the morning?

Such an outcome now seemed to him likely. No, no! There was only one thing to do; get to the picnic, and if old Ephraim were there, to beard him and secure the first engagement. He had hoped to settle it this day, but if that were impossible, he meant to launch the first assault in the morning, and depended upon his persuasive powers, backed by excellent goods, to quash his Royal rival's chances.

Therefore, now convinced that Ephraim must be at the picnic, he picked up his cases and started back, hoping that he might catch a ride. He did: two of them, in fact, for short "carries." But he walked for over half the distance, and realized that he was exercising while the ardent sunshine beat down in an evident fierce effort to strike through to his soul.

AS he trudged along the winding river, nearing the entrance to the grove, he whooped at a remembered figure. Dan Carney, the superintendent of the Crompton plant, was sitting on a log puffing a pipe.

"Say, Mr. Carney," asked Hilton, setting down his cases, "Is old man Crompton in the grove?" With an affirmative answer he intended to ask Carney to watch his cases while he hurried there and made an engagement with Ephraim for early the following morning.

The craggy-faced Carney blinked at him, recalling his former visits. "Hello, young fellow. Some load! But you're wasting your time. The old man never gambols with us; he's too shy. Besides—"

"Then where is he? I was out at the mill." His tone was sharp.

"Well, if you're bent on seein' him, you'd better trot right back again. He told me he was going to drive his pair out to the farm this mornin' and stop at the office on his way back, where he'd do some work till supper time—"

"Didn't see a fellow who looked as if he might be in my business showing up here, did you?" eagerly interrupted Hilton.

"Why, there was a fellow talkin' to me. Said his name was Sims, of the Royal Advertising Company, of New York. He's watchin' the sports now. I'm going back in a few minutes. Better come along. You—"

"No!" answered Hilton impatiently. "I'm going back!"

There was now in his voice nothing of the "vamping" quality upon which he had prided himself in his talk with Sims. Instead, in the harsh tone were burrs and brambles. He picked up his cases and started back the way he had come. He was quite capable of indifferent rudeness toward people who, in his judgment, had ceased to be of use to him.

Carney gazed after him with imperturbable calm, though cold sparks glinted in his gray eyes.

"Thank yeh!" he muttered ironically. "No; he ain't got time. And he was so busy he wouldn't let me tell him anything! Aw, well!" Philosophically he rose and walked slowly back toward the entrance to the grove.

Gloating, Hilton tramped back rapidly the way he had come. Several bus loads of late comers to the picnic passed him, but no vehicles seemed to be turning back his way.



He was overheated and wearied, but his discomfort was forgotten in the zest of his pursuit.

He knew now that old Ephraim would be at the office; was there now, perhaps. With that reflection he increased his stride. Also, young Sims was in the grove, watching the sports. He grinned a dusty grin. In addition to the commissions, there was the fun of tying up Sims!

HE had nearly reached the village before a farmer's wagon, going out by the mill road, overtook him. He threw the cases into the wagon and hopped up to the tail-board, swinging his weary legs. He alighted at the mills, took his cases, found the office locked, and sat down on the steps to await old Ephraim Crompton's arrival.

With a handkerchief he mopped his grimy face. His feet hurt, and he removed his shoes to rub them. There was no shade anywhere about the mill. However, Hilton's glad anticipation minimized discomfort.

He would see old Ephraim Crompton, while Sims lingered at the picnic, and he would sell Eph. He always had!

A crow, perched in a scraggly tree across the mill yard, cawed at Hilton. There was something derisive in the sound.

Hilton did not notice the crow nor his caw. He was mentally figuring his commissions.

MEANWHILE, the sports were proceeding at the grove, where thousands of the townsfolk were enjoying themselves after the "big cats" provided, after annual custom, by the Crompton concern.

The athletic events were for both sexes. Small prizes of merchandise were offered. There was a small grand stand and running track on the outskirts of the picturesque grove.

Young Harry Sims, of the Royal Advertising concern of New York, was an interested spectator of the bright unrest, shot through with the gay color of feminine summer-gowns. He apparently had conquered his dejection which Hilton had sought to foster on the train and later at the inn, and summoned philosophy through coming to mix with the community on its carefree day.

He had come in a bus immediately after luncheon—which meal his restless rival had not enjoyed—and began now to feel the need of it. Of course, too, Sims had brought no cases. They were in his room at the hotel.

Business seemed far from his mind as he wandered about, watching the various contests. Also, a light kindled in his eyes as he essayed the creditable performances of the leading performer in the young men's games.

He was a tall, red-haired young fellow who won nearly every contest he entered. He was a clever distance runner, sprinter, and jumper. Sims' eyes narrowed as he observed his demeanor during the broad jump, in which he was finally defeated by a mill-hand.

"He's a good loser," was his unspoken comment. "In fact, one of the best I ever saw. Seems to take it rather as a joke on himself. H-m-m-m, that's a good sign!"

He pondered for a moment, frowning thoughtfully. "Wonder if it would last, though?" he reflected doubtfully. "Wish he'd get beaten in this half-mile run that's starting. Then I could make sure he's a real sport."

Fate was kind and granted this amiable wish. A pop-eyed, freckled-face, long-geared youth forged ahead in the last spurt, and "Redhead" was the runner-up.

Sims nodded, satisfied. "It's all right,"

he conceded mentally. "He's the real thing, as I understand. If he wins, he takes it as a matter of course. If some other fellow beats him, he sits up and takes notice of him. Which he might well do, for he certainly had one dandy record at college!"

"Now it's up to me for this favorite event. I wonder if I can beat him? But I'll try it, for if I do it gives me a big leverage, as he's got the true sporting makeup. If I can't beat him, I've got to be the runner-up, anyhow. He's got to notice me before I talk any business. Muscles, chirk up! It'll be time for you to work soon! Anyway, they'll be fresher than his."

BY which it may be inferred that Harry Sims' visit to the annual Crompton picnic, that afternoon, was not accidental. In fact, he had been secretly dismayed to find Billy Hilton, his more experienced and "vamp"-voiced rival on the train that morning.

Sims' presence at the picnic that afternoon was not accidental! From the moment he met Hilton on the train he had been far

more wideawake than, for instance, Hilton. He had come into this territory with more "inside information" than Hilton ever took the trouble to secure. This was his first trip—but Harry was a student.

He knew that Hilton had not gone upstairs in the inn to lie down. Walking through a corridor to the rear he had seen him dart down the alley. Knowing of old Crompton's daily habit at the office, he realized how Hilton was plotting to circumvent him.

However, he leisurely ate his luncheon, which Hilton was missing by now, and left for the picnic.

SUPERINTENDENT Dan Carney could have told Hilton of a new element in the situation that he did not know. However, Hilton had given Carney no time and less courtesy.

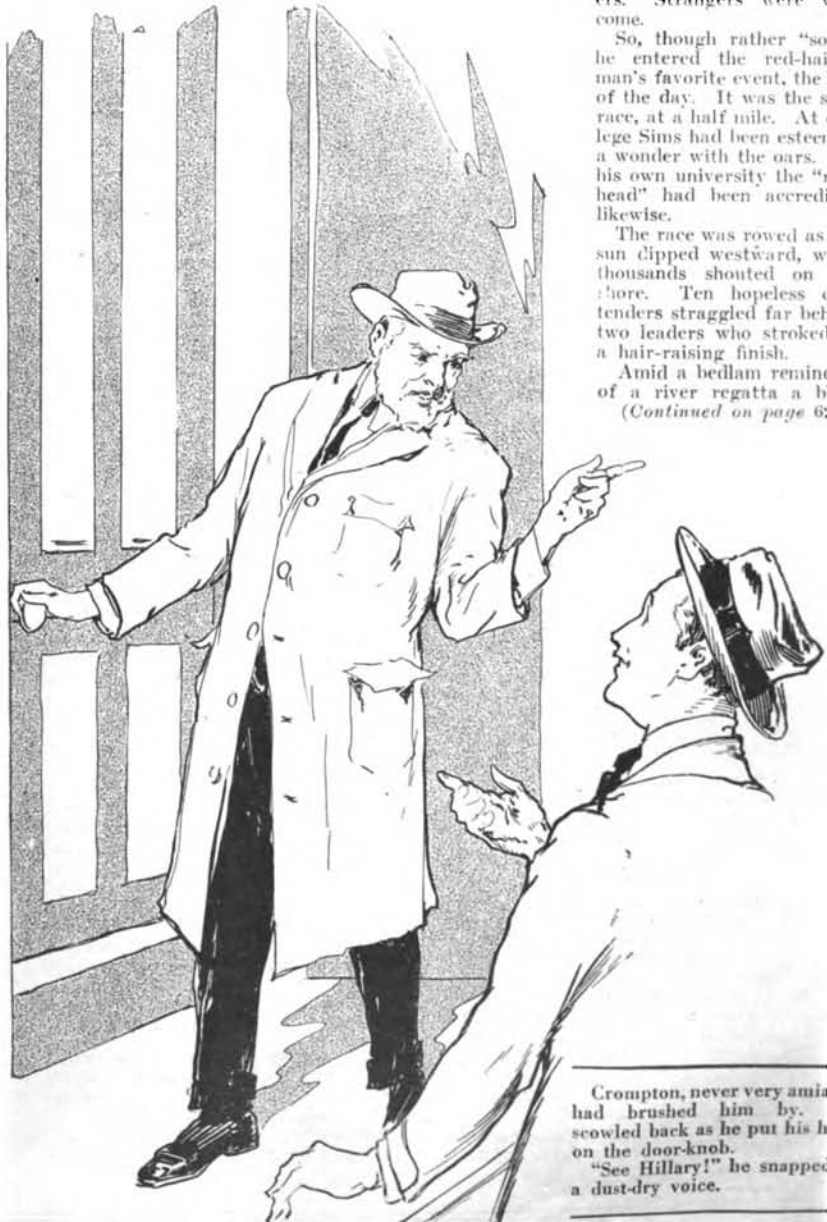
But Sims had come to the picnic—to sell goods! He was now studying for a suitable approach.

He had found it through lucky circumstances. He had learned that entry in all events was free to all comers. Strangers were welcome.

So, though rather "soft," he entered the red-haired man's favorite event, the last of the day. It was the skiff race, at a half mile. At college Sims had been esteemed a wonder with the oars. At his own university the "red-head" had been accredited likewise.

The race was rowed as the sun clipped westward, while thousands shouted on the shore. Ten hopeless contenders straggled far behind two leaders who stroked to a hair-raising finish.

Amid a bedlam remindful of a river regatta a blue—  
(Continued on page 62)



Crompton, never very amiable, had brushed him by. He scowled back as he put his hand on the door-knob.

"See Hillary!" he snapped in a dust-dry voice.

# THE BRILLIANT BARRYMORES

LIONEL—ETHEL—JOHN

Their Separate Struggles Terminated in Each Being Starred in a Different New York Theater in One Season—a Situation Never Before Heard of in Dramatic History

By ADA PATTERSON

**T**HE name, Barrymore, was picked out in letters of light against the background of a night sky before three playhouses in New York at the same time during the closing season. "Ethel Barrymore" flamed above the Empire, where she played "Declassee." Four blocks further up Broadway, "Lionel Barrymore" was spelled in flame points above the Criterion where he was interpreting "The Letter of the Law." If you had crossed Broadway and turned the corner into Forty-fifth Street you would have seen a sign proclaiming "John Barrymore" in Shakespeare's "Richard III."

In the autumn the three names will again flame against the background of the night sky, for Miss Barrymore will continue to shine in "Declassee," and her brothers will co-star in "Othello," Lionel the sturdier one to play the title rôle; John, of more delicately fashioned physique, to play the subtle arch villain, *Iago*.

**T**EN years ago they were all playing prominent parts within the same distance of each other on Broadway. Ethel Barrymore was the star of "Mid-Channel" at the Empire. John Barrymore was appearing in the title rôle of "The Fortune Hunter" at the Gaiety Theater and midway between them, Lionel Barrymore was playing in a sketch, "The Jail Bird," at Hammerstein's Victoria.

These recurrent events mean much. Particularly since they were less than twenty years old the trio were impoverished orphans with the world before them.

Yes, it means much. It signifies that rich talents have been utilized to the uttermost. It means faces forward. It means a resolute climb upward. It means despondency overcome and obstacles surmounted.

True, to these three children, who had inherited no dollars, had been transmitted talent from three generations. Georgie Drew, their mother, had signal gifts as an actress. Their father, Maurice Barrymore, was a handsome, dashing actor, with rare wit and the talent for writing. He had written "Najesda," a play for Modjeska, and "The Robber of the Rhine." Before these were Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, able players, both, and for thirty years managers of the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia. And yet another, for Eliza Kinloch, mother of Mrs. John Drew, was a fine old actress of the previous century. She had lived in a sturdy and militant state to ninety. Yet splendid as was this inheritance it is not enough to explain the fact that their three descendants are all stars on Broadway. Lionel Barrymore says elsewhere in these pages, "Who knows how far inheritance has carried my sister and brother, and how far their own efforts? Certainly inheritance would not have taken them all the way they have traveled."

## HOW I OVERCAME DISCOURAGEMENT

By *ETHEL BARRYMORE*

**S**UCCESS on the stage is thinking your way through your part—thinking, thinking, thinking! Life is but a larger stage. What we say of the theater is true of the world. To succeed we must think our way even through disheartenment.

I have had my portion of discouragement. For six years after I went on the stage, I did not have one good part. My memory of that period is of putting all that thought could do into poor parts and of thinking how I could possibly get better ones. I loathed the words "charm" and "beauty" because they were applied to me when I longed for the words "talent" and "cleverness." I was in what might be termed a state of determined dejection. I was dejected because it was my conviction that I was getting all the poor, thankless parts that had ever been written for an actress. But I was determined to work my way out of them. I was handicapped instead of helped by the fact that I was from a family of bril-

liant players. The public knew it and expected a great deal from me from the beginning. I did all I could to register in colorless characters.

**O**PPORTUNITY came as it does to every one. It first came when I was about to return from London to America. I had but one evening gown and that had been worn so much that it matched my mood of dejection. While I was putting it on for a farewell party I received a note from Miss Ellen Terry. She asked me to go over to see her at the Lyceum Theater. I went, and she took me down to see Sir Henry Irving. He asked me if I wished to stay in London and play in his company. I said I would, indeed. So the party wasn't a farewell party, and I was able shortly to buy a new gown.

**T**HE second chance came when Charles Frohman, seeing me rehearse in "His Excellency the Governor," said: "Ethel, you are very like your mother." He said it twice and followed his train of thought by giv-

ing me the leading role, *Mme. Trentoni*, in "Captain Jinks." One night I turned the corner into Thirty-fifth Street, on my way to the Garrick Theater, and saw my name in electric lights. The end achieved? By no means. I knew that the usual danger faced me. I would be expected to play charming girl parts until I grew too old to play them, unless I made known my dominating desire to play a variety of parts.

I was counseled by older and more experienced persons that I was "foolish" and "the public won't want you in them." They were right in one respect. When I began playing older and serious roles, the public registered its disapproval at the box office. But in time it showed its faith in me in those roles. I think I have demonstrated that my wish to play them was not "foolish." On life's stage we should know what we want and press on to that point of achievement. Obstacles gradually yield to a changeless purpose.

No one can successfully dispute his assertion. Yet each of the trio has traveled an uneven road to the heights. Each has been poor. Each has battled in her or his own way for development. Each turned from a chosen profession to the one which fate selected for them. They did this for the simple reason, understandable to all. In the words of the feminine member of the famous trio, "I went upon the stage because I had to have money." Nor was the arrival of either at the goal of success a sudden one. Save for the counsel of their suave "Uncle Jack," John Drew, their journey upward was unaided except by the inward urge. Maurice Barrymore died as his two older children were turning into their twenties.

**ETHEL BARRYMORE**, exchanging recollections with a group of friends, said: "My first recollection is of quarreling with my brother, Lionel, a year older, in the garden of our house in London. I don't recall the cause of the quarrel, but I do remember the violence of it. From words we came to blows and our parents were not about. So we fought it out to what I believe is called a 'draw.' We had many fierce battles afterward and the end was always the same—a 'draw.' My brother was a stout youth and from the outcome of the battles, I fancy I was a stout maiden.

"We were living in St. John's Wood, in the usual London house with its pretty garden. I don't remember the flowers. I must have been an unpoetic child. But I do remember the dogs. There

may have been five or six but they seemed like hundreds at the time. They were rough playfellows; but no rougher than my big brother, and I wasn't afraid of either."

She was seven years old when her parents brought their trio of little ones back to the birthplace of all, Philadelphia. Ethel was placed in the Convent of Notre Dame. There she remained for eight, what she says were "quiet, pleasant years" interrupted only by vacations spent with her parents and her distinguished grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, at Long Branch or other places where their fancy led. Until that dark hour when she went to California with her mother and when because both her father and grandmother were filling engagements, it was the portion of the child of thirteen to minister alone to her mother's last hours.

Ethel Barrymore spent five hours a day at the piano, trying to fit herself for a concert pianiste. She had heard Paderewski and had a vision of herself as his successor, save that she resolved that she would keep her hair neat. But at fifteen, for that readily comprehensible reason already mentioned, she adopted the stage. Her debut was in the rôle of *Julia* in "The Rivals." It took place in her grandmother's company at Montreal. Thereafter, six years of bad parts; the longings for better ones.

She felt that she was close to the sunny heights of success when Sir Henry Irving said to her with a pat on her head, "You have done well, my child. You should have a brilliant future." But Miss Barrymore wasn't quite so optimistic as Sir Henry.

Photo by  
Charlotte  
Fairchild,  
New York.



ETHEL  
BARRYMORE

Brothers and sister—  
three stars of the  
theatrical firmament  
who head three different  
successes of this  
season.

© Moffett,  
Chicago.



JOHN BARRYMORE

© J. E. Purdy &  
Co., Boston.



LIONEL BARRYMORE

## WHEN I KNEW WHAT IT IS TO BE HUNGRY

By JOHN BARRYMORE

**T**HERE'S a good deal of foolishness written and spoken about the stage. It's only another way of earning a living. An actor is not different from other people. His business is quite as commercial as banking or selling shoes. The rules that apply to other professions apply to his as much and no more.

When I was a youngster, I wanted to be an artist. I went to the Slade School in London. I was anxious to portray various types of life. I had an especial interest in medieval types. I worked for two years on a New York newspaper. I made cartoons. One of my assignments was to make cartoons to illustrate some articles by Ella Wheeler Wilcox on "Optimism." The cartoons didn't seem to her to fit the treatment of her themes. She asked that my work should be discontinued. The editor went further. He discontinued my work on the paper. Later

on, I met Mrs. Wilcox. She discovered with great surprise that I was not, as she had supposed, an old man. She gave me a lecture on the mistake of a young man having such a gloomy outlook upon life.

**I** SCRAPED acquaintance in those days with a writer, Frank Butler. I met him one evening and inquired how much money he at that time possessed. He said, "A quarter." I nonchalantly informed him that that would feed us both and that in return for a division of his meal I would take him to my studio to sleep. Unfortunately for my yearning stomach he expected to find an article of his in a weekly paper. He paid ten cents of that precious quarter for the paper. It was a problem how to pay for two meals with the fifteen cents. We finally arranged that he should order beans and eat half of them, when I

should call him out and eat what remained. When I took him home to my studio, he caviled at the fact that it was unfurnished save for a few books on the floor. I reminded him with dignity that I offered to share a studio not a bed. We slept on the floor, using the books for a pillow. Next day he wrote a story about how the authors of those books came to us in our dreams. He got ten dollars for the story and gave me two dollars and fifty cents as my share of the proceeds. Frank Butler is dead. Poor old chap!

**W**ELL, I'm doing what I set out to do. I wanted to draw characters. I'm drawing them but instead of using pen and ink, I employ my own body and brain.

We may all realize our ambitions; but sometimes, as in my case, with a slight difference of medium.

"It was a small part in 'The Bells'," she said. "Just a little part in which I had to sit on his knee and call him 'Dear father.' How elated I was! I said to myself, 'I'm surely greater than Bernhardt and I suppose I shall be taking Ellen Terry's place in the company.'"

But an awakening awaited the jubilant young person. Came the night when she gave London a further taste of her quality in "Cynthia."

"They were cold—glacial—for two acts," she said, "and I was miserable. They didn't know me. Perhaps some of them remembered that I had been with Irving but that would have prejudiced them against me, for then I was very young and very bad—worse because I was convinced that I was good. In the third act of 'Cynthia' the audience warmed up a little, but the play was unsuccessful."

**N**O, the road was not smooth. There were in her own country critics who "missed the parental talent." And there were the managers who advised her "to make the most of her youth and beauty. That's what the public want." But her fixed purpose moved obstacles. She induced Charles Frohman to permit her to play the mother of a young girl in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and to essay *Nora* in "The Doll's House." The critics advised her to stick to "straight parts"; but she played a middle-aged woman in the tragedy of marriage, "Mid-Channel." Since her triumph in that play she has been permitted a wide range of parts.

"I'll make you cry yet," she said to an unconvinced critic who afterwards admitted that she did.

(Continued on page 54)

## HOW I TACKLED OPPORTUNITIES

By LIONEL BARRYMORE

**S**UCCESS is satisfactorily embracing every good opportunity. Four words of equal weight! One must be able to distinguish between mere opportunities, fair opportunities and good opportunities. One must not disdain any opportunity. But there are rival opportunities. One must take counsel with himself and decide which is the good opportunity. Having determined that he should embrace it not faintly, not indifferently, but fully, satisfactorily.

It is an advantage to have such ancestors as the good God gave to my sister, Ethel; my brother, Jack; and myself. It is an advantage not only on the stage but in any place or station. I am never conscious of the value of that heredity myself, while on the stage. My one idea is to

manage to get through. But I am conscious of it in the case of my sister and brother. I realize their endowment, and never fear any degree of failure for them. Yet who can say how much of their success is due to inheritance, how much to effort. Heredity has not taken them all the way.

**I** BELIEVE that an actor and every one else should read a great deal. I read all the time. I read everything I can get. No one in any profession can have too wide a survey of life. I have no favorite author. Everyone who writes a good book is my favorite author at the time I am absorbing him.

Everyone should keep himself well and fit. To try to get on with a weak

body is like building a house without a corner stone. The building will wobble. So will the career built upon such a foundation.

Exercise? Yes, I believe in it. But every New Yorker who travels in the New York City subway gets that. I live at Hempstead, Long Island, but the trip from the Pennsylvania station is just as bad.

No late hours. Regular living is a part of success. Good health is a greater asset than riches.

**O**NE must know his job. He learns it by working at it. I wouldn't know how to go about acquiring the technique of acting. I believe that it comes with working at your job. So long as we work we can go on learning the technique of that work.



# Does the Brute Rule You

*There is nothing else which will so quickly open the door to opportunity, to society, to the hearts of all, as a fine manner.*

*Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It eliminates jar and friction and makes things run smoothly.*

## —or— Do You Rule the Brute?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

**A** FRIEND of mine was hurrying across the street to catch a railroad train, and he ran violently into a man coming in the opposite direction, knocking off his hat and nearly knocking him down. Instantly the man's face flushed with anger, his fists clenched, and he looked as if he were going to strike my friend. However, instead of rushing on to catch the train, regardless of injury or discourtesy to others, as so many in similar circumstances would have done, my friend stopped and said: "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to do that. I am very sorry." Then he stooped to pick up the hat. In an instant the courteous apology and gracious act neutralized the other man's hot temper, and a smile spread over his flushed face more quickly than I can describe it. All that was kind and gracious and forgiving in him was called out by my friend's courtesy and gracious manner.

**W**E have all felt on occasions as this man did. Sometimes a man intent on getting somewhere will bump against you in a crowd and almost knock you over, or someone in a crowded car will step on your foot. Your first impulse is, figuratively, to "hit back" at him; but when he turns around and says, "I beg your pardon; I hope I didn't hurt you," all your resentment is gone in an instant. Only a second before perhaps you were angry enough to punch the man, but the balm of kindness, the salve of courtesy, acting as an antidote, immediately heals the hurt.

Very often it does more; it changes our resentment into admiration, and one thinks, or says to himself, "Now, that's a very decent fellow; he's all right. He's not one of those selfish hogs, too intent on his own business to have any consideration for other people." In fact, the moment the man shows the right spirit and takes pains to let you know that he didn't mean to be rude or to hurt you, that it was an accident, and that he is sorry and wishes he could make amends, no matter how great the injury, you forgive him gladly, freely.

We do not know just what physical processes take place in the brain, but there is no doubt that there is an instantaneous chemical change when the kindness—the love—essence acts on the feeling of resentment or anger in the mind of the person who was hurt or offended. The one instantly neutralizes the other, because it is its antidote.

**A** PROMINENT business man recently said to me: "I have dissolved lots of grudges, grouches, prejudices, bitterness and malice by plain kindness, by just being kind to people, and persisting in holding the good-will thought towards them when they were bitter and hateful and resentful towards me."

This man did not know it, but he was unconsciously practising mental chemistry, which is one of

the phases of mental science most persistently emphasized by the new philosophy of life. The new philosophy is teaching the world mental chemistry as it never knew it before. It is showing man that through it he can not only dissolve all grudges and ill-will that others may hold towards him, changing them from enemies into friends, but he can use it with instantaneous effect upon himself. It tells him that he can neutralize all of his vicious mental enemies instantly by their antidotes; and that these antidotes, remedies for the worst human poisons—the poison of hatred, of jealousy, of anger, of revenge, of smoldering resentment, all the poisons generated by uncontrolled passions,—exist in the mind, in the form of love, charity and good-will essences.

**T**HE great thing about mental chemistry is its simplicity.

Anyone can become an adept in it and get results immediately. Did you ever see a man receive a flagrant insult, perhaps grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? If you have, you have seen a perfect example of the mighty power and immediate efficacy of mental chemistry. Such a man instantly antidotes the anger thought by the love thought and prevents an explosion of passion that would make him less than a man. The instant neutralization of the hot anger that surges to his brain by the application of the love essence makes him godlike in the power and dignity of his self-control.

We hear a great deal about stopping to count ten or a



This is the result of an accident. Do you know what antidote should be applied?

hundred when one is angry. One might as well try to fire a gun a little at a time when the spark reaches the powder. There is no such thing as slowing down or letting it off easy. The whole of the powder in the charge explodes in an instant. When the spark of the insult, the threat, the insinuation, the fancied injury or offense offered by another, flies to the brain, there is a similar explosion there. The spark instantly sets fire to the explosive material in the brain, and there is no lapse of time for counting, for considering, for using one's judgment. The explosion which follows the contact of the explosive thoughts is instantaneous. Here is where the divine power of mental chemistry proves itself superior to all other advocated methods of self-control.

**I**NSTEAD of making an effort to stop to count ten, or twenty, or a hundred (and failing) when some one is rude, or steps on your pet corn by accident, or says something insulting, train yourself instantly to *turn on the love current*, and you will be amazed to see how quickly you will neutralize your rising anger. Continue to hold the love thought. Say mentally, "I can't be hard with this man, he is my brother; we both come from the same Source; we both belong to the same Divine Mind; neither one of us can injure the other without injuring himself; and, equally, whatever benefits me benefits him also."

Just as an acid which is eating into the flesh is instantly killed, neutralized by applying an alkali, so anger, hatred, ill-will cannot live an instant in the presence of love. We all know how quickly hatred or resentment, which we have been carrying against someone, perhaps for a long time, is neutralized when we meet that person and he offers us an apology, or does us some unexpected kindness. Instantly the corroding acid which has been eating into the soul is neutralized by the love antidote.

Even the untamed brute natures respond to the love thought. By the use of kindness and gentleness, an animal tamer can lead a wild beast with a string when ten men, by using force, would not be able to make it move. *There is something within us all which leaps forth to meet kindness and gentleness, as there is also something of the brute within us which leaps forth to meet the brute impulse.*

**M**ANY of us who have never learned the secret of mental chemistry have no more control over our evil passions than wild animals have over their natural impulses. We are like the tiger which a man reared from a cub until it was full grown. The animal became so fond of him that he would follow him around like a dog. One day, however, as he was licking his hand, he tasted blood from a scratch on his finger. Instantly the ferocious wild beast of the jungle was aroused in him and he leapt upon his master and tore him to pieces. Every day, on some slight provocation, when aflame with passion, the wild beast in human beings leaps forth and shoots, stabs, or poisons its best friend.

Nothing will take the place of the love antidote in neutralizing or destroying the impulses of the beast in our nature. Education will not, culture will not, even self-

## PRIDE

By Edwin Osgood Grover

**I** AM proud.

*I acknowledge it.*

Proud of my strength;

Proud of my ability to *do things*;

Proud of my loyal friends;

Of the few virtues that I have won

By years of struggle.

Why should I *not* be proud?

Of my youth,

Of my courage,

Of my ideals,

And of my *unsatisfied* ambition?

The pride that goeth before *destruction*

Is the pride in what we have *not*;

Pride in a *lie*;

Pride in *deceit*;

Pride in *cowardice*.

Yes, I am *proud*,

But I am proud of what I *have*.

interest will not. Unless we train ourselves in the practice of mental chemistry and can instantly antidote our anger thought by its opposite (because two opposite thoughts or emotions cannot exist in the mind at the same time), we can never be sure of holding the mastery over our minds.

How often does a parent lose his temper and strike his child in anger (most parents are mad when they punish their children), not knowing that he is thus calling out the worst that is in the child as well as in himself by giving free rein to the brute impulse in him! How often do cultured men and women go all to pieces over a little mistake or blunder of an employee, or of a servant who breaks a piece of china or a bit of bric-a-brac! They fly into a rage, utterly lose control of themselves and perhaps don't regain composure for a whole day! How poorly do the ma-

jority of us stand the tests of self-control to which we are put every day in the ordinary routine of life! How little brotherly love we show under slight provocation! When someone touches our sensitive spots, our weaknesses, our vanities; or when we are jostled in a crowded street-car or subway train; when a passing automobile spatters mud on our clothes; when someone in a crowd steps on our foot, or when a waiter spills soup on us—how quickly the brute breaks through our thin veneer of culture; how rapidly the primal instincts assert themselves!

**C**ENTURIES of civilization have taught us some of the graces of life. We have learned to cover up the brute a little more deftly than our primal ancestors did; to keep him out of sight a bit more effectively, but like the tame and docile tiger, he is always waiting to jump forth when he tastes blood. The only way to conquer him, to utterly rout him, is by the continual practice of love in all the relations of life.

Says the Greek philosopher, Epictetus: "If you wish not to be of an angry temper, do not feed the habit; throw nothing on it which will increase it." Instead of throwing anything on it to increase it, do the opposite. Turn on the Golden Rule current, the love current, and you will be amazed to see how quickly your passion fires will die down.

Whenever you are tempted to fly off the handle, because of real or fancied insults or injury, whenever you are tempted to give another person a piece of your mind; to call him down, because he has been rude or discourteous, or has injured you, remember that there is a better way—love's way. The love antidote will do what all your passion and bluster and force could never do. Love is the most powerful of all the poison antidotes in the pharmacopoeia of mental chemistry. *It is the one antidote which will neutralize all mental poisons, heal all wounds, and smooth all the rough places in life.*

You will find as you go through life, that it makes a tremendous difference whether you give your hand cordially, whole-heartedly, generously, or whether you give your fist; whether you give kind, conciliatory, loving words to all, or whether you rage, hate, criticize, and find fault, whether you rule the brute in you or let the brute rule you.

# The Man Who Made a Small Job Big

EUGENE GIFFORD GRACE

President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation

By KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

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

**A**N interesting thing, is success, to survey, but more interesting to the man who is working for his own success, is the manner in which another man has achieved it. And, contrary to the beliefs of the indolent man who is perpetually growling of someone's else luck and his lack of it, success most often enters through an humble little door called "Labor." Eugene Gifford Grace, of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, is a wonderful example of this—and other things, but—We will begin with work.

Mr. Grace has never been afraid of it. Early in the game this was revealed when he took prizes at Lehigh and a scholarship rewarded attention to his studies. Whole-heartedly he put himself into school work, as he afterwards put himself into the humblest sort of position which marked his start. Earnestness, and an absolute devotion to that which is, for the moment, before him characterize this man whose success is so colossal and whose rise has been meteoric in suddenness, but—lunar in steadiness!

"What do you think," I asked a friend of his, "has made Mr. Grace's success?"

"Absolute devotion to anything he undertakes," replied my informant, "and a real and absorbing interest in anything he does. Nothing has ever been too little for him, nothing too big. He considers all sides of it, and, as anyone will who truly looks into depths, becomes absorbingly interested."

**I** AGREED, but I did not think it was as simple as it sounded, since the ability to plumb depths is not given to many of us. I smiled at about this time. I remembered a story I'd heard of Mr. Grace's golf. This, by the way, he plays every day when at all possible, as he realizes that no man can run smoothly forever on one track, without help. Golf is the sand on the tracks of Mr. E. G. Grace and, I've no doubt, keeps his mental wheels from doing a squirrel cage specialty many times when the great burdens of his heavy work would otherwise unsteady him. But—to get back to the story.

I had never seen Mr. Grace play golf. I innocently

asked if he played. "Does he *play*?" replied the individual to whom I'd put the question. "Does he *play*? Oughta see him. He walks up to the tee, surveys the ball and his whole face says, '*You just wait! I'll get yuh!*' and—he does," ended this individual, "he does; they're almost always two hundred yards, or more, those drives. He can play!"

I believed it. It was quite what I had expected to hear. It was that return for effort, just what he would have gotten from anything. He *intends* to get it; he *goes out* to get it; he *gets it* or he *knows why!*

**M**ANY stories have been circulated about the start of Mr. Grace's life, most of which are remarkably untrue. He did not spring from a family which lived in the misery or squalor of extreme poverty. He sprang from the sort of family that make up a good part of our splendid American States, the sort of family that do their best to give the children a decent education, a pleasant home, right ideals and a basis for clean living. His father sent him to school, did whatever he could for him, and at the cost, Mr. Grace remembers most appreciatively, of sacrifice. He was one of five children.

I have met some of the men and women those children have made. To say that they were without the advantage of gentle birth would be absurd, since there are certain things that cannot be learned in one generation. This is by way of being a correction to other stories circulated about Mr. Grace.

After Mr. Grace left Lehigh, he got a job—it was a "job"—he ran an electric crane, worked day and night shifts with the rest of the gang and earned \$1.50 a day. And here, to my thinking, is revealed Mr. Grace's most admirable trait. And that is the making of a small job big, by the work the worker puts in it!

A great many men who are saddled with positions they think beneath their dignity, sneer at the positions and neglect them; when instead, and so easily, they could make those positions great by the dignity of good work which they, the workers, can always give. Someone, I don't know

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EUGENE GIFFORD GRACE

*He began with the "gang," running an electric crane for \$1.50 a day. Now he is president of the corporation that first employed him.*

who, said "Great things come to him who does small things well." I know that is true. If you don't believe it come to Bethlehem! Mr. Grace is the example; he began by doing humble work exceedingly well.

"**H**OW," you ask, "can one man run a crane better than another?" In response to which I will reply, "He can be more interested in his crane, in what goes on around his crane and in all the work his crane touches." You have seen a horse pick up and step out briskly under the hands of a good driver. That driver knows horses, what kind of feed they should have and when. Mr. Grace knew his nag and so—somebody came along and said, "Well, by jings, here's a man who can drive. Let's give him a racer—" and you know—they did.

The steps?

Well, he started as a laborer, doing day and night shifts. He was noticed, his work, his interest, his great ability to keep on plodding, and he was made Superintendent of Yards. Then he was again noticed—oh, my soul, they say he's a slave driver!—not a mean one, but an irreproachably and impeccably just one. I have heard that he used to load a wheelbarrow, push it, and then, turning to his laborer, say: "I can push this with so many pounds on it; you can push it with so many pounds on it. Do it!" They did.

Next in his career he was sent to Cuba as General Superintendent of the Company's iron-ore mines; when he returned from there he was made General Superintendent of Plants, (Bethlehem Steel, of course), and then General Manager of Plants and then—when he was just a little past the middle thirties, he was made President of the Steel Company and he has made a splendid president!

**H**IS magnetism, which is great, has been an asset. People with whom he works, like him. His justice makes him respected; and his temperance—not a witch-burning, I-will-not-drink-and-you-must-not temperance, but rather his I-think-I-will-do-better-work-to-morrow-if-I-go-decently-slowly-now—leads to the trust of those whom he knows.

## "CAN'T"

was originated by a lazy man,  
used by a lazy man; and  
WAS THE DEATH OF HIM

a little heavily taken, but—it pays, that entire absorption, it pays!

He likes pictures, a good story, good editions and the democracy of the more sensible stratum of the United States. He is doing his utmost to instill in his children his ideas of society and its uses. His fourteen-year-old son is being sent to a seven-hundred-a-year school where breaking rocks, instead of horseback riding, is taken to for exercise—if one can take to a rock; I confess I am baffled about the right word for that particular feat!

To sum it up, success came to Mr. Grace through his knowledge and devotion to his job. He knew it, he meant to go on learning more of it each day. He gained confidence through knowledge; and the I-will-succeed banner in his mind was backed and realized—even more, it was deserved.

**A** WRITING pal of mine said of a mutual friend, also an author, "Blank thinks he is a genius. He is sitting around with his feet on the mantel thinking so. Poor Blank, he seems to forget that genius burns only when the pen is shoved!" In that little story I see the road to Mr. Grace's success. He has magnetism, a good mind, enough will power to protect himself from foolish and destroying habits, but—without the energy that pushed the pen—well, where would Mr. E. G. Grace be placed to-day?

He has made money, lots of it; but that, Mr. Grace himself will tell you, is only a small part of the great game. The happiest part of it is, to his mind, doing hard work, doing things well, and giving his best! The little door was good to him; he has never forgotten its lesson!

Certainly—truly—great things come to those who do the small things well!

## First Self-Made Man in America

*Thomas Godfrey Invented Sextant After Noting the Reflection of the Sun from a Pail of Water*

**T**HOMAS GODFREY was, probably, the first self-made man in America. Born in 1704, he died in 1749. He was a glazier by trade; but he had a natural bent for mathematics, and he learned Latin in order that he might read certain scientific treatises.

His reputation rests on an improvement he made in the quadrant of John Davies. What Godfrey really did was to invent the sextant. John Hadley also invented a sextant, evidently carrying out a suggestion

of Newton's which was found in Sir Isaac's original draft among Hadley's papers after his death. Thomas Godfrey antedated Hadley by about one year, but for a long time his claims were not recognized, and Hadley received all the credit.

This is how the humble glazier received his first inspiration to design the instrument of so great use to mariners. One day, while replacing a pane of glass in a window of a house on the north side of Arch Street, Philadelphia, opposite a

pump, Godfrey noticed a girl fill a bucket with water and place it upon the sidewalk. Godfrey, on turning toward it, saw the sun reflected from the window on which he had been at work, into the bucket of water, and his philosophic mind seizing upon the incident, was thus led to combine the plan of an instrument by which he could draw the sun down to the horizon by a contrivance incomparably superior to any that had ever before been used for ascertaining angular measurements.

MARK TWAIN SAID:

"Don't stare up the steps of success; step up the stairs."



# "Go West, Young Man!" No More the Slogan

The Census of 1920 Will Show That People Are Drifting  
from the Farms to the Big Eastern Cities

By JOHN WEBSTER

**T**IMES have changed. Some say it was the World War—others say it is evolution; but the fact that Horace Greeley's famous remark no longer holds good, has been demonstrated by the United States Census figures for 1920—so far as they have been tabulated.

The young man to-day is *not* going west. He is coming back *east*. Whether this is a result of the enforced European travel which most youths experienced during the period of the World War, is a mooted question. But the fact remains that the tendency is away from the farm—away from the ranch and the western community—and toward the big municipal centers of the east.

The United States Department of Agriculture has discovered that within the year 1919, from New York State alone, 35,000 young men left the countryside to take up tasks in big cities. There was a reverse movement, of course, but those who tired of city life and struggles, and who sought the farm as an alternative, only numbered some 11,000.

## From West to East; from Farm to City

**B**UT the most startling touch of all is the general deflection of the country's population from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. This change has been most noticeable within the last ten years. And, in that period, the general movement from the country to the city has been more noticeable than has been the case during the previous fifty years.

In the old days, throughout the Eastern section of the United States, the trend was generally westward. Gold mines, adventure, opportunity, all knocked at the hearts and the imagination of the ambitious young man and the discouraged elder. Prominent men who knew life and who knew opportunity when they observed it, advised this course. Then the pendulum started to swing the other way—with surprising statistical results.

The progress toward the Golden West was more than a century old when the tide swung and ebbed. The days of the old pilgrimages across the desert lands—across the great rivers—into the Indian camps and towards the land of to-morrow have had the sun set on them forever. There are hardly any more undiscovered lands in the universe, except the undiscovered possibilities in the sections of the world where the greatest gains have been made against terrific odds. And it is toward these sections that the trend of youthful ambition is attracted, as is sharp steel to a magnet.

This fact is of exceptional import to the manufacturer of goods, to the retail dealer, and to every individual. It all sums itself up in a problem of readjustment of living conditions—a condition never heretofore dreamed of in this or any other country. Big enterprises are revising their production and marketing plans as a result of this situation. It has revolutionized selling and buying conditions more radically than the bolshevist administration has revolutionized what was once the Empire of the Great White Czar.

## Is Less Labor Required on Farms?

**F**OR many years the trend of American perigrination has been toward the cities rather than toward the country. The farm youth seeking his fortune, seeks the metropolis as the base

## Why They Leave the Farm

By DR. FRANK CRANE

**T**HE real cause of the flocking of people to the cities is the inborn desire of the soul for spiritual freedom. Country life seems open and free; in reality it is cramped and thrice barred.

The man who lives in a small town is in some respects like a prisoner in a penal colony. His overseer is Mrs. Grundy. He has to render account to her for all his goings out and comings in. If he is an hour late at the store, the village must know why. If he takes a train, there is no peace until everybody knows where he is going, why he is going, and when he is coming back.

There is a certain standard of village morality to which he must conform. He must not play poker, nor go to the theatre, nor attend a horse race, nor go a-fishing on Sunday. He must not have an automobile unless his bank balance warrants it.

These are excellent regulations. If he breaks them the bank cashier will see that he shall be lent no more money, the pastor will pray at him, the Ladies' Aid Society will talk about his wife, and in the end he will find himself, though he might be rather a decent sort, forced into the category of the village drunkard and the town infidel.

Now, no man dare say these restrictions are wrong. The "best people" would stone him. The youth finds he cannot criticize this continual espionage. Consequently the most independent and vigorous souls quietly slip away and come to the city, where they may go to ruin as they please.

For only when one can go to the devil at will is there moral fibre in his not going. The inalienable right of the soul is to do its own sinning. Take away from a man the privilege of smashing things, and you have robbed him of his virtue. One-half of any moral character that is worth a cent is liberty.

In the city the man does (or not) what he thinks is right. In the small town the man does (or not) what Mrs. Grundy thinks is right.

In the village righteousness is conformity. In the city righteousness, if any, is individual.

Folks come to the city for moral fresh air. They seek the city for the same reason the early settlers sought the Wild West, or the Pilgrim Fathers emigrated to New England—freedom to worship God, some said; others said freedom to be vile heretics and brigands; but, in any case, freedom.

(Copyright, 1920, by Frank Crane)

Don't hire Shakespeare  
to write plays and then  
keep him busy address-  
ing envelopes.

of his operations. Having made his fortune, he returns to his native farm-land and procures for himself an estate. But the men who do succeed in the city and who can return home and buy property, have not helped to develop that property. The answer is that the United States is undersupplied with rural workers.

It is true that much of this transformation has been the result of an increasing population and because of scientific progress in the operation and management of farms. With the modern equipment of a large farm, far less labor is

required to do a given amount of productive work than was the case even fifteen years ago. The land has been made vastly more productive. And scientific implements have added to the lessened need for husky, willing hands. Yet, other forces have been influential in bringing about a transition so sweeping in its scope, that it has manifestly

affected the metropolitan populations of the West to the disadvantage of that section.

The change is not a natural nor an arbitrary one, so far as the population is concerned. It is largely the result of essential happenings, of the draft, the fighting on the other side, the lure of wages in inflated industrial positions—all bring about this lure from the steady, though increased, wages of suburban tasks to unheard of pay given the metropolitan laborer. It is a product of the government necessity for interferences with the competitive control of industry, growing out of the needs for action at any cost which national danger entailed.

The question is being seriously considered by many prominent business executives, who see the problem clearly and with some fearfulness. One of them, a brilliant executive, voices his view of the matter in these words: "The question is before us in the fullness of its possible consequences. It imposes questions which directly effect a tolerable life in the greater centers of population—their housing and their feeding. This problem is now imposing itself upon the minds of all thinking employers of labor and all dwellers in the larger cities. Immediate results will have to be found as the sheer force of circumstance compels some remedy. The eventual cure must be the removal of restraints upon competitive industry made necessary by war conditions—whether imposed by the government by labor, or by capital."

### The Great Rush to New York

THE mecca of all dissatisfied persons seems to be New York City. Rents have been increased to such an extent that the law has been invoked. Hotels are full to the brim day by day, and it is impossible to secure a room in the most modest hostelry, let alone the more expensive ones, without giving notice and making reservations weeks in advance. Theater tickets are at a premium. Moving-picture houses are jammed to the doors and there are long waiting lines of people outside, good-naturedly waiting their turn. In restaurants—even the most exclusive—the one-time boasted New York "service" is not to be had. And the public puts up with it because the public has learned to understand that, like the subway and the elevated railroad, every New York utility and convenience is overtaxed far beyond its capacity.

"How're Y' Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm?" was the title of a song which became popular about the time the big troopships began to return to New York. It was written in a facetious vein, describing the attractions of Paris on youths who had not been further away from the farm-house than the neighboring county seat until the World War called for them. But the song sounded a clarion note far from the spirit of jest.

It was not the gaieties of the Parisian capital, the pomp and splendor of European cities, and the lure of foreign travel that changed them. Yet they were changed. These boys got a new perspective on life. They went through mud—through the valley of the shadow—through hell! They went shoulder to shoulder with other farmers, with city men, and with men who had more money and more strange habits than they had imagined could be coupled in one personality so real and regular as their own. Such men would have called a man a liar, six months before their enlistment, if that man had told them they would ever wear a wrist-watch. But some of them died on blood-soaked fields trying to rescue men with decided affectations of speech, who went into No Man's Land with monocles on their eyes and a careless drawl on their tongues.

Success is as natural to man as harmony to music. Failure is as unnatural as discord.

They saw life as it is lived in metropolitan centers. They saw a new vision of existence and they rather grew away from the local country atmosphere. They liked it. And many thousands of them did not return to the old occupation once the

war was over. There are hundreds of instances of men from the West and the Middle West who have "gone East" since the first taste of its dazzle and its apparently greater opportunity. Whether this will work out for the benefit of these youths themselves, or for that of the country at large, remains to be seen. But it is certainly a great and serious problem at the present time.

### A Problem for the Department of Agriculture

IT is not hard to understand the reason. If all city folk decided to move to the country, everyone would have to hustle to provide their own food. If all country folk move to the city, who will provide the necessary food for the urbanites? And the reverse holds good of all other things which humans need. Ages ago, men and women began to specialize because no one was all-sufficient unto himself and herself. For this reason, the world established cooks, nurses, farmers, manufacturers and soldiers. But the very nature of the soldier's work makes him restless. He sees new fields—gets new views on life and the living of it—and after each great war there has been a period of unrest which has upset the orderly manner of conducting the nation's business even more than the war itself. During the war everyone under the given flag naturally concentrates and all pull together. When the war is over everyone pulls in a different direction and this tug-of-war has not even the advantage of having two sides. There are a thousand sides.

Even the United States is experiencing this feeling today. Yet quietly and surely, it is solving the problem—seeking to find out the cure for the evils resulting out of the shift in population, and the changes wrought by the war—if evils they prove to be. And one of the men who is going to play an important rôle in this work is the newly appointed Secretary of Agriculture—Edwin T. Meredith.

Success has told something of him in previous issues. But now that he is actually "on the job,"—Meredith is always on the job—he is taking the bull by the horns and literally leading it back to the pasture.

Meredith, one of the latest of President Wilson's appointments to the Cabinet, is a farmer at heart and the head and owner of the most widely circulated farm publication in the United States—*Successful Farming*. The farmers believe in Meredith and Meredith believes in them. He is going to "sell" the "Back to the Farm Movement" to everyone who will listen or read.

### What Secretary Meredith Proposes to Do

MEREDITH believes that it is up to the Department of Agriculture to add to production of foodstuffs by bringing more lands under the plow. He is going to try to overturn the present tendency and send the mind of Young America back to the farm lands and away from the great cities. He has the technical knowledge necessary to the task, and he has the personality and the ability to sell whatever he has fixed in his mind. And as a result of Meredith's administration of his portfolio, it is not at all unlikely that the next decade will show a marked change in the census trend.

Meredith believes that the Department has only to make known its facilities for turning golden grain into golden coin

(Continued on page 56)

## William Charles Reick, the Master Mind of *The Sun and the New York Herald*

How He Attracted the Attention of James Gordon Bennett and Rose  
to Leadership in His Profession

By ADA PATTERSON

ON a day of high wind in early March of this year, a calm-faced man settled comfortably in his chair on the forward deck of a Europe-bound steamship. His back was toward the unevenly serrated skyline of New York. From beneath the dark visor of his traveling cap, he looked toward France. He looked with scrutiny as steady as if, by some conquest of intervening, he either saw men and women hastening about the streets of Paris and was fascinated by their antlike eagerness and industry.

The man was taking a wedding journey with his past. Thirty-three years before he had made the same voyage. Then his companions of the voyage were anxiety and uncertainty. But as he sailed now into the March gale, confidence and consciousness of achievement were with him.

The voyager was William C. Reick. He was returning to Paris to perfect the European branch of the newly wed newspapers—*The Sun* and the *New York Herald*. He was going back to his own plus a cargo of responsibilities that he had not borne on that earlier journey. Then he went to meet the owner of the *Herald*, not sure whether he was a member of the *Herald* staff. On this last journey, he was going as the minister plenipotentiary from the throne of ownership, not of the *Herald* alone but of the *Sun*, also.

We may guess at the man's thoughts, but only guess. He is an incarnate riddle. He is the Sphinx of Park Row. But we may profitably accompany him on the first voyage even though we may be denied his companionship on the last.

He was slimmer then and three shades paler. He was neatly but not nearly so well dressed as on this crossing. But he looked with steady, gray eyes toward France with the same absorbed gaze.

A fortnight before, the prospect of this transatlantic crossing was as remote as the occupancy of any castle in Spain. But in the interval something had happened. As is the habit of vigorous, dynamic natures he had made it happen.

### He Linked a "Trifle" to the World's Affairs

WITH a brief and nearly eventless past behind him he was scanning the horizon for opportunity. Born in Philadelphia, he had enrolled at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and had matriculated at Harvard. But he wearied of the tedious unrolling of red tape at the naval school. He didn't want to go through Harvard because it seemed to him a static state. The law of his being was dynamic. He wanted things to happen. He wanted to help them to happen. He left both schools; but there was no thrill nor sting of expulsion in his exit. He followed his bent. The bent led him into the office of the *North American* of Philadelphia. He was nineteen when he trimmed the sails and started voyaging in the ship of his career.

Two years with the *North American* and William C. Reick set forth by stages for New York. The intermediate stage was Newark, New Jersey. For two more years he stopped at the New Jersey stage. He was a reporter on a Newark newspaper and had by much importunity secured the chance to serve the *New York Herald* as its Newark representative when the thing happened.

There came to the office of the Newark newspaper a man who complained that a mad dog was at large in his neighborhood. Moreover, two children had been bitten by the dog.

"Look into the story," commanded his chief. "It's prob-



Courtesy of "The Editor and Publisher."

WILLIAM C. REICK

A journalist of power and poise whose keen initiative sent him to the front ranks.

ably worth a stick and a half." Which being translated into untechnical terms is about two hundred words.

Young Mr. Reick investigated the "story." He found that two children had been bitten by a dog that gave all the evidences of rabies. To their family, this was a tragedy; to the world of news, a trifle. Mr. Reick had formed good mental habits. One of these is linking the apparent trifle with the larger affairs of the world. Louis Pasteur's discovery of a serum antidote for rabies had but recently been proclaimed in Paris. Experiments had been made in France. They were reported as successful. But the Pasteur treatment had not been given in America and no American had been as yet a patient of the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

The young Newark reporter was a thoughtful newspaper reader. Meaning that he followed Bacon's advice: "Read not to take for granted but to weigh and consider." In other phrase, he thought his way through a newspaper. He required no editorial interpretation of the news. The editorial page is spoon feeding to intellectual babes. It will be abolished when the general reader forms the Reick habit of thinking his way through the news columns, thus writing his own editorials.

#### The Last Paragraph of His Unwritten Editorial

**W**ILLIAM CHARLES REICK linked the less event with the great one. Two children had been bitten by a mad dog in Newark. Pasteur was curing patients of rabies by a new wonder process in Paris. Obviously since Pasteur could not be brought to the children, the children must be taken to Pasteur. The reports of the experimental station at Paris had distinctly stated that the sooner the victim of a rabid dog is inoculated the greater are his chances for recovery.

Having reached the last paragraph of his unwritten editorial, young Mr. Reick turned on all his dynamics. By terse sentences like a general's commands to his troops, the young man convinced the parents of the victims that the children should be taken at once to Paris. The parents conceded the desirability but were at sea as to "how."

The youthful newspaper zealot said he would "take care of that." He hurried the children to a New Jersey port. It was his hope to catch the steamer sailing that day for France. He missed it by a few minutes. He paused neither to bewail his luck nor calculate the next sailing. Three days' delay might be fatal to his afflicted little charges. He chartered a tug, overtook the steamer, and followed the frightened children up the swaying ladder to the deck of the steamship. A few peremptory words to the captain, a confidence-inspiring grip of the seeking hands of the weeping children, and he clambered back to the tug.

#### Then Mr. Bennett Sent a Cable

**A** PERIOD of watchful waiting ensued. James Gordon Bennett, then the *Herald's* owner and a resident of Paris, was a definite person. Whatever he did, he did with emphasis. Whatever he thought, he thought with emphasis and expressed in like manner. Would he approve the bold coup of the unknown correspondent of Newark, or would he condemn him as a foolhardy young upstart?

The wise men of the *Herald*, particularly the elder ones, were framing answers to the "old man's" expected query: "*Who ordered two children sent to the Pasteur Institute?*"

The wise men with one accord intended to reply: "*Newark correspondent undertook it without authority.*"

But no such query came. Instead, Bennett cabled, "*Send Reick Paris see me.*"

The young man sailed. We walk the ascending gangplank with him. We sit in the deck-chair next his. Does that pale face and intent gaze bent upon the invisible shores of France mean fear? Does he expect that James Gordon Bennett is carrying his ideas of discipline to the extreme measure? Has the great newspaper publisher asked a young reporter to cross the seas for a reprimand on an unduly precipitate act? Had the children died before the antitoxin treatment could do its beneficent work, and was the *Herald* accordingly embarrassed and open to attacks?

Such thoughts may have visited the young man. But—I am certain that fear was quickly driven out by logic. Doubt did not linger with him.

#### Became *Herald's* City Editor at Twenty-five

**M**R. BENNETT so fully approved of what Mr. Reick had done that he placed the young man in his Paris office. He sent him to add, by his presence and example, to the strength of the *Herald's* London office. After a year, becoming acquainted with the needs and functions of these departments, Mr. Reick received the chief's appointment to the editorship of the Paris and London editions of the *Herald*. His pleasure at receiving this appointment was scarcely less than that which he had experienced in escorting the rabies-cured children to the French port and waiving his

farewell to them on their homeward journey.

William Charles Reick was twenty-three when he pursued the outgoing steamer and guided the children up the ladder from the tug to steamer. He was twenty-four when charge of the Paris and London editions was given him. At twenty-five he was esteemed by Mr. Bennett to be sufficiently sage and seasoned to guide the *Herald's* New York destiny. For in such light he viewed the post of city editor of that paper. The city editor—the man in charge of the local, or city, news and the reporters—he looked upon as the pulse of the paper. If that pulse beat irregularly or weakly the fortunes of the paper were jeopardized.

For fourteen years, Mr. Reick held this position. He grew with it and overtopped it. The city editor's jurisdiction extended in and about New York for a radius of an hundred miles. The theory that it extended to Manila Bay in the Philippines would have been greeted as a silly jest. Yet, in the Spanish-American War the world wondered that the news of Dewey's victory at Manila Bay was sent by Lieutenant Joseph L. Stickney. Wonder was succeeded by amazement when it learned that the *Herald* correspondent had been made aide to Commodore Dewey, on the *Olympia*. An accident? Few fortuitous accidents happen in newspaper work as in politics. The apparently brilliant coup is usually the result of far-

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# MORGENTHAU and His Big Job in MEXICO

## Is He the Man to Bring Order out of Chaos?

By PETER GRAY

ONE of the most difficult gaps in the diplomatic service has been bridged with his customary astuteness in such ticklish matters, by President Wilson. When Henry P. Fletcher resigned as ambassador to Mexico, there were many who felt that the President—with the Mexican situation always, it seems, an unpleasant thing to have around any administration—would find himself in a hole when he came to choose another man for the place.

In the first place the President had to find a man of demonstrated ability—one who could take a muddled situation and put it on its feet. He realized that being the United States ambassador at the Mexican court will require diplomatic finesse of the most advanced sort.

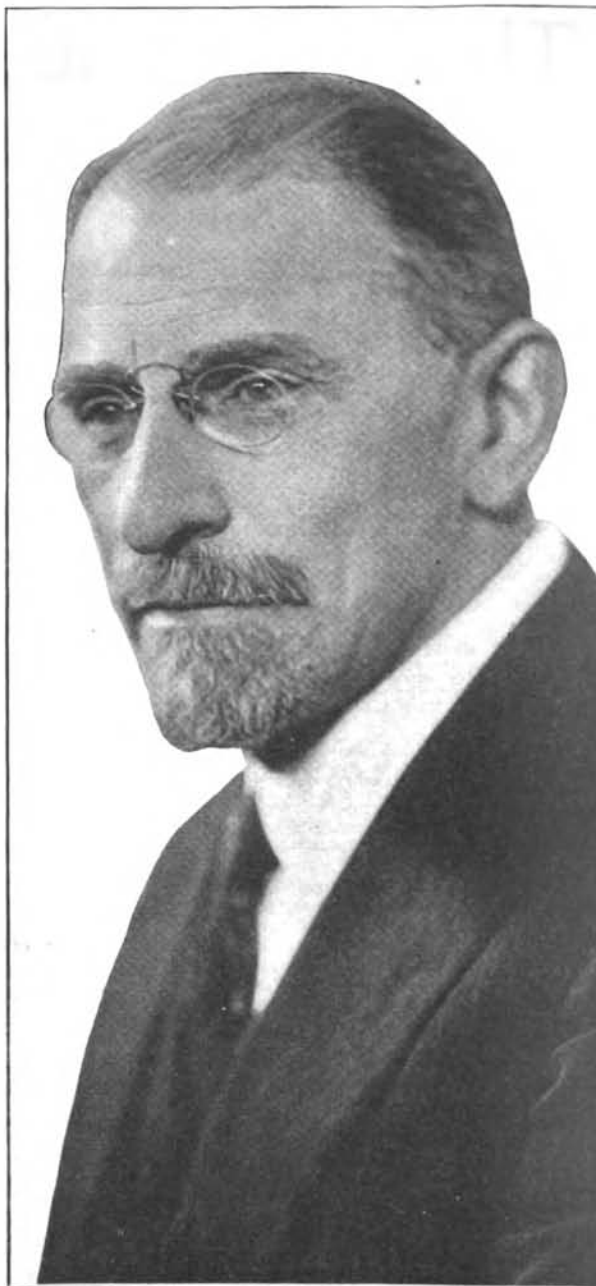
MR. WILSON selected Henry Morgenthau, who had jumped from the position of a successful real-estate merchant and banker, in New York, to one of America's foremost diplomatists—all during President Wilson's administration. Mr. Morgenthau was sent to Turkey, in 1913, and won immediate distinction by his skillful and constructive handling of the very complicated problems at that post. He is a diplomatist of the new type: a keen, shrewd American business man whose vision is not dwarfed, and who can judge fairly and calmly.

BY interpreting the differences that exist—or seem to exist—between the two republics of North America, Mr. Morgenthau will clear up a situation which has been badly misconstrued and distorted by interests which would seem to delight in keeping our relations with Mexico in a chaotic state.

Mr. Morgenthau will be accredited to the Mexican government presided over by Senor Caranza. The elections to succeed the present Mexican incumbent take place this month. President Caranza has announced that under no circumstances will he remain in office longer than December 1 of the present year. Therefore, Ambassador Morgenthau may have to deal with two changes of political parties, and two alterations of governmental policies; for the presidential election in the United States this year, may alter his official status; but, regardless of the outcome, Mr. Morgenthau will be a good man to keep in Mexico.

MR. MORGENTHAU is now in his sixty-first year. Born in Mannheim, Germany, he came to the United States in 1865. He was the son of Babbette Guggenheim, wife of Lazarus Morgenthau, who at once sent their boy to the public schools in their adopted country, and later to the College of the City of New York.

At the age of twenty-one, Henry Morgenthau received his degree of LL.B., from Columbia College and, two years



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HENRY MORGENTHAU  
United States Ambassador to Mexico

later, formed the law partnership of Lachman, Morgenthau and Goldsmith, New York. In this association he remained until the year 1899, when other and larger interests called him elsewhere. In that year, Mr. Morgenthau became president of the Central Realty Bond & Trust Company, and held that office until 1905.

It was then that he formed the banking house of Henry Morgenthau & Cox. This firm demanded his active attention up until the year 1913. While a banker, he became the adviser and directing influence in many large enterprises and his charitable and religious activities were numerous.

In the presidential campaign of 1912, Mr. Morgenthau became head of the finance committee of the National Democratic Committee. The following year—because of his skill as a pacifier of conflicting interests—President Wilson appointed Mr. Morgenthau American minister to Turkey.

(Continued on page 44)

# The Man Who Talked too Much

A New Novelette in Two Parts—Part II

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

## SYNOPSIS OF PART I.

THOMAS DINGLE, a young man, is employed as cashier at forty dollars a week by the Fordham Iron Works. His love of exaggeration and self-aggrandisement lead people to believe he is worth a lot of money. He is engaged to Mary MacKenzie, who has made good in business since the death of her father. As the time draws near for the wedding, Dingle realizes that he has nothing on which to establish a home. Mary is in ignorance regarding his real condition. Dingle still continues to brag and tell of his winnings in the stock market—almost convincing himself that his stories are true. He tells Mary that he is thinking of investing some more money in Wall Street as he has received a tip. She urges him to use \$2,000 of her savings. He hesitates, but realizes that he has no excuse for refusing, as he had assured her his money would be doubled. From the safe of his employer he takes \$3,000 which he adds to the money Mary had given him, and starts for New York, where he buys Q. D. & M. stock. He entertains lavishly, Harris, the broker's clerk who had given him the tip. And then comes a sudden drop in Q. D. & M., and Dingle realizes that his capital is swept away and that he not only has lost Mary's money but also the \$3,000 he took from the firm.

BUT the end was not yet for Thomas Dingle. As he had suspected, he lacked the courage to end his life. All night he wandered about the streets of New York, fearing even to enter a restaurant lest someone might cry out, "There's Dingle, the thief. Arrest him!"

It was the old story of a gambler's remorse. The evening before he had possessed \$5,000 in cash. The following morning he had seen it increase to nearly \$12,000. Now all was gone: Mary's money, his employer's money, his honor, his hopes—everything. But Dingle forced himself to admit that he had not the courage to commit suicide.

Suddenly this entered his mind: Suppose he should slip down into the subway and, apparently by accident, fall beneath a train! He purchased his ticket, went down to the crowded platform and edged toward the tracks.

A great ten-car express drew into the station, with a grinding of brakes. He drew back in terror! No, he knew he could never give himself over to that cruel, crunching monster. He would have to seek some other way.

In the crowd, he spied a Meadville man. Horrified, he hid himself in the throng and quickly sought the upper air. Outcast, criminal that he was, he was suffering the torments of the damned. "Oh why couldn't I work and earn money as other men do? Why didn't I marry Mary as she wanted me to, and live simply on my salary? Fordham would have given me a raise soon! Now—now he'll have me arrested."

IN this state of mind Dingle wandered hopelessly up town. On every side of him were scenes of industry and signs of prosperity—people busy making an honest living. Here was the great city of opportunity—with its gates locked to Dingle!

Hunger began to exert itself to a point where he could not resist food. He slunk into a cheap lunchroom and sat up at the counter. On every side of him were young

men filled with the enthusiasm of business endeavor. They were narrating the success they were enjoying as a result of their labors. Dingle could not help but listen and contrast these statements with his own boastful ones back in Meadville. These young men were at the bottom of the great commercial ladder, but each was confident of the height to which he would rise.

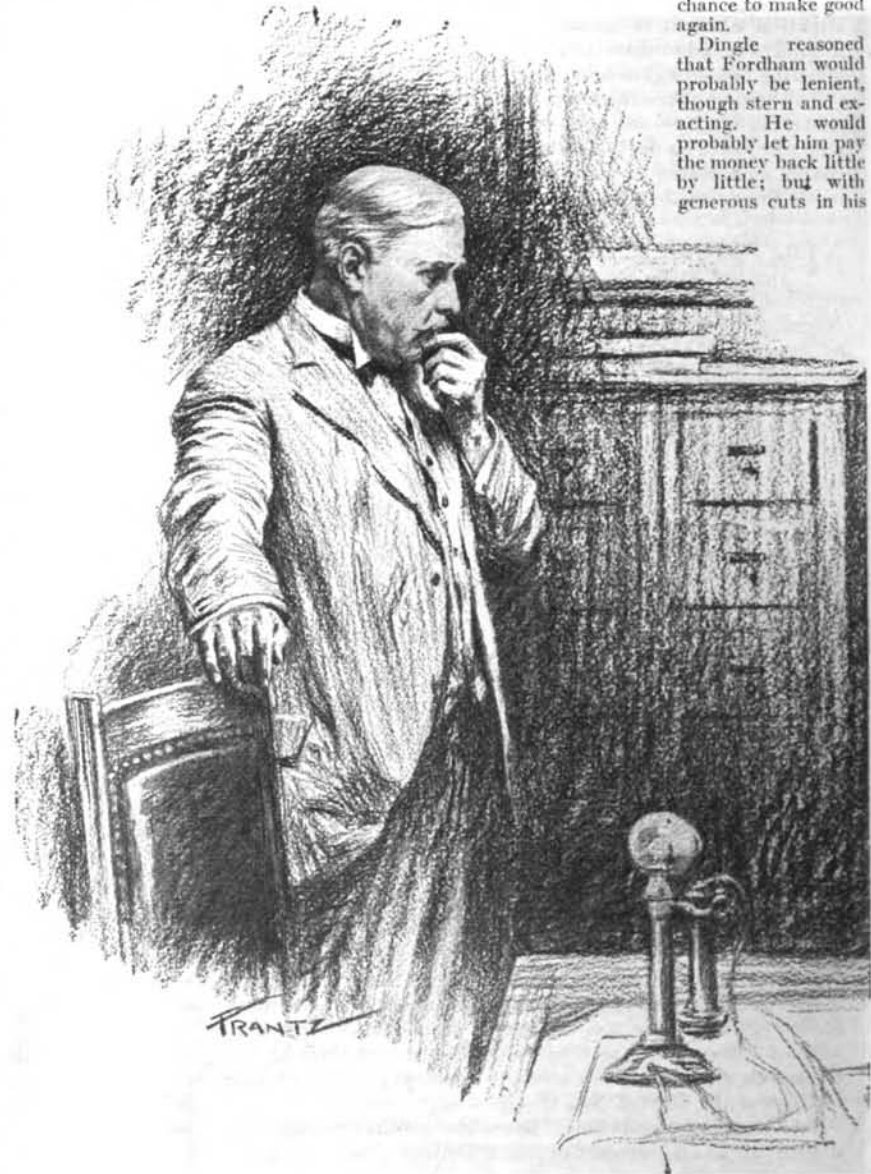
Their chatter made Dingle heartsick. There was no boastfulness, no false pride, no sham and show about these boys. They were getting on in their various fields and "salting away" their savings. One had an ambition to open a business of his own some day, another talked of his "girl" and the

little flat in the Bronx they soon hoped to occupy. How different from the careless, bragging conversation that had been Dingle's.

But the warmth of the place, and the plain, wholesome food revived his vitality and set his mind to work along other channels. He began to wonder what would be the result if he went back to Meadville; if he told the whole sordid story to Mary and then went to the office to face old Fordham. How different would be this penitent entrance, from the aggrandized one he had planned. Instead of airily drawing a check for what he had taken from the cash drawer, he would come in humbly begging

forgiveness—and a chance to make good again.

Dingle reasoned that Fordham would probably be lenient, though stern and exacting. He would probably let him pay the money back little by little; but with generous cuts in his



FRANTZ

salary each week, and no chance of a raise for some time to come. And that, Dingle told himself, was only fair and just. He could thus pay Mary, too. He hadn't thought of it before—Mary must be paid! He honestly loved Mary—although he never hoped to marry her now—and he began to realize the seriousness of having taken and gambled with her savings.

But he could never suffer the pride-blow such a remorseful, inglorious return would mean. Instead of the approbation of the elder folk, and the open admiration of the younger people, he would be pitied, scorned or laughed at, according to the point of view and moral attitude of the individuals. It was a life not to be thought of—yet a duty which seemed to stretch before him like a brightly illuminated and unmistakable path to reparation.

**I**F only he had not been such a fool! If only he had built honestly and industriously. But the thing was done, and, bitter as the cup might be, he must drain it to the dregs. He sipped his coffee and fingered the fifty-five cent check the waiter had given him. To pay this, and to give the waiter a tip of five cents, would drain his remaining capital seriously.

**Y**ET Dingle had, in this little chat with himself, accomplished the first real victory of his life. He had concluded that it was fortunate he lacked the nerve to destroy himself. To replace the money he had taken from Mary and from Fordham, was his first duty. Then, what became of him, was his own affair. To shuffle off—to kill himself—would have been cowardly. "No," he said inwardly, as he walked from the lunch room, "you've made a mess of things, and you'll repair the damage you've done first of all. You've ruined your life and your happiness, Tommy Dingle, and you can't marry Mary, or ever go back to Meadville. But you can make good what you've—stolen!"

The word cut like a knife, but his mind

was made up. And, unbeknown to himself, he had achieved a really great thing. For the first time in his life, he had formed an accurate estimate of himself and was willing and able—to himself at least—to phrase his opinion of Tommy Dingle in frank and suitable terms. That was a great deal—but Dingle didn't realize it just at that moment.

Leaving the eating place, he wandered over to the post office facing City Hall Park. With tears in his eyes, he saw the long line of workers depositing their surplus at the postal savings window. With another pang, he saw those who were sending money orders to loved ones in other cities. He wondered if any of them were paying back debts—repaying *thefts*, as *he* meant to do.

When a man places himself upon the scale of estimation—and weights accurately, with nothing added for good measure, for pride, for hope, or false appraisal—it is likely that the result will assay pure gold. Dingle was doing just this—although unwittingly.

At any rate, his mind was now made up. He couldn't bring himself to take the train back to Meadville and face the music, especially the soulful, reproving, yet loving glance of Mary—if, indeed, she *could* love him any more after what he had done. But he was determined to get a job right there in New York—to work sensibly and earnestly, and to live and talk quietly, until every cent of that \$5,000 was repaid. It might take a long while, and his reason told him it undoubtedly would. A paying position would not be easy to obtain, under an assumed name and without references, and, of course, he could get no references. That much he realized. But he meant to do it, and to work out his own salvation by discharging at least those obligations which his disregard of others had brought upon him.

**P**URCHASING a stamped envelope and a sheet of paper, he framed a farewell letter to Mary. He told her the whole story—not sparing himself in the least, but laying bare his inmost soul and the raw spots that smarted there. In closing he told of his plan for repayment.

"If I live long enough, Mary dear," he wrote, "you will have your hard-earned savings back. I hope you will not suffer because of me, in the meantime. I do not

wish to write to Mr. Fordham. In fact, I am afraid to do so—because he might set detectives after me—and then, in jail, I could not replace what I have taken. But I promise you that I will send him as well as you, at least a little—in some way—out of each week's pay envelope.

"Try to forget and to forgive me, Mary. I shall always hold you dearer than anything on earth. I have already placed you far beyond my reach, but you will never be outside my thoughts. Do not try to write me. Tommy Dingle disappears to-day. The new man begins to-morrow."

He sealed the missive with a choke in his throat and, stamping it, dropped the envelope into the mail-chute. He had done it. He was glad he had burned his bridges. Now there remained only the task of retrieving his self-respect—of carrying out the work he had set for himself. To fail in that would only be to make his record blacker—to forever put himself beyond the pale, even in his own estimation.

Somehow he felt better now that this letter was serving as an anchor to windward, and he set out, in search of work, with a lighter heart.

**T**HE next morning, when Mary stepped out upon the pretty honeysuckle verandah of the Meadville cottage where she lived, she was looking for the postman and expecting a letter from Tommy. There was one—from New York—and the postman winked slyly at her as he handed it out. But this time, much to Mary's surprise, there was no crested stationery of an exclusive Manhattan hostelry—just a plain government envelope. It seemed to forecast something amiss. She opened the letter with trembling fingers.

Then, as its contents fully dawned upon her, she sank down in a porch chair, the tears filling her pretty blue eyes and trickling down her soft cheeks. Her little heart pounded faster and her soul cried out in anguish. No, it was not because of the lost money. She had figured that might happen. It was partly because Tom Dingle had taken more from his employer, and still more because Tom told her she should never see him again. That was what hurt: the idea that he could imagine she could cease to love him just because of his exaggerated folly. It was unbelievable. It must not be.

Instantly her stalwart little soul galvanized itself into determined action. She realized only too keenly the difficulty of tracing, in New York, a man resolved to disappear. Yet she meant to find Tommy whether or no. She knew now what she had always suspected: that she loved boastful, foolish Tommy more than anything in life, and that now, more than ever, Tommy needed the love of a woman like herself. If she let him go—if she allowed him to drift without an interest in life—with the thought that what became of him made no difference to any living soul—and, most of all, to her—he would probably go from bad to worse.

Mary knew what a blow the occurrence must have been to Tommy's pride, and she thanked God that his keen disappointment and humiliation had not made him destroy himself. Little did she realize the struggle he had had, and how, in this instance, his very weakness and lack of courage had resulted in his salvation.

(Continued on page 68)



"My child," he said, gravely. "I appreciate your attitude. It is wonderful—even beautiful—but you are wrong. . . . Dingle doesn't deserve your love, and I don't believe in a good woman sacrificing pure love in the hope of regenerating a scoundrel."



## Morgenthau and His Big Job in Mexico

(Continued from page 41)

**W**HILE he was looking after American interests in the Ottoman capital, his rank was raised to that of ambassador, because the World War necessitated that he represent the diplomatic affairs of those nations which had declared war against Turkey.

A pleasant, kindly man, with a shrewd brain and a big heart, Henry Morgenthau is one on whom men pin their faith and their affection. A gentleman of the old school, who has known the knocks and disappointments of the world, he has brought himself success and honor by dint of hard work and careful thinking. Therefore he is an ideal choice as our diplomatic agent in troubled Mexico. If the oil of mutual understanding is to be poured upon the troubled waters which surge between the banks of the Rio Grande, Morgenthau is the best man for the job.

He knows the economic conditions and the human nature of all countries and all peoples. During the progress of the world conflict, he returned to America in 1916—just before America's entry into the struggle. The summer before the United States declared war, Morgenthau again crossed the Atlantic and passed three months in France and Spain on a tour of diplomatic investigation. And when the war clouds were clearing away, the mender of shattered economies went to Poland as head of a Commission for the Investigation and Relief of the Jewish People.

**A**FTER the Senate's confirmation of Bainbridge Colby as Secretary of State, and Henry Morgenthau as ambassador to Mexico, both men spent many hours in conference; for the task that both are assuming in the adjustment of the Mexican problems is no light one. Yet the new secretary, an authority of international law; and the new ambassador, a legal as well as a sympathetic man, form a team well equipped to deal with the most complicated problems of American-Mexican misunderstanding.

For the past few years there have been rumors of serious trouble between Uncle Sam and his southern neighbor. Thinking Mexicans and thinking Americans desire to adjust these differences and establish a basis of coöperation, according to the reports of United States consular agents.

Henry Morgenthau will not go into the American Embassy in Mexico City with an attitude of meekness and utter conciliation. Morgenthau is kindly, he is full of human

sympathy, but he can fight for what is right. He likes law and order, and he will demand it; that is, he will demand certain guarantees that American rights in Mexico be safeguarded. He will be faced by counter demands on the part of the Mexican government.

**M**ORGENTHAU was not born a poor boy but his accomplishments are directly creditable to his own ambition and ability. He has amassed a fortune which enables him to devote his life to diplomatic tasks at a compensation which is not sufficient for the work involved, and the manner in which a representative of the United States must live.

In the span of seven short years, Morgenthau has passed out of the ranks of business and finance into the corps of diplomatists. He won immediate distinction by his constructive administration of the tangled problem which he found on his desk when taking up his post as ambassador to Turkey in 1913.

With the outbreak of the World War, Morgenthau, being the only neutral ambassador of a great nation in Turkey, was intrusted with the interests of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Montenegro, San Marino, Serbia, and Switzerland. Morgenthau's position in Turkey required consummate ability for several reasons. In the first place, he is a Jew. He is a leader and a practical exponent of Jewish activities in times of peace as well as in times of strife. The attitude of the Ottoman government toward the Jews, made his appointment a triumph of diplomatic selection as well as an achievement of diplomatic performance.

Taking into a consideration his accomplishments in the varied fields of his endeavors, his ambassadorship to Mexico gives the average American a sense of confidence.

**H**IS hardest task—the one he will have to first face—will be the question of oil rights. Americans, to-day, are about as popular in Mexico as tarantulas. Reparation for American lives taken in the last decade, and the protection of American interests—financial and individual—form the problem that will place the two countries on a better basis.

Morgenthau doubtless will be active in the formation of the Commission of American Reparations which seems to be the only board that can possibly avert armed intervention in Mexico on the part of the United States.

## To Take the Drudgery out of Your Occupation

**RESPECT it.**

Take pleasure in it.

Don't feel above it.

Put your heart in it.

See the poetry in it.

Work with a purpose.

Do it with your might.

Go to the bottom of it.

Do one thing at a time.

Be larger than your task.

Prepare for it thoroughly.

Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial.

Do it in the spirit of an artist not an artisan.

Make it a stepping-stone to something higher.

Endeavor to do it better than it has ever been done before.

Do not try to do it with a part of yourself,—the weaker part—be all there.

Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done.

Believe in its worth and dignity, no matter how humble it may be.

Accept the disagreeable part of it as cheerfully as the agreeable.

Choose the vocation for which nature has fitted you.

See how much you can put into it, instead of how much you can take out of it.

Remember that it is only through your work that you can grow to your full height.

Train the eye, the ear, the hands, the mind—all the faculties—in the faithful doing of it.

Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive.

Use it as a tool to develop the strong points of your character and to eliminate the weak ones.

Remember that every vocation has some advantages and disadvantages not found in any other.

Regard it as a sacred task given you to make you a better citizen, and to help the world along.

Remember that every neglected or poorly done piece of work stamps itself ineffaceably on your character.

Write it indelibly in your heart that it is better to be a successful cobbler than a botched physician or a briefless barrister.

Refuse to be discouraged if the standard you have reached does not satisfy you; that is a proof that you are an artist not an artisan.

Educate yourself in other directions than the line of your work, so that you will be a broader, more liberal, more intelligent worker.

Regard it not merely as a means of making a living, but first of all as a means of making a life,—a larger, nobler specimen of manhood.—O. S. M.



# Uncle Sam as a Business Man

## How He Runs a Printing Shop at a Loss, and an Engraving Plant at a Profit

By PETER GRAY

**F**EW citizens who have received government pamphlets and communications from their representatives in the United States Senate or House of Representatives, ever stopped to consider the fact that the government maintains the two largest printing and engraving organizations in the world to-day.

Some idea of the magnitude of these enterprises may be gained when it is realized that the Government Printing Office employs almost 6,000 men and women, who are paid in excess of \$600,000 monthly. In the Bureau of Engraving and Printing—where the currency of the United States is made—the demands for its output have been so great that, within twelve months, it has been necessary to purchase, on outside contract, work costing more than \$1,500,000, notwithstanding the fact that the great enterprise is run night and day with three shifts of skilled workers engaged.

It is interesting, also, in view of the countrywide paper shortage, that Uncle Sam is the largest consumer of paper and ink in America. The printing office alone uses from 180 to 220 tons of print-stock daily. The plant itself represents an investment of \$5,000,000, and its average monthly output is valued at \$1,200,000. Day and night, in constant operation, are 93 linotype machines, 100 monotypes, 126 electrotypes machines, and 140 presses of every variety known to the printing trade. Some of the printing presses are the largest made.

But Uncle Sam does not go in for "art printing" in the government office. Speed and volume of output are the essential things. Occasionally some *de luxe* volume containing eulogies of deceased officials are issued, but conventional plainness and the most severe style is typical of the average pamphlet issued.

### Can Issue a 2,000 Page Book Over Night

**N**O publishing house in the world issues such a variety of books. They cover every possible subject from how to pay one's income tax to the proper way to raise chickens. In addition to the *Congressional Record* and all of the text books issued by the various departments under the Cabinet, the printing office publishes and distributes 58 monthlies, 25 weeklies, and 12 daily publications.

The Government Printing Office has been known to set the type, print, and bind a book of 2,000 pages over night without clogging the routine work of the place, and it is by no means unusual to have an average issue of the *Congressional Record* in the morning mail when the final speeches and records have been placed in the compositor's hands long after midnight.

While some of the government publications are mailed to more than 200,000 persons, it is a cause for bitter complaint

that far too few people know of the valuable treatises upon which Uncle Sam spends thousands of dollars. The government catalogues are confusing and incomplete, and hundreds of thousands of people are unaware that they might have for the asking books which would prove of tremendous help to them. As a result of this there is a tremendous waste in this vast publishing business. Printing orders are often given by guess and at random, with the result that the "overrun," as it is termed, lies in Uncle Sam's storehouses until they are full. In one year, to make room for newer waste, over 2,000,000 publications were sold by the government as old paper. Moreover, it is impossible to estimate the waste caused by faulty mailing-lists and the overzeal of congressmen who send broadcast to their constituents mail sacks full of pamphlets in which they have no possible interest.

The net result is that Uncle Sam buys for this plant about \$1,000,000 worth of paper a year.

Obviously this mammoth printing business is not conducted to make money, but some idea of the loss it faces may be figured when it is noted that its gross revenue is only about \$5,000,000 annually.

To take care of the flood of matter for publication which comes from the United States Senate, the House of Representatives and the various departments, the Government Printing Office maintains a staff of editors who revise and prepare the copy for the printers. There are also several hundred proof-readers, who are able to read a wide variety of languages, for many of Uncle Sam's publications are printed in foreign tongues for the education of those in other lands and of foreign-born, non-English speaking residents of the United States. A recent, notable output of the Government Printing Office was the Peace Treaty printed in French as well as English.

### Paper is Made by a Secret Formula

**B**UT the more fascinating branch of Uncle Sam's printing industry is the Bureau of Engraving and Printing where paper currency, bonds and notes are produced. This department—unlike the Printing Office—not only makes all the money we spend, but it also makes money for Uncle Sam. Not that the government charges anyone a profit on the paper currency of the country, but because of the fact that great sums are annually lost or destroyed and the bills never come back to the government for redemption. A fund of \$40,000,000 represents this "profit."

However, aside from its interest because of its magnitude, the Bureau stands first among the world's engraving plants because of the fineness and artistry of its work. In the first place the very paper used is made by a secret government formula and under government supervision. It

permits of a reproduction of engraving plates which has never been approached by any other institution, and so fine and distinctive is this work that Secret Service men laugh at the counterfeiter's clumsy efforts to imitate it. This paper is counted, checked, receipted for and guarded as carefully as gold coins at a mint. Every spoiled sheet must be accounted for. This applies to the less costly and less fine paper used for postage and revenue stamps, but this, too, is specially made and watermarked for Uncle Sam.

While the finest of steel plates are used for all currency, the World War forced the Bureau to experiment with the off-set process in the manufacture of stamps, government checks and certificates. This work has been developed to such a fine degree, however, that the result is little short of astonishing. One such plate will produce 1,600 stamps. These are printed from power presses; but the law, fearing inaccuracies in production, insists that money shall be produced only on hand-propelled machines.

Fifteen different handlings take place before a dollar bill is ready for circulation, numbered, and stamped with the government seal. After each operation it is counted and receipted for by the responsible head of the department.

#### All Must Contribute to Make up a Loss

**A**LTHOUGH the great production rooms employ hundreds of men and women, who are under what is apparently the most casual scrutiny, it is said that there has never been a loss of any magnitude with the making of paper money, and any loss at all is so rare as to cause wonder. Moreover, the culprit is invariably caught. The system of keeping tally is exceptionally clever, and at the end of each working day the production of the quitting force is checked. If the tally proves incorrect, no one may leave the room until the error has been found. If there is an error, no individual is blamed. All present must bear their share of the loss—and Uncle Sam collects the money.

More than 8,000 persons were engaged in manufacturing Liberty Bonds and currency production work during the World War. But they were unable to keep up with the demand and some Liberty Bonds have not yet been delivered to their owners.

The output of this branch of Uncle Sam's manufacturing plant totals the astounding sum of \$48,000,000,000

in bills and securities during the fiscal year just closed. Thus, you will see, there is plenty of money on hand. All you need do is to step out and earn it. The government will generously furnish the wherewithal to pay you.

#### Currency Wears Out in Nine Months

**B**UT Bureau Officials say that money does not last long—not necessarily with the individual, but so far as the life of the bill itself is concerned. The average life of a piece of currency is about nine months. It is then cancelled like a paid bank check and masecrated, after which the shapeless pulp is disposed of for other purposes.

Old bills are not remade into money although new bills are made and reissued in their stead.

Combined with the Printing Office, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is doing an annual business of over \$25,000,000. Every possible labor- and time-saving device is employed, but notwithstanding this the expenses of the two departments are enormous. Some idea of the magnitude of purchases are shown in these annual expenses: Printing ink, \$750,000; dry colors, \$300,000; ink making oils, \$225,000; wiping rags, \$480,000; adhesive compounds for stamps, \$138,000.

#### Here Only Skilled Workers Are Employed

**T**HE salaries paid in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are probably more liberal than those of any other government enterprise, because only the most skilled workers can be employed. Some of the operatives receive as much as \$7,500 a year, and the average annual pay is in the neighborhood of \$3,000. The machinery is much more costly, especially the elaborate engraving-tools without which the fine effects of our currency could not be obtained. It is said that this is a great safeguard against counterfeiting, as no criminal could afford such appliances. Likewise, the very design of our paper money is made with the idea of thwarting the "green goods" man, and for that reason the Bureau maintains simple designs despite appeals from art associations to make them more beautiful.

The portraits of former Presidents and other government officials used on our currency, are the work of a man who is considered one of the best portrait painters in America. He is now at work on a likeness of Theodore Roosevelt, which will shortly beam at you when you open your pay-envelope.

## The New Success Short-Story Prize Contest

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

**T**HE New Success Magazine wants short stories—stories that will harmonize with its policy of inspiration, progress and self-help—stories with dramatic action, humor and human interest—stories that will measure up to Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," or Fred van R. Dey's "The Magic Story."

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

All stories submitted in this contest should not be over 5000 words in length. All manuscripts should be typewritten on one side of the paper only. This contest is open to all. No prize will be divided. In case of a tie, each winner receives a full reward.

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

Address: PRIZE STORY CONTEST, THE NEW SUCCESS,

1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

# THE DANGER OF A SUPERIOR MIND and Highly Organized Nerves

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

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

THE nerve-shock caused by a knife thrust into a sponge cannot be compared to the nerve-shock caused when a similar injury is inflicted upon a higher animal. A whip-lash on the skin of a mule is not felt to the same degree as a lash upon the sensitive skin of a human being. Mental strains, worry, grief and anxiety are not felt by dull-brained and dull-nerved human beings as they are by human beings of a higher type. In other words, the more highly organized the nerves are, the more sensitive they are to abuse, strain, and neglect.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the mile-a-minute life. Our nerves, in a sense, receive knife thrusts and whip-lashes in a thousand different ways daily, and it is the superior man and woman, with the keen mind, sensitive nature, and highly organized nerves who suffers most thereby. As stated before, the dull-brained and dull-nerved human being is comparatively immune to nerve shock.

Nerve shock wrecks the nerves. The strongest man, if subjected to mental torture, worry and strain, cannot hold up under the shock. His heart action will lag, his breathing will become depressed, his digestive organs will fail him, his blood will become impoverished, and finally he will break down from some serious malady, directly due to Nerve Exhaustion. The reason for this is self-evident: Every organ, every muscle, every hair, in fact, every cell in the body, directly owes its life and power to that wonderful energy created by the Nervous System we term Nerve Force. Depletion of Nerve Force must result in a general decline of all the vital functions.

People with high-strung nerves and highly active brains are always in serious danger of causing a deep injury to themselves through undue nerve strain. The fact is, most ailments from which mankind suffers are directly due to deranged and weak nerves. It requires no medical training to understand why this is so. A glance at the accompanying chart of the Sympathetic Nervous System at once shows how intimately every organ is related to the nerves, and it will be observed that the Solar Plexus (abdominal brain) is the center of this wonderful system.

Worry, grief, fear, and intense mental application, directly reflect upon the Solar Plexus. Hence, the reason that the digestive organs become upset through worry, sometimes causing a complete upheaval of the digestive functions. Similarly, every vital organ becomes semi-paralyzed through nervous strain. Need we seek any further for the cause of physical depression, aches, weaknesses, and other troubles in one who has overtaxed his nerves?

The question is often asked, "How can I tell whether my nerves are deranged or weak?" First of all, it is not indicated by trembling hands and twitching of muscles, as many believe. A person may appear perfect, and a careful examination may reveal nothing, yet he may be on the verge of a nerve collapse. The symptoms vary, but usually the first distress observed is "that tired feeling," especially in the morning. Then there may develop sleeplessness, nervous indigestion, constipation, and as the malady fastens its grasp upon its victim more firmly, the mind becomes affected, causing irritability, sensitiveness, poor memory, poor concentration, and, in more advanced cases, obsessions, hallucinations, undue fear, melancholia, etc.

It is dangerous to dabble with the Nerves. Most important of all, they should not be stimulated into action with drugs. This is like making a tired horse speed up by dragging him behind an automobile. When the nerves are unmanageable, they should not be "calmed" with drugs, for this is like making a man sleep by hitting him on the head with a club. They should not be strained by physical exercise, as is so often advocated by perhaps well-meaning, but ignorant Physical Culturists. The first step toward strengthening the Nervous System is that the expenditure of Nerve Force be reduced to a minimum. Every vital organ works with all its might to produce Nerve Force; hence, if the expenditure be lessened, there must follow an increase in Nerve Force, which, of course, means a general increase in Vitality, Energy, Health and Efficiency.

If your nerves have ever given you any

Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensitive to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. 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 22 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

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

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

"After reading your book an inexplicable feeling of nerve calmness and hope for a greater future was awakened within me."

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

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

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

## 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."

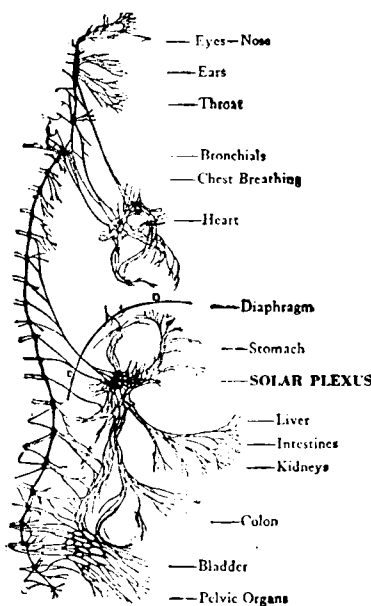
There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the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

No ailment is of greater danger than the "flu" or "cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted from the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed in all the entire war, over a million people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent free with either the 15c or 50c book NERVE FORCE. You will agree that the booklet on Colds alone is worth many times the price asked for both books.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Studio 194, 110 West 40th St., New York



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 Control Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

trouble, or if for some unknown reason your health is not what it should be, or if your memory or power of concentration are not what you would like, you should carefully study and follow the advice given in my 64-page book, NERVE FORCE. The cost of the book in paper cover is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound handsomely in cloth, with Gold Finish, 50 cents. See address at bottom of this page.

I have published numerous books on Health and kindred subjects during the last 22 years, but the book NERVE FORCE is pronounced by competent judges to be not only the best that I have ever written, but by far the most practical and valuable book ever written on the Health Problem, especially on the subject of Nerve Culture. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves, and how to increase your nerve force.

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

# Secrets of Glorious Daily Health!

**Bernarr Macfadden's Encyclopedia of Physical Culture Reveals Nature's Methods and Secrets of Perfect Health. A Wonderful Service for Those Wishing to Banish Sickness From Their Lives and to Gain Glorious Health That Never Skips a Day, a Powerful Physique, and Vitalized Energy Unlimited—Don't Fail to Read About This Special Free Offer.**

**W**HY should you "feel great" only *some* of the time? Why have only half health, half energy, half life? The state of your health is up to you. You can be nervous, weak, and sickly—or you can be strong, healthy, and sick-proof.

You rule your health as surely as you rule your actions. If you are not enjoying the 100 per cent health which makes life so much worth the living it is merely because you haven't employed the methods provided by Nature to keep you well. "But what are these methods?" you say. "How can I learn these secrets of glorious daily health?"

These methods and secrets of perfect health are now unfolded to you. The life-time experience of Bernarr Macfadden, America's greatest health advisor, is now put before you. In his wonderful five-volume Encyclopedia of Physical Culture are the methods which have brought perfect health to thousands of sufferers from all manner of ill-health.

## Why Lose \$4100?

\$4100 is about what sickness costs the average person during his life-time. The person who does not understand Nature's methods of preventing and curing sickness is ill an average of 21½ days each year—or a total of about 3½ years in his life-time. Suppose that person earned the very moderate salary of \$20 a week—his total loss would be about \$3700. Then think of the worry of sickness, the inconvenience, the doctor and hospital bills, the pain—whatever of this can be figured in mere money would bring the average person's loss because of sickness to about \$4100.

Why be among this class who must be economical in order to pay bills due to ill-health, who must suffer the pain and inconvenience of sickness, all because they do not know how to *build health*? Thru Bernarr Macfadden you can learn the methods which will bring you the perfect health and powerful body you have always wished for.

## Feel 10 Years Behind Your Real Age

The way you feel and not the number of your years is the real barometer of your age. Why catch up to your years? Na-

### A Complete Education in Physical Culture

This set of five volumes contains a complete education in Physical Culture and Natural Curative Methods—the equivalent of twenty comprehensive books on the following phases of health and vitality building.

- (1) A complete work on Anatomy, fully illustrated.
- (2) A Physiology in plain language, and embracing many illustrations.
- (3) A reliable and comprehensive handbook on Diet.
- (4) A complete Cook Book.
- (5) A book on Exercise in its Relation to Health.
- (6) A Handbook on Gymnastics, with full instructions on drills and apparatus work of every sort, with hundreds of illustrations.
- (7) A book illustrating and describing every form of Indoor and Outdoor Sports and Exercises—complete courses in Boxing, Wrestling, etc.
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- (15) An Anatomy of the Sexual Organs.
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- (19) A practical work on the Training of Children.
- (20) A complete handbook on Beauty-Culture.

ture's methods of keeping you healthy will keep you young too. Learn them. You can look and feel at least ten years behind your real age. Thru learning Nature's secrets Sanford Bennett at 70 brought himself physically back to 50. You too can apply the natural methods of bringing back youthful "pep," vitality, and bodily vigor. Thru these methods hundreds have been guided by Bernarr Macfadden to renewed youth and wonderful health that never skips a day.

In his wonderful Encyclopedia, Mr. Macfadden gives these secrets and methods and tells how to apply them. For every ailment the Encyclopedia has a natural method that has made good. The "daily guide to perfect health" it has been called, and it is worthy of its title.

## The Daily Guide to Perfect Health

Guiding health seekers for more than 30 years—this has been Bernarr Macfadden's preparation for this remarkable work, the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

This great work is a complete "natural-method" doctor. It tells how to build health, vitality and strength for every member of the household, young and old. It describes the symptoms of every known disease and gives detailed instructions for treatment. It contains invaluable information on fasting, diet, exercise and hydropathy for health and beauty building. A thorough and extensive treatment is given of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for the diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. Handsomely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are given.

A reading of the two panels printed here will give you a better idea of the vast scope of this Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. In it is contained the equivalent of at least twenty complete books. The Encyclopedia contains more than 3,000 pages and 1,200 illustrations, besides scores of color plates.

Because it is impossible for us to explain adequately about this Encyclopedia in this space, we therefore want you to mail the coupon printed on the next page so that we can send you any volume of the Encyclopedia you select for free examination. Read the full details of this offer and mail the coupon at once.



# A Complete Guide-Course to Perfect Health by Bernarr Macfadden

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Bernarr Macfadden has had more than 30 years of experience in guiding thousands to renewed health. The methods that have brought exhilarating health and physical power to others will prove valuable to you. If you want to enjoy glorious health every day in the year—if you want your family to enjoy the health which makes home life radiate joy and happiness—if you want to drop a few years from your age and have more success-winning energy, power, and vitality than ever before—select the volume of the Encyclopedia which you wish to examine, and mail the coupon for it today. The general contents of each of the five volumes are as follows:

- Vol. I. —Anatomy, physiology, diet, food preparation.
- Vol. II. —Physical Training, gymnastics, corrective exercise, physical culture, exercises for women, sports, athletics.
- Vol. III.—Fasting, hydrotherapy, first aid, spinal manipulation, mechanical diet and regimens.
- Vol. IV.—Diagnosis and detailed treatment for individual diseases alphabetically listed.
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Do not let the word "encyclopedia" give you the impression that it is dull or boring. This is the only word which would describe the comprehensiveness and completeness of the work. This is the very latest edition and is the crowning effort of Mr. Macfadden's life-time of experience. Its worth to you cannot be under-estimated unless you wish to under-estimate the glorious daily health it will show you how to gain.

## How To—

possess exhilarating health every day in the year  
know your own body  
eat for health  
diet for the cure of disease  
know the art of food preparation  
build a powerful physique  
correct physical imperfections  
become a physical director  
avoid unhappy marriages  
avoid disease  
fast as a curative measure  
cure by hydrotherapy (heat by the use of water)  
apply all methods of drugless healing  
give first aid in emergencies  
apply home treatment for disease  
recognize diseases by manifestations  
build nervous energy  
treat the common forms of disease  
understand the process of reproduction  
benefit by laws of sex and marriage  
treat diseases of women  
diagnose diseases  
have healthy and vigorous children  
treat female disorders  
treat male disorders  
obtain virility and manhood  
care for the complexion  
manicure; care for the hair and feet  
cultivate the mind  
These are only a few of the matters explained in the Encyclopedia.

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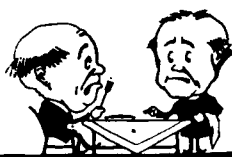
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

# The Best Humor of the Month



## He Nearly Missed It

**WAITER** (hinting for a tip)—And how did you find your steak, sir?  
**DINER**—Oh! I just moved that little piece of potato and there it was.

## Why He Got It

**YOUNG Minister**—(receiving gift of fountain pen)—“Thank you. I hope I shall now be able to write better sermons.”  
**THE LADY**—“I hope so.”—*Boston Transcript*.

## Didn't Tell the Truth

**JONES**—“I know now that my wife lied to me before we were engaged.”  
**BROWN**—“What do you mean?”  
**JONES**—“When I asked her to marry me she said she was agreeable.”—*Tit-Bits*.

## Why Women Should Vote

**HE**—“Of course women should vote. They deserve suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner.”  
**SHE**—“Of course their minds are cleaner, but how do you know that?”  
**HE**—“Because they change them so much oftener.”—*London Opinion*.

## And He Might Do!

**HE**—Reggie's girl has money to burn.  
**SHE**—Yes, I hear she's looking for a match.—*Princeton Tiger*.

## Getting Down To Facts

**FATHER**—“How many people work in your office?”  
**SON** (Government employee)—“Oh about half!”—*Bystander*.

## Gifted!

“**MAYBE** your son hasn't found himself yet,” he consoled. “Isn't he gifted in any way?”  
 “Gifted? I should say he is. He ain't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## No, He Was Tired!

“**SOME** people believe that thirteen at table is unlucky.”  
 “Wonder if that's why the maker of the multiplication tables stopped at twelve.”—*Boston Transcript*.

## Nothing To Eat!

**OLD Mammy Mary Persimmons** called one day on the village lawyer.  
 “Well, old lady,” he said, “what can I do for you?”  
 “Ah wants to divo'ce mah husband,” said Aunt Mary.  
 “Divorce your Uncle Bill!” cried the lawyer. “Good gracious, why?”  
 “Bekase he's done got religion, dat's why,” said Aunt Mary, “an' we ain't had a chicken on de table fo' six weeks.”

## The First Step

**TEACHER**—“What is the first step toward the digestion of food?”  
**Bright Boy**—“Biting it off.”

## Help Wanted

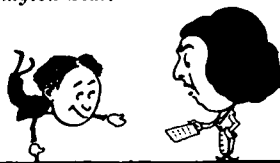
**NANCY**, was saying her prayers. “And, please, God,” she petitioned, “make Boston the capital of Vermont.”  
 “Why, Nancy!” exclaimed her shocked mother. “What made you say that?”  
 “'Cause I made it that way on my examination-papers to-day and I want it to be right.”—*The American Legion Weekly*.

## Embarrassing

“**SPLENDID** color, isn't it?” asked the fishmonger, cutting open a salmon.  
 “Yes,” replied the purchaser. “It looks as if it were blushing at the price you ask for it.”

## One Way To Rise

**A SEA** captain was talking about the English admiral, Lord Fisher.  
 “I once asked Lord Fisher,” he said, “what he attributed his rapid rise to.”  
 “‘To power of initiative,’ Lord Fisher answered promptly.  
 “‘Power of initiative, my lord?’ And I scratched my head. ‘How would you define power of initiative?’  
 “‘Disobeying orders,’ said Lord Fisher.”—*Washington Star*.



## Below Away Down

**JACK**—I don't think I should get zero on this paper.  
**TEACHER**—I don't either, but that's the lowest I could give you.

## The Difference

**WHAT'S** this near-beer, that they sell now, like?  
 Well, it's just like having your girl throw you a kiss. The sentiment is all right but you don't get any real thrill.

## Ireland Won

“**TALKING** of hens,” remarked the American visitor, “reminds me of an old hen my dad once had. She would hatch out anything from a tennis-ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water.”  
 “That doesn't come up to a club-footed hen my mother once had,” remarked the Irishman. “They had been feeding her by mistake on sawdust instead of oatmeal. Well, sor, she laid twelve eggs and sat on them, and when they hatched eleven of the chickens had wooden legs and the twelfth was a woodpecker!”

## Suspicious

**AS** Widow Watts bent industriously over her wash-tub she was treated to polite conversation by a male friend, who presently turned the conversation to matrimony, winding up with a proposal of marriage.  
 “Are ye sure ye love me?” sighed the buxom widow, as she paused in her wringing.  
 The man vowed he did. For a few minutes there was silence, as the widow continued her work. Then suddenly she raised her head, and asked:  
 “What's the matter—have y' lost yer job?”

## Prepared

“**HOW** many law books will you want to carry to court, counsellor?”  
 “Not over four. It's only a ten-dollar dog case.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



## From Sad Experience

“**YOU** say you have a fire-escape at each floor?” said the applicant for a room.  
 “Yes, we have,” replied the boarding-house lady.  
 “Must give you a feeling of security.”  
 “It does if the boarders are all paid up.”—*Yonkers Statesman*.

## The Last Horse-Story

**TWO** men thrown together at a horse show were discussing their adventures with the equine tribe.  
 “A horse ran away with me once, and I wasn't out for two months,” remarked the man with the Trilby hat.  
 “That's nothing!” replied the man with the bowler. “I ran away with a horse once, and I wasn't out for two years!”—*Tit-Bits*.

## Much Nicer!

“**DO** you always do your marketing here?”  
 “Yes, I've dealt with these people for years. It's so much nicer to be robbed by someone you know.”—*Life*.

## Solving A Problem

**CHAMBERMAID** (reporting in office): The gentleman in 320 is packed up ready to leave and has a quart of whisky in the bag all wrapped up in one of our best towels. What shall I do?  
 “Bring the whisky down here to me and take the towel back and set it again.”—*New York Tribune*.

## How Thoughtful!

**LITTLE** Edna (seeing mother's new evening dress, just arrived)—“Oh, mamma, how lovely! Will you wear it to-night?”  
 MOTHER—“No, dear, not to-night. This is for when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner.”  
 EDNA—“Oh, mamma, let's pretend just for once that papa's a gentleman.”—*New York Globe*.

## Too Young

**MRS. DE STYLE**: Elsie worries me. She doesn't like to go to church at all.  
 Mr. De Style Oh, don't mind that. She is too young to care much yet about dress and fashions.—*Boston Transcript*.

## Surprised!

**ELDERLY HOSTESS**—“So you are the daughter of my old friend Margaret Blank. I was at your christening eighteen years ago—but how you've changed.”—*Boston Transcript*.

## Quite Likely

**ANGLER** (describing a catch)—“The trout was so long—I tell you I never saw such a fish!”  
 Rustic—“No, I don't suppose you ever did.”

## Not Too Healthy

“**IT** is healthier to be cremated,” says an English physician. Maybe so, but for our part we know we should never be the same man again.—*Boston Transcript*.

# The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Down



\$15 a Week



\$18.00 a Week



\$40.00 a Week



\$100.00 a Week

He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

He was down—but he *wouldn't stay there!* He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do *he* could do. Then he found the *reason* they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that *he* would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon like the one below. That was his first step upward. It brought him just the information he was looking for. He found he could get the training he needed right at home in the hours after supper. From that time on he spent part of his spare time studying.

The first reward was not long in coming—an increase in salary. Then came another. Then he was made Foreman. Now he is Superintendent with an income that means independence and all the comforts and pleasures that make life worth living.

It just shows what a man with ambition can do. And this man is only one out of hundreds of thousands who have climbed the same steps to success with the help of the International Correspondence Schools.

## What about you?

Are you satisfied merely to hang on where you are or would you, too, like to have a real job and real money? It's entirely up to you. You don't *have* to stay down. You *can* climb to the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! The I. C. S. is ready and anxious to come to you, wherever you are, with the very help you need.

Surely when you have an opportunity that means so much, you can't afford to let another priceless hour pass without at least finding out about it. And the way to do that is easy—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

### TEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 7388, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER            | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring                | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer             | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Card Writer                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER            | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman           | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice          | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning                                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker                      | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating           | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER                 | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER                                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping          | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER       | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NATIONARY ENGINEER             | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER                                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer                | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT                      | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH                                     |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman        | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder               | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer            | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING           | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker             | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt.      | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST                        | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> French      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

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Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## The Shameful Misuse of Money

(Continued from page 19)

introduced and made fashionable because there is not a sufficient quantity of the old standard furs. A western cattleman recently made a deal with an eastern fur dealer for all the jack-rabbits caught on his place, at \$2 apiece. Even the domestic cat is now an important fur-coat commodity.

There are several reasons for the increased buying in the clothing trade, but these reasons do not by any means explain the reason for the wild extravagance that American men and women are indulging in. During the war, many men were in service. This cut down the sale of men's clothing tremendously. It also made manufacturers and retailers cater as they never had catered before to the trade of the small boy. It resulted in great advertising campaigns on trade-marked boys' clothes—a thing that had never before been heard of. But with the return of men from France and with the decline in the fashion of wearing shabby clothes, men who had not replenished their wardrobes in two or three years, are on a still hunt for clothes. The man weary of a uniform and the man weary of last year's "hand-me-down" were both seeking something to wear out of the ordinary. They plunged into the market, and the spring, 1919, clothing business showed an increase in the cash value of sales over the preceding year, of something like 400 per cent!

And while the well-to-do man is paying \$175, or more, for a business suit, the man who buys ready-made clothing is paying still more proportionately; for labor costs the same and the only difference in the suit from the merchant tailor and the ready-to-wear suit, is the cost of the fabric which is negligible in the computation of the selling price of the suit.

"Everyone who has a little capital is going into the silk business. Silk has become a mania with Americans. People who never wore silk before will have nothing else these days. Silk stockings, shirts, 'lingerie,' and gloves—at unheard of prices—go like hot cakes," said a big New York dealer.

### The Boss Only Wore a "Ready-Made" Suit

AND to enable them to keep up this mad pace, labor has indulged in one strike after another. High as wages have climbed, they have not yet climbed high enough to enable the worker to indulge his desire for luxury and extravagance to the extent that the millionaire refuses to do. I am well acquainted with the head of a great freight-forwarding concern. When I told him that I was writing this article for *THE NEW SUCCESS*, he said: "I am the only man in my office who has the courage to wear a ready-made suit and to economize. The rest of them have gone crazy."

But labor is beginning to realize that the fat pay-envelope is not keeping pace with the prices of what he must buy—or what he desires to buy. He is learning that the more he is paid the less he gets. It isn't the age of picking up money off the ground, and it is only the wise wage earner who saves his money and curtails his expenditures, who will be better off when prices get down to normal again.

In October, 1919, food was estimated to cost in advance of 211 per cent of its price in 1913. It cost more than 10 per cent more than it did the preceding year, 1918.

The wage-earner—prosperous as he found himself in the number of dollars earned—discovered that every item of expense in his daily maintenance had increased. He

was paying more for clothing, food, rental, fuel, illumination, furniture and countless other things that keep a modern family alive and going. These increases ranged from 7 to 30 per cent. And, on top of this, he found himself forced to pay Uncle Sam an income tax over and above these over-the-counter prices.

People began to realize that they had had their fling and that it was time to haul in their horns. "Profiteering" is a vague word to most people. They do not understand it and they either scout at it or take it as a joke—as a natural result of conditions.

### Extravagance Keeps Up the High Cost of Living

THE Federal Reserve Report on Business Conditions says: "To high prices the buying public shows almost no resistance. Buyers are either completely indifferent or they accept the high prices as something to be expected. Many of the new buyers are unaccustomed to former prices and accept the new scale, therefore, without question, often paying cash. The reckless buying acts directly to postpone the return to lower prices."

Naturally, it all goes back to the age old law of supply and demand. If we continue in our wild orgy of spending, there cannot and will not be any reduction in the high cost of living.

### Prices Are Going Still Higher

ONE great packer of foodstuffs—whose name is a household word—said only last month: "Prices must come down, although I don't see how they can with the present high cost of labor and materials. Yet, somehow, come down they will or must. As a result, I am not permitting my salesmen to supply our retail trade with what they think they want. They may only purchase from us such products of this firm as their call and demand shows they need. I will not let them speculate on futures through this house and thus complicate market conditions still further and add to the misery that may come of false anticipation of the way the cat will jump."

But all this does not mean that prices are going to take a slump for another year at least. The goods that will appear on the counters next fall will be, in some cases, nearly ten per cent *higher* than those you are buying now.

The situation grows serious. The spending orgy must stop and wages must go back to an equitable basis, economic experts say. The statement of J. P. Bird, of the National Association of Manufacturers, is interesting. "The people are dissatisfied because they feel that the rising cost of materials and labor is put upon the price of an article when it is sold to the consumer. Unless organized industry agrees that prices shall be reduced 25 per cent by a specific date, manufacturers will rue the day, and this—if not more radical steps—may be taken, in some other way, without their consent."

### Cheap Foreign Goods Coming In

CHEAP foreign goods are beginning to pour in from Europe. I mention this because, to many hard-headed people, it foretells a calamitous condition. When the bottom drops out of our export trade—as it is certain to do—there will be a terrible reaction. There will not be a panic. As Henry Ford says: "There is no fear of panic in a country whose dollar is the world's standard, and where there are plen-

ty of dollars. The thing is to persuade people that it is silly to waste those dollars."

So wonderful has been the growth of the importing business during the last year through New York, which now collects more revenue than any other two ports in the world that New York warehouses and piers are congested with foreign-made goods.

Many of the importers are intentionally storing their goods in water front warehouses in bond, to be drawn out when the market is favorable.

Confirming reports of her swift recovery to a pre-war normal condition, Belgium, in February, sent to New York goods worth \$2,212,652, as against \$2,100 worth a year ago. Importations from Germany also show a big jump, from \$30 for the month of February, last year, to \$2,133,656 this. Hungary is at the bottom of the list, only \$38 worth of materials having come from there during the month, while Austria sent \$68,738. Italy's exports to this port were seven times those of a year ago, \$7,918,160 as against \$1,134,063.

### War Made 20,000 New Millionaires

MAD extravagance, such as we Americans are now indulging in, does not help business. The margin of profit is too small for that. And—never lose sight of the fact—extravagance is not so much a pastime of the rich as it is of the newly rich. As I have said, the man who has money may spend it, but he wants *quid pro quo*—value for value. The newly rich, suddenly thrown into a lap of luxury, wants everything his previous poverty denied him. The result is, he spends his money helter skelter—absolutely regardless of its purchasing power. And when the number of newly rich is increased as greatly as it has been since the war, their reckless spending has a telling effect on economic conditions.

A Chicago banker estimates that the war added 20,000 more millionaires to the United States, and billions of dollars to those who were benefited by the general increase in wages.

### Laboring Woman Buys Dress for \$800

THE biggest piece of money in the world, to-day, is the American dollar. And to-day is the time to put it where it will earn some more dollars for the future. We are not saving, we are not investing—we are only *spending*. Why, I was told recently by the manager of one of the biggest dry goods' stores in New York, that a woman—an Italian, in a plain gown, with a shawl over her head—entered their dress department and asked to be shown a certain ball gown displayed in their show-window.

"Why," said the manager of the department, "you don't want that dress! The price is eight hundred dollars."

The woman was non-plussed. She insisted on buying the dress. And, furthermore, she said, she wanted it to wear herself. She paid for it from an immense roll of bills which she extracted from her stock-in.

"Madam," remarked the surprised clerk, "how can a woman like you afford such a dress?"

"Why shouldn't I," she answered, "when there are five men in my family making over a hundred dollars a week apiece."

Shabby clothes are no longer an allowable eccentricity of genius.

♦ ♦ ♦

The language of the face and manner are the instantaneous shorthand of the mind which is very quickly read.



# How John Caldwell Secured a \$12,000 Job

**And Showed Over 300 Other Men How to Sell Their Services and Get Bigger, Better Paying Jobs**

By THOS. P. COMEFORD

**H**ERE'S a story possessing the widest appeal of any I have ever written. It deals with the eternal question confronting every ambitious man and woman "How to get a Bigger and Better Paying Position."

I must take you back to an evening a year ago when several men met at a New York Club for the first time following war duties to discuss matters in general and principally ways and means of helping each other into new or more desirable positions.

Various plans were suggested, old methods of recommendation, etc., but with very little promise of the desired results, when John Caldwell happened by and joined the group. Caldwell, as everybody knew, had recently secured a \$12,000 job as Sales Manager with a large, nationally-known concern, and someone said half in jest, "Caldwell, tell us how to get a \$12,000 position," and what Caldwell told them is my reason for writing this story so that you can profit as did every man present—Caldwell said: "Some months ago when I found myself out of a job after returning from overseas, I conceived the idea that getting a job was no different from selling a product, that the method which was successful in one instance would be equally successful in the other."

"I analyzed my knowledge of my business, my ability and experience as tangible commodities to sell at the highest possible price I could get for them. I outlined a plan to get in touch with every possible employer or buyer of such services and I accepted the best offer which you know is 50% over and above any salary I have heretofore received. That is all there is to it, gentlemen, and if you will adopt my plan, I will guarantee that every man here secures a better position than he ever held before."

Needless to say, Caldwell's plan was adopted—he lent every advice and assistance towards carrying it out. Every man was placed in a most desirable position and the group widened until it embraced over 300 friends of those present, including men in every line of industry at salaries from \$35 per week to over \$15,000 a year.

A large New York university, learning of the success of this plan, arranged for Caldwell to lecture to the graduating class on this method of "Selling Your Services."

Men of high standing in modern education have expressed their belief that John Caldwell has begun a new phase of educational work that is of supreme importance to the individual and to modern business.

They point out how for centuries the trend of educational methods has been toward fitting men to occupy more useful places in society without telling them how to find places for which they are best fitted.

For the benefit of thousands, **George Conover Pearson** (who worked in close accord with John Caldwell, and under his personal guidance), has prepared a book, "Selling Your Services," which clearly and fully outlines this wonderfully successful plan for getting a better position.

Your services are the biggest thing you have to sell. You should know how to get the best price for them. Few people do and, yet, it is as simple as selling any other commodity if you go about it in the right way.

This book will help you organize your knowledge, ability and experience into tangible form and to sell them at the highest price. It is intensely practical, goes right to the essentials of every important phase of selling your services

and in rounding out a campaign for a position. Both sides are carefully analysed, the employer's and the applicant's. The analysis is based on the scientific study of thousands of cases. Successful letters that landed jobs are presented. These letters cover a very wide variety of conditions.

"SELLING YOUR SERVICES" has already proved to be worth its weight in gold to hundreds seeking better positions. It will be equally so to you no matter what position you seek, for no investment that you can possibly make has equal possibilities for paying dividends.

It is the desire of both the author and the publishers to place this book in the hands of as many people as possible, and to do so, it will be gladly sent **ON 5 DAYS' APPROVAL**. All you have to do is to sign the coupon below, but you must have the initiative to do this—to take this first step in the right direction. **There is no reason why you cannot get as good a job as the next man. Sign and mail this coupon NOW.**



THE JORDAN-GOODWIN CORP.,  
Jefferson Bank Bldg.,  
New York City.

Please send me copy of your book, "Selling Your Services," on 5 days' approval. Enclosed find \$3, which pays for the book and entitles me to free criticism and suggestions on three letters of application for position. If I decide not to keep the book, I will return same in 5 days and you are to return my \$3 without question.

Name.....

Address.....

## What Others Say About This Book

"... It is so interesting, so crisp and cheerful, that it should stimulate anybody to new lines of effort in job hunting."—*The Engineering and Mining Journal*.

"The man who wrote this book knows what he is talking about."—*The Jeweler's Circular Weekly*.

"Every man who is actively seeking a better job should read this book."—*The Electrical Age*.

"Read this Before You Write—In a new book of 272 pages on 'Selling Your Services' there is a large amount of good advice, some of it worth many times the price of the book."—*Electrical World*.

## Physician to Three Presidents

(Continued from page 25)

as attentive as a nurse and was frequently awakened to administer treatment to his patient. This constant watchfulness and care had more to do with the President's recovery than anything else. The distinguished physicians who were called in consultation approved entirely the method of treatment by Dr. Grayson, a circumstance which was very gratifying to the young physician.

Although Admiral Grayson was a physician first and attended the President with the sole object in view of mending his physical condition and restoring his health, it became imperative that the official side should be considered. Naturally a man could not be so closely associated for seven years with even such a reticent man as President Wilson without knowing much about his mind, his views, his intentions and desires. It was this knowledge that Admiral Grayson had acquired, knowledge of statecraft and government, that enabled him to be, during a very trying five months, a "near President *pro tem*." He was not likely to make mistakes and certainly he came through the delicate and trying period with credit to himself, while the gratitude of the White House family is unmistakable.

WHEN a man reaches that point in the public mind where his name is on the lips of millions of people, there is a natural desire to know something about him. Admiral Grayson is slightly below the average height, rather slender and somewhat boyish in appearance, but he has all a man's strong personality. He is a physically strong man, well muscled and with quick but graceful movements. The Admiral has a charming manner which is enhanced by his soft Virginian voice and Southern accent. Altogether he is one of the most pleasant men to be met with in Washington official life. It is no wonder that the President has found him such an agreeable companion and has had him constantly with him, not only during his official hours, but in his hours of recreation.

Admiral Grayson's attitude toward the

President may be better understood when it is compared to that of any high-class officer of the Army or Navy toward his superior officer. Loyalty, with all that the word implies, is his sole guide and has determined his line of conduct. His duty as an officer, as well as a physician, has been to keep the President in good health. He has devoted himself to that duty and has used not only his knowledge of medicine and surgery, but also a fund of common sense in the matter of the care of the human system. To an organism such as that possessed by Woodrow Wilson—a great human mental machine working overtime—everyday regulation of habits and method in recreation were necessary, and Dr. Grayson prescribed a course which kept the President in fair physical condition until the over exertion of 1919 sapped his vitality.

Admiral Grayson is a studious man. He has done everything there was to do in fitting himself for his profession. He has been an interne in hospitals and a student at medical institutions. Such hours as he has allowed to himself he has devoted to medical studies.

In 1916, Admiral Grayson was married to Miss Gertrude Gordon. He spent a honeymoon of two weeks, the only vacation he has had since he entered the Navy. They have two sturdy youngsters: the older, two years and three months old; the other, one year old. The second of these boys was born while Admiral Grayson was with the President in Paris. The Admiral belongs to a number of prominent clubs, one a riding and hunt club. Riding is his favorite diversion. While he plays golf a great deal with the President, that sport is more a duty than a pleasure. As White House physician, serving under two Presidents who traveled a great deal, Admiral Grayson has been all over the United States. His association with the President has given him an opportunity to meet the most prominent and distinguished persons, not only in this country, but of the entire world. Although still a young man he has had a wonderful career and a life of activity and interest.

## The Brilliant Barrymores

(Continued from page 32)

Of the dragging years when she struggled with managers and public for recognition, not as a charming and beautiful actress but as a strong and versatile one, she says: "I knew that if I wanted to prove myself versatile I must begin at the beginning. If I waited until I was too old to play charming girlish creatures, I would never have the chance."

Acting is like intensive farming. It is getting all out of a part there is in it or more. Ethel Barrymore gets more. For she puts all of herself into it, then takes it out. A personality so highly endowed as her own, and so completely developed, is seldom created by playwright.

NOR was her elder brother, Lionel's way one of unimpeded progress. He did not care for the stage. The children of actors seldom do. He made his debut, too, in "The Rivals" with his grandmother. He wanted to become an artist. Etching made a strong appeal to him. He took his bride, Doris Rankin, dark-eyed daughter of the late McKee Rankin, to Paris. They lived in a high studio in the Latin Quarter.

But the eldest Barrymore learned what Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and other

ambitious young artists discovered—to their deep grief—that the returns from sales of young artists' work are slow and that rent and grocer bills amazingly multiply. So the second Barrymore came back to the stage because he "had to have the money." The stage? Rather the screen. He had intended to pursue the motion-picture actor's life until the producer of "Peter Ibbetson" lamented the lack of an especially strong actor for the rôle of the cruel cynic in the Du Maurier play.

"My brother could play it," said John Barrymore, who had been cast for the title rôle. Thus it came about that Lionel was lured from the photo-drama studios and, applying his forceful, definite methods there strengthened, won applause from audiences and critics.

He played the difficult rôle of the spy in "The Copperhead," greatly to his credit. But it was as the primitive, roaring *Neri* in "The Jest," that he came fully into his own. The quality of ferocity that must have been in him since the days of the battles with his sister in the English garden became a dramatic asset. His Niagara-like force, plus his knowledge of the stage, won for him the star rôle in Eugene Brieux's "The Let-

ter of the Law." It caused his personality to be the first to knock at the door of the managerial mind when a production of "Othello" was contemplated. "Othello" will be the third play in which the brothers have appeared together and have been superb foils for each other, "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Jest" being its predecessors as vehicles for the duo.

"Embrace satisfactorily every good opportunity," is his summary of success rules. He adds the important afterthought, "Everyone must know his job."

JOHN BARRYMORE determinedly turned his face away from the stage. He admired above all others "the fellows who made pen-and-ink sketches for the newspapers." He wanted to be "an artist in black and white." He secured a position on the staff of a New York newspaper. At all events, he came to the office everyday, set up his drawing table—and sketched and sketched.

Strange drawings they were and strangely powerful. His favorite of the masters of masters was Rembrandt. He would rather illustrate Heine's "Florentine Nights" and the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, than any modern works. An art critic wrote of his sketches of that time:

"A new, weird light has recently penetrated the murky art atmosphere of New York. It is as yet a thin though brilliant ray—a keen, clear rift, scintillant like the burning shaft from a sharply focussed lens held in the sun. It is a strangely fascinating phenomenon. It is as luring as sin in its manifestations, and its name is John Barrymore. At the risk of misprediction, I venture the statement that young Barrymore is a genius."

"The power of the man resides in his facile imagination. Barrymore is nothing if not original. His every pencil stroke savors of unfettered fancy. He gives himself over to his picture-making as an infatuated swain gives himself to the caprices of his mistress."

YET over against the intoxicating praise was set the fact that America's chief poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, demanded that someone "beside that old man shall illustrate my articles," and John Barrymore received the "blue envelope"—the daily newspaper's document of dismissal.

Again the family reason, "I had to have the money" prevailed. He made his stage debut twenty years ago with his father's company, "The Man of the World." Then the stage seemed a huge joke to him. He gave imitations of his father to the delectation of his audiences and the fury of his parent. He played a small part in his sister's company in "Captain Jinks." On his first appearance in the Clyde Fitch play he forgot his lines. Yet when the audience signified by applause its desire that Miss Barrymore come before the curtain came the family wag himself, bowing in mock humility, his hand upon his heart.

But years brings seriousness and experience a sense of responsibility. So seriously did John Barrymore immerse himself in the rôle of *Richard* that, under its load and that of the photo-drama rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," played at nearly the same time, his fragile frame broke and he will be compelled to rest for several months.

The youngest of the Barrymores not yet forty, is being acclaimed as the foremost of young American actors. Many grant him what the art critic did, the possession of genius. He is doing what he desired to do, but in what is to him a more familiar medium.

(Continued on page 56)

# WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM-

By Judge  
Ben B. Lindsey

**P**ELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

## Pelmanism Comes as an Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I would have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

Either think back on your own experience or else look into a schoolroom in your own town. Routine the ideal, with pupils drilled to do the same thing at the same time in the same way. There is no room for originality or initiative because these qualities would throw the machinery out of gear. Individuality is discouraged and imagination frowned upon for the same reason. No steadfast attempt to appeal to interest or to arouse and develop latent powers, but only the mechanical process of drilling a certain traditional ritual on each little head.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts and fears? Instead of walking forward to enthusiasm and certainty, they blunder along like people lost in a fog.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with "the citizens of tomorrow." His laws and his court-procedure have been made the model for Acts of Parliament in Great Britain. He is as much an authority in France and Germany and Austria and Italy.

achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

## Pelmanism Pays Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will not "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it

as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

This point, that is its strength to me may prove to be the weakness of the course. Americans want everything at once. They love to think that they can find something to take at night that will make them "100 percent efficient" by morning. Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

So I say that Pelmanism is one of the great discoveries of the day. Properly followed, the course guarantees the acquisition of the best of all wealth—the functioning to full capacity of that marvelous machine we call the "mind."

(Signed) BEN B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. It has stood the test of twenty years. Its students are in every country in the world. Its benefits are attested by 500,000 men and women in all walks and conditions of life.

The course takes no account of class, creed or circumstance. Its values are for all. Business men, from the great captains of commerce to their clerks, are ardent Pelmanists.

Professional men—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, artists, authors—have come to the knowledge that Pelmanism will help them to surmount difficulties and achieve a greater degree of success in their vocations. Women—both in the home and in business—find Pelmanism an answer to their problems.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study. Half an hour daily will enable the student to finish in three months.

A special system keeps the examiners in close personal touch with the students right through the course, and insures that individual attention which is so essential to the success of a study of this character.

## How to Become a Pelmanist

"Mind and Memory" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it.

Your copy will be found the comment and experience of men and women of every trade, profession and calling, telling how Pelmanism works—the observations of scientists with respect to such vital questions as age, sex and circumstance in the bearing on success—"stories from the life" and brilliant little essays on personality, opportunity, etc. all drawn from facts. So great has been the demand that "Mind and Memory" has already gone into a third edition of 100,000.

Your copy is ready for you. Immediately upon receipt of your request it will be mailed to you absolutely free of charge and free of any obligation. Send for "Mind and Memory" now. Don't "put off." Fill in coupon at once and mail, or call personally at our convenient location.

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New Suc.—June.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Brilliant Barrymores

(Continued from page 54)

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S attitude toward her brothers, notwithstanding the slight difference in their ages, is that of the tender, nurturing mother. Under her name appeared this appreciative critique of one of her brother's performances:

"I don't consider Lionel a character actor. I consider him an actor who can play any character. I can't imagine any part that he wouldn't be good in. He would be fine if he had to wear a white wig and dance a minuet or he would play a butler and carry a tray with the best of them. If he had to play *Macbeth* or *Macduff*, he would be splendid. I can't imagine Lionel going wrong. He has all the qualifications for acting and the physical power to carry out his mental conceptions."

In print, too, she has paid her tribute to her brother, John:

"I suppose that every actress has many letters and calls from ambitious young men and women who want to know how to learn the art of acting. I say to them, 'Don't try to learn to act. Try to learn not to act.' This difficult art, the ultimate achievement of strength and sincerity shines in John Barrymore's sincere and virile work."

When Lionel Barrymore returned to the stage he begged off from interviews and said: "Let John speak for me." John gave the interview, expressing his profound admiration for his brother's art.

They would be admirable if only in the art of standing together. The brilliant Barrymores! Long may they shine!

Go West Young Man

(Continued from page 38)

to lure the wayward farmer boy away from Wall Street and back to the fields of nature. To use his own words:

"Why should the government spend much study and much money upon the discovery of ways and means to double the production of wheat if it isn't possible to make the farmer take up the process in a serious way? The farming population hardly avails itself of a fraction of the scientific data compiled for the benefit of this element.

"There was a time when we added to the food production of the country by bringing inore fertile land under cultivation. To-day, food is produced by thinking, as much as by labor. More production of food, as of most other necessities is what the country most needs now. The department is equipped to show the way. More goods and more work is what we need—not more money. There cannot be too much balanced production. I would sooner take a chance on a jam in the supply of automobiles than I would in the possible shortage of bread. Better too much of any necessity than a shortage. Improve transportation and communication, and there will be little overproduction in any line. The big factor the country is facing to-day is the danger of underproduction, which is really responsible for most of our national troubles.

"There ought to be more farm hands and fewer lawyers and bank clerks."

This is Meredith's idea of correcting the situation.

"If we had more dairymen, and fewer dispensers of dairy products, more cows and fewer milk-distributing firms, we would be better off. The farmer and the manufacturer of necessities cannot get a fair return when there are so many people in the wrong place."

ON the part of the new Secretary of Agriculture, these remarks suggest a possible solution to a great many things. Be it a change of mind, a change of conditions, or a change wrought by straying from the farm into unaccustomed atmosphere—there are, quite evidently, numerous persons in the United States who are in the wrong place to-day.

Think it over. Are you merely "in right"—or are you in the right place?

Do you produce where you could produce the most, or do you get the most you can for the least you can do?

The Great Journalists of America

(Continued from page 40)

sightedness and executive acumen. William C. Reick had arranged that the *Herald's* naval editor should return to sea duty. That he returned in Dewey's command when he sailed for the Philippines was no accident.

Nor was it an accident that while other newspapers were paying wartime prices for news equipment, the *Herald* had its fleet under contract; whereby the *Herald* was enabled to "cover" the war at half the expense of the other newspapers.

Nor was it an accident that the *Herald* began printing illustrations soon after Mr. Reick took his seat in the swivel chair of The *Herald's* city room.

IT was while the *Herald* was under his fourteen years' administration that it was proven, "Reick is a man who is calm under fire." It was election night. It was late. The *Herald* was ready "to be put to bed." The most important election returns were arranged in myriads of figures on the front page. Suddenly a cry went up from a group in the middle of the big composing room. The heart of every man in the room, grimy printer or lean-faced sub-editor, seemed to miss several beats. A tragedy? Had each man listened to the call of his untutored ancestors he would have been thrown back an aeon. He would have reverted to his jungle and uttered a scream of mingled rage and fear.

At the door appeared a man of medium height, compactly built, with wide shoulders. The face turned toward the broken form upon the floor was imperturbable. He viewed the "pied" first page without any visible change of mood. He spoke. As usual, his words were few and direct.

"Set it up again," he said. That and no more. Then he quietly returned to his desk and remained there until sufficient time had elapsed to reset the precious and pivotal first page.

A characteristic anecdote this of the master journalist. Trifles might cause his perturbation. He might have deep sympathy with Josh Billings' exclamation: "You kin dodge an elephant but you can't a flea." But under the heavy fire of combined and unfortuitous circumstances, Mr. Reick has ever been of glacial calm and rock-like strength.

CAME the time when the newspaper post that has literally driven some men insane, the city editorship, was yielded to another. Mr. Reick went up higher. He was made president of the Herald Publishing Company. He had dominion over both the editorial and the business departments.

He began the year, 1907, with the announcement that he had entered into partnership with George W., and Adolph S. Ochs in the ownership of the New York

*Times* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

Meanwhile, William C. Reick was not content. Unlike weeping Alexander, he desiered other worlds to conquer. He purchased and assumed control of those twin newspapers that, for two generations, had been the text-books of ambitious newspaperfolk, *The Sun* and *The Evening Sun*. He directed his energies to rebuilding and reinvigorating *The Evening Sun*. He made it again an example in journalism.

The twin *Suns* attracted the eye of Mr. Frank A. Munsey. Yes, Mr. Reick would sell the pair of newspaper planets, if he deemed the honorarium sufficient. Mr. Munsey took over the *Sun*, enabling it to swallow up his New York *Press*. Mr. Reick retained the general management.

Of no other institution is it quite so true that change and flight of time are one, as the newspaper. James Gordon Bennett died. His newspaper declined. Mr. Munsey desired to consolidate it with his *Morning Sun*. The wedlock was brought about. Soon after the nuptials, Mr. Reick, the pair's "best man," sailed for Europe.

He was journeying again to Paris. Not this time to hear the uncertain edict of a czar of the newspaper world, but to exercise his own discretion and penetration, to employ his tried gift for building and organizing. The cycle was complete. After thirty-three years the Newark reporter had come to his own.

The Working Rules of a Master Journalist

THE working rules of William C. Reick, we may deduce from his successful methods are these:

A newspaperman should be a gentleman. He should look well, dress well, speak well, be able to meet any one on his own ground.

Never mind whether he is a college man. A college course is desirable but not indispensable.

A newspaperman should have some good friends and many friendly acquaintances. A wide acquaintance, many points of contact, are necessary to his usefulness.

A newspaperman should know his business. And he should learn more about it every day he lives.

It is shortsighted journalism to violate personal confidences. Talk little yourself. Listen to the other man.

Get the news first if you can but at all events present it in its most attractive dress. Better a good piece of craftsmanship than a bungling first presentation of the news.

Give both sides, no matter with which you agree.

Never use a newspaper as an instrument of personal spites.

The master workman of *The Sun* and *The New York Herald* stands for all that is best in daily journalism.

Many a poor wretch who is not supposed to amount to anything on the earth will be surprised to wake up in Paradise.

★ ★ ★

It is easier for some men to spend all they make than to make all they spend.

★ ★ ★

He who has misgivings at the start will never finish anything.

★ ★ ★

Efficiency isn't a birthright but an attainment.—Herbert Kaufman.

★ ★ ★

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.



## THE ETIQUETTE OF KING GEORGE'S DINING-ROOM

**E**VEN in these days of economy, dinner at Buckingham Palace is a fairly ceremonious function. To start with, the number of servants who wait at table has been more than doubled since the declaration of Peace, and each is arrayed in the full scarlet-and-white livery of the court.

When King George was Prince of Wales only three servants were on duty at dinner, but now the number has been increased to eight, under the control of a Groom of Chambers, who does not wait himself, but directs the movements of his subordinates.

The king is waited on by a special servant, who does not attend to anyone else at table. The royal party, at dinner, seldom consists of less than a dozen persons.

Dinner is served in the large dining-room of the first floor of the palace, at a quarter to eight. At half-past seven the members of the royal households, who have been commanded to be present, assemble in what is known as the equerries' drawing-room—a spacious apartment, separated from the dining-room by a smaller reception-room, through which the king and queen enter.

**A** FEW minutes before dinner-hour the equerry in personal attendance announces that their majesties are about to enter the room. Everyone present rises. The king and queen bow when they come in, and then at once lead the way to the dining-room. The dinner-table is oval-shaped; the king sits at the center on one side and Queen Mary at the other, the chief members of the households present sitting on either side of the king and queen.

King George greatly dislikes a prolonged meal, and dinner, except when guests are present, does not, as a rule, last more than three-quarters of an hour.

On ordinary occasions the meal is a simple one, consisting of rarely more than half-a-dozen courses. The dinner-service usually used is made of the finest Dresden china, and in the center of each plate is a gold crown. The dishes and dish-covers are all silver. At State dinner-parties a silver dinner service is used.

**T**HE king always rises from table first when dinner is finished, and then the queen. When King George was Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales rose first from the table. The king and queen then lead the way to one of the reception-rooms, usually the crimson drawing-room, followed by their suites. At eleven o'clock the members of the household, with the exception of one lady-in-waiting and an equerry, are dismissed, and the king and queen retire to their private apartments.

## HOW "PIN MONEY" STARTED

**T**HE expression, "pin money" originally came from the allowance which a husband gave his wife to purchase pins. At one time pins were dreadfully expensive, so that only wealthy people could afford them, and they were saved so carefully that, in those days, you could not have looked along the pavement and found a pin which you happened to be in need of as you can and often do to-day. By a curious law the manufacturers of pins were only allowed to sell then on January 1 and 2 of each year, and so when those days came around the women whose husbands could afford it secured pin money from them and went out and got their pins. Pins were known and used as long ago as 1347 A. D. They were introduced into England in 1540.



Sanford Bennett at 50

Sanford Bennett at 72

# An Old Man at Fifty— A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a Former San Francisco Business Man, Who Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth

By V. O. SCHWAB

**T**HERE is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a former San Francisco business man. He proved it, too, right in his own person. At 50 he was partially bald. At 70 he had a thick head of hair, although it was white. At 50 his eyes were weak. At 70 they were as strong as when he was a child. At 50, he was a worn-out, wrinkled, broken-down, decrepit old man. His cheeks were sunken, his face drawn and haggard, his muscles atrophied. Thirty years of chronic dyspepsia had resulted in catarrh of the stomach, with acid rheumatism periodically adding its agonies. At 70 he was in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35. All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practiced for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, many of the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem. As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and as Mr. Bennett believes, the one hundredth mile-stone of life, should read. It is a truly remarkable contribution to health-building literature and is especially valuable because it has been written in a practical manner by a practical man.

Keeping young is simply a matter of knowing how. If you have vitality enough to keep alive, then you have enough to keep young, to keep strong and to be active. Sanford Bennett proves

it to you in this book. His message is new. The point of view is unique. The style is fascinating. The pictures are plentiful. The lesson of physical rejuvenation is irresistible. This is a book for every man and woman—young or old.

### PARTIAL CONTENTS

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: *Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It; The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed*—shown by fifteen pages of illustrations; *Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness*—how it removes and prevents constipation and its many attendant ills; *External Cleanliness; Rheumatism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin*, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

### DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," with its 400 pages profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many Courses of Instruction selling for \$25, or more. But you can secure a copy of this book for only \$3. Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publishers will send you "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" on approval without deposit. Sanford Bennett's system, as fully described and illustrated in his book, increases nerve force and nerve energy, benefiting every organ of the body—the brain included—by keeping the vertebrae of the spinal column young, flexible, elastic, and in perfect alignment. If, after examination in your own home, you feel you can afford to be without youth and health, send the book back within five days and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep it, send your check for \$3. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon and by return post "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" will be sent to you at once.

### MAIL COUPON

For having solved the problem of prolonging youth during life, the world owes Sanford Bennett a vote of thanks. Of course there are those who will scoff at the idea, but the real wise men and women among those who hear of Sanford Bennett, will most certainly investigate further and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods. This the publishers will allow you to do without cost or obligation, through their "send no money" offer. Mail the coupon below NOW. Address DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, 445 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### MAIL THIS TODAY—NO MONEY REQUIRED

Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.,  
445 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me Sanford Bennett's Book—"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." I will either return the book within five days after receipt and owe you nothing, or will send \$3 in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

New Success—6-20



**Earns \$375 in a Month**  
For ten years I worked for a railroad. Was drawing \$75 a month when I left. You secured my position. I have earned \$375 in a month. E. C. Kiser, 2121 Andrews Street, Rockford, Illinois.

SALESMANSHIP Increased  
His Pay \$300 a Month

Think of it! For ten years E. C. Kiser found \$75 a month in his pay envelope and then, suddenly, as though by a touch of magic, his pay increased \$300 a month—\$375 on his check instead of \$75. The amazing methods of the N.S.T.A., which make mastery of Salesmanship easy for any man who wants to succeed, was the secret back of the wonderful increase in Kiser's earning power. Even more startling successes are regularly reported as the direct result of N.S.T.A. training. P. W. Broedel, 726 Benedict Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y., jumped his salary up to \$92 a week, and Geo. W. Kearns, 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Okla., who had never earned more than \$60 a month, made \$306 in one week by applying the Association methods of salesmanship.

Get Into the Selling Game

You can learn to be a Star Salesman even though you have never sold an article in your life. And you can acquire this mastery of selling secrets at home in your spare time. Many of our members get big jobs in the selling game, even before they have completed our course. Free Employment Service goes with the training. You can go on the road or stay in your own city as a Salesman. You can increase your earnings from three to ten times. Unlimited opportunity awaits you in the selling field.

Experienced salesmen who are not making the money they feel they ought to be making can benefit equally as well from our System as the men who have never sold goods. Many experienced salesmen have added to their earning power after taking our System.

We Can Make You a Star  
Salesman

Don't doubt what we can do or what you can do until you get the evidence of what we have done for thousands of men just like you. Our Free Book, "The Knight of the Grip," will prove to you that Star Salesmanship is within easy reach and with it Big Pay. Let us send you particulars of wonderful successes and details of our methods.

Send For Free Salesmanship Book

If you want to make more money, if you want to travel, to be your own boss and attain financial independence, then mail the coupon without delay for the "Knight of the Grip," and details of our Free Employment Service to Members.

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Fill in no obligation on my part, please send me full information about the N. S. T. A. Training and Employment Service. Also list showing times of business with openings for  
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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

STATISTICS prove an increase of almost 100 per cent in all living expenses since August, 1914, when the war began. This increase has manifested itself especially in these lines: Clothing, food, sundries, fuel, light, heat, and shelter. The proportionate increase is: Clothing, 100 per cent; food, 90 per cent; sundries, 63 per cent; fuel, light, and heat, 51 per cent, and shelter, 28 per cent.

\*\*\*

THE American Association of University Professors, sometimes called the Professors Labor Union, consists of 2378 professors from 147 institutions.

\*\*\*

THERE are 17,533 American soldiers in Europe, more than 17,000 of these patrolling the conquered Rhine territory. The gross national debt to-day is \$24,698,671,000, and on April 6, 1917, it was \$1,281,968,000. The total cost of the war is estimated by the Treasury Department as \$32,830,000,000.

\*\*\*

THE word "dollar" is from the German Thal, (valley), a little silver-mining district in northern Bohemia, 300 years ago, called Joachimstal, or Joachim's Valley. The reigning duke authorized the coining of a silver piece which was called "joachimstaler." The word "joachim" was dropped and the name "thaler" retained. The piece went into general use in Germany, and in Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "daler," whence it came into English, with some changes in the spelling and pronunciation.

\*\*\*

THE Treasury Department announces that of the ten billion dollars' worth of credits which Congress authorized the Government to grant to Allied nations, \$9,659,834,649 has been loaned and that no more advances would be made at present. It has been proposed that instead of making fresh loans the United States would permit the Allies to defer the payment of interest for three years. Great Britain at present owes to the United States \$4,277,000,000; France, \$3,047,974,777; Italy, \$1,621,338,986; Belgium, \$343,445,000; Russia, \$187,729,750. Other nations with smaller debts to the United States are Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece, Cuba, Czechoslovakia and Liberia. All of these debts, except perhaps the Russian, are "good," but few of the nations involved can meet interest payments at the present time without straining their financial system to a dangerous extent.

\*\*\*

YOUR business life is about 30 years—about eight-hour days, or 72,000 hours. About 72,000 hours in which to make good!

\*\*\*

AUSTRALIA has an area of 3,000,000 square miles, held by a garrison of 5,000,000 persons, of whom about 3,000,000 live in nine or ten large cities. Australia has a population of fewer than two persons to the square mile, while Japan has 300 persons to the square mile, Great Britain has 358, Germany has 324, and little Belgium a density of 665 persons to the square mile.

A TOTAL of 7,523,664 motor-cars and motor-trucks were registered in the United States in the course of 1919, a net increase of 1,434,909 over 1918. This is the highest number of cars that has ever been reached, and the increase is the greatest ever recorded for a single year. The average gain for the country as a whole last year was 23.2 per cent. Nearly \$65,000,000 in registration fees, 95 per cent of which goes toward the building of good roads, were paid during 1919 by the automobile owners of the United States.

\*\*\*

WHEN William H. Seward, Secretary of State for Lincoln, purchased Alaska from Russia for \$7,000,000, it was a common saying that he had "purchased an iceberg." But Alaska has paid for herself many times each year for a long time.

\*\*\*

THE following Presidents of the United States married widows: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Fillmore, Harrison and Wilson.

\*\*\*

"A VANISHING disease" is the term applied to typhoid fever by a writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. The disease in the United States is now so infrequent that it may probably soon be classed, like small-pox, as a negligible factor in mortality returns. The annual summary of typhoid statistics in large American cities is "encouraging beyond expectation," we are told. Fifteen years ago typhoid rates of more than twenty deaths per 100,000 in these cities were very common.

\*\*\*

AMMONIA bombs are being tried out on some of the national forests for the purpose of extinguishing forest fires. They are said to have worked well in the case of brush fires where the firefighters find difficulty in getting near enough to the burning area to beat out the flames. Each bomb exploded will extinguish fire in a circle of about five yards in diameter.

\*\*\*

ACCORDING to some economists, the high cost of living is due to profiteering under the capitalist system; that the only remedy is a "coöperative commonwealth." How, then, is it that the country in which prices have risen highest is soviet Russia, where capitalism and all its works have been swept away and replaced by the "coöperative commonwealth?" That question seems to be unanswerable. Prices, in some instances, have increased over 100 per cent, but in soviet Russia they have increased 3,000 per cent!

\*\*\*

NINE million people in this country cannot read or write English. More than 5,000,000 of these are native born. If the earning-power of these individuals were increased, through literacy, only five dollars a week, it would add to their incomes \$2,340,000,000 a year.

## NOT HIS JOB

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,  
When an extra task he chanced to see.  
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,  
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."  
And the boss who gave him his weekly pay  
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,  
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."  
So a little task that was in his way  
That he could have handled without delay  
Was left unfinished; the way was paved  
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place,  
But he never altered his easy pace,  
And folks remarked on how well he knew  
The line of tasks he was hired to do.  
For never once was he known to turn  
His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed,  
And for all he did he was fairly paid,  
But he never was worth a dollar more  
Than he got for his toil when the week was  
o'er;

For he knew to well when his work was  
through,  
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young  
man,  
You must do every day all the work you can.  
If you find a task, though it's not your bit,  
And it should be done, take care of it;  
And you'll never conquer or rise if you  
Do only the things you're supposed to do.  
—Boston Post.

## THE WONDERS OF RADIUM

DO you know that the whole world's supply of radium is only three ounces? This is worth \$3,000,000 an ounce. Recently in company with my friend, Professor Edgar Lucien Larkin, I had the privilege of looking at a piece of radium, half the size of a pinhead, under a powerful microscope.

There are twelve ams which are made of radium flinging off unthinkable particles of precious metal, and we are told it would take billions of trillions of years to make the reduction perceptible even to the most exacting observation. In a dark room, I could see millions of these tiny particles flying from this bit of precious metal.

Professor Larkin told me that after two thousand years of such perpetual flying off of particles from the main substance about half of the original would be gone; and after two thousand years more, half of that would be gone; and after two thousand more years half of that would be gone—and so on down to the atom.

## JOSH BILLINGS ON DISPATCH

DISPATCH is the gift or art of doing a thing right quick. To do a thing right and to do it quick is an attribute of genius.

Hurry is often mistaken for dispatch; but there is just as much difference as there is between a hornet and a aunt when they are both on their duty. A hornet never takes any steps backwards, but a aunt always travels just as tho he had forgot sumthing.

Dispatch never undertakes a job without fast marking out the course to take, and then follows it, right or wrong, while hurry travels like a blind hoss, stepping hi and often, and spends most of her time in running into things, and the balance backing out again.

Dispatch haz dun all the grate things that hav been did in this world, while hurry haz been at work at the small ones, and haint got thru yet.



# Get Into This New Big Pay Field Now!

## Trained Traffic Experts Earn \$2,500 to \$10,000 a Year and More

Do you want to get into a field of work that is uncrowded—where the job will seek you instead of you looking for it? Do you want to earn \$2,500 to \$10,000 a year or more? Do you want a position of prestige and independence? Do you want to be a big man—one of the important factors in the success of your company? Of course you do! Then train for traffic work—be a traffic expert.

Transportation today is the country's second largest industry. Four billion of dollars are annually spent in freight charges. Yet perhaps eight of every ten shippers are losing money. And why? Just this: few of the men now in traffic work actually know how to route, classify and pack freight to get the cheapest rates. Millions of dollars are being wasted in this way. 100,000 more competent, well trained traffic men are needed to stop these losses. Be one of these experts and you won't have to look for a job. The job will look for you. You may almost set your own salary!

### Why Big Salaries Are Paid

A certain South Chicago firm was shipping 200 cars of coke a day to its Eastern Smelters. A traffic expert succeeded in getting the rates adjusted so that this firm saved \$5 on each car—\$300,000 a year! Another traffic man got a refund of \$120,000 for the Meeker Coal Co. We can show you hundreds of like cases. Is it any wonder that Traffic Experts earn big pay? If he knows, he can save his company many times his salary. Many traffic managers earn enormous salaries. A Detroit man gets \$19,500 a year, a Cleveland man \$24,000. Thousands of traffic men earn \$2,500 or \$5,000 and many \$10,000 and more a year. What others have done, you can do, but you must know—you must be trained.

### Big Opportunities Now—We Train You in Your Spare Time and Help You Land a Job

Right now opportunities are unlimited. The great boom in both foreign and

domestic trade is speeding the railroads and Merchant Marine to haul the goods. Trained traffic experts are needed to direct this great flow of trade. Railroads, shippers and ship owners are literally begging for men. You don't have to quit your job or go to school to qualify for one of these splendid places. We can train you as we have thousands of others, right in your own home in your spare time. Traffic men of National repute will train you in the secrets of Interstate Commerce, Routing Claims, Classification and all the other phases of this great work. The study is easy and fascinating. Get in now while the field is uncrowded. In remarkably short time you can take a good paying position. When you have qualified we co-operate and assist you in securing a good position.

### Write Quick for Big Free Book

Let us send you "Opportunities and Requirements for Traffic Work." It is a remarkable book that explains in detail this great system of training. It shows how men in traffic work must be trained. It tells all about this wonderful organization of expert traffic men who have banded together to correct the big mistakes made daily in shipping freight. They are giving their time

to train men to right this condition. You will learn the personnel of The A. C. A. Advisory Traffic Council—a service unrivalled and indispensable to the successful traffic man. Get this great new book now. It will open your eyes to the splendid opportunities in this fascinating new profession. Mail the coupon or write letter now to

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## EDITORIAL CHAT

### NATURE PUNISHES EXCLUSIVENESS

**I**T is mingling with others, attrition of mind with mind, that arouses ambition, aspiration, determination to win out. If you were alone on a desert island, no matter what the tremendous resources there, you would not be much of a success. You might be surrounded with the richest things which Nature could produce, but you would be pretty near a failure. There would be nobody to keep up your ambition or your pride, no spur to your vanity, no stimulus from others' endeavor, no motive, no inducement for you to do the best thing possible to you.

It is the tugging of others that pulls the best out of us, the inspiration of others which calls out our ability, our latent possibilities, our resources.

Nature punishes exclusiveness with deterioration, with flabbiness. She will make you a nobody very quickly if you isolate yourself from your fellow beings.

\*\*\*

### THAT LEAN PAY ENVELOPE!

**T**HAT lean pay envelope you complain about! Who is responsible for it? Whose fault is it that its contents are so insignificant? Think it over well before you blame your employer.

You have probably known quite a lot of fellows not very far from you who fattened their pay envelope and who had no better chance for doing it than you have. Why were they more fortunate? How are they different from you?

Think it over. Take a good look at yourself. Have you the qualities which you would want to find in a man if you were an employer? Put yourself in his place. See what you would do for yourself if you were where he is.

**L**OOK yourself over carefully and you will find there is something keeping you back that you could remedy. There may be something about you that your employer doesn't take to. He may dislike some of your ways; you may have been saying some disagreeable things about him and about the firm. He may not have full confidence in you. He may not think you are loyal to him, not quite enthusiastic enough about seeing him win out. You may seem indifferent to him. He may have seen something about you out of hours that he didn't like. He may have seen you fooling away your time, or have seen you shirking, doing things that indicated your indifference. You may not have been original, or inventive in your work. You may have considered you were earning more than your salary and lessened your efforts on account of this, asking yourself, "Why should I do more?"

I have never known a young man to advance very far who thought about his salary while at work, or who let that salary have anything to do with the interest he was putting into his job. The job is the chance, the opportunity to show what you are made of, to show what you have for sale—your ability, your personality.

**I**f you have something very unusual for sale you may be sure you have what every employer is after, is always looking for. If you are alert, enthusiastic, original, if you try to stamp everything that goes through your hands with superiority, you may be sure that you will soon find a place at the front, with commensurate salary.

Quibbling over one's salary has spoiled many a career. It is not what you are paid for doing, but what you do that you are not paid for that is the key to the position above you. This is almost invariably the case. It is the service you render which you are not obliged to give that attracts your employer, because he knows that this is one of the earmarks of superior ability.

\*\*\*

### UNLESS YOU HAVE THE SAND

**Y**OU could not expect anybody to back your visions, your dreams, unless you can show that *you*, at least, have the sand to back them, to warrant the help of others, unless you can show by your appearance and attitude that you have the pluck, the grit, and the nerve necessary to back your confidence.

The other fellow is not going to do it all. He is not going to risk throwing his money away unless he can see in you the winning stuff, unless he can see in you the possible conqueror. He is not going to take chances on too much of an uncertainty. He will not gamble on you. You must show him that he is making a reasonably safe investment in helping you.

You may be sure that unless you have the sand to back up your ambition, to back up your vision, your brain, you are not likely to get outside help.

\*\*\*

### "THE WORLD IS AGAINST ME"

**I** HAVE received many letters and many complaints from people who claim that the world is against them.

Now, my friends, I might say that the world is showing good judgment. If you are always complaining about the world being against you, there is something wrong with you, and the world is using good judgment if it is against you. But it is not against you! Nothing is against you but *yourself*. You are your own worst enemy. You are the only thing that is seriously blocking your way, keeping you back.

Your lack of faith in yourself, your lack of push, your lack of aggressiveness, your lack of willingness to pay the price of the thing you are after in downright hard work, your lack of persistence in pushing along the line of your ambition is what is against you.

Remember that every time you complain, every time you say the world is against you, you are creating a very bad impression of yourself; and the people with whom you are associated will think less of you for your own foolish self-valuation.

\*\*\*

### KEEP IN THE CURRENT OF SUCCESS

**I**F you want to be a success, you must hold the success attitude; you must keep in the success current, keep with successful men—especially those who have done notable things in your own line.

If you would be a success, you must think success, you must talk, walk, and act like a success. You must have the success bearing, go about among your fellows with the air of a conqueror, giving the impression that you are a winner, that you are success-organized, victory-organized.

Keep an ambition-arousing environment, with successful people; these are the things that will stir you up. Read good books, especially the biographies of those who have won out in life in a great way and under great difficulties. Read books which inspire, uplift, and encourage.



## THE AMERICAN

Dan McGann and Uncle Sam

AID Dan McGann to a foreign man who worked at the self-same bench,  
 "Let me tell you this," and for emphasis, he flourished a Stilson wrench.  
 "Don't talk to me of this bourgeoisie, don't open your mouth to speak  
 Of your socialists or your anarchists, don't mention the bolshevek,  
 For I've had enough of this foreign stuff, I'm sick as a man can be  
 Of the speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight that this is the land for me!"

"If you want to brag, just take that flag, an' boast of its field of blue,  
 An' praise the dead an' the blood they shed for the peace of the likes o' you.  
 I'll hear no more," and he waved once more, his wrench in a forceful way,  
 "O' the cunning creed o' some Russian breed.

I stand for the U. S. A!  
 I'm done with your fads, and your wild-eyed lads. Don't flourish your rag o' red  
 Where I can see, or at night there'll be tall candles around your bed."

"So tip your hat to a flag like that!  
 Thank God for its stripes an' stars!  
 Thank God you're here where the roads are clear, away from your kings and czars,  
 I can't just say what I feel to-day, for I'm not a talkin' man,  
 But first an' last I am standin' fast for all that's American.  
 So don't you speak of the bolshevek, it's sick of that stuff I am,  
 'One God, one flag!' is the creed I brag! I'm boostin' for Uncle Sam."

—Holyoke Transcript.

## A BOY'S HEART—A MAN'S HEAD

OH, the eagerness and freshness of youth! How the boy enjoys his food, his sleep, his sports, his companions, his truant days! His life is an adventure, he is widening his outlook, he is extending his dominion, he is conquering his kingdom. How cheap are his pleasures, how ready his enthusiasms! In boyhood I have had more delight on a haymow with two companions and a big dog—delight that came nearer intoxication—than I have ever had in all the subsequent holidays of my life. When youth goes, much goes with it. When manhood comes, much comes with it. We exchange a world of delightful sensations and impressions for a world of duties and studies and meditations. The youth! enjoys what the man tries to understand. Lucky is he who can get his grapes to market and keep the bloom upon them, who can carry some of the freshness and eagerness and simplicity of youth into his later years, who can have a boy's heart below man's head.—John Burroughs.

## LITTLE THINGS WHICH ANNOY

To be compelled to put in a conspicuous place an ugly object because it was from a friend.

To let a highly respectable footman help you on with a seedy coat.

To note your beautiful dinner partner staring at you while you try to decide which is the fruit- and which the cheese-knife.

To receive slight thanks for a wedding present which cost more than you could afford to spend.

To awaken from a nap in a railway train and discover by the smiles of the women that they heard you snore.—Good Houseware.

# Developing Executive Ability



TO the man in an executive position and to the man training himself for one, this is a volume of practical helpfulness. It offers directions in two essential lines of training—first, in the personal qualities the successful manager must have; second, in the methods of management he must understand to direct modern business. The man who is already an executive can appreciate the value of this volume because he can recognize as his own the problems it helps to solve. The coming executive will get from it an understanding of the demands of a responsible position and how to prepare for them.

It is packed with specific facts and definite suggestions that are usable in the executive's work.

## Directing Modern Business

The author shows the place and value of planning. He explains how to plan your day's work and work your day's plan. He describes practical shortcuts that increase the production efficiency of an office staff. He points out aids to efficient control of business—the most useful statistics and graphic presentation of facts, and how they are produced, handled, and made use of. He goes into the details of organization and the training of a staff. He explains the principles of teamwork, the placing of individuals for the greatest efficiency, the coordination of all working factors of an organization. He points out the executive's legal problems and how they should be handled. He presents facts about mental economy and their meaning when applied to staff and manager. This volume gives a comprehensive explanation of scientific business management.

## The Business MAN

Personal qualifications play a big part in a man's success as an executive. Therefore the author treats this phase of the subject thoroughly. He shows how important are initiative and vision. He presents tests for reasoning and methods for improving it. He makes the *ideals of business* very practical. He treats the power of finance, the art of investing, business thrift, and other phases of the financial end of business. He gives helpful suggestions on intellectual preparedness and personal dynamics. He describes the place of the thinker in business and the meaning of being a MAN among men.

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E. B. Gowin is Assistant Professor of Commerce, New York University School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance; Secretary, the Executive Club of New York; Chairman, Committee on Executive Training, National Ass'n of Corporation Schools.

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## The Voice That Won

(Continued from page 29)

jerseyed, red-haired young man rushed his light skiff toward the line. He pulled with coordinated power of back, arms and legs that told of the best of training.

Gaining the leader's stern, creeping toward the oar-locks, now forging toward the bow came the borrowed cedar skiff manned by a sturdy shirt-sleeved, trousered figure, matching the "redhead" stroke for stroke in skill—and a little more in applied power.

For Harry Sims had approached his "prospect" in the last stern drive—and was now even with him. And now—

From the bank rose stentorian yells, of divided encouragement:

"Crompton! Crompton! Dig in!"

And because those who favored the stranger did not know his name: "Go it, Blondy! You've got him!"

Which statement was true, by a matter of inches at the finish line!

IT was just about then that Billy Hilton, who had patiently sat with his cases of samples on the Crompton Mill steps, three miles from the scene of the resounding finish of the boat race, grew happy at the sight for which he had hoped through weary hours.

Old Ephraim Crompton, seated in a light wagon behind two spanking bays, drove into the yard, reining the horses in front of the steps and descending somewhat stiffly.

Hilton observed, with some fear, that Ephraim's puckered and whiskered face was more sour, even, than he had seen it four times previously. Perhaps something had gone wrong at the farm.

He summoned his most ingratiating smile and his most "vampish" tone as Crompton approached the steps, while giving him a grunt of recognition.

"I'm a good waiter, Mr. Crompton. The Manhattan never had as good advertising samples as now. Maybe you've got a few minutes to look them over, inside?"

However, Crompton, never very amiable, had brushed by him, ascending the steps. He scowled back over his shoulder as he put his hand on the door-knob.

"See Hillary!" he snapped in a dust-dry voice. "In the morning."

"Hillary?" faltered Hilton. "Who's Hillary?"

"My son, Hillary Crompton. Thought you knew him. Broke him in as a clerk, after college. Made him advertising manager in the spring. I don't bother with the stuff any more. It's a fad of his."

"He's at the picnic to-day. See him in the morning. G'-day!"

The door closed behind him.

Hilton stared wildly at the door, at the landscape. He had forgotten; there were



The craggy-faced Carney blinked at him, recalling his former visits

two Cromptons—and he had seen the wrong one!

His vampish voice was mute. His soul was riotous with language. Plotter that he was—was he the victim of a counter-plot?

Was that cub, Sims, as innocent as he seemed, or as meek? And it had been promised the meek—that they should inherit the earth!

The advertising manager of Crompton's was at the picnic. Was Sims there also? If so, had he gone through accident or design?

Had "the voice with the vamp," seeking to divert Sims from the spoils, won the unexpected ending?

Hilton groaned, took up his cases, started back. He hoped faintly that there might be a chance for the morning. A pessimistic crow, perched in a ragged tree, cawed at him.

Something in the sound suggested the despairing words: "No chance!"

FOLLOWING the thrilling finish of the boat race, Hillary Crompton accorded the deepened personal interest which a man must feel in the fellow who has beaten him. Because he was a real sportsman, there was nothing of acidity in this interest.

He began talking with the blonde stranger about college days. Sims used his pleasant voice but little in a business way, but he mentioned his line.

"I learned you were now advertising manager, Mr. Crompton," said he, "and I'll be glad to show you samples when convenient."

"Where are your samples?"

"At The Kingsley House."

Young Crompton reflected for a moment. "I've got a busy day to-morrow. Suppose I get into my 'civvies' in the boat-house," he suggested with a grin, "and we'll zip over to the hotel in the machine, and I'll look 'em over. I'm not just satisfied with our present line."

AN hour later, young Crompton, now natty in outing flannels, was bidding Sims *bon voyage* at the station. He had taken him there in his machine from the hotel, after signing an order of record size.

"You beat me fair and square!" he chuckled. "And your goods are like your rowing. See me first of the year again. Good luck!"

Sighing, Harry Sims settled down in the cushioned seat as the train started northward. His muscles ached with the strain of beating that wiry "redhead." But he had failed to some purpose!

Hilton, over-given to boasting, was singularly ignorant of happenings in rival houses. Else he might have been aware that Sims through study had climbed faster than any "inside man" The Royal had ever employed. Appointed assistant sales manager in the spring he was now upon an experimental trip "on his own." He had thoroughly learned conditions in his territory before he started.

He studied a time-table and a sheaf of prospect slips. "Let's see," he reflected. "I'm headed for Harmon, thirty miles away. This is the last train to-night. My vamping friend can't reach there before noon, to-morrow. I ought to skim the cream and light out for Hastings at eleven forty-five, a quarter hour before he gets there. He can have the skim milk. I've jumped him now, and I'll keep ahead for the rest of the trip."

He looked out of the window. He smiled—but he was not thinking of Hilton.

"There's a new account worth thousands," he mused. "Apart from that, 'Red' Crompton is all right. I'll say so!"

## TO THE MAN WHO HAS NO CAPITAL

IT is of the greatest importance that a man who has no capital, except what is inside of himself, should early establish a reputation for having certain winning qualities. Until he has done this, no matter how brilliant he may be, he is at a disadvantage. When he has shown that he is honest and reliable, that he has principles and proposes to live up to them; when he has shown that he has courage, grit, pluck, and that he is not afraid to fight for truth and justice; when he has proved that he thinks more of always being found on the right side of any question than on the winning side, then he will get people's confidence and admiration.

## How to Get the Best Out of Books

**W**E can no more become acquainted with a good book at a single reading than we can know a man at a single meeting.

"Hundreds of books read once," says Robertson, have passed as completely from us as if we had never read them; whereas the discipline of mind secured by writing down, not copying, an abstract of a book which is worth the trouble, fixes it on the mind for years, and, besides, enables one to read other books with more attention and more profit."

Joseph Cook advised readers always to make notes of their reading. He himself, like other great readers, used the margins of his books for his notes, and marked all of his own books very freely, so that every volume in his library became a notebook. He advised all young men and young women to keep commonplace notebooks.

The value of this habit of making notes of what we read cannot be too strongly emphasized. It is a great aid to memory, and it helps us wonderfully in the future to locate what we have read.

**T**HE habit of taking notes of lectures and sermons is excellent. One of the greatest aids to education is the habit of writing out an analysis of a book or an article after we have read it. This habit has made many a strong, vigorous thinker and writer.

"There is a world of science necessary in choosing books," said Bulwer. "I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to study a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about."

**T**HE youth of to-day has little difficulty in making a good choice of books. Dr. Charles W. Eliot's famous "five-foot shelf," which may be obtained from any publisher, gives a wide range. Libraries, schools, newspapers, and periodicals compile excellent lists, which point the way to good reading. But the field is practically limitless. History, poetry, biography, philosophy, science, natural history—all knowledge is at our command on the printed page. We must be guided to a large extent by our own individual tastes and needs.

"Histories," says Bacon, "make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; morals grave; logic and rhetoric able to content."

What is your greatest intellectual need? Are you ignorant of history, of the lives of great men who stand out like beacons in the world's history? Then read history and biography. And the reading of a single history, or the life of any great man—philosopher, poet, statesman, soldier, sailor, saint, or sage—will suggest many others.

We must recognize the fact that there are many books of great value to others that have no message for us. The wisest man cannot select books that will suit others best.

Many people make a great mistake in trying to read classics or books which are above their degree of education or culture. Emerson says, "There are not in the world

at any one time more than a dozen persons who read and understand Plato."

**Y**OU cannot educate a young man by stuffing him. True knowledge grows from a living root in the thinking soul. True education is an evolution from within outward.

The mind grows and broadens by reading, and what might not appeal to a young man to-day may be the very thing his mind will demand a year from to-day. To find out what the best books are is not difficult, but to find out what are the best books for us requires self-knowledge which means thought and study.

It does not matter how profound or well informed the author, if he does not touch a sympathetic chord in your nature, you waste your time reading his book. The greatest authors for us are those who say things which make us wonder that we have not before thought of or said them.

**D**O not read books because of others' estimate of them; read them because they feed you, make you think and grow, because they appeal to your want, because they answer your need, your longings. Reading that does not arouse your attention; the passive reception of other men's thoughts is not education. It is emasculation. It is only what we are interested in we retain. This is why it is waste of time to read books in which we are not interested just for the sake of being able to say we have read them.

Do not be ashamed to be ignorant of many things; it is the price you must pay for knowing a few things well. No man living can conquer all knowledge; the most learned can cultivate only a little patch here and there in that vast domain. It is only the stupid who pretend to know what they do not. An educated man is not ashamed to say that he does not know. If you can know only a few books know them well, and you will be an educated man. Take only two of the great masterpieces of the world—the Bible and Shakespeare—read them again and again; know them as thoroughly as the actor does his lines in a play; absorb them as he absorbs the spirit of the character he studies, and you cannot help being lifted head and shoulders above the man or woman who has never learned to love reading.

**R**EADING the best books in the best way gives an elevation of thought above the level of common things, ennobles the ordinary daily occupations, dignifies the life and makes it worth living. The riches of a well stored mind cannot be taken from us. They cannot be lost; they cannot be bought or sold. We may be poor, and the sheriff may come and sell our furniture, or drive away our cow, or take our pet lamb, or drive us from our home and leave us penniless; but the law cannot lay its hand upon the treasures of our mind.

When a wind storm sweeps the forest, it is the weakened trees, those with rotten hearts, that fall first.

**A**N hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.



## Enjoy Real Shaving Comfort

Here is a remarkable new invention that will end your shaving troubles once and for all.

Imagine the luxury of always securing smooth, velvety shaves. Picture the satisfaction and comfort you would derive from always obtaining cool, comfortable, even shaves—perfect shaves, where the beard fairly "Melts away" before the keen sharp edge of your razor. Never a scrape! Never a pull! Such is the comfort and enjoyment of men who use the Rotastrop.

## 600 Shaves from One Blade

The Rotastrop is a new invention. It automatically strops safety blades with the "heel and toe" movement just like the expert barber strops an old style razor—only it does it quicker and better because the Rotastrop is mechanically perfect and cannot err. Six hundred shaves from one blade is not unusual to men who use the Rotastrop.

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So sure are the manufacturers that the Rotastrop solves the shaving problem that they offer to send it on five days' free trial to any owner of a safety razor. Just sign and mail the coupon below and you will receive a Rotastrop by return post. Try it for five days free. Test it in your own way, under your own conditions. Then if you are willing to go back to using only half-sharp blades which pull, scrape and irritate—send it back and you will owe them nothing. But if you are convinced as the thousands of others, that the Rotastrop is all they claim for it, remit \$5.00 in full payment.

You have all to gain and nothing to lose. You take no risk. You incur no obligation. But as this exceptional offer may be withdrawn at any time, it is suggested that you act promptly. Sign and mail the coupon today—NOW!

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Dept. 339, Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Send me a Rotastrop. After 5 days' trial I will either return the machine or remit \$5.00.

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Address.....

Make of Razor.....



# 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**

**N**O 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.

### 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 a 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



Dr. Orison Swett Marden

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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Address.....

N. S.—June '20

### SERMONS IN STONES

JOHN WANAMAKER was the first person to announce as his policy of business, "Goods returnable at one hundred cents on the dollar whenever anything bought at my store proves unsatisfactory." When he started in business in a little store on Market street, Philadelphia, his first day's receipts were \$24.67. The following day he invested \$24 in advertising the above statement, leaving the 67 cents for change for that day.

E. H. HARRIMAN, worth \$75,000,000, was seen one day to pick up a small steel letter clip, carelessly thrown on the floor by an employee. "I'd like to have," he said, "as my annual income, the value of material ruthlessly thrown away each year by indifferent employees in the offices and factories of America. In a few years, I'd be the richest man in the world."

WHEN George Stephenson was running a stationary engine in the mines in the north of England, on one holiday all the miners and engineers went off, drank their beer, danced through the day, and came home more tired than when they went. They returned to their work the next day just the same people they were the day before. But that holiday made another man of George Stephenson. Instead of going on the excursion he said, "I desire to know something about this engine I am running." He spent this holiday taking it apart and examining every valve. That day did much for George Stephenson; it also did very much for the world, for the desire to know more of a steam engine led to the locomotive.

"SOME time ago," said the president of a large accident-insurance company, "a large policy-holder in my company was run over by a trolley car, and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just fifteen minutes of twelve. His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immediate payment of his weekly indemnity without controversy or litigation."

WHEN a powerful monarch gave the order to put an innocent person to death, he said, "O, King, spare thyself. I shall suffer pain for but the moment, but the guilt will attach to thee forever."

Boomerangs are what kill most of us. They are the things that spoil our happiness and success.

### THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT DICTIONARY

"I AM engaged in a work which gives me great pleasure, and the tracing of language through more than twenty different dialects has opened a new and before unexplored field. I have within two years past made discoveries which, if ever published, must interest the literati of all Europe, and render it necessary to revise all the lexicons—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—now used as classical books. But what can I do? My own resources are almost exhausted, and in a few days I shall sell my house to get bread for my children."

NOAH WEBSTER.



## ABE LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE AFFAIR

As told by IRVING BACHELLER in his new book on Lincoln, "A Man for the Ages"

IT was an Indian-summer day of the first week in November. That afternoon, Abe went to the tavern and asked Ann to walk out to see the Traylor with him. She seemed to be glad to go. She was not the cheerful, quick-footed, rosy cheeked Ann of old. Her face was pale, her eyes dull and listless, her step slow. Neither spoke until they had passed the Waddell cabin and were come to the open fields.

"I hope your letter brought good news," said Abe.

"It was very short," Ann answered. "He took a fever in Ohio and was sick there four weeks and then he went home. In two months he never wrote a word to me. And this one was only a little bit of a letter with no love in it. I don't believe he will ever come back. I don't think he cares for me now, or, perhaps, he is married. I don't know. I'm not going to cry about it any more. I can't. I've no more tears to shed. I've given him up."

"Then I reckon the time has come for me to tell you what is in my heart," said Abe. "I love you, Ann. I have loved you for years. I would have told you long ago but I could not make myself believe that I was good enough for you. I love you so much that, if you can only be happy with John McNamar, I will pray to God that he may turn out to be a good and faithful man and come back and keep his promise."

SHE looked up at him with a kind of awe in her face.

"Oh, Abe!" she whispered. "I had made up my mind that all men were bad but my father. I was wrong. I did not think of you."

"Men are mostly good," said Abe. "But it's very easy to misunderstand them. In my view it's quite likely that John McNamar is better than you think him. I want you to be fair to John. If you conclude that you cannot be happy with him, give me a chance. I would do my best to bring back the joy of the old days. Sometimes I think that I am going to do something worth while. Sometimes I think I can see my way far ahead and it looks very pleasant, and you, Ann, are always walking beside me in it."

They proceeded in silence for a moment. A great flock of wild pigeons darkened the sky above them and filled it with the whirr of their wings. The young man and woman stopped to look up at them.

"They are going south," said Abe. "It's a sign of bad weather."

They stood talking for a little time.

"I'm glad they halted us for we have not far to go," Abe remarked. "Before we take another step I wish you could give me some hope to live on—just a little straw of hope."

"You are a wonderful man, Abe," said Ann, touched by his appeal. "My father says that you are going to be a great man."

"I can not hold out any such hope to you," Abe answered. "I'm rather ignorant and badly in debt but I reckon that I can make a good living and give you a comfortable home. Don't you think, taking me just as I am, you could care for me a little?"

"Yes; sometimes I think that I could love you, Abe," she answered. "I do not love you yet but I may—sometime. I really want to love you."

IN biographies of Lincoln, we have all lingered over the sorrowful little story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge, the daughter of the proprietor of Rutledge's Tavern. It remained for Irving Bacheller to take the meager details and with the magic of his imagination weave from them one of the most touching and beautiful love idylls in American history.

The above quotation from Mr. Bacheller's latest book, "A Man for the Ages," gives a general idea of the method the author has pursued in his presentation of the character of the Great Emancipator. Of course this early love story of young Abe is only an episode in the book, which gives us, in story form, an absorbing history of the heroic toils and struggles of the pioneer settlers of the Great West, and of the event which led up to the Civil War. Fact and fancy, love and adventure, humor and pathos, romance and history are combined in such a way as to make it more fascinating than any work of fiction, more full of breathless interest than any "best seller."

LINCOLN is, of course, the central figure around which all the other characters in the book move. And while the facts in his life from the time we are introduced to him, about the age of twenty-one, to the tragedy of his death are adhered to, a loving imagination has filled in the blanks which no mere historian or biographer could bridge, thus giving us a perfect picture of Lincoln, the many-sided man—a man, indeed, for the ages.

As friend, as lover, as student, as philosopher, as guide and inspirer, patriot and statesman, this man with the heart of a lion, the tender soul of a woman, the vision of a seer and a passion for righteousness, thinks, talks, moves, acts, lives before our eyes in the pages of this remarkable book.

It is a book for boys and girls, a book for men and women—a book for the ages.

*A Man for the Ages*, by Irving Bacheller. Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Publishers, Indianapolis.

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## PUT THESE SIX CARDS UP And Let Them Inspire You Daily

"If you knew how much good your wonderful article 'I am Faith' in 'The New Success' has done for me in an hour of crisis, you would feel repaid for writing it. If you had never written another line, that one page alone would make you immortal, and would make the magazine of inestimable value." **CORA WILSON STEWART.**

President, Kentucky Illiteracy Commission, Frankfort, Kentucky.

This wonderful article is included in the three large posters by Orison Swett Marden devoted to "Faith," "System" and "Carelessness." The poem, "Just Keep On Keeping On," will help you through the gloomiest day. The talks on "System" and "Carelessness" should be in every factory and office. The three large posters are each 12½ by 19 inches in size—more than twice the size of

this magazine. All of them are printed on India Tint Regal Antique Paper, in Sepia Brown Ink, and are handsome examples of the printing art.

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Put up in sets of six—mailed in substantial tube—price, postpaid, 50 cents per set; six sets for \$2.50. A year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS and one set for \$2.50 (Foreign, \$3.50).

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NS.6-20

## OLD RULES FOR MARRIED HAPPINESS

### Though Written In 1300, They Are Pertinent In These Days

IT may interest modern readers to know how the Middle Ages solved the ever-green problem of "How to be happy though married." A little Italian treatise, written about 1300, purports to contain the eleven pieces of advice given by a mother to her daughter on the eve of the latter's marriage. They are as follows:

1. Avoid everything likely to annoy your husband. Don't appear gay if he is sad, or sad if he is gay.
2. Try to find out what dishes he likes; and if your taste does not accord with his, don't let him see it.
3. If your husband has dropped off to sleep through illness or weariness, take care not to wake him, and if you absolutely must, do it gently and do not make him start.
4. Be faithful in love and do not rob your husband; don't give away or lend his possessions without his permission.
5. Don't appear too anxious to know your husband's affairs, but if he does tell you about them, keep his secrets and never repeat in public things told you in private, however trivial they may appear.
6. Love your family, especially those whom your husband loves, and don't find fault with them for little things.
7. Don't do anything of any importance without asking your husband's advice and always consider what he says to be best.
8. Don't make impossible or wrong demands upon him, which displease him and are contrary to his honor, so that no evil may come upon him through you.
9. Be careful always to look pretty and neat. Be suitably dressed without ostentation or exaggeration.
10. Don't be too familiar with your servants. It makes them scornful and disrespectful.
11. Finally, and most important of all, do nothing which could possibly make your husband jealous, for thus you will lose his love. When he comes home, receive him with pleasure. Make much of him, and pay more attention to his relatives than to your own, and then he will act in the same way toward you. See that everything in your house runs smoothly. And always make yourself attractive—*The Literary Digest*.

## SYSTEM MUST BE RESPECTED

A CHICAGO teacher gave a boy pupil a question in compound proportion, for home work, which problem happened to include the circumstances of "men working ten hours a day to complete a certain job."

The next morning the teacher found this pupil's problem unsolved and the following note attached to the page:

"Dear Sir, I refoose to let my sun James do this sum you give him last night as it looks to me like a slur on the eight-hour sistem, enny sum not more than eight hours he is welcum to do but not more.

"Yrs. trooly,  
"Samuel Blacksky."

If we find but one to whom we can speak out our heart, freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity, we have no ground of quarrel with the world.

I often meet people on crowded streets whom I have never seen before, and whom I may never see again, whose hopeful, smiling, cheerful faces are very helpful to me.—*Thoreau*.

Strive not to equal—strive to surpass.

## KEEPING FIT

## Are You Sweating Your Brain Instead of Your Muscles?

"IT is because business men sweat their brains instead of their muscles that they break down," says Dr. J. H. Kellogg. "It is because they neglect their proper exercise so that poisons and waste materials accumulate in the body until, by-and-by, the brain is paralyzed; and not only the brain, but, also, every other part of the body. The accumulation of those poisons causes apoplexy, degeneration of the heart, the kidneys, the liver."

Exercise is a muscle food, as it is a brain food, a food for all the physical organs alike. Yet of the five hundred muscles in the body there are hundreds which get very little exercise in the life time of the average business man after he has passed the stage of boyhood. The busy housewife gets much more exercise, a greater variety, and brings more muscles into play in one day, doing her housework than some business men get in months.

\* \* \*

FRANKLIN said, "Nine men out of ten are suicides," and he was right. Men everywhere, business and professional alike, cut off many years of their possible lifetime by their unhygienic living, and systematic neglect of exercise.

Nature's motto, "Use or lose," is applicable to everything in the universe. The unused muscle is a deteriorating muscle. All the muscles which are not used regularly atrophy, become soft and flabby, and affect the tonicity of the body as a whole. A professional pianist who should neglect his daily finger exercises—even for a single day—would note a slight falling off in his finger flexibility next day. If he were to neglect his exercises for a week, he would notice a decided falling off.

\* \* \*

TO keep the entire body lithe, active, flexible, in good form, we should exercise all of the muscles to some extent for at least ten or fifteen minutes morning and evening, otherwise they will not keep in a healthy condition. Some men depend altogether for bodily exercise on walking. While that is better than no exercise at all, it is not enough. One who walks a great deal but takes no other exercise may over-

exercise the leg muscles, while many other equally important muscles are completely neglected.

\* \* \*

AN ideal form of exercise, one that calls more muscles into play than almost any other, while at the same time giving pleasure, is a game of handball. Golf, tennis, ball-playing, any kind of exercise which combines play with it is healthful, rejuvenating, refreshing, brain invigorating.

Exercises automatically performed from a sense of duty do not amount to much. I know people who dislike walking and gymnastic exercises; but they walk so many miles each day, or they go to practice in a gymnasium. It bores them, but they do it conscientiously just because they think they must; and of course they derive little or no benefit from such enforced exercise. A quarter of the time spent in this way, devoted to exercising one's body with or without gymnastic apparatus, with the mind concentrated upon the exercising, with a real enthusiasm and zest for it, will do more good than any amount of exercise taken as a necessary but disagreeable medicine.

\* \* \*

EUGENE SANDOW, the great physical culturist and athlete, said that the body is just as strong as its weakest member. He lays great stress on the importance of the part mind plays in muscle building. He long taught that bodily exercise without proper thought would do little to develop muscles, and that a very little exercise with the mind directing it, will practically rebuild the body. "It is all a matter of mind," he wrote. "Nothing will make a man strong save his own concentration of thought. If you concentrate your mind upon a single muscle or several of the muscles for three minutes each day there will be immediate noticeable development. It is mental first, physical afterwards."

\* \* \*

THERE is nothing like joyous activity for producing health, harmony and strength. Now is the time to develop muscles and renew body and brain in play out-of-doors. That is the ideal exercise.

## HOOVER'S ORPHAN BOYHOOD ON AN OREGON FARM

ALTHOUGH Iowa lays claim to the honor of being the native State of Herbert Hoover, National Wartime Food Administrator and prominent among those mentioned in connection with the Presidential race, and though California claims him as an adopted "Native Son," Oregon can plead a much stronger case before the bar of public opinion if she wants to proclaim to the world that "Bert" Hoover by training and inclination belongs to the "Web-foot" State.

It was back in 1885, that a little brown-haired, freckle-faced youngster of eleven years tumbled off a stage coach at Newberg, Oregon, and fell into the arms of his uncle, Dr. H. J. Minthorn. He had just completed a journey to Oregon from Iowa, where he had been left an orphan by the early demise of his father and mother, and had come to Oregon to make his home with his uncle, Dr. Minthorn, who at that time was President of Pacific College, a Quaker institution founded here in early pioneer days.

Even at the early age of eleven young Hoover was ambitious and eager to make his way in the world, according to Dr. Minthorn, who now resides at Newport, Oregon. Dr. Minthorn's recollections of the boyhood days of Bert, as he affectionately calls him, are vivid, though the doctor now is more than seventy years of age.

"He was a model boy," said Dr. Minthorn, speaking reminiscently. "It was seldom if ever that Bert had to be corrected. Of a naturally industrious and studious disposition, he caused me little worry."

For three years after Hoover's arrival in Oregon to live with his uncle he attended Pacific College. While other youngsters were sharing their time between work and play he was devoting both day and night to his books. This is the first known record of his ability to "Hooverize," for he completed his course at Pacific College in three years at the age of fourteen.—The New York World.

## Become a Master of Language

You are sized up every day by the way you speak and write. The words you use, the way you spell them, how you spell them, your punctuation—all of these tell your story more plainly than anything else you do. And it is a story open to all. An unusual command of language enables you to present your ideas, in speech or on paper, clearly, forcefully, convincingly.



A simple method has been invented by which you can acquire a command of the English language from the ground up. Sherwin Cody, perhaps the best known teacher of practical English, after twenty years of research and study, has perfected an invention which places the ability to talk and write with correctness and force within reach of every one with ordinary intelligence. Sherwin Cody was amazed to discover that the average person in school or in business is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English grammar. That is because the methods of teaching English in school left you only a hazy idea of the subject—the rules would not stick in your mind. But Sherwin Cody's new invention upsets old standards of teaching English. His students secured more improvement in five weeks than had previously been obtained by other pupils in two years. Only 15 minutes a day of spare time with "100% Self-Correcting Method" will, within a very short time, give you an easy command of language.

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# The Man Who Talked too Much

(Continued from page 43)

**B**UT Mary was not a girl given to idle speculation. She was a woman of action, of clear thinking. Ten minutes later, in her smart little street frock and becoming hat, she was walking briskly down the street, her blue eyes flashing with resolution. Her manner was cheerful, and those who met her on the way, marveled at the fresh beauty of the girl and the wholesomeness of her spirit. "Why not?" asked one. "She has every reason to be happy and nothing in the world to worry about."

By a few minutes past nine she was in Robert Fordham's office. The aged man received her kindly and begged her to sit down. As she gazed into his deep-set eyes, she realized that he knew the cause of her visit.

"Tommy asked me to hand you back this money," she said, "laying on the desk a packet of bills she had just drawn from her savings fund."

Fordham looked at her keenly. "Are you telling me the truth, Mary?" he asked, not unkindly. "I don't believe you are."

"I can't pretend with you, Mr. Fordham," she told him. "It will be easier if you will read Tommy's letter. Then you will understand how he feels—and why I feel as I do."

She passed him the envelope she had received but an hour before. Adjusting his spectacles, Fordham perused it slowly and carefully. He frowned—then a look of compassion overspread his features. At length, however, he folded it up and handed the letter back to Mary.

"My child," he said gravely, "I appreciate your attitude. It is wonderful—even beautiful—but you are wrong. You have all your life before you, and you deserve all the good things life holds for those who are honest and upright. Dingle doesn't deserve your love, and I don't believe in good women sacrificing pure love in the hope of regenerating a scoundrel."

Mary's eyes flashed. "Tommy isn't a scoundrel!" she snapped. "He's merely a poor, foolish boy whose ambitions and imagination have led him astray."

Fordham shook his head. "Dingle is worthless," he told her. "I've watched him for a long time. I feared this would come about. And it did, just as I predicted. I suppose I was ill-advised to permit him the opportunity; but, Mary, he would have taken and lost your money anyway. That is not the act of a man—of a man worthy of you. Take my advice and forget him as he suggests. I will promise not to prosecute him if you will agree to give him up. If he pays the money back to both of us, as he says he will, we will consider that he has atoned for his sin. If he does not, I shall count a lost three thousand dollars a cheap price for the purchase of your freedom from a marriage that could not have been happy."

**M**ARY looked at him strangely. "You are wrong, Mr. Fordham," she said slowly. "In the first place, I love Tommy. He means everything to me—and I know that he loves me. Oh, Mr. Fordham, to cast him adrift would be heartless—a greater crime than he has committed! I couldn't sleep thinking of Tom wandering about like an outcast. I couldn't touch a penny of whatever money he might send to me, knowing that he must be suffering torment every time he sent it to me! It would wrench his soul if he felt that all we were interested in was getting our money back—that after he had paid it all, we didn't care what became of him!"

She was overcome with emotion. Her

slender figure shook as she sobbed convulsively. Fordham arose and strode toward the window. He stood there with his back to her, took off his spectacles and wiped them furtively, drying his eyes as he did so. At length he turned and laid a gentle hand upon the girl's shoulder.

"I wonder, Mary, if you're not right," he said. "Tom's boastfulness and his silly stories of vainglorious imaginary triumphs, disgusted me. I determined to let him work out his own salvation, when I suppose I should have stepped in and talked to him like a father. As you know, his own parents died when he was a baby. That was one reason I kept him on even after I lost patience with him. But I guess you're right at that. If we can save him from himself, help him find himself—still make a man of him—we have done something worth while—whether he deserves it or not."

"I knew you'd reason that way!" she said gratefully. "Now please take my money, and let it be known that he sent it. I don't want this story to get about town."

"I haven't said a word to a soul," Fordham assured her. "I was waiting, trying to decide on the best course to pursue. I'm not a hard-hearted man, Mary; but I am inexorable when it comes to wrongdoing. I believe in forgiveness; but, to my notion, the price of forgiveness, and a full appreciation of it, is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. That may sound narrow; but no one was ever the worse for being made to pay the price of one's folly. I'm willing to help you help Tommy—but he will also have to help himself."

**S**HE nodded. "It is hard—when I love him so—but I suppose you are right," she admitted.

"Is this money all you have?" Fordham asked, after a moment.

"Yes," she said simply. "I didn't sympathize with Tom's idea when he broached it. But I knew he wouldn't be satisfied might—and most likely would lose—so I unless he tried it out. I figured that he kept back three thousand of my five thousand dollars, although he thought I had given him all I possessed. Of course, I never dreamed that he would take money—from your safe. But now, thank God, I have enough to make up that as well."

"Mary," said Fordham, "I don't want your money. You have already lost two thousand dollars, and you can ill afford to part with the rest. It means but little to me as money, and it is a great deal to you."

"Won't you please take it?" Mary begged, feelingly. "I would feel so much happier."

Fordham stood silently gazing at her. Then he took the bills and put them into the safe. "If you wish me to take it, I will," he said. "But if I can ever aid you—in any way—please come to me."

"I will," she said. "But now I am going on with the rest of my plan. If I succeed—if I bring Tommy back with me in the way I want to bring him back, will you—"

"If you make him what I know you want to make him, his old position will be his!" he promised.

As she went slowly out of the office with a new light of hope in her eyes, the solid old business man looked after her with parental fondness. "Confound it!" he muttered, "she's too good for that young idiot—but, then, no man on earth is worthy of a girl like that."

**A**LONE with her sorrow and her hope, Mary worked out her little plan. She waited with as much patience as she could

command until three long weeks rolled by. Then, to her utter joy, there came another plain government-envelope, and enclosed was a money order for ten dollars made out to her and filled in with Tommy Dingle's name. There was no return address, and she knew that, as he had said in his letter, Tommy was living under another name. But there was joy in the knowledge that he lived, that he was earning money, and, best of all, that he was thinking of her and carrying out his resolution to repay what he had lost in speculation.

Impatient to hear the news, she called up Mr. Fordham and learned, with added happiness, that a similar money order for fifteen dollars was reposing on his desk.

"Looks as though he might come back after all," Fordham said over the wire.

"Of course, he will!" was Mary's reply.

Then she began to work out the rest of her scheme. She had a little ready money—not much—but enough to finance her for a week in New York. She closed her little millinery business and boarded a train for the big city. Once there, she located the station at which Tom's money order had been purchased, and then sought plain but comfortable lodgings in a nearby boarding-house.

The following morning she began her search and her vigil. She walked the streets of the neighborhood, frequented its little restaurants,—ever on the lookout for Tommy Dingle. And after the close of the business day she would loiter about the window where money orders were sold. She figured shrewdly that, by this time, Tommy would have construed her silence and that of Fordham, as the result of contempt. He might imagine that Mary had persuaded Fordham to forgive, but that she could never forget. So, she figured, Tommy would assume no other precaution to conceal himself than his assumed name.

**S**HE had considered sending a letter to Thomas Dingle in care of the general delivery; but she wondered if he would ever appear to ask for it, or, if he did, whether such a note might not lead him into still deeper concealment, to shield his injured pride, and hide his guilty conscience. Therefore, she had abandoned that idea and took up her own personal watch, hoping that he would cross her path so that she could tell him she still loved him and believed in him.

The days slipped by. She did not find him, although she scanned every face in the passing throngs. Of course, she reasoned, he would probably not be buying another money order so soon, as he could not be earning much money. But when Friday rolled round, she took on new hope. Perhaps to-night or to-morrow he would appear at the money-order window and send back at least a few dollars. Then she would find him!

And it was so that she did find him—toward the closing hour on Saturday evening.

He paled when he saw her—he shrank back into the long line as if seeking to avoid her notice. Evidently he feared her and misinterpreted her being there. He imagined he was to be apprehended, dragged back to Meadville in disgrace—under arrest, perhaps.

But as Mary advanced toward him, silently, with hands outstretched and with appeal in her wonderful eyes, the hunted expression faded from Dingle's face. He let her take his trembling hands in hers and suffered her to lead him into a quiet corner of the post office.

"Tom, dear," she said very slowly and very sweetly, "I want you to come with me—and—and marry me, dear!"



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Do you know what is the third largest industry in the United States?

If not, read an article in the July THE NEW SUCCESS, by Thomas U. Merle, who wrote "The Shameful Misuse of Money," in this issue.

## Please Take Notice

The advertisement on Page 14 is of such transcendental importance that every reader of The New Success Magazine is expected to answer it at once.

CHAS. F. HAANEL  
202 Howard Bldg.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

DINGLE looked at her in utter amazement, unable to believe his ears. "Mary!" he gasped. "Surely you can't mean—didn't you get my letter—don't you know—"

"Of course," she told him. "Mr. Fordham knows, too. Your old place is waiting for you—"

"I couldn't go back there!" he said, shaking his head. "Even if they don't all know what a fool I've been. It would be unbearable to climb down off my high horse in Meadville. No, Mary, I'll work it out here—get all the money paid back—and then, some day, if you don't mind waiting, I'll come to you clean-handed—ready to start afresh."

She smiled at him happily. "I knew you would say that, Tom," she whispered. "But, you see, I do mind waiting. Now, hurry up, and we'll take the first train back home."

But still he hesitated, although his heart beat wildly with a new found hope and a new ambition. Mary loved him—despite what he had done. The future was rosy after all!

"Mary," he said slowly. "You don't know how wonderful you are—how mean you make me feel—yet how happy I am! But, dear, let's not go back there, where I shall always remember my folly—my boasts—the fact that I always talked when I should have worked. Let's marry, if you will, right here in New York—and start out fresh in new surroundings."

SHE shook her head. "That wouldn't do at all," she objected. "If we did that, people back home would talk—and I don't want them to gossip. We may say that it doesn't matter what people think—but it does. A good reputation is worth everything—and my husband is going to have one, all untarnished, bright and shining. We're going back. You're going to take the old job that Mr. Fordham will give you. We're going to pay him back that three thousand dollars—together. What's more, we're going to take a little rented house that we can afford and live quietly—and, oh, so happily!"

"Everyone will laugh at me—and—and pity you for trusting such a worthless—"

She put a hand over his mouth. "They'll do no such thing!" she announced with an air of assurance. "They'll say that Tommy Dingle has suddenly developed—that he has settled down to matrimony—and that because he is careful and simple in his living, he must be piling up a great deal of money. And, Tommy, in a few years they won't be so far wrong, for that's just what we will be doing!"

He was thoughtful. "It will be a long time before we can do that," he reminded her. "Dead horses are expensive—"

"But one's moral atmosphere is clearer and cleaner once they've been disposed of," she told him. "It will be hard, of course; but we'll be happy—and together we can do anything, Tommy dear."

(THE END)

A pinched, stingy thought means a scanty, pinched supply.

★ ★ ★

Thinking abundance will open up the mind and set the thought currents towards increased supply.

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The sources of education are the feelings, the passions, and the intellect.

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Every unselfish act is turning the searchlight into some dark corner.

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Ira Shook of Flint Did That amount of business in one day making and selling popcorn Crispettes with this machine. Profits 269.00

Mullen of East Liberty bought two outfits recently, Feb. 2, said ready for third. J. R. Bert, Ala., wrote Jan. 23, 1920: "Only thing I ever bought equalled advertisement." J. M. Pattillo, Ocala, wrote Feb. 2, 1920: "Enclosed find money order to pay all my notes. Getting along fine. Crispette business all you claim and then some." John W. Culp, So. Carolina writes, "Everything is going lovely—business is growing by leaps and bounds. The business section of this town covers two blocks, Crispette wrappers lying everywhere. It's a good old world after all. Kellogg \$700 ahead end of second week. Mexiner, Baltimore, 250 in one day. Perrin, 380 in one day. Baker, 3,000 packages, one day.



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## FRANKLIN'S LESSON IN TIME-VALUE

*Do not 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 than 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.

## OPEN THE DOOR

OPEN the door, let in the air;  
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair;  
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;  
If our door is wide it may come this way.  
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;  
He hath a smile for every one;  
He hath made of raindrops golden gems,  
He may change your tears to diadems.  
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul! Let in  
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.  
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine  
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.  
Open the door!

## BUILT HIS BUSINESS ON PREMIUMS

FROM a capital of \$32 to an annual business of nearly \$50,000,000, is the remarkable record of success achieved by William Wrigley, the man who has made his name synonymous with chewing gum.

Mr. Wrigley has built up his business on premiums. He learned the value of premium-giving, thirty years ago, when he was selling scouring soap. It was a soap that was very hard to sell because it was not widely known. A well-known brand in popular demand fulfilled all the functions that Wrigley could claim for the soap he sold; and even though Wrigley's soap was offered cheaper, the retailer would not buy. He realized that his problem was to create the demand.

The soap was priced at \$3.25 for a case of one hundred cakes. He decided to give a premium with each case of soap sold. The premium was an umbrella which cost him 75 cents. The price of the case of soap was raised to \$4.25 and the umbrella given free. Orders began coming in so fast that the home manufacturer wired him to let up on orders until they could produce more stock.

When Wrigley went into the chewing-gum business he remembered his lesson. Accordingly he gave premiums, and the dealers sold his gum to get what went with it.

## THE SMITHS IN THE WAR

FOOD, airplanes, propaganda and other agencies all were offered at some time as the balance of power, but the claims of the Smith family were overlooked. They were ready for the fight, however, 51,000 strong. An army by themselves were the Smiths who joined the colors. They out-distanced all competitors for the first honors, for the Johnson family only sent 29,000 members to the conflict. The Jones boys numbered a mere 22,500, running even with their rivals the Greens. America's other prolific family, the Browns, sent 9,000 men to fight for Uncle Sam. The American melting pot also turned out 4,500 Cohens to help chase the Hun back of the Hindenburg line. In addition of these armies, there were enough bearers of military names to frighten an enemy that had studied American history. No less than seventy-four George Washingtons were in the ranks, two Ulysses S. Grants, and five more without the middle initial, and seventy-nine Robert E. Lees.

## LOOKING FOR FLAWS

CHARLES LAMB tells of a chronic grumbler who always complained at whist, because he had so few trumps. By some artifice, his companions managed to deal him the entire thirteen, hoping to extract some expression of satisfaction, but he only looked more wretched than ever before.

"Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you trumps enough?"  
"Yes," grunted Tom, "but I've no other cards."

This chronic grumbler of Lamb's is found in endless variety. Perhaps the most numerous of the species is represented by the man who is always looking for flaws,—one of those blue-spectacled people who see nothing but mud when they look on the ground and only clouds when they look at the sky. One of those gentlemen was once asked to look at the sun through a powerful telescope and describe what he saw.

"Why," he said, after a few moment's study, "I see nothing but a few black specks!"

## THE UNWELCOME GUEST

A NEIGHBOR knocked at the lazy man's door and told him of a position he could get by going after it.

"Um," said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the neighbor, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days, but it is good pay and a chance for advancement."

"Um!" said the man. "And who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."  
"Um! You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like Hard Work to me."

And he slammed the door.

Selfishness is abnormal and tends to harden and dry up the brain and nerve cells.

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**S**MILE, once in awhile,  
 'T will make your heart seem lighter;  
 Smile, once in a while,  
 'T will make your pathway brighter.  
 Life's a mirror, if we smile  
 Smiles come back to greet us;  
 If we're frowning all the while  
 Frowns forever meet us.

—Nixon Waterman.

\*\*\*

**T**HE secret of the happy life is found in the direction of our eyes and the order of our thoughts. Which do we look for first, complaint or praise? Which goes first into our scale for estimation, trial or mercy? Are we looking part way up to compare ourselves with more successful men, or far beyond success to the centre of our life and joy?—Anonymous.

\*\*\*

**I** SEE a universe, I suppose, eternally different from yours—a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe, where suffering is not at least wantonly inflicted, though it falls with dispassionate partiality, but where it may be and generally is nobly borne; where above all (this I believe—probably you don't—I think he may, with cancer) any brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so being, beneficent to those about him. And if he fails, why should I hear him weeping? I mean, if I fail, why should I weep? why should you hear me?—Robert Louis Stevenson.

\*\*\*

**C**HRIST stopped every funeral that came His way and sent the mourners home singing. Funeral sermons were too sad for Him to preach. Every sick room He entered became a health resort. He made graveyards unpopular.

\*\*\*

**"CHRISTIANITY** wants nothing so much as *sunny people*," says Drummond. And Lydia Maria Child says, "You will find yourself refreshed by the presence of sunny people. Why not make an honest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half of the battle gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy."

\*\*\*

**A** HABIT of cheerfulness, enabling one to transmute apparent misfortunes into real blessings, is a fortune to a young man or young woman just crossing the threshold of active life. He who has formed a habit of looking at the bright, happy side of things, who sees the glory in the grass, the sunshine in the flowers, sermons in stones, and good in everything, has a great advantage over the chronic dyspeptic, who sees no good in anything.

\*\*\*

**I**F you catch a glimpse of your face in the glass and see that there is a thundercloud in your expression, if it does not seem possible to look pleasant, just get by yourself a few minutes and persistently crowd into your mind as many pleasant, hopeful, joyous, optimistic, encouraging thoughts as possible and you will be surprised to see how quickly your expression will change.

The thundercloud is in your face because there is one in your mind. It is a mental reflection.

\*\*\*

**OPTIMISM** is the faith that leads to achievement; nothing can be done without hope.—Helen Keller.

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## Success in Accountancy

Take advantage of the growing demand for accountants—a demand which is at present greater than it has ever been before.

In a single recent issue of one daily newspaper there were 58 advertisements for Accountants. These places can be filled only by men who have made themselves ready. If you are not ready for promotion, prepare yourself.

Before your preparation, investigate thoroughly the reputation of the school you choose. It is of almost as much importance as your own good reputation.

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### Walton Students Win Honors

Six times in the last six years Walton men have been awarded gold medals in the Illinois C. P. A. examinations.

For three successive years Walton students have received highest average markings in the American Institute examinations. In these examinations graduates of every sort of institution, resident or correspondence, giving similar training, came into competition; and Walton men repeatedly stood first.

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### Spare Time Study

You can have this same training without interfering with your present position, if you will use your spare time for study. There is no magic about it. It is simply a matter of mental application and of industry under skilled guidance.

If you are satisfied to stay where you are, we can do nothing for you; but if you want to advance yourself, write for 'The Walton Way to a Better Day.'

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28. Will it Pay to Go to College—If So, Where?
29. Brevity and Directness.
30. What Other People Think of You and Your Career.
31. When Discouraged—What to Do.
32. Think of Yourself as You Long to Be.



## WHEN MARK TWAIN TRIED TO SPEAK FRENCH

WHEN Mark Twain was a young reporter, on the *San Francisco Call*, he determined to take up the study of French. He did not want to go to the expense of a teacher, and so he bought a grammar and conversation book and set to work. Every available moment of the day he worked at his task.

He soon began to look about for opportunities to make use of his new accomplishment. Accordingly he began to eat at a French restaurant once a week.

One day, as he and his roommate were coming out of the restaurant, they noticed a Frenchman on the sidewalk. He was asking first one passerby and then another the way to a certain street, but no one understood him. That was Twain's chance. The Frenchman looked at him and began to talk. Twain listened attentively. Three or four times the Frenchman was compelled to repeat the question; then Twain seemed to catch the gist of his inquiry. But he had scarcely spoken half a dozen words in reply when the Frenchman fell to the sidewalk in a dead faint.

The true cause of the stranger's fainting never became known. Very likely he was fainted. Perhaps he had been put out of the restaurant because of his seedy appearance. But whatever the cause, the joke was on Twain. His roommate was careful enough of his friendship not to repeat the incident at the office of the newspaper, but he teased the rising humorist a good deal about it. When the fun had lasted long enough Twain set his jaw, and with unlimited determination written on his features announced:

"I'll learn French if it kills every Frenchman in the country!"

## ROOSEVELT'S ADVICE

"NOW, let me tell you this," said President Roosevelt to a young man who asked for a position in the diplomatic service. "You may have an under-secretaryship, but let me tell you this," said he: "Don't take it just yet. You are only out of college. Take a post-graduate course with the people. Get down to earth. See what kind of beings these Americans are. Find out from personal contact. If you belong to exclusive clubs, quit them and spend the time you would otherwise spend in their cold and unprofitable atmosphere in mingling with the people, merchants and street car drivers, bankers and workmen. Finally, when you get your post, do as John Hay did; resign in a year, or a couple of years, and come home to your own country, and again for a year or two get down among your fellow-Americans. In short," said Roosevelt, "be an American and never stop being an American."—Senator Beveridge, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

## NERVES SHATTERED; NERVE STRONG!

THROUGH thirteen years of derision and ridicule, Cyrus Field labored before the *Great Eastern* began its inglorious voyage. It was heart-breaking when the Atlantic cable parted in mid-ocean and gave thousands of "I-told-you-sos" their inning. But Field tried again, and, after years of further preparation, made his second trip, which again failed. His friends lost confidence. Field's nerves were shattered, but his nerve wasn't. He kept on, and at the third trial the thrilling message, "What hath God wrought?" flashed from the Old World to the New the triumphant fact that Europe and America were one.

# Doctor Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 Per Cent in One Week's Time in Many Instances

## A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and

allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.



NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed to them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold in this city by all good druggists.

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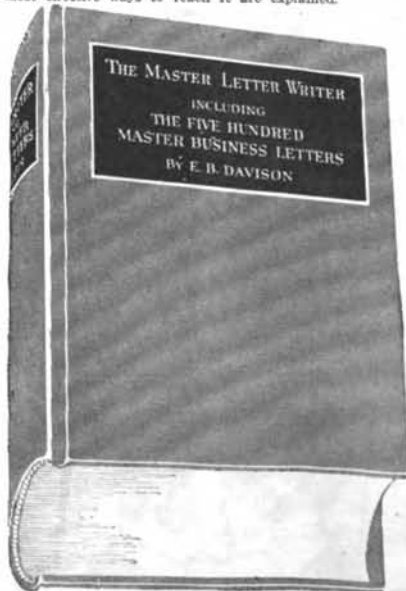
# The Master Letter Writer

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THE most authoritative, clear, understandable, far-reaching courses ever written. The sure route to bigger business and better pay for a million office people! This great course and collection, by the foremost authority, simplifies the writing of good letters both for experienced and inexperienced letter writers—from the big executive to the little typist.

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## Read About Him in "The New Success" for July

**I**RVING T. BUSH, creator of the Bush Terminal, New York, and builder of one of the most remarkable skyscrapers in the metropolis has this from Josh Billings framed, on his desk:

"Konsider the postage stamp, my son; its usefulness konsists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

Mr. Bush has made a specialty of stick-to-itiveness; if he hadn't he would have gone down and out disastrously.

Mr. Bush consented to be interviewed for THE NEW SUCCESS for July. He tells how he transformed a dilapidated, worn-out warehouse into a business of millions.

# Become An Artist In Spare Time

## Wonderful New Method

By our wonderful new method of teaching by mail, you can learn Illustrating, Cartooning and Commercial Art right in your own home—and in your spare time. Hundreds of successful students and graduates are now making splendid incomes. Get into this fascinating work yourself and make from \$50 to \$125 or more a week! Our method makes it easy for anyone to learn. The study is fascinating. Only a few minutes a day! Personal instruction given you by Will H. Chandler, one of America's foremost commercial artists. You can have your own studio—or secure high salaried position. Many students have earned more than the cost of the course while they were learning!

## No Talent Necessary

Just as you have learned to read and write, we can teach you how to draw. Everybody has the ability. True, some have more than others, but that is because that ability has been developed. You start with straight lines—then curves. Then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from \$50 to \$500 or more! Many artists receive as high as \$1,000 for a single drawing!

## Big Demand for Commercial Artists

There are thousands of big-paying artists' positions open right this minute. These positions are actually going begging for the lack of trained artists to fill them. Magazines, newspapers, advertising agencies, and business concerns are all looking for men and women to handle their illustrating. With the tremendous expansion of both foreign and domestic trade, commercial art is more in demand than ever—and that demand is increasing every day!

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## LINCOLN'S SENSE OF HUMOR

**H**ERE is a new Lincoln story, vouched for as authentic:

In one of the darkest hours of the Civil War, a man, with business "very important," got past the doorkeeper on the plea that his errand could only be explained to the President in person.

The gentleman had a harelip, and he duly opened up his vocal batteries.

Lincoln, very weary, listened with patience, and as he listened a half quizzical smile played across his sorrowful face.

Lincoln had discovered that the plot to blow up the Capitol had no basis except in this man's mental vacuum, and he further rightly suspected all the man wanted was a five-dollar bill.

Now Lincoln could have done one of several things. He might have called an aide and had the fellow ejected, or he might have compromised with him for a dollar.

**B**UT Lincoln cast around in his mind as to whether he would send this man to Seward and give Seward a good laugh, or would he send him to Stanton, who had small sense of humor and who was given to making life very grievous for his chief.

Lincoln decided that Stanton was the party who should be punished, and so he wrote this note:

"Dear Stanton:

"The bearer of this message is a very dear, personal friend of mine. He has discovered a dastardly plot of the enemy to blow up the Capitol. It is highly necessary that you should give him your closest attention, and act promptly as your good judgment dictates.

"Yours,

"A LINCOLN."

**T**HE note, of course, got the stranger in to Stanton's presence. Stanton read the letter and sent for three secret service men. The doors were locked, the keyhole stuffed, and the man with the harelip was requested to divulge the plot.

It took Stanton about fifteen minutes to discover what Lincoln had gathered in a moment.

Stanton then wrote the following letter:

"Washington, Jan. 5th, 1864.

"Dear Mr. President:

"I have given your dear, close personal friend fifteen minutes of my valuable time. And I have come to the conclusion that if you ever send me another man like this, and he does not blow up the Capitol, I will.

"Sincerely yours,

"EDWIN M. STANTON."

## THE REPLY OF G. B. S.

**W**HEN George Bernard Shaw was a struggling writer he not always had sufficient money to pay his rent. One landlord was exceptionally cruel and would give him no peace. So when Mr. Shaw finally got a little money ahead he sent the landlord a check for part of the rent due. The landlord was very much pleased and decided that, since Mr. Shaw had paid part of the rent, he, no doubt, had money for the balance.

He accordingly wrote Mr. Shaw a letter, asking him to send a check for the balance due. The letter so incensed the Irish author that he could not refrain from answering; and as Mr. Shaw's humor is at its best when he is angry, he wrote the following:

"Enclosed you may find a check for the balance of the rent. I'm hanged if I can."

Ignorance it a disease, the deepest, most treacherous and damning malady of the soul.

### THE FIRST BANK NOTE

IN the matter of exchange, China stole a big march on the rest of the world. Her first paper money was printed in the year 650 A. D. Not until the chartering of the Bank of England, in 1694, did Europe have its first bank notes.

"Circulating forever and ever" is the arrogant inscription on the most remarkable bank note in the world, issued by the Chinese and now in the Museum at Cambridge, England. It is bordered with ornate dragons and stamped with the red seal of the great yellow empire. The colors are still bright and the gold ink as shiny as the day it was applied—back when England was a wilderness. That the paper itself has not crumbled after these 1,269 years, is a wonder in itself. The note is over a foot long.

Marco Polo in describing these Chinese bank notes, recorded that the imperial mints redeemed old bills on a payment of 3 per cent, and that counterfeiting was punished by death. Redeemable in gold or silver, they were exactly like modern paper money. Later on, about the year 1400, counterfeiters got so numerous and so adept that China switched from paper to metal, for her medium of exchange.

The paper of the first Chinese note was made from the bark of mulberry trees. It bears the inscription, "To circulate on the same footing as standard cash. To counterfeit is death. The informant will receive 250 taels of silver and in addition the entire property of the criminal."

### ONE JUROR CHALLENGED IN FOURTEEN YEARS

AN English judge is quoted by a member of the American bar as declaring that in fourteen years he had only seen one juror challenged in a British court. When such a thing happens it makes a sensation. All the newspapers report it. Twelve names are called. Twelve men step into the "box." The oath is administered. And if anything else should happen, the lawyers themselves would suppose that the world is coming to an end. In Chicago it took more than nine weeks to select a jury to try one man, and thirteen weeks to choose a jury to try another. Ten thousand veniremen were summoned. Nearly five thousand talesmen were examined at a cost to the State of about \$50,000.

In a San Francisco case, ninety-one days were spent in completing a jury. In another case, three months elapsed before twelve men could be selected.

### TOPSY-TURVY CHINA

MEN wear gowns and women trousers in China, which is one of the customs that makes the land topsy turvy. Upon meeting a friend, the Chinese shakes hands with himself, not with the friend. In hot sunshine he shades not the nape of his neck, but the front of his head. Returning home he refreshes himself with a cup of tea, putting the saucer on the top of the cup and not under it.

It is not unknown in China to kill one's enemy, but it is more common form of revenge to heap shame upon an enemy by committing suicide at his doorstep. Many other instances can be mentioned which make the Chinese different from the westerner. He likes eggs not newly laid, but those that have been buried for several years. He drinks his wine hot instead of iced. Books are printed to begin at the end and work backward, with the lines reading from the top of the page downward, and from right to left.

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creates or destroys according to the way you use it. The work goes on so quietly and subtly you do not realize it.

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Are you building up or tearing yourself down?

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Wrong mental attitudes will therefore in time destroy the physical. **YOU CAN'T DOUBT OUR GOVERNMENT REPORT, THAT'S SURE.** The miserable state you are now in and have been trying through physical means only to throw off may primarily be due to wrong thought. **HERE IS HELP FOR YOU.** LEAVITT-SCIENCE HAS FOUND THE WAY TO CONQUER THESE ENEMIES OF YOURS through combining the mental and physical agencies nature has furnished us for development. All weakness can be put to flight and health, strength, happiness and success established. LEAVITT-SCIENCE teaches the simple laws of life, opens wide the door of success and makes you the strong, self-reliant person you should be.

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## Just 200 Years Ago

ALEXANDER POPE WROTE:

"The Proper Study of Mankind Is Man."

If women had played as important a part in the world then, as they do to-day, Dr. Pope might have added, "and women."

But his famous statement is as pertinent to-day as it was when he penned it.

If you want to study modern mankind and womankind; if you want to know all about the men and women in the Public Eye—who are making history, who are riding on the top wave of success, who are on the way up—read *every* issue of

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Many women believe that real happiness for them lies in financial independence obtained by competition in the business world.

Others are of the opinion that woman's sphere is in the home, that she should not engage in business or professional work of any kind.

We are neutral on the subject, but we know that many estimable women, as well as men, in every section of the country, do like to pursue some congenial occupation whereby they may increase their incomes, especially during these high-price times.

So, to all women, no matter how situated—and men, too—we offer an excellent opportunity to earn **\$25.00** to **\$50.00** a month, or even more, during their spare time, without interfering with their regular occupations.

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# From Carpenter to Leader of Senate

## How Sir James Loughheed, Canadian Statesman, Pulled Out of Obscurity

By OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

ONE of the first to realize the necessity of supplying crippled soldiers with industrial re-training, was Senator, Sir James Loughheed, Privy Councillor, Minister of the Canadian Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, and administration leader in the Canadian Senate. Sir James is an able lawyer and one of the constructive forces in Western Canada, yet few are aware either of his early struggles for success or how he came to find his way from a carpenter's bench to a chair at the Privy Council table.

Senator Loughheed's life story in its early years was not the smoothly moving success that many men have achieved. In fact, his career was more or less unhappy until he went to the western provinces and developed himself by taking part in the development of the country. In his boyhood days, after securing a brief public-school education, he worked as a carpenter in his father's shop in the east end of Toronto, and he continued at his trade until he had become an average artisan. It was while working with his father that he adopted as his life motto: "Play fair," which has guided him through a busy and eventful life.

About the same time the young carpenter heard Edward Blake make a very effective address in court. He decided then and there that he would like to become an effective public speaker. He had, since leaving school, been a constant reader, which resulted in his joining several literary societies where he took part in debates and discussions. His natural aptitude for public speaking so impressed the officials of Berkeley Street Methodist Church, which he then attended, that they made him a local preacher before he was old enough to grow a moustache.

### Longed For Pioneer Life

WHEN the young carpenter was in his early twenties he came to the conclusion that he would like the practice of law. "I felt," said he, speaking years afterward, "that I could do work better which I liked doing rather than urge myself to work which did not call to service all my faculties—not that carpentry is not interesting work, but that it did not sufficiently interest me."

Painstakingly he read law for many months, attending the lectures at Osgoode Hall assiduously. Finally he was graduated and, for some four or five years, practiced his profession in the city of Toronto. However, in those days, Toronto had more than a sufficient number of lawyers and the situation was difficult for any young disciple of Coke and Blackstone. In 1882, the lure of the Canadian West, with its call to adventure and service, came upon him, and, to the regret of his friends—many of whom thought he was making a mistake—he left Toronto for Winnipeg.



SIR JAMES LOUGHEED

Administration Leader in the Canadian Senate and Minister of the Federal Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment

He was only in the Manitoba capital, however, for a little over a year when he came to the decision that he wanted pioneer life in a greater degree. This time he located in Calgary, then called "The Cow Town of the Foothills." Here he took a real interest in the lives of the ranchers and their herdsmen, developing a reputation for being the most reliable lawyer on land and realty laws in the far-western provinces. Little by little, as the town grew, his practice grew, and his judgment on the purchase of realty holdings came to be looked upon as second to none in the prairie provinces.

### Stuck To His Motto

SENATOR LOUGHEED has often remarked that the wisest move he ever made was to take up his abode in Calgary. "I am a firm believer in allowing a young man to develop a wholesome, adventurous, spirit," he told the writer, "The development of a new country, or a new community, with the part played by all those having an interest in the community tends to draw out latent forces which many people little suspect they have, and as a result the country and its inhabitants develop each other."

The people of the foothills country soon found out that Jim Loughheed had ability well ballasted with common sense, was able to speak convincingly in public, and, above



all else, that he played straight and fair with everybody. The features of common sense and fairness particularly distinguish his character, and while he is the wealthiest man between Winnipeg and Vancouver, no political foe has ever accused him of taking unfair advantage of his financial or political position.

Among ranchers and old-timers throughout the West, Jim Lougheed's word is looked upon as being enough to close any business deal. "If Lougheed told you so," a Calgary real-estate man was informed during the first boom, "then don't you worry about it. The deal is as good as closed and he will sign the papers when they are put before him." It was a truth; for the man not only bought the property, but it is now looked upon as one of the choice business corners of Calgary.

### Crippled Soldiers Inspired Him

ONE of the contributing sources of Senator Lougheed's success is his wife, whose father, Donald Hardisty, was a Hudson's Bay Company factor, and whose uncle was a member of the Dominion Senate. The marriage took place two years after he left Toronto. Five years after his marriage, he entered public life, succeeding the late Senator Hardisty. The new senator was only thirty-five years of age and he was—up to that time and for many years after—the youngest man ever appointed to the Canadian Senate.

In the Senate, Senator Lougheed has shown himself to be at all times broad-visioned and reliable. While he is not an orator, he is undoubtedly a man of ideas, and as Acting Minister of Militia during the summer of 1916, Chairman of the Military Hospitals Commission, and afterwards as Minister of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, he has shown himself to be a statesman of force and initiative. Yet with all the duties, public and private, which have crowded in upon him during his twenty-eight years of public life, he looks little older than when he first entered the Senate.

The Senator is now in his sixty-fifth year, and he still looks to be a well preserved man in the "forties." He is a confirmed believer of much work and complete relaxation once the work is finished. "I have noticed that it is easier," he said, "to rust out than to work out, and one of the biggest inspirations I have ever received has been the witnessing of so many of Canada's crippled soldiers finding a place once more in the civilian ranks of industry."

Under all circumstances, Senator Lougheed's manner is characterized by courtesy and good nature—very desirable qualities for a party leader in the Senate, a duty which devolved upon Sir James eleven years ago. The formula by which he has wrought success, privately and publicly, can be adequately summed up in the sentence: "Do your best to make things better but always play fair with the other fellow."

Whether in Calgary or Ottawa, Senator Lougheed, although a very busy man, makes time to keep in touch with his old friends. "There is a time for work and for play," he said, "and neither should ever interfere with the other. I make this my invariable rule."

Make this day count. Don't let any opportunity slip. Seize it, wring every possibility out of it. Don't shrink from responsibility, no matter how hard or disagreeable, if there is valuable discipline in it, if it will help to make you more efficient, more self-confident.

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## MAKING THE BEST OF V EVER HAPPENS

*Not to understand a treasure's worth  
Till time has stolen away the highest  
Is cause of half the poverty we feel  
And makes the world the wilderness.*

**R**EALLY great souls do not upon the unfortunate things have happened to them, the failures, annoyances that have clouds into their lives. No matter befalls them they make the best of them. These are the people who make a count of their lives because they make every count, they grind everything into pain, their great life's masterpiece. Out of the unfortunate experiences they develop a beautiful character.

The people who are always grumbling, finding fault, complaining of their lot, declaring that Fate is against them, do not get this benefit of their unfortunate experiences as they should. That is they do not make them count on the positive side of life as the others do. The result is that these things, instead of making their lives richer, cause friction, dissatisfaction and discord, and mar their careers. Our success or failure depends upon how we treat the things that are disagreeable, the misfortunes and annoyances that come into our lives.

IT is a great thing to face life cheerfully no matter what happens. To face towards hope, towards confidence, towards faith. If we can do this in spite of whatever comes to us, all our experiences will count for good.

The optimist, like the bee, is always extracting honey from every source, even from the bitter herbs and flowers, gets hope and joy from everything in life. He extracts sweetness from the most unpleasant conditions.

**A** WOMAN who has been lying in a hospital for twenty years, with a broken spine, says that she has so much for which to be thankful, that her heart is constantly filled with gratitude. A paralytic who has spent over a score of years in bed, unable to move his body, except only his eyes and mouth, says that he is very thankful for his many blessings.

Instances like these should make us able-bodied men and women ashamed of our ingratitude, our wicked lack of appreciation of the good things we have, and of our excuses for our discontent and unhappiness. Here we are living in a paradise more marvelous than the imagination can picture, a perpetual heaven full of possible gladness, joy and happiness, and yet we are discontented, dissatisfied, constantly complaining, even when we have all our senses intact and all our faculties are normal. We have eyes but do not see, ears but do not hear.

## FAITH AND HEALTH

**F**AITH is just as much a part of health as it is of success. Many people who suffer from illhealth do not know that it is because of their wrong mental attitude towards life, their wrong mental attitude towards themselves, their health. They do not know that it is because they are constantly carrying disease pictures in their mind, visualizing poor health, physical weakness, tendencies to disease.

“**W**HO is the richest of men?”  
Socrates. “He who is content with the least, for contentment is nature.”

THE blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.—E. B. Browning.

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## IN THE HOME IS A FAILURE

AN of means, a powerful executive, recently died in New York. He was by thousands of young men and women, who had not been able to make a stir in the world that he made, or anything like the money. This had been in receipt of an enormous fortune, yet he was not a success, measured by the standards. His life was a mass of all sorts of unfortunate discords, domestic episodes, and questionable living. This man is a real success who makes a wreck of his private life. One of the most unfortunate things that could happen to a man being is to make a wreck of his home. If his family and home are failures, it is difficult for a man to be an individual success. This man made a botch of his home life. He never made a success of his home, no matter how much of a success he may have made of his business and money making.

## THE HARDSHIPS IN ANTICIPATION

THE great majority of human beings are doing their work over and over again mentally, in anticipation of the hardships, the drudgery, the boredom of it all. How they dread the difficulties ahead of them, the snags which they see in their imagination, and which they will probably not see in reality at all. Most of us do our work over and over mentally so many times that it exhausts our energy. This is not the way to live the life worth while.

## CHANGE YOUR CLOTHING, CHANGE YOUR MIND

"WOULD you change the current of our thoughts?" says a writer. "Change your raiment, and you will at once feel the effect." Have you ever noticed how your mind changes when you change your clothes—how you brighten up and entertain your best thoughts when you don your best garments? How it rests you; how quickly you lose that tired, discouraged feeling when conscious that you are becoming dressed, carefully groomed. You are, indeed, a new creature.

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While you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has chosen both.

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# Stop Forgetting



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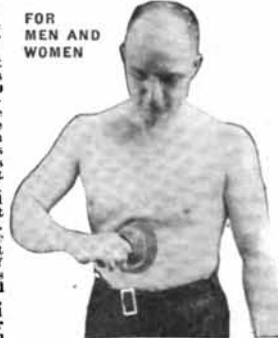
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## A Famous Foreigner's Impressions of America

By the "Success" Interviewer

"IT is amazing that the American is so dignified. You meet him as a unit and he is quiet, self-contained, of absolute dignity. But see him as part of the mass and he seems a little ridiculous. He is always in a hurry—as if some one were in pursuit of him and he must not be caught."

Monsignor Raffaele Casimiri, the Italian genius who leads the Vatican choirs, raised his hands for an instant. I recalled what a woman who sat beside me at the first of the Vatican Choir concerts said as he led the choir in his own *Veni Sancta Spiritus*.

"Yes. They are always running," he repeated. "But when they pause and relax they are the most dignified persons in the world. It is strange that in a crowd they lose that dignity."

"What has most impressed you on your visit to the United States?" I asked the short, broad-shouldered man who looks so remarkably smaller in his frock coat than in the red robe and white surplice he wears when he leads the famous choir.

His dark eyes twinkled. Yes, scholar, editor, author, composer—a man who has lived for all his forty years in that ancient city of cemeteries and traditions, who has led the choir for the Pope in the surpassingly beautiful Vatican, and in the most magnificent church in the world—St. Peter's Cathedral—his eyes twinkled as merrily as those of any New York urchin on a holiday.

"WILL you tell the Pope what you think of America?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. The twinkle was replaced by brooding, scholastic seriousness. "I shall tell him what the choir has done in this country and how it was treated. I shall tell him what I think of the temper of its people."

"May I know something about that report?"

"Certainly. It will be an enthusiastic report. I shall say that I found audiences

everywhere friendly. I shall tell him that the Americans are an impressionable people, influenced in mood by their surroundings. I shall say that I noticed that when we were in a building erected upon the plan of a church, even though it were a hall, the audience at once became reverent. That is, if the room were long and narrow and of high ceiling like a church, those who heard us quickly took on the appreciation of a church. But when we played in a large building, however, of the aspect and proportions of a place of amusement, the audience did not respond in reverential spirit until we were perhaps a third into the programme. Yet I can complain of no marked lack of reverence. The psychology of a man's response to his environment is accepted."

"What has been the favorite number of your programme?"

"The 'Ave Maria.' That is because the audiences know it best."

"AMERICA has been called the infidel nation. Will you tell the Pope that we deserve that name?" I asked.

"No. Oh, no," was the reply of the churchman. "Everywhere we have met courtesy and reverence, true reverence."

"Will you tell him that it is not possible for the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races to understand each other?"

"Indeed, yes. I shall say more. I shall say that we should be better and always better friends. For each race has something to give to the other. The Latin race will always hold the supremacy in art for it has had the start by two thousand and six hundred years. But the Anglo-Saxons have what the Latins have not, constancy and tenacity. The Latin begins something and wears of it. The Anglo-Saxon begins, continues, finishes. We should help each other."

## WHY WORRY?

AREN'T you tired of giving up such a large per cent. of your precious energy to worrying? Aren't you about tired of wasting it in anxiety, which has never done anything for you except to keep you back, retard your progress? Aren't you tired of devitalizing yourself by lying awake nights thinking over your business cares, about the mistakes and blunders, the things which you could not help, and waking up the next morning feeling jaded, and worn, lacking the brain-energy and force which would enable you to overcome the very things which caused your insomnia?

Did you ever get any good out of worry? Did you ever know of anyone who was not injured by it, who was not made less capable of coping with the thing he was worrying about?

Worry always devitalizes, weakens, demoralizes the mind. It destroys one's concentrating ability and makes the ambition sag. It puts one's mentality in a negative condition so that one cannot develop anything like one's maximum of possibilities.

Worry is the great curse of the race, the greatest enemy of humanity.

We should get everything out of life that it has to give. It is our birthright, our inheritance from our divine Parent. Everything comes to us through the gateway of our thought, and the trouble with most of us is that, through ignorance, we close the gate to good things with our doubts, our fears and worries, our anxieties, our jealousies, our hatreds, our envies. We live in

a paradise and do not know it. We do not even get a glimpse of the glories of life, the wonders of a crystal, of a leaf, of a tree, of a sunset. We know little of these. We are living in a wondrous paradise—the paradise of the Bible being but a faint image of it—but we are blind to its glories.

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MONTEVIDEO, the capital of Uruguay, has 300,000 inhabitants and spreads over a very extensive territory. The Uruguayans, like other people, want their evening papers as soon as possible after they come from the press. The newsboys on horseback supply this demand with astonishing rapidity. When the papers leave the press, the boys—mostly young men from eighteen to twenty-five years of age—gather in the streets in front of the newspaper office.

When the papers are brought out a caddy hands a bundle to each, and away he starts at a full gallop. All the business in the center of the town is done by ordinary newsboys; the horsemen race away to "beats" in the suburbs, shouting with their might.

A customer who wishes to buy a paper steps to the curb and holds out his hand. The horse knows the signal and pulls short that it is a wonder the rider is catapulted over his head.

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## Carrie Jacobs-Bond

(Continued from page 20)

They were accepted and eventually published. It seemed that she might be on the road to success, for the publisher asked her to submit other compositions; but the highest yearly royalty she had ever received was twenty-five dollars. Finally discouraged with the arrangement, she sold her entire interest in the compositions—even in number—outright for the very insignificant sum of thirty-five dollars. In the meantime, to help push the songs, she gave a few recitals, featuring her own work, for which she received ten dollars a recital.

**DR. BOND** and his wife were now living with their little son, in Marshalltown, Iowa, to which place they had moved from northern Michigan. In 1893, during the panic, her husband passed away, and, with her mother and little son, she moved to Chicago. Thrown upon her own resources, she became a seamstress, doing a little china-painting on the side. Later, at the death of her former publisher, she bought back her songs that had been published, and, with little but determination, embarked on the song publishing business herself, publishing only her own compositions. Her first place of business was a small, hall bedroom, which also comprised her home, a few closet shelves being used to hold her stock. That was the beginning of "The Bond Shop."

**SUCCESS** came very slowly. For the first few years, her work as seamstress kept the "shop" going. However, her songs gradually began to attract real attention—to be sung by such noted artists as Madame Schuman-Heink; and, because of the increasing sales and of the occasional adding of new numbers, it became necessary for Mrs. Bond to move her shop to larger quarters—first to a small apartment, where the dining-room became the stock-room.

"The first three years," she says, "were extremely hard ones. In fact, the venture—that of publishing and marketing my own compositions—could hardly be kept alive. The next two years, however, it gradually expanded into a business that actually paid, with the result that, at the end of five years of many discouragements and heartaches and no let-up to hard work, I could at least tell myself that I was succeeding."

Six years ago her son, grown to a young man, assumed the general management of the publishing house, and, since then, Mrs. Jacobs-Bond has been able to devote her time exclusively to writing, traveling, and pleasure.

To-day, her home is in California—picturesquely situated at the head of a small cañon near the Hollywood hills in the suburbs of Los Angeles. She has named the place "The End of the Road."

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