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The New

SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine

August 1920

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A Liberal Reward—If You Find This Man

HE'S wanted at once to share in a large inheritance.

It will not be hard to locate him if you go at it right.

He's a considerably better man than you are,—quite a bit more capable, more enterprising, more likable.

He wouldn't care for your job—it's too small for him. He "thinks big" and has the nerve to do things in a big way.

It's likely that he has become restless under long idleness and is quite ready and able to jump in and take his share of today's prosperity profits.

You can locate him if you want to. He's perfectly willing to put himself in your hands. As you read this he is right there with you. He is reading these words as you read them. He is reading them through your eyes.

He is the Man-You-Can-Be.

He is the man who can do what you have always wanted to do.

Payable in Cash

Your reward for discovering the Man-You-Can-Be is whatever you choose to make it—wealth, influence, honor, position, fame, health, friendship—the best things that the world offers. His inheritance is your inheritance,—the rightful inheritance of every intelligent man and woman.

But the Man-You-Can-Be must be awakened, discovered! Don't say he isn't there. He is there,—and here at

your fingers' ends is the way to arouse him and send him into action in place of your Old-Self.

To help you get what you want—to help you find the Man-You-Can-Be a remarkable system has been evolved.

It is the work of Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the editor of this magazine, who is himself a true success, and has the endorsement of scores of successful men in the English speaking world. Dr. Marden has probably inspired the success of more famous men than any other writer and educator. Men like Charles M. Schwab, John Wanamaker,

Theodore Roosevelt, and Lord Northcliffe thank him for the help his works have been to them. Henry Cabot Lodge, William E. Gladstone, Elbert Hubbard, Hudson Maxim, Wm. J. Bryan, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Chauncey Depew, Andrew Carnegie, John Burroughs—these are only a few of the celebrities who have written, thanking Dr. Marden.

Not an Expensive Course—Just a Book

Dr. Marden's teachings are not for failures—although many a failure has become a brilliant success through the application of them. They are for all men and women who have not achieved the very highest place that

could be theirs in their chosen field of effort. They are for you if you have ever felt that you could be more than you are—that another and a better man exists within you.

Dr. Marden's teachings are clear, simple, explicit. They "take hold" instantly. A single hour's reading will flash a new light on your possibilities and give you a glimpse of the great field in which you might take leadership.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about Dr. Marden's precepts. You will recognize their truth and their worth to you—

their buoyant, irresistible upward sweep—as soon as you read them. Thousands of ambitious men in all walks of life testify to their value and their impelling power.

Instead of putting his teachings in the form of an expensive course, costing \$20 to \$50 Dr. Marden has insisted that you be given the benefit of his training for almost nothing. He has put the whole inspiring, mind-developing course into a single book, entitled "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT." A book that, in the first ten minutes of reading, gives you an entirely new viewpoint.

By special arrangement this book, together with a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS magazine, can now be secured for only \$8.50. If you are already a subscriber you may have your subscription extended for another year, or you may order the magazine sent as a gift to a friend. There can be no more acceptable gift than one of Dr. Marden's books and his magazine, and many of our readers find "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT" an excellent gift book for all occasions. Surely you need this book and you owe it to yourself, to your family, to your friends, to take advantage of this offer, which may open the door for you to wonderful new success.

As an indication of your determination to develop the success spirit that goes out and gets what it wants, *act at once*. Strike out now for a 60 horsepower brain. Send the coupon below at once to THE NEW SUCCESS, 1560 St. James Bldg., New York, N. Y. It may mean the difference between depriving yourself of the things you have always longed for and the happiness you have dreamed of.

Mail Coupon To-Day

THE NEW SUCCESS

1560 St. James Building

New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$3.50 for which please send me "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT" and enter my name for a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. (Foreign price \$4.50, cash in advance.)

Name.....

Address.....

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

N. S. 8-20

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.

The New
Marden's



Success
Magazine

ORISON SWETT MARDEN—EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY—MANAGING EDITOR

Volume IV

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Number 8

Squeezed Between "Yes" and "No"

Why the Strongest Characters and Greatest Achievers
Are Men and Women of Prompt Decision

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

MANY careers have been blighted by the delusive expedient of putting off, "waiting a bit." Many a man has lost the opportunity of his life by hesitating and vacillating, waiting a little longer before deciding.

Nothing else so paralyzes resolution and weakens the will as the habit of postponement, deliberating, balancing *pro*s and *con*s, arguments for and against any particular course. Nothing else so clouds the mind and bewilders the judgment as timidity and delay in making a decision.

The man who is made of winning material does not hesitate and dawdle and waver and balance on the fence. He jumps right in and tackles the hardest thing first, and goes through with it.

VOLTAIRE tells us that vacillation is the most prominent feature of weakness of character. In many years' study of men and the causes of success and failure, I have found that the strongest characters and the greatest achievers are those of prompt decision, and that the men who never amount to much are always men of weak decision, men who hesitate and change from one purpose or position to another and back again, under the influence of opposing motives. Unsteady and irresolute such characters stand for nothing positive. They carry a negative atmosphere in their very presence.

IN our cover, this month, the artist has portrayed a victim of timidity and indecision. Squeezed between "Yes" and "No" the timid, indecisive man is held as in a vise. Education, opportunity are of no avail to him, for he is powerless to act. "He who hesitates is lost," is a saying familiar to us all; but not only is he "lost" but also in danger of not finding himself again! It is a curious fact that the habit of hesitating, waiting, putting off becomes very difficult to break. Every time we put off something important which we

feel we can do, the more likely it is that we shall not do it at all.

If you find yourself putting off from day to day things which you know you should do; if you find yourself picking out the easy tasks and sidetracking and postponing the difficult ones; if you find yourself dreading to do the things which you know you should do, you might just as well know the truth. There is no use sugar-coating it: these are the earmarks of downright laziness. Picking out all the easy, pleasant things first, putting off, as long as possible, important decisions, the habit of wavering and postponing,—these are indications of weakness. They are signs that procrastination runs in your blood, and this is fatal to efficiency.

THE habit of not trying keeps many able people from the larger success of which they are capable. They exhaust their energy in dreaming, and wishing they could do this or that; but they do not burn their bridges and commit themselves, or begin, which is the only way to accomplish things.

A business man says that thoroughness is the biggest word in business. Another, that swiftness is just as important because the man who is thorough may be so long in doing a thing to a finish that he never accomplishes it. Certainly dispatch is a superb business quality; the faculty of putting things through is imperative to the winner, and I have noticed that the man who has this characteristic usually is thorough, and has good judgment, he has unwavering decision.

The hesitator imagines that by giving himself more time, some new features will present themselves which will enable him to decide on his course without difficulty, but these seldom appear.

Many a youth has lost a college education by "waiting a bit," trying to make up his mind what he had best do. While he is deliberating and

*A distrusted judgment is as
bad as no judgment at all.*

weighing reasons for and against, another who plunged in without giving himself a chance to waver, is half way through his course, or, perhaps, already has his degree.

There is no greater fallacy than that of imagining that to-morrow will furnish a new argument—except in cases where some issue is pending—to aid us in arriving at a conclusion. The chances are that to-morrow will find us more befogged, more hesitant, and less capable of deciding on our course than to-day.

Thousands of people ruin their power of judging clearly by deliberating too long. Hardly any question presents itself to us which has not something to be said for and against it. If we wait to make a decision until the arguments are all on one side we will wait forever.

WHILE caution is one of the great success qualities, when overdeveloped it may become a curse. The effectiveness of any faculty may be ruined by overdevelopment. Overcautionsness makes one morbid, afraid; and the timid man is not the man who does things. Caution was intended to prevent us from going off "half-cocked," doing things hastily which we might regret, doing things which might injure us without deliberation; but overcaution is a curse, a paralyzer of all progress. It is infinitely better sometimes to make mistakes than to be overcautious and forever "on the fence," balancing, wavering, considering our acts.

"Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half a mind, with a faint heart, and with a tame endeavor," says Barrow.

There are multitudes of men and women who have lost many precious years waiting, held back by all sorts of reasons and excuses from launching out, from beginning to do the thing they knew they ought to do.

Many of us wait until life is half over or more before we begin, and then we are always regretting the fatal postponement. If we only had had the courage years ago to launch out, the courage to try, our lives would be revolutionized in multitudes of cases.

If you postpone a thing you know you should do, it is very easy to postpone it again, and the less likely you will be to take it up, although you may think you will. The habit after a while becomes so titanic that it requires great will power to break it and overcome it.

If you couldn't overcome the habit earlier, when it was much weaker, the chances of your overcoming it after years of postponement grows constantly less and less. Although you may still have a hope and expectation of doing so, the likelihood is that you won't. After a while, indifference takes the place of resolve. When it does, you are not likely to go back to the resolve. So be careful how you postpone the thing you know you should do. Before you realize it you will be the victim, not the master.

"THERE is nothing in the world more pitiable than an irresolute man, oscillating between two feelings, who would willingly unite the two, and who does not perceive that nothing can unite the two," says Goethe.

Every important decision involves the letting go of something, and the more one tries to get away from the difficulty, the more he thinks over the thing to be decided, the more he entangles the whole situation.

HOW many men because of indecision have postponed the making of a will or the signing of some other

important document until it was too late! How many innocent children, aged parents, and frail wives have had to accept charity or undergo privation, and have become involved in endless law-suits because of this!

Some men never have any opinions of their own, they belong to the one who can bring the greatest pressure to bear upon them at the moment. They yield first to one influence and then another. I know a man, very brilliant in many respects, but he has never stood for very much in his community because he never commits himself to anything. He never joined a church or an organization of any kind because, he says, he wants to keep himself free so that he can go where he pleases. He belongs to no political party and has no set principles about anything. Nobody knows just where he stands or what he stands for.

There are many people who are indefinite, uncertain, undecided about everything. We often see them in our shops. They pull things over, try them on; nothing is quite what they want. If they buy they are sorry they decided so quickly for they might have done better by looking around a little more, and then they might want to exchange things. In restaurants they look the bill-of-fare over and over, and keep the waiter standing, never quite knowing what they want, and whatever they order they wish they had ordered something else.

It is amusing to watch these wavering people when they are trying to decide what they will do of an evening, especially if they live in cities. They look over the amusement advertisements and discuss this thing or that thing, often until it is too late to go anywhere. The same experience is repeated before a holiday; they do not quite know what they want to do, and when they finally decide and start out for the day they wish they had planned for something else.

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NO one need remain an undecided negative weakling unless he chooses to be

such. He can make himself positive, decisive, forceful, if he will, by strengthening his positive qualities.

The achiever must dare to take risks, he must have confidence and unbounded self-faith. *Do not be afraid of making a mistake.* If you push ahead with courage, grit, and determination you can make up for a lot of mistakes and accomplish infinitely more in a lifetime than the man who creeps along overcautiously and is afraid of his own shadow.

One of the most helpful exercises we can possibly practice is the habit of doing things with dispatch and vim. To decide things quickly and push them through with vigor and energy, cuts off doubt, fear, the lack of confidence.

Nothing will paralyze the ability to start things with vigor and determination like the habit of indecision, hesitation, wavering. In our decision we must learn to trust our judgment. A distrusted judgment is as bad as no judgment at all.

IF you are cursed with the habit of indecision, resolve every morning that you will, during the day, decide things without possibility of recall. When some problem is under consideration, get the best information at your command, use your best judgment in making a decision, then close the incident, the contract, whatever it may be, and dismiss the whole affair from your mind. You will thus secure yourself against vacillating by refusing, after a matter is once closed, to wonder whether you have done the wisest thing, by resisting every temptation to open the matter for reconsideration.

Selling to Six Million Customers by Mail

The Remarkable Business of Sears, Roebuck & Co., and the Achievement of the Head of the Firm, Julius Rosenwald

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

TO be the guiding genius of a retail store which serves over 6,000,000 customers a year, is a job for a human dynamo—particularly when the store sells everything from a paper of hair pins to a church building.

The guiding genius of such a store is Julius Rosenwald, President of Sears, Roebuck & Co., the largest mail-order house in the world. Mr. Rosenwald, who was one of the "dollar-a-year" men during the World War, is not only an exceptional merchandiser, but a keen student of human nature. Week in week out, Mr. Rosenwald's firm is supplying the American people with almost every sort of necessity and luxury. Their orders and their letters reflect accurately the tastes and tendencies not only of the United States but of many other parts of the world, and portray pictures of almost every conceivable type of human being, human emotion, and human need.

During the month of May, 1920, Sears, Roebuck & Co., did a business of almost \$18,000,000. For the first five months of the year the firm's sales amounted to over \$124,000,000—which was a gain of approximately \$36,000,000 over the same period in the preceding year.

Americans Live Better Than Any Other People

Rosenwald's own career is as picturesque as the gigantic enterprise over which he presides. His observations lead him to declare that Americans are living on a better and higher standard with the passing of every year. "Why there are items in our catalog to-day, which it would have been foolhardy to place there a few years ago. To do so would have been sheer waste of paper and printing, to say nothing of creating an unfavorable sentiment in the minds of our patrons. Now we sell many such items to millions."

An inspection of one of the firm's catalogs shows clearly why Mr. Rosenwald makes this statement. Its items run the whole gamut of merchandise from wash-clothes to *de luxe* sets of fine books—practically everything that can be sold by the medium of the mails. The merchandise ranges from the most inexpensive to articles which only a well-filled purse can afford. And behind each article offered is the pledge of satisfaction which promises that if the article is not as represented—if for any reason whatsoever, the purchaser does not like what he has purchased, he may send it back and his money will be refunded. Mr. Rosenwald's attitude is this: that the customer is always right and can do no wrong, and his observations have



Photo by Wallinger, Chicago.

JULIUS ROSENWALD

President of Sears, Roebuck & Co. The letters received daily from his 6,000,000 customers are more inspiring to him than dividends.

Original from

led him to be certain that the percentage of men and women who take unfair advantage of this attitude is so small as to be utterly negligible.

Mr. Rosenwald claims that the American standard of living is the highest of any nation. He further says that the United States has the highest purchasing power of any national group.

"We Americans wear better clothes, eat better food-stuffs, dwell in better homes and have more comforts and convenience than any other people. We indulge in more luxuries, too, and luxuries are not harmful but decidedly beneficial, if people can afford them."

Over 190,000 Letters a Day

AT the age of fifty-eight, Julius Rosenwald is just beginning to hit his stride, but like Charles Dana Gibson, interviewed in *THE NEW SUCCESS* for July, Mr. Rosenwald does not believe that a man ever gets to the top notch of his potential powers. Like Gibson, too, Rosenwald believes that the recipe for success is work—hard work and plenty of it. Yet Rosenwald is by no means a slave-driver. He lures the loyalty in his employees just as he wins the confidence of the firm's customers because of his fair and square policies.

Rosenwald's primary education was in the public schools. His real education came subsequently in the marts of trade. His parents were moderately well-off and young Rosenwald had the advantages of a good American home during his student days. In 1890, he was married to Augusta Nussbaum of Chicago.

Prior to his marriage, from 1879 to 1885, Mr. Rosenwald engaged in business in New York. Then he became senior member of the firm of Rosenwald & Weil, of Chicago, manufacturers of ready-to-wear clothing for men. He guided the policies of this house until 1895, when, seeking larger activities, he was selected to fill the office of vice-president of Sears, Roebuck & Co. In this capacity he began broadening the scope of the company's business, and retained his office for eight years. Then, because of his record as a subordinate executive, he was elected chief executive.

If you have ever been in Chicago and have seen the giant trucks of Sears, Roebuck & Co., dumping their merchandise into the post office every evening, you will have some little idea of the daily shipments of this great firm. But the Chicago office is but one of several distributing points, from which the needs of the house's 6,000,000 customers are filled. The Chicago office alone employs some 25,000 people. This branch receives and answers more than 190,000 letters a day. Naturally, the envelopes are opened by machine and routed by a special force of mail clerks. They are answered in fullest detail by still another department, and the cash is handled by a third while the orders are carefully listed and shipped on the day the letter is received if possible.

The inner systems of such an organization are naturally finely geared and modern to the last degree. Every new mechanical device and system which makes for efficiency, economy and time-saving is employed. Many of the firm's methods are due directly to the keen analytic reasoning of the company's head. Orders are transmitted to various departments by means of pneumatic tubes, and less bulky packages are sent from one department to another by a similar service. It is estimated that, in the Chicago office, there are some fifteen miles of pneumatic tubes in use.

A Consignment of Unclaimed Watches Started Firm

THE accident which resulted in the founding of the firm, which Mr. Rosenwald has so admirably developed, is an interesting bit of business romance. Back in 1884, Richard Sears was ticking out the Morse code as telegraph operator at an isolated railroad station known as Redwood

Falls, in Minnesota. Sears was a serious-minded man, and he had in him the nucleus of greater things than sending telegrams on their way to the East and West. He was a dreamer, but his dreams proved practical.

One morning, Sears received a consignment addressed to a local jeweler. Because of some misunderstanding, the jeweler refused to accept and pay for the package. Through some other misunderstanding, the manufacturer who had shipped it refused to take it back and the perplexed station agent found himself responsible for a consignment of watches.

Then Sears had a happy thought. He examined the watches and saw that they were good ones. He also considered the price fair. And he wondered whether he could not add to his telegrapher's salary by selling them to his friends. Between the times when the occasional express trains whizzed through or stopped to replenish their water supply, Sears sat down at his desk and wrote letters about the watches. He mailed them to his townsfolk, to people he knew in the surrounding countryside, and tossed them aboard the trains for the crew to read when opportunity offered.

He told the truth about the watches and recited the circumstances which had placed them in his possession. He straightforwardly announced what profit he intended putting on each watch and continued with the statement that he considered every watch a good bargain at the figure named. This out in the open, non-profiteering attitude sounded the keynote of what, later, developed into the world's largest mail-order business.

Trainmen stopped off to look at the watches, and bought them. Neighbors came down to the station and did likewise. Farmers drove in to see what Sears had to sell. At length, the consignment was exhausted; but Sears' letters had stirred up a demand for more. He communicated with the manufacturer and secured another shipment, and continued selling not only watches, but other merchandise, until his business forced him to lay aside his duties as station agent.

From this modest beginning Sears, Roebuck & Co., grew into the giant enterprise which Rosenwald now heads and plans to expand far beyond the most extravagant dreams of the company's founder.

Story of a Carolina Christening

SOME time ago Mr. Rosenwald was on his way to Florida for a vacation. The train stopped at a little North Carolina siding and the customary group of ragged pickaninnies gathered about to beg coins of the passengers. One youngster attracted Rosenwald's attention, and he asked him his name.

"Glory Hallelujah," answered the colored youngster seriously.

"How's that?" asked Rosenwald in surprise, and turning to another urchin said, "And what's your name?"

"Sears Roebuck," came the surprising answer.

Rosenwald's companions laughed, and the head of the firm proceeded to inquire how the boys had accumulated two such remarkable names. "Well, you see, sub," one boy told him, "we's twins, and my mammy says as how they's the two bestest known names hereabouts she done give 'em to us."

A corpulent man at Rosenwald's side stepped up to him and said, "If your concern is that well known, I'd certainly like to own some stock in it."

"But it isn't the business side of the enterprise that interests Mr. Rosenwald most. The joy of his life is his morning's mail. 'It's far more fascinating than annual dividends,'" he says.

Some of the letters are genuinely amusing, and all of them show a splendid faith, on the part of the writers, in Sears, Roebuck & Co. Mr. Rosenwald says that he has been appealed to by children to send them a baby brother or sister. Dan Cupid also brings requests to Rosenwald's desk, asking him to suggest a suitable wife or husband for a steady customer.

Every letter is answered, sympathetically and fully—always seriously, no matter how illiterate may be the letter or how absurd the request. Advice as to family matters and the advisability of changing from woolen to cotton underwear are by no means rare. Frequently some customer, feeling guilty, writes that she has not bought because the crops have not been good and money is scarce, that Uncle Abner is sick a-bed, and she has had her hands full with the chores and the children. "But I'll send you a nice order right soon," comes the concluding paragraph.

Back goes a letter enclosing a new catalog. The woman is thanked for writing in, told not to worry about the order, and advised that Sears, Roebuck & Co., view with deep concern the illness of Uncle Abner and sincerely trust he is recovering. There are hundreds of such letters every day, and a trained force of correspondents answer each one. There are some customers who keep up a running fire of correspondence with the firm, month in and month out.

Frequently a correspondent in placing an order will ask that Mr. Sears or Mr. Roebuck make the selection, as anything they choose is bound to be satisfactory. Women will request that Mr. Sears ask Mrs. Sears whether she thinks a blue or a brown silk would be most appropriate for a gown for a given occasion, and, they send along their photographs, so that Mrs. Sears can adequately judge the matter.

Keeping Close Touch on Six Million Customers

MR. Rosenwald claims that the success of the business is based on the firm's feeling that its customers are real persons and that the firm is a real, breathing personality and not a cold business organization in the minds of its patrons.

"We feel that we like to know them; how they live, what they prefer and what sort of folks they are," he says. "And, to establish this intimate touch, we tell them all about ourselves, how the state of our health may be, what the weather is like in Chicago, and any interesting, breezy little bits of gossip or anecdote which will tend to establish a closer relationship. Hundreds of them visit us when they come to the city. To many of them, the inspection of the Sears-Roebuck plant is an event that will be remembered all their lives."

Mutual confidence is the secret of the firm's great success. And the description of the merchandise is invariably fully accurate. If cloth is half wool, that fact is plainly stated. If an article is supposed to give service only for a specified period, that period is definitely estimated and frankly named and guaranteed. During the past year, the firm received about \$70,000,000 in personal, uncertified checks, and the loss by bad checks amounted to less than \$16,000—about one-fortieth of one per cent. It is estimated that, notwithstanding the firm's sweeping guarantee, only about one article in a thousand is returned, and then it is usually because the customer has changed his or her mind and prefers to have the article exchanged for something else in the catalog.

Why Some People Prefer Old-Fashioned Things

A VITAL part of a business of this magnitude is to check up public taste, needs and demands—to carefully watch the volume of sales of every listed product. The Sears-

Roebuck catalog is a costly production in itself—not only to prepare and print, but to mail. Every page and every fraction of a page must do its part in producing revenue for the firm. An article that does not "pull" can not be allowed to remain after one edition is exhausted.

As a result of this careful check-up, the figures which come to Mr. Rosenwald's desk are indicative of the trend of what the public wants. While there are certain localities in which some type of merchandise sell better than others, Mr. Rosenwald finds that, by small and large, the tendencies of the American people are much the same whether they dwell in cities or rural section. It is found that some sections religiously cling to old-time customs and prefer articles of apparel and household use which have been generally outgrown by the country as a whole.

It might be imagined that the only purchasers of mail-order wares would be persons who, living in isolated sections and in rural free-delivery routes, cannot conveniently drop into nearby stores and make their purchases. Yet such is not the case. Sears, Roebuck & Co., fill many orders from families living in New York City and other places plentifully supplied with shops of every description.

Mr. Rosenwald says that where women continue to order old-style household utensils they usually have a sound reason for doing so. For instance, the firm sells a surpris-

ing quantity of flat irons, which are heavy and unwieldy, yet hard-headed housewives continue to buy and use them because they claim, such irons hold more heat and do a better job even if at the sacrifice of the discomfort and physical effort claimed for more up-to-date inventions.

While men are frequent patrons of Sears, Roebuck & Co., records show that about 75 per cent of the active accounts on

the firm's lists are those of women. But many women buy not only for themselves, but for the whole family.

Mr. Rosenwald states that the orders which his firm tabulates daily show conclusively an upward trend in education and living throughout the country. No longer must the mail-order merchandise be cheap in price and cheap in composition. The better grades of every article—from groceries to automobiles—is preferred, especially in the rural districts. Yes, you can buy an automobile by mail, and there is little doubt that Sears, Roebuck & Co. would sell you a steam engine or a steamship—with the usual "money-back guarantee"—if you asked them to do so.

Farm Homes More Up-to-date than City Homes

A SCRUTINY of the catalogs of the house for the past score of years reveals an interesting transformation. In those days, bedroom sets consisted of a bed, bureau, and washstand, and the design and price were such that not a single set could be sold if listed to-day. The latest catalogs show bedroom sets of seven pieces; the style and the quality is good—priced accordingly—and an astonishing number of mail-order buyers insist on period designs. Cradles were once a big item in the mail-order catalog. To-day, the young hopeful requires a rubber-tired vehicle with closed sides and top—screened against mosquitoes and flies.

(Continued on page 37)

Here is a list of just a few of the sales made by Sears, Roebuck & Co., last year

7,500,000 pairs of shoes.	20,000,000 rolls of wall-paper.
1,000,000 small rugs.	85,000 carriages.
4,000 pianos.	190,000 feet of ladders.
1,000,000 yards of carpet.	200,000 paint brushes.
10,000 organs.	52,000,000 eyelets.
6,000 carloads of groceries.	12,000,000 pounds of coffee.
150,000 miles of sewing thread.	200,000 stoves.
30,000 doll buggies.	54,000 gyroscope tops.
500,000 needles.	63,000,000 buttons.
38,000 Teddy Bears.	300 carloads of linoleum.
	3,000,000 gallons of mixed paint.

Are You Standing on Your Supply Hose?

Perhaps That's the Reason Why You're Not Getting What You Want

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IF you are not getting what you want, you are doing what the man in the picture is doing—shutting off your supply. He is very much annoyed, very much disappointed, because he is only getting a mere dribble of water when he has every right to expect—and should get—a liberal flow. Water is at the source in abundance ready to supply his needs; only one thing is at fault, the man himself is pinching his supply, limiting it to a miserable drizzle. *He is standing on the hose and doesn't know it.*

THAT is literally what all who are living in pinching poverty are doing. There are millions of people who have been standing at the very threshold of prosperity for years, and yet living in the most abject want because they do not obey the law which opens the door to the great supply of abundance provided for them. They are pinching their supply by stepping upon the hose through which plenty would come to them. They are stopping the flow of abundance that is their birthright, by their doubts, their fears, their unbelief; by talking poverty, thinking poverty, acting as if they never expected to have anything, to accomplish anything, or to be anything.

WE often wonder why it is that people about us in apparently no better circumstances than we are get so much better things than we do, why they always insist upon the best of everything. We never see them wearing cheap things—never see cheap things in their homes, or any pinching anywhere. They buy the best food, the best cuts of meat, the best fruits and vegetables in the market, and everything else in accordance. We think they are extravagant when we compare what they pay for things and what we pay for things of the same kind, and we pat ourselves on the back because we pride ourselves that we are economizing and saving what they are wasting.

But, are we? How does our manner of living compare with theirs? Does the enjoyment we get out of life measure up to what they get? Do the few dollars we save compensate for the great lack in our lives—the lack of good food, of proper clothing, of the little pleasure trips, the social enjoyments, the picnics and various diversions which make life so pleasant, so healthful, and above all, so much more productive for the neighbors whose extravagance we condemn?

OF course they don't. The fact is our parsimonious policy is all the time pinching our supply. It is the larger, grander consciousness,

the big generous thought, the thought of boundless supply, of the unlimited resources of our great God-partner that gives us the larger life, the bounteous supply.

Fixing limitations upon ourselves is one of our cardinal sins. Some of us are continually doing it by our limited thinking. Our mental models are pinched and shriveled, and we easily fall into the habit of accepting inferior things as a part of our lot in life. A mental wall of limitation restricts the flow of good things to us.

NOW, prosperity flows only through channels that are wide open to receive it. It does not flow through channels pinched by discouragement and despondency. A magnificent faith in the Source of all supply, the conviction that good things will come to you, that prosperity is yours by your divine birthright—this is the mental attitude that keeps the supply pipes open and brings you an abundant flow.

A GREAT manufacturer, or merchant, or railroad manager, or other business man, who should lose his broad vision and wide outlook and begin to economize in necessary output, who should substitute inferior goods and men and service for the best, who should reverse his policy, changing from a broad, generous one to a narrow, scrimping one, would find his business dwindling away to nothing.

There is no changing the principle of the law of supply, the law of opulence. Whatever your business, your profession or occupation, or your circumstances, your mental attitude will determine your success or failure. A pinched mind means a pinched supply. It means that you try to tap the great fountain-head of supply with a gimlet and you expect to get an abundant supply. That is impossible, my friend. Your mental attitude will gauge the flow of your supply.

YOU will notice that the man who puts a nickel in the contribution box is always stingy, close and mean in all his money matters. He is forever saving pennies and never does big things. No matter how much natural ability he has, his narrow, limited, warped consciousness dwarfs him and cuts off his stream of supply. He cannot do the big things because he never thinks big things. His consciousness will admit only a pinched supply instead of the big flow that is literally at his command.

Everything that comes to us comes through the channel of our consciousness. If that is little, pinched, narrow, limited, we are standing on the hose and cannot expect a supply which will make our garden of life blossom with the abundance we so greatly desire.



If you are not getting what you want you are doing what the man in this picture is doing.

How I "Cash In" on My Employees

Old Jeremiah Harrington, of the Harrington Industrial Corporation,
Says Some Pert Things About Real Loyalty, In Conversation
with His New Branch Manager, Phil Simpson

By FRANK WINSLOW

"SIMPSON," said old Jeremiah Harrington, president of the Harrington Industrial Corporation, "I've asked you out to dinner because I want to have a little talk with you. In appointing you general manager of the Hartford plant, I've given you a big task; but I know you'll make good."

Phil Simpson smiled and nodded appreciatively as he looked across the dinner table at his employer.

"There are two ways to get work out of people—but only one right way," Harrington went on. "Perhaps I can best illustrate my point by quoting you an experience of my own when I was a youngster. I was working for Clegg and Clegg, and I never knew two able men so totally different in their dispositions. Both were hard workers and both had been generously endowed with brains."

"Joe Clegg was a nervous, snappy individual who had one of those fool signs: 'This is my busy day'; hung over his desk. Sam Clegg didn't have any signs in his room except the signs of his own industry, and you didn't need any printed notice to tell that every day was his busy day."

"Joe Clegg was a slave driver. He'd have made a wonderful *Simon Legree* in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but you can't drive employees with a whip and a pack of bloodhounds. He was continually issuing complaining memorandums to everyone in the office—protests about this and that, pointing out the necessity of observing hours strictly and the heinous sins of those who dared give thought to the day when vacation would roll round with its two weeks of rest and pleasure. I made a mistake one day—not a very serious one—but a foolish one nevertheless. I knew it without his pointing it out to me. I had already resolved that it should never happen again, when Joe Clegg called me into his office. He hit the desk a blow with his fist and his eyes blazed at me. 'I can't understand how a man of your intelligence could do such a thing!' he shouted. 'Of all the asinine things! What do you think I'm paying you a salary for, anyway?' And for ten minutes he kept on—rubbing it in and rubbing me the wrong way until I'd have resigned on the spot if I could have afforded to throw up my job."

"The result was, I went out of that room discouraged, hurt, resentful. Now, it happened that Sam Clegg had heard his brother 'ragging' me, and, about an hour later, he wandered over to my desk. In his hand, he held the letter that had caused all the trouble. I flushed and my heart sank as I realized that I was in for a repetition of the 'call down.' But I had reckoned without knowing Sam Clegg."

"Harrington," he said to me in a quiet, kindly tone, his manner calm and unruffled, "I don't know just what your ideas are on the subject, but I think this might possibly have been handled in another way—and, perhaps, more effectively."

Let me tell you my idea, and see if you don't think it would produce better results in the future."

"THEN he sat on the edge of my desk and talked for almost half an hour, explaining his position, asking my opinion, and finally ending up with a funny story he had heard at the ball game the week before."

"The soreness was gone. He had given me some helpful advice, and I had decided that I'd rather work for Samuel Clegg than any other man in the world. It's all in the way you do it, my boy."

"I haven't watched your methods for ten years without realizing that," Simpson broke in. "There isn't a corporation head in the country who has more loyal employees than you have, Mr. Harrington."

"I know it," Harrington nodded, "and I'm proud of it because I believe it's been my handling that brought about such a condition. It's just that I realize that they are human and because they know that I am human. When I make a criticism, I try to make it constructive. Destructive fault-finding never got a man anything worth while. I try first to convince myself that my opinion is right, and then I go and sell it to my employees just as I would try to sell a bill of goods to a customer. And, in both cases, I bear in mind that there's more than one way to skin a cat and that the best way to catch flies is with molasses."

"THE big thing is not to get your force to work harder, but to think harder. Most honest men do their full measure of work—very often in their own way—but they do it and give full value for every dollar they're paid. New ideas are the life of a business, and ideas are a darned sight harder to produce than the merchandise we turn out in the factory."

"To produce ideas a man must have a free, contented, unhampered mind. That means he must be treated courteously, made to feel that you are interested in him, and that you will be more than glad to pay him a better salary if he can produce ideas that will permit you to do so."

"Most men think they are worth more than they really are, and I've made it a plan to call their bluff by paying them a little more than I *think* they're worth. I try to figure out when each man is due for a raise and give it to him, before he gets a chance to ask for it. It's only human nature that a man will appreciate a raise more if it seems to come unsolicited than if he has to ask for it or club it out of the company."

"So, I've found that when a man doesn't have to worry about where the baby's next pair of shoes is coming from, and when he likes his desk at the office about as well as he does the easy chair at home, ideas begin to germinate. And 'cash in' on them. If an employer makes his employees happy, they'll do more and better work and pay him bigger

EARNING a living is the thing which occupies most of our time; but why shouldn't we be happy in doing it?

dividends. That isn't any particular discovery of my own. Every really successful business man knows it, and acts upon it, but some do it better than others."

"I've found that in my work," Simpson commented, "I've always claimed that a boss who berates his employees, depreciates the product he is paying for."

"RIGHT!" smiled Harrington with an emphatic gesture. "You have to lure loyalty ideas. Ideas are fickle and stubborn. The more ideas a man accepts, the more he will get. If he looks for and expects good things of his employees he will get good things. If he takes the opposite point of view, he'll probably get just what he's looking for."

"I learned that when I was in the army," Simpson said. "I could get my men to do anything because I was one of them, yet made them realize I was the boss. If there was any specially good issue to be had, my men got it; and they knew they'd get it. Because I let them know I expected good work out of them, I had the finest platoon in the regiment."

HARRINGTON nodded again. "It's plain as the nose on your face," he remarked. "A man makes a mistake when he says to an employee, 'That isn't just my idea.' It takes all the wind out of the underdog's sails. If it isn't your idea—and you have an idea—tell him what that idea is and why his work doesn't coincide with it. If you haven't any definite idea of what you want, take the employee's suggestion and see if you can improve upon it. Tell him frankly you are rather doubtful and ask him to help you improve upon the plan."

"I've worked that, too," Simpson said. "In the factory, we stimulate labor by paying bonuses, by making the working conditions pleasant, and by organizing athletic teams. Office folk—the idea manufacturers—need just such bonuses and just such stimulation, but along different lines. Now, I've put an 'Idea Box' in the main office. Every employee is invited to drop suggestions into it. Each week, five dollars is paid for the best usable suggestion found in the box. It works like a charm."

"Good," commended Harrington. "If more managers would do things like that they'd find more initiative and more enthusiasm among their people. Ideas pay bigger dividends than any machine. An idea may devise means of making a better thing in a totally different and far more profitable way."

"Undoubtedly," said Simpson. "The day of grinding work out of employees and making them work harder through constant fear of discharge is gone for ever. Most men have found that it doesn't pay—just as most men have found that there's a world of truth in the old saying, 'All work and no play,' as applied to themselves as well as their employees."

"And as a rule," Harrington confirmed him. "I've found that the man who is the hardest task master gets the least for his pains. He antagonizes his employees, causes them to clip a few minutes off their hours three times a day, encourages them to cheat him in dozens of slothful ways, simply because they dislike him and want to get even. Even

NOT wealth, but the ability to meet difficult conditions is the measure of a man.

hate him, and no great success was ever built up on the foundation of hate. Conquerors have tried it with results which show frequent repetition in history."

"SOMEONE remarked the other day that an employee of John Wanamaker stores said that Mr. Wanamaker's 'good morning' as he passed through the aisles was a positive inspiration to boost the day's sales," Simpson continued.

"Certainly," said Harrington. "It is but natural if the employee is flattered by a personal remark of the boss. It makes the employee think that he 'belongs,' so to speak, and that, instead of being a poor hired clerk, he is really a part of the personnel of the organization. I always try to learn the names and a little of the personal history of all my employees from my branch managers down to the newest office boy and the porter who cleans my office. Napoleon is said to have known the name of every one of his soldiers and I've found that it certainly pays in business to know as many of your employees as possible."

"All of which would seem to prove that sympathy, kindness and a strict adherence to the principles of the Golden Rule are as much a matter of business sense as they are of everyday life," Simpson mused.

"Not a doubt of it," Harrington agreed. "If an employee once realizes that his own best interests are promoted by looking after the best interests of everyone about him, he will go far in the world. Business—good business—isn't the cold, brutal thing people used to think it was. The more milk of human kindness that's mixed with the daily toil the greater the profits."

"UNQUESTIONABLY, fair treatment produces more than high wages, although I've always thought a man a fool not to pay his people properly," Simpson said. "I wouldn't want an employee who was afraid of me. I try to make everyone of them feel that if they were to cease to function or get out of gear, the whole machinery would stop."

"That's the ticket," agreed Harrington, "the more responsibility you make a man or a woman feel, the more initiative and loyalty you will get. Make them believe they are indispensable and the chances are they will soon become so. In that event, increased pay takes care of itself and so does increased profit for the firm."

YOU will find a tremendous help in constantly affirming that you are the person you wish to be; not that you hope to be, but that you actually are now. You will be surprised to see how quickly the part which you assume will be realized in your life, will be revealed in your character.

the most ambitious, well-intentioned employee will set his wits against such an employer simply as a means of showing his independence. They don't take any interest in the boss's welfare and have no enthusiasm for the business. Result—the boss hates them and they

hate him, and no great success was ever built up on the foundation of hate. Conquerors have tried it with results which show frequent repetition in history."

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"I know one instance of a large New York advertising agency which takes a novel way of instilling this idea into the minds of its employees and making for greater efficiency," Simpson submitted. "They employ about a hundred people and it is more like one great family than a business organization. Each summer the office closes up tight for two solid weeks. Everyone from the head of the firm to the office boy takes a vacation simultaneously. They reason that it promotes efficiency

(Continued on page 63)

"REST" The Slogan of the Vacation Season

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

AMONG the prime necessities of life there are a few things beyond the reach of profiteers and the ever-increasing cost of living.

Fresh air, sunshine, the beauties of nature, exhilarating exercise, life-giving, muscle-building recreation, games and sports of all kinds are still God's free gift to man.

No one can wholly divorce himself from frequent contact with nature without serious loss or crippling deterioration. We all came out of the earth and it is by coming in frequent contact with it that we regain our lost nature and vigor.

When you go into the country make up your mind that you are going into God's great gallery of charm and beauty to enjoy yourself and to see what you can get out of it. Resolve that you will come home laden with riches that no money can buy; that you are going to extract from the landscape—from the mountains, the valleys, the fields, and the meadows—a wealth which does not inhere in the dollar. These things cannot be bought; they belong only to him who can appreciate them.

AS in the trenches, in France, during the World War, experience taught men that even hardened soldiers must be given their respite from military duty in order to preserve their mental and physical poise; so it is true that the average man and woman must seek some quiet spot where he or she can regain complete composure, if they are to attain fullest efficiency.

Life in the city has become so intense that it is necessary to break loose from it every now and then, to get in closer touch with nature, and "drink power from the fountain head."

Of course, there are some endowed with rugged bodies who can work on, year after year, without apparently losing energy. But, unconsciously, they lose in some way: in keenness of perception, soundness of judgment, breadth of vision, cheerfulness, or in some moral or spiritual quality, if not in physical strength.

NOTICE the average business man, at the end of a year's strain. How irritable and exacting he becomes as the long, hot days still find him sweltering in his city office! How the anxious lines deepen on his face, and the driven, worried expression grows more and more pronounced! Observe the writer who has been working for months "on his nerves." His pen lags; the thought behind his pen lags still more; his ideas no longer flow spontaneously; his physical and mental machinery are out of gear, and no longer respond readily to his will; he has become so irritable and "touchy" that even his family and friends avoid him.

Notice the busy housewife and mother, who has been confined in the close air of the home, coping with the exactions of family life, day in and day out, for the past twelve months. Worn out and nerve-racked by

WE rob ourselves of more than we can ever compute by being niggardly in the matter of a vacation. Economize on anything else rather than this, on which the very wellspring of being depends. Health is the "pearl of great price" for which, if need be, we should be willing to exchange all our possessions. Without it all other things are powerless to make us happy. Many a millionaire who has bartered his health for his millions sighs for what all his wealth cannot restore.

the incessant petty cares and annoyances that fall to the lot of even the most capable and cheerful housewives, it is plain that she needs to go to the great Mother for a season of rest and healing.

Watch the pale student and clerk, as they pore over books or wearily bend over counters. How they droop like flowers and plants after a long period of drought! Notice the toilers in every trade and avocation in our city streets, and see how they languish and fade for need of the tonic of woods and fields.

Away with the suggestion that you cannot afford a vacation! There could not be a greater mistake. There is no investment which pays such big dividends as keeping one's physical condition up to the highest possible standard. Upon this hangs all our success and happiness. You cannot, therefore, afford to be niggardly in the matter of your vacation. Economize on anything else but this. Whatever makes you a healthier, larger, more efficient man or woman is cheap at any price you can stand.

Suppose you do make a little more money or save a little more, sell a few more goods by omitting your vacation? Does this warrant your putting such a mortgage on your health, efficiency, your capacity for happiness?

What good is a human being, no matter what he has accomplished or accumulated, when he has paid for his achievements with a slice of his constitution, when he has so depleted himself that he has lost his resisting power and has developed some latent disease tendency which would never have shown itself but for his run-down condition?

THERE are plenty of rich, broken-down men in this country who would give half their fortunes if they could go back and take advantage of the bitter lesson they have learned from trying to get along without vacations.

Having bartered their health for dollars, they sigh in vain for that which their wealth cannot restore.

"Oh to be strong! Each morn to feel
A fresh delight to wake to life;
To spring with bounding pulse to meet
Whatever of work, of care, of strife
Day brings to me!"

IHEED nature's warning before it is too late. You will wonder at the quick rebound you will experience. Face to face with the great operative energy which unfolds the germ, develops the bud, brings out the flowers and packs the sweet juices into the fruits, you will quickly find your center and regain your poise. The cobwebs which now cloud your brain, and make thinking and planning difficult or impossible, will vanish. The things which you dread to attempt in your worn-out condition, and which seem like drudgery, will be done with enthusiasm. Your will-power will return to you. A new force will nerve your arm and quicken your brain. You will be master of the situation, and equal to any emergency.

"Our anxieties are mostly artificial and are bred indoors under the stifling oppression of walls and roofs—and a day in the open will often dispel them like a bad dream."

Original

EFFICIENCY-FUSS!

How William Landy, the Ginger Man, Shook a Little More Salt on the Tail of Opportunity

By OLIN LYMAN

Author of "The Voice That Won"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH F. KERNAN

WILLIAM LANDY was short, snappy, cylindrical, and thirty. He walked into the Pelley branch-office of the Coöperative Sales Exchange Company as if he owned it.

Miss Meta Sprague, the dutiful stenographer, was blithe, buxom, blonde, and twenty. Her bright blue eyes turned from the window overlooking Main Street to the plump visage of William Landy.

It contained no "movie-hero" beauty to intrigue the fancy of a maiden of her years. Her gaze returned to the window. Her fleeting survey of Landy had not disturbed the measured cadence of the gum grinding between her pearly teeth.

"Where is Mr. Neal?" Landy's tone was professionally sharp, while he frowned at a maiden not forlorn. However, Miss Meta's silvery voice answered without rancor.

"Out."

"On three strikes, I hope," retorted Landy with sarcasm. "Strikes of new business. We need it!"

The girl's eyes opened with wide placidity. "We?"

"Yes! I—"

"Here's Mr. Neal now," she interrupted, again swinging in her chair to gaze out of the window. Of pleasing contours, clad in some summer flummeries that no man would dare classify, she was good to look upon. But Landy's glance did not linger upon her. He turned as the door through which he had just entered swung open.

"Mr. Neal?" he clicked.

"The same. One of them," drawled the manager of the Pelley branch-office. "What can I do for you, Mr.—"

Dumpy little Landy let his glance stray up and down Mr. Neal. It was a lengthy journey. Robson Neal was long, lean, a trifle lackadaisical, and twenty-seven. It was so inscribed upon the Coöperative's records. He was friendly, though, and bore the air of a man who could get the business, so far as making an excellent impression was concerned. However, there was an unescapable expression of the handicap of which headquarters, down in Philadelphia, complained.

As Tom Dunnie, the general sales manager, had put it, in "passing the buck" to Landy: "There's good stuff in this guy Neal, at Pelley, up in York

State. Only trouble with him—or the chiefest—he's always doing business yesterday."

"To-day—" Landy had suggested, just before bolting out to catch his train for the round-the-ring "flyers" to the string of branch-offices, before settling down to business in an organized campaign as "ginger man."

"To-day will help some," Dunnie had

admitted. "But he needs sort o' turning wrongside out. If he can be induced to take a squint at *to-morrow*, it'll help things a whole lot!"

At Neal's question as to how he could favor him, Landy grinned a set grin.

"What can you do for me? Guess it's a question of what I can do for you, or so I hope."

Neal stared. Landy pursued his explanation.

"My name's Landy—Bill Landy. I'm from the home office. Dunnie wants things peppered; dash o' chile con carne; a little jazz; get me? Going to shoot me around the circle; just day hops, at first; then settle down a week or two in each place. Uniform methods; hitting up the pace. So Coöperative can tell the world—see?"

Neal, bewildered, would have answered something at random, but Landy gave him no chance. He was wound up. As a child his volubility had been amazing. The trend had been fostered by some years of questioning Tom, Dick, and Harry, as a newspaper reporter. A brilliant record as a road salesman for the Coöperative, in which he talked the trade into submission, had given the finishing touches to rare lingual ability.

"Yeah!" he swept on. "Little more stuff on the ball, that's what Dunnie wants. Fan our rivals, nothing t' knock at but the air. That's the 'Coöp' system. Little more dander; steal a few bases; home run once in a while. Play ball! *Ef-fi-ci-en-cy!* That's it!"

IT was said of him, at headquarters, that his phenomenal success on the road had been due to



his not giving his prospects time to think before he had their names on the dotted line. He spoke as he moved, with breathless fuss, and his thin, reedy tenor note had possessed the lure of a Lorelei for the trade in the Keystone State that had afforded his territory.

"Born in old York State," he breezed. "D'ye know, haven't happened to step into it since I was a kid. They've got a habit of thinking old Pennsy's under the bedspreads. Take it from me, boy, they're wrong. She's asleep—just about like a South Carolina darkey at midnight in a watermelon patch. "Caught the sleeper in 'Philly' just before twelve bells. Dinnie had a hunch; called me over to his apartment; wanted me to start right off. Just had time to pack a grip and do a high dive into a taxi. Slept all the way. Tumbled out of the berth and came right over."

He glanced hurriedly at his watch while the manager, and the girl whose attention was now intrigued by a mental pace unusual around that office, watched him, absorbed. "Got till one o'clock," staccatoed Landy. "Got a schedule, full of crinkles and short cuts. Can't miss a train; got to make Hometown for the afternoon and get the six o'clock out o' there for Bellston in the morning. Back in a week; give Dinnie a bird's-eye report; then start for a week with each manager. Don't know which one yet; they all need it, he says. Fieldman for the ginger; new idea; Dinnie's; he's set on it. Fine!"

He was pacing restlessly to and fro, his sharp little eyes darting here and there, to their faces, to the desks, to the walls. Manager Neal, in

obvious discomfort, watched him. He felt that his caller was talking at random, somewhat in circles, that he wasn't getting to the point.

It was not strange that Neal should have derived this impression. Landy felt this way himself.

Under wonted waves of speech he was concealing inner nervousness that wholly belied his confident seeming.

TO begin with, he had slept soundly and the porter had wakened him late. He had just time in which to crawl into his clothes to debark during the short stop at Pelley. Breakfast had been confined to crullers and coffee secured at the lunch counter in the station, while he mulled the limited time at his disposal after a glance at his reliable watch. It confirmed what the porter had told him; that the train was nearly an hour late rolling into the little town, which had about ten thousand inhabitants and was the metropolis of a prosperous farming region in the "upper tier" of counties.

So Landy had not had time yet to properly fuse for the business of his visit. Nor was he certain just what that business would be. Dinnie had called him suddenly off the road for this new idea and this was his first stop. He knew the science of approach as a newspaper man and salesman. But how

would he go to work to approach office managers in the rôle of a ginger man?

WHILE tramping up and down the fairly generous floor space which the Coöperative allowed its employees in Pelley, Landy's furtively darting glances espied the cue for which they had been searching. He stopped at the wall and critically examined a calendar thereon.

He turned upon Robson Neal a reproving gaze. He wagged a plump forefinger at the mutely eloquent leaf upon the calendar. It was an outpost of time that should have been called in.

"July!" challenged William Landy sharply. "Man, it's August, the third! Two yesterdays have died since this should have been torn off! Count 'em!" He ripped off the July leaf, crumpled it in a fat fist, and dropped it into a nearby wastebasket.

Neal had reddened. "Well," he answered defensively, "Saturday we were busy and didn't think of it; we weren't here yesterday, of course, and to-day—"

"Will be yesterday, to-morrow!" cut in the ginger man triumphantly. "Man, dear, it's the little things that count. That's what Dinnie's always preaching—and practicing, too. He's always a jump ahead of the calendar; any hourglass that follows him has to work overtime. It's a glorious feeling to pace the clock!"

He had approached the embarrassed Neal and was spread-eagled before him, poisoning upon balanced toes and sawing the air with mandatory gestures as his keen-edged voice cut home with the lesson. He was in his stride now—all zeal, fuss, breathless enthusiasm. He had found a peg whereon to sprinkle his ginger; he was in his element, talking like a mill race while he hopped about precisely as he had done on the road, while nailing a "prospect." He fairly rippled self-confidence now. Neal's attitude was plainly showing him that Robson recognized his experience and conceded that he knew his business.

There was a fleeting pause, unbroken by Neal, while Landy's gaze roved about for something more on which to bolster his homily. Miss Meta, the stenographer, watched him with round-eyed disapproval. Hostility had been born between these two when their glances first clashed. They were naturally antagonistic to each other.

Now, the blonde Meta's pursed lips framed a whispered monologue, breathed discreetly low so that neither men should hear: "Did any human being ever hear a man go on so?"

AHA! He had it! Landy's restless look returned to the wastebasket into which he had just dropped the crumpled leaf from the calendar.

He pointed to it accusingly. There were a few crumpled papers in the bottom. About it, on the floor, lay twice as many.

"That basket," rattled the ginger man, "must have extra large pores, though they don't look it. Stuff leaks out to an amazing extent—what? Or, maybe the wind blows extra hard in Pelley?"

Mr. Neal's cheeks were hot. His gaze sought the floor. The next instant, Miss Meta's voice, rendered very cool and impersonal, revealed to Landy that the manager was silent through motives of gallantry.

"That's my fault, Mr. Landy. I fire papers at the basket and I don't always hit it."

Landy cast her a frigid look which had the effect of heightening her mental temperature to indignant warmth.

"One in five, I should judge, would be about your ratio, Miss—"

"Miss Sprague," supplied Neal, in a small voice.

"Miss Sprague," swept on Landy. "But



He turned on Robson Neal a reproving glance. He wagged a plump forefinger—

"July!" challenged William Landy sharply.

"Man, it's August the third! Two yesterdays have died—"

why fire 'em at all? Why not keep the basket under your desk?"

"Because," replied the young woman with asperity, "there isn't room under the desk for the basket and my feet, too!"

Landy's whilom glance assayed her dainty russets of exceptionally small size. Almost with reluctance he voiced a compliment justified by the fact.

"Doesn't look like your footwear would take up so much room, at that."

His tribute failed to mollify her in the least. But then, he did not intend that it should. He plunged ahead, in a tone pitched to urbane sarcasm. For Landy remembered that he was talking to a lady.

"Seems to me, Miss Sprague, that a wastebasket should be fired at from closer range. You could have that index file shoved along and make a space for the basket between it and your desk, for instance."

"It's convenient to swing right around in my chair and reach that nearest row of drawers without getting up," explained Meta snappily. "Besides, the room looks symmetrical, as it is; and if you pulled the file along, and put that huge wastebasket in between, it would just spoil the looks of things."

"You might huy a smaller basket, then," retorted Landy, "one that would give you also foot-room under your desk." He dived to retrieve the papers lying about the wastebasket. At the same instant Manager Neal stooped with similar intention. Their craniums bumped with impact that set them ringing. They reeled apart, seeking confusedly to retain their balance while they glared at each other.

UNNOTICED by either, Miss Meta was stuffing a monogrammed handkerchief into her ripe red mouth. Her pink cheeks turned purple in a successful effort to repress a wild scream of mirth at the ludicrous aspect of the pair, now scrambling up, and darting resentful looks at each other.

"I should live to die a-laughin'!" murmured the tongue of the Meta mind, with hysterical glee. "D'ja hear their cocoas a-crackin'?"

Ruffled, for the reason that man lives always in the shadow of fear of ridiculous situations, Landy stole an involuntary glance toward Miss Sprague. He detected at once from her tearful eyes and palpitant aspect that she had crammed back an impulse to yowl with merriment. Anomalously enough, he hated her more than if the peal had escaped confinement.

His look swerved back to Neal. Still giddy, the manager was taking another uncertain step toward the scattered papers. The disturbed Landy plucked him back, discharging a verbal sixteen-inch shell. He had to get even with somebody—and without any delay.

"Allow me, Mr. Neal! I noticed 'em first!"

Amid intense silence, renewed, he pounced upon the papers, plucked them up in handfuls and savagely tossed them into the maw of the wastebasket.

Then he stood up, quickly dusting his dimpled hands.

"Just a little thing," he conceded, now restored to good humor through having gained the upper hand by his apt reminder that he, a mere visitor, had been the first to notice this unkempt blot on office order, produced by the occupants. "Only a small thing, but— They spread a banana peel of flattery before Wilhelm of Germany, and the old boy slipped on it and broke his neck!"

HIS little eyes, crinkled with amusement, now darted shrewd sparkles toward both of them. As the look swerved toward Miss Sprague, however, it was tinged with something of malice, as was her responsive glance cast toward him. Wherever these two met it was certain that their mutual way would be blazed with a series of electrical flashes.

"What's atmosphere?" demanded Landy, smiting a palm with a pudgy fist. "'Nothing to breathe but air,' the old song had it. But it's more than that. It's what belongs to a nation, to a town, to a business, to an office."

"Let a stranger step into an office where the wastebasket is anything less than a bull's-eye, and where everything's not spick-and-span to correspond, and what impression does he get? I ask you? Where last month stays on the wall and the new month is forgotten, looks like? Doesn't he get the idea that this particular business is scattered, like the papers on the floor? That the visible sign of those papers, flung at the basket hit-or-miss, is just the same as if you lettered it on the wall: 'What the—' ladies present, but you know very well what I mean? Doesn't it reflect on the business, just that way? I'll say it does!"

FREEDOM is essential to achievement. No one can do his greatest work when his mind is cramped with worry, anxiety, fear, or uncertainty, any more than he can do his best physical work with his body in a cramped position. Absolute freedom is imperative for the best brain work. Uncertainty and doubt are great enemies of that concentration which is the secret of all effectiveness.

HE plunged gesturing hands into coat pockets and teetered on triumphant heels. There was no answer to that brand of logic! Neither of his auditors had anything to say. Before either could have thought of anything he was off again.

"Only word worth considering in the business world is 'to-morrow.' Yesterday's dead; to-day's really to-morrow in itself, for you're looking ahead to the next day. Customer comes in; sees those papers on the floor—all the worse because everything else seems to stay put and in its place, so far as I can see—and says he to himself: 'Coöperative condones carelessness; I'm through with 'em.' Then his business belongs to the past. Yesterday's dead, see?"

"Now, on the other hand, he comes in; finds everything ship-shape; never thinks of waste at all, because the papers are all in the basket. And says he, 'Coöperative's the stuff; I'll be back to-morrow.' And he goes out and tells the world about it. To-morrow, see? You've always got to be planning for it. It's the only day. I'll say so!"

EVIDENTLY Neal was impressed. But, out of the tail of his eye, Landy saw Miss Meta Sprague tapping her lips with

pink fingers in an evident attempt to repress a bored yawn. He did not notice, however, that, in that instant, she was casting him a sly glance to see if he were noticing the provocative gesture. His constant reversions to that hateful wastebasket had irritated her to a degree. She had to get even, somehow.

Landy whirled to Neal. "Let's step into your private office!" he snapped.

Neal led the way in there. At a glance Landy perceived that everything seemed to be in apple-pie shape, as he would have expressed it.

"Neal!" pursued the ginger man, lowering his tone after closing the door, "isn't there something you can give that girl o' yours to do, outside, till after I'm gone?"

"Why," replied Neal, taken by surprise but rallying to defense, as Landy swiftly observed. "She's—"

Whereupon Landy had instant recourse to something he had not heretofore employed, since entering the office because of his nervousness and through his collision with Neal in the line of wastepaper-picking duty. It was tact—and he possessed it; had long shown it on the road. Now, feeling more at home, he exercised it.

"She's all right," he acknowledged with a disarming smile. "We won't quarrel about that. Only, I haven't got so long to stay, and we'll have the office to ourselves unless some customers drop in—"

"They don't usually come in Monday mornings. Generally start drifting in Monday afternoons. About Miss Sprague, she—"

"Never mind her," wheedled Landy, in his best manner. "Let's talk of something we could agree on, maybe. On business, for instance; on how to get 'em drifting in here Monday mornings instead of in the afternoon. Little more salt on the tail of opportunity—that's what!"

"Haven't you got some collections she could make, or something? Give us the place to ourselves? I'll want to whang the typewriter an hour or so, before I leave, and—"

"You could dictate to her!" interposed Neal, and in his voice was the unmistakable note of championship. "She may miss a wastebasket once in a while, but she's there on dictation and transcribing. Your Philadelphia office sent her a note, a while ago, complimenting her on the uniform neatness of her copy. Besides, she's—"

Still with that disarming smile, Landy waved aside further words. "I'm not questioning her efficiency. Only she's a poor shot. I don't want to dictate to her; I don't know what it'll be, yet, and I can work better by myself, anyway. Besides, to be frank with you, your Miss Sprague and I'd never get along better than a cat fight. You can see that, can't you? Shoo her away, collecting or something, before she scratches my eyes out! Have a heart!"

WITH jovial words, and a slap between Neal's shoulder blades, Landy concealed his detestation of the dutiful young stenographer who had snickered in her handkerchief when he and her boss collided head to head. William was a man of strong likings or aversions. He felt that, unless this girl were out of the office for the remainder of his limited stay, he would be mentally spinning on a pink ear. "Get hence, O blonde one, and fade!" his wounded ego was shouting.

That her boss was satisfied with her services was evident. That headquarters had commented on the excellence of her

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He Was a Dunce at School—But He Has Taught Over 2,000,000 People How to Make a Living

An Interview with JOHN ROBERT GREGG

Originator of the Gregg System of Shorthand

By JOSEPH M. BACHELOR

JOHAN ROBERT GREGG has taught more people to earn a living than any other one man in America." This is the statement of one of America's most noted public men, and it is borne out by the fact that over two million people are now making a living, or have made a living, through the idea of John Robert Gregg, originator of the Gregg shorthand system. Thousands of financiers, bank officials and men of affairs have gained their chance in life and advancement through him. He has unlocked the door of opportunity for thousands to whom it might otherwise have remained closed. It was Percy G. Holden who made two ears of corn grow where there had been only one before, and it is John Robert Gregg who doubled the accomplishment of the work hour by making it possible to do business more rapidly, efficiently, and accurately. In the last twenty-five years, he has added millions of economic hours to the world.

As you enter his private office, Mr. Gregg rises to greet you with a freshness and spontaneity that reveals his vital interest in everything about him. After he has given you a firm, warm clasp of his hand and has asked you to sit down in a way that makes you feel perfectly at home and comfortable, you get the first impression of the man. While he is not yet fifty-three years old, one has heard of him for so long a time and over so much of the world that one feels that some way or other Mr. Gregg must have always existed; so his youthful appearance is surprising. His hair is brown with a suggestion that once upon a time it might have been red, and there is a playful waviness about it that suggests an irresistible pleasingness of personality. There is grace and ease about his movements, and a quiet, compelling magnetism emanates from him. There is something of the dreamer in his gray-blue eyes, which contrasts with his firm, determined face and chin. When I thought of how many dreamers there had been in the world who had spun delicate webs of fantasy but had never had the practical acumen to put them into effect, and, on the other hand, when I thought of the many prosaic men of power who had never had the imagination to leaven their ideas, I realized immediately that there sat before me a most extraordinary man—a practical dreamer.

Generally at the Foot of the Class

ITRIED to put myself in his position—a boy of sixteen years, sitting in an office at Glasgow, scribbling down, in spare moments, the outline of an idea. Then I tried to picture to myself what I would do to make the world accept that idea. I sat there baffled because I did not know.

"Mr. Gregg," I said, "there must be a great deal in your life that would be valuable and serviceable to others. I wish you would tell me about it, for it must be like a romantic story," I added enthusiastically.

He looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes, and the little lines of determination tightened about his face as he said, "It may seem like a romance now, but it was just hard work and the overcoming of one difficulty after another."

He leaned back in his chair and his eyes wandered out through the office window over the roofs of the surrounding buildings, and I could see that his mind was running back over the various steps that had placed him where he is to-day.

"It is all very simple," he said, "and I do not know that it will interest you. I was born in Rockcorry, Ireland, of Scotch-Irish parents, and the early part of my life was spent in Northern Ireland. I was the youngest of five children. The most interesting thing of my early life is the contrast of my ability as a student with that of the rest of the family. My brother, George, took the first prize at the boys' school every year, with one exception, when he came second. My sister, Fannie, went through the girls' school about the same time, and I believe she took first prize every year she was in school. After they had left their brilliant records and pleasing impression with the head master, I came along. He thought it was an appropriate occasion to tell the students of the achievements of the other members of the family. He made an address to the assembled school in which he praised George and exhibited his copy books which he had kept for exhibition purposes. Then, dramatically, he pointed to a little, red-headed youngster by his side and said, 'Here we have another Gregg,' and went on to predict an equally brilliant career for me.

"Now, the truth of the matter is my position in the class was almost the reverse of my brother's, for I gravitated to the foot, and stayed there, except on two occasions; once when I was second from the foot and once when I managed to climb to third place from the foot. For having falsified all of his predictions, the head master developed a great prejudice against me. Sometimes he would take my hand, hold it firmly, and bring down a cane, time and time again, until, later in the day, I couldn't close that hand because it was swollen so much.

"I grew up under the impression that I was a hopeless dunce, and that was the belief all my family had about me. When I was referred to, it was always as 'Poor John.' Whenever I said anything that sounded ordinarily sane, it



Photograph by Elliott, Columbus

JOHN ROBERT GREGG

A poor boy with many handicaps, he stuck to his idea and, in a quarter of a century, has added millions of economic hours to business life.

was the subject of comment by the entire family. I grew up with the firm conviction that my life was bound to be a hopeless failure; that there was no future in life for me. And, in all seriousness, it is a tragedy, a great tragedy, for a boy to grow up with that impression firmly fixed in his mind."

American Boys not Subject to Repression

THERE was an overtone of sadness in Mr. Gregg's voice that reflected his realization of the seriousness of such a handicap, and it reminded me of a statement he had once made to a large gathering in his honor.

"I thank God that, in America, we stimulate our boys to develop their own initiative. We encourage them to do something and be something and do not submit them to that constant repression which is so often the case abroad. Often when I think of my own early life, I envy our American boys the start they have and the joyous feeling of independence and confidence that is their heritage."

Mr. Gregg's mind is so quick, keen, and alert that this story of his early life seemed incredible. Then I remembered how many great men had suffered similarly until they got the round peg and the round hole together. Edison, when a child, had been sent home by his teacher as a hopeless fool, and with tears streaming from his eyes he looked up into his mother's face and told her he *would* be somebody.

Stolen Sermon Started Him in Shorthand

"MR. GREGG," I said, "under these early conditions how did you become interested in shorthand?"

"That is a story that goes back to the time when a friend of my father's visited us in a little country village in North Ireland. My father and this friend, who was one of the early enthusiasts of shorthand, went to church one Sunday morning. He had his notebook with him and took down the sermon. The young clergyman became so embarrassed that he almost broke down in his sermon. After the service, he begged Mr. Annesley not to publish it because he had taken it from Spurgeon, or Talmage, or some other great divine. This so impressed my father that he determined that each of his children should study shorthand.

"Now, as I have said before, the other children of the family were brilliant and I was considered the dunce. But in one thing all the others failed—in the study of shorthand, or rather the making of any practical use of it, and by one of those peculiar perversities of human nature, since I had failed in everything in which they had succeeded, I determined to succeed in the thing in which they failed.

"So I set out to conquer shorthand, even if it killed me. It was my last chance. From the very beginning it fascinated me, and, peculiar as it may seem, it opened up avenues in my mind, and the other things in which I had before completely failed became easier. Before long it almost became a consuming passion and I began to study all the systems that I could get my hands on.

"About this time my parents moved to Glasgow, Scotland. Then I was about sixteen years of age, and I was employed in a law office there. My employer's conviviality kept him away from the office a great deal and permitted me to work for weeks at a time in the study and practice of shorthand. As I look back at it now, it seems presumptuous that a boy of sixteen should decide that he would create a system of his own; but, just the same, I started out to evolve just such a system. Let me acknowledge that in many places it was crude; but now and then I came across something that seemed to work better than anything that I had studied. Above all, I was convinced of one thing: that, to be natural, a system of shorthand should be based upon the slant of longhand penmanship. This was the idea upon which I insistently worked.

Determined to Be a Master of Shorthand

THEN something happened which was really a determining factor in my future life. A copy of a magazine drifted into my hands and in it there was an article about a Doctor Mieg whose whole life had been devoted to the science of shorthand with a view to constructing what he hoped would be the system of the future. He had sacrificed friends, family, academic titles, everything that life might have held for him, and, at that time, was an apothecary in Morocco, having gone there especially to enjoy seclusion. Although sixty-three years of age, and still far from the goal, his letter-breathed optimistic determination and unwearying patience. The one conclusion to which he had come was that shorthand should be based upon the natural slope of longhand.

"I was an impressionistic boy, and the thought of this man so stirred me that I took up my task with renewed vigor. Moreover, I had independently come to the same conclusion that he had after a lifetime of study. I also learned from him that lesson of patience, long patience, and I frequently received inspiration from this unknown friend of mine.

"After a time I had concocted a system that incorporated the ideas of my studies, but as I was alone and had no help I gladly accepted the offer of a man in Glasgow to share the profits of this system with me for publishing and introducing it. This I agreed to, and the system was known as 'Script Phonography.' It was a crude, hurried production, but it had some elements of merit. But, to make a long story short, I didn't share in any of the rewards, and some years later, was even cheated out of my rights."

"That was a real tragedy of my early days and it embittered me for a long time; but looking back at it now, after the lapse of many years, I can see that, like many of our hardships, it was a blessing in disguise. In the first place, it impelled me to go on to the completion of my ideal, and the struggle that it brought prepared me for the harder ones that were still to come.

One Fiasco Did Not Discourage Him

AFTER the fiasco of my first attempt, I determined to go on until I had made an ideal system. I worked morning, noon, and night and thought of little else, and then when I had finished the work and had produced the alphabet, which is the one of to-day, I absolutely lost all interest in the matter. Life was very black for me just then. My brother, George, had died of tuberculosis in New Zealand, and my sister, Fannie, was dying of the same disease. During her illness I dropped all this work, tied up the manuscript in a little brown parcel and put it away.

"After my sister's death, I wanted to get away from Glasgow. I went to Liverpool and started a shorthand school in a little room on the top floor of a building in that city. There was no elevator and there were ten flights of stairs up to that room. But it had an advantage, for after a man finally got there he was at least willing to sit down to rest, and that it gave me an opportunity to talk to him.

"I started to teach the first system and taught it successfully over a year, until, as I said before, I was cheated out of my rights. As a solution of this difficulty, I undid the brown parcel and found my invention of 'Light Line Phonography,' as I called it then. For over a year it had lain there and had never been tested in practice.

"I now tested it by writing out speeches and newspaper articles, and I was aglow with enthusiasm when I realized that even in its crude form it was wonderfully easy to write and beautiful to look at. So I decided to publish it in pamphlet form. As I had no money, I borrowed fifty dollars from one of my brothers, who has since told me that he did not give me more because he thought the less I had the more quickly I would be through with my crazy idea. You

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The Journey of a Sunbeam

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THERE is a story of a sunbeam that had heard there were places on the earth so horrible, so dark, dismal, and gloomy that it was impossible to describe them.

The sunbeam resolved to find these places, and started on its journey with lightning speed. It visited the caverns of the earth. It glided into sunless homes, into dark alleys, into underground cellars; it wandered everywhere in its quest to see what the darkness was like, but the sunbeam never found the darkness because wherever it went it carried its own light with it. Every spot it visited, no matter how dark



we must do. Whatever our vocations, we must make a business of humanity. There are many lines of this great business which we can carry on as side lines with our vocations, such as the cheering-up line, the encouraging line, the lend-a-hand line.

NO matter what great things we may accomplish in our vocation it is, after all, the things which come from the heart that mean the most.

Never miss an opportunity to speak a word of praise or encouragement. Kind words, a smile, a bit of encouragement or inspiration may seem but little things, of no account to many of us, yet they may be worth everything to some lonely or discouraged soul famishing for sympathy and encouragement.

No matter how limited our means we can give a smile and a word of cheer to those who minister to our comfort, who help us in our daily work—the newsboy, the car conductor, the waiter, the clerk, the porter on the train, the police officer who guards our property, the cook in the kitchen, the laundress, and others who serve us abroad or in the home.

THE sun is no respecter of persons. It shines on the just and the unjust alike. It does not ask whose corn, whose potatoes, whose roses, whose homes it shall shine upon. It asks no question about earth's races, about our principles, our politics, our religious beliefs or convictions. It shines upon good and bad, upon believer and unbeliever, upon all nationalities, all races—the white, the black, the brown, the yellow. It has no hatred of, no prejudice toward, any human being. It pours its light and beauty and joy unstintedly upon all.

THE satisfaction of helping the helpless, of scattering sunshine, will not only increase your happiness tremendously, but will increase your efficiency, your success ability. It will bring harmony into your life, and harmony is power, harmony is efficiency, harmony spells success.

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Original from

and dismal before its entry, was brightened and cheered by its presence.

Is there any more beautiful symbol of love than the sun which purifies all that it touches and makes life worth living?

WE can make life very largely what we wish. The bright, cheerful man makes a cheerful world around him. The melancholy, morose, fretful, disjointed, sarcastic, critical, dyspeptic, bilious, gloomy man creates a world about him which is the reflection of his own mood.

Some people have the power of making sunshine wherever they go. They infuse light and joy and happiness and beauty into everybody they meet. If you meet one of them on the street, he will throw a stream of sunlight into your soul which will light up the whole day. Others carry discord, gloom, despair, everywhere. If they talk with you but a minute, they will manage to cast a dark shadow across the whole day, and send a chill through your entire body.

If we want to flood our lives with the sunshine of love we must be real men and women; and to be real men and women there are some things besides getting a living which

United States Senators Who

The Eight Septuagenarians Give them Greater Power

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN



CARROLL S. PAGE
Vermont

"Admiral Page" as he is called—because he presides over the Naval Affairs Committee—is the patriarch of the United States Senate. He attributes his vigor at his age, 77 years, to his life-long habit of punctuality.

new men, or young men, have very much influence in the Senate; and even if they assert themselves and talk a great deal they are not the men who shape the course of proceedings, push along legislation which they want enacted into law, and put the brakes on legislation which they want to defeat. It is the "elder statesmen," both those in years and, more particularly, those in length of service, who have the greatest influence and who are usually the managers of the Senate.

There was a period long ago when the so-called "Big Six" absolutely controlled the Senate. By death and defeat the "Big Six" was reduced to two, and these two voluntarily retired from the Senate. Since then the management of the Senate has been in the hands of a group of the "elder statesmen," composed of men belonging to the political party in power.

THE United States Senators who have passed 70 years of age are, Carroll S. Page, Vermont, 77 years and 7 months; Knute Nelson, Minnesota, 77 years and 6 months; William P. Dillingham, Vermont, 76 years and 6 months; Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, 76 years; John Walter Smith, Maryland, 75 years and 5 months; LeBaron B. Colt, Rhode Island, 74 years; Braxton B. Comer, Alabama, 72 years and 8 months; Henry Cabot Lodge, Massachusetts, 70 years and 1 month. Adding in the extra months, the combined age of the eight senators totals 600 years.

Senator Lodge is the senior in point of continuous service. Senator Warren has had a longer actual service in the Senate than Senator Lodge, but he was out for two years. Warren has had a total of 27 years and 8

EIGHT members of the United States Senate have passed the three-score-and-ten-years supposed to be the span of life, but which many men of that age—and older—are putting to shame.

"Old age for counsel and youth for action," was another wise saw of the ancients. There always has been sufficient age in the United States Senate for counsel, and the senators of age and long experience are generally the men who "run things" in the Senate. At

least it has not come to the notice of those who have been observers of the Senate, for any great length of time, that either



KNUTE NELSON
Minnesota

A descendant of the Norsemen, 77 years old, he has always preferred the simple life to politics. He has never been defeated for office, and once rode seventy-five miles on horseback with Theodore Roosevelt.



BRAXTON B. COMER
Alabama

At the age of 72 years, he is the youngest man in the United States Senate in point of service. Though a graduate of several universities, he became a prosperous business man whose practical dealings carried him into politics.

months; Lodge, 27 years and 5 months; Nelson, 25 years and 5 months; Dillingham, 19 years and 8 months; Smith, 12 years and 3 months; Page, 11 years and 8 months; Colt, 7 years and 5 months; Comer, 5 months.

Six of them—Warren, Nelson, Dillingham, Smith, Page, and Comer—have been governors of their respective States. Three—Lodge, Nelson, and Smith—have been members of the House of Representatives. Two—Warren and Nelson—were soldiers of the Civil War, and are the only men now members of the Senate who participated in that conflict. One of them—Nelson—is not a native of the United States; he was born in Norway. Three—Warren, Colt, and Lodge—were born in Massachusetts. The other four are natives of the States they now represent. Six—Page, Nelson, Dillingham, Warren, Colt, and Lodge—are Republicans; Smith and Comer are Democrats. Five—Page, Nelson, Warren, Smith, and Lodge—have several times been delegates to national conventions. It is a remarkable fact, that in a legislative body where lawyers constitute two-thirds of the membership, only three of the eight septuagenarians are lawyers—Nelson, Dillingham, and Colt. It is true that Lodge is a law graduate, but he made literature his profession.

A Business Man From Vermont

SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE, the oldest of the eight men—and, therefore, the oldest man in the Senate—is a business man. His

biography states that his principal business is that of dealer in raw calfskins. At the same time, he is president

of a savings bank and of a national bank. He has been active in politics for many years. As far back as 1876, he was a member of the legislature of Vermont, and, since that time, he has held various official positions. He has been a member of the United States Senate since 1908, when he succeeded Redfield Proctor.

Since that time, he has been as attentive to senatorial duties as any other man. He rarely misses a roll call, although he spends considerable time in his committee room attending to the work which falls to a senator. This is especially true since he became chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, one of the very important committees of the



J. WALTER SMITH
Maryland

Of the four Smiths in the United States Senate, the senator from Maryland is perhaps the most inconspicuous, for he is a quiet man who does not believe in talk. He is 75 years old, a hard worker, but, it is said, he has very little to say to anybody and then it is right to the point.

Find Age No Bar to Hard Work

Whose Years and Experience Over the Younger Members

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Senate, and requiring a great deal of time if all of the details are looked after with care. Senator Page has twice broken a tradition that had almost become a precedent in regard to the Vermont senators. As long as "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," the two Vermont senators have voted together on all very important matters.



HENRY CABOT LODGE
Massachusetts

Senator Lodge, now in his 71st year, is the youngest member of the "elder statesmen," yet he has the longest continuous service in that body—27 years and 5 months.

And Senator Page has been "up in the air." In 1913, he was a member of the Board of Visitors at the Naval Academy. Across the Severn River, from Annapolis, Navy and Marine Corps men were trying out various flying machines, and the members of the Board of Visitors were invited to "go up." Senator Page was one of the members who accepted the invitation and spent a half hour in the air. The flying machines in those days were far from being as perfect as they are at this time.

A Norseman from Minnesota.

SENATOR KNUTE NELSON of Minnesota—by the way, do not call him "Nute." In pronouncing his name, the "K" is sounded. In the old days when Norsemen were kings of England, there was a King Canute. Back in Norway they retained the old spelling and the "K" stood for a syllable. In all of the Scandinavian names beginning with "K," the letter is sounded, although it has been anglicized by those who imagine that the "K," before "N," should be silent.

Senator Nelson came to this country from Norway when he was seven years old, and lived with his parents in Wisconsin. He was among the first to enlist for the Civil War, serving in the 4th Wisconsin Infantry. He never was more than a private and a

non-commissioned officer, and, to this day, he retains a distinct fondness for, and is always a defender of, the privates and the non-commissioned officers in the United States Army. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Port Hudson, Louisiana.

Senator Nelson has always been rather keen on politics and successful, as is shown by his record. He was a member of the Wisconsin Legislature, in 1868, and he began holding office as county attorney of Douglas County, Minnesota, his present residence, in 1872. Then he served many terms in the Minnesota Legislature. In 1882, he was elected to Congress and



WM. P. DILLINGHAM
Vermont

At 76, Senator Dillingham is the very active chairman of the Privileges and Elections Committee. He is an able lawyer and has very little to say, but his counsel is eagerly sought.



FRANCIS E. WARREN
Wyoming

A Civil War soldier when he was 18 years old, to-day, at 76, he is chairman of the Appropriations Committee and thereby holds the purse strings of Congress. He was one of the men who helped to place the Great West on the political map.



LE BARON B. COLT
Rhode Island

The senator is 74 years old. Seven years ago he gave up a position on the federal bench which he had held for nearly 32 years to become a United States Senator. He never took active part in politics before. He is chairman of the Immigration Committee and, as such, has his hands pretty full these days.

served three terms. During his last term he excited considerable comment by voting for the Mills bill, a Democratic tariff measure, which was the principal political issue between the parties in 1888, and which was opposed generally by Republicans. Finishing his three terms in Congress, Senator Nelson determined to retire to private life; but, early in the 90's, he was brought out to save the Republican party and made a candidate for governor. Those were the days when Populism was raging throughout the West, and as Minnesota was about one-

third Scandinavian, a man of that nationality was a good vote getter. Nelson was elected governor twice, and during his second term surprised everybody by defeating W. D. Washburn for the Senate. He has been in the Senate ever since. As indicated by his vote for the Mills bill, Senator Nelson, at times, has been inclined to insurgency—or, rather, toward independence—and sometimes is "off the Republican reservation." But he is generally a good party man and, certainly, an intense patriot all the time. There was no more earnest supporter of the war against Germany than Senator Nelson. We sometimes refer to him as the "Norse Viking," because of his courage and of his birth.

Senator Nelson waited a long time before he achieved his ambition in the Senate; chairman of one of the important committees of that body. When the Republicans gained control of the Senate, two years ago, he had the choice of two important chairmanships and naturally chose the Committee on Judiciary, which is one of the four most important committees of Congress.

Somewhat below medium height, stocky and solid, with a clear blue eye, and intensely earnest in everything, the Minnesota senator is preëminently one of the best types of what a foreign-born person can become in this wonderful land of ours.

A Lawyer Who Doesn't Say Much

WILLIAM P. DILLINGHAM of Vermont, succeeded Justin S. Morrill. It has been the habit of Vermont not to change her senators, but to select her best men and to keep them as long as they live. In the last fifty years, Vermont has had but seven senators—five in reality, for two of them were appointed to fill vacancies and served only a few months each. Senator Dillingham has been nearly twenty years in the Senate, and will stay so long as he lives. He is one of the few very able lawyers that does not do much talking. His counsel has always been sought, however, and his judgment in regard to all of the great affairs coming before the Senate has shown his wisdom and experience.

Senator Dillingham had a long experience in the affairs of his State before he was elected to the Senate. He had been admitted to the practice of law but a short time when he was made State's attorney for his county. He held many other positions, including service in the legislature, before he became governor. He is one of the most courtly men in the Senate. He always does the right thing and in the right way. There is nothing affected about him; nothing put on; no airs—nothing of a condescending nature. He is always courteous and considerate—one of the kind of men who, with the utmost courtesy and manner, can demolish an opponent in a debate on account of his superior knowledge and of the strong position he takes on public questions.

Senator Dillingham is devoted to his State. There is never a morning when the Senate is in session that he does not go to the Marble Room and look at the weather map to see what the conditions are in Vermont. He is proud of his people, and often tells a story of the Civil War which illustrates the character of the Green Mountain Boys who served in the Union Army: An army corps was being hurried to the field at Gettysburg, with a long march ahead. The general in command gave this order: "Put the Vermonters at the right of the column and keep the ranks closed up." When Senator Dillingham tells the incident he remarks that those tireless Vermonters led the army corps on a march of forty miles in one day, and, the next day, participated in the great battle with all the vigor of fresh troops.

A Western Pioneer Still in Harness

SENATOR FRANCIS E. WARREN of Wyoming began his early life in Massachusetts, and started soldiering when only eighteen years old. He was a private and a non-commissioned officer in the 49th Massachusetts Infantry, enlisting early in the Civil War and serving until his regiment was mustered out of service. He received the Medal of Honor, the most coveted emblem that can be bestowed on a soldier, for gallant service at the siege of Fort Hudson. He was a part of the "forlorn hope," which

would have been more celebrated than the "Charge of the Light Brigade" if there had been a Tennyson to make it famous.

What a wonderful experience Warren has had! He has had a longer service in the Senate than any other member; but before he came to the Senate, and while Wyoming was a territory, he was out in the western wilds helping to conquer the wilderness. He went to Wyoming a few years after the Civil War, when that land was still a part of Dakota Territory. How many of us can remember the old maps of the United States, in the school geographies, which showed Wyoming as a part of Dakota Territory? And what a wonderful region it was in those days!

Senator Warren became interested in live stock, real estate and, also, politics. He was a member of the Wyoming legislature, back in 1873. He was governor of the territory at one time and one of the first senators when the State was admitted, in 1890.

During President Roosevelt's term, and while he was on one of his trips through the West, Roosevelt rode from Laramie to Cheyenne, Wyoming, between sun and sun. The distance was something like seventy-five miles. Senator

Warren rode with him. Both men were of the type that could stand almost any kind of physical exertion, and yet there was considerable difference in their ages. Roosevelt was in pinafores when Warren was fighting in the jungles along the Mississippi River.

Warren's life has been a contest. He has had to fight his way, but he fought to win. When he came to the Senate he had to fight hard to secure recognition for the Great West. A large part of that region had been in territorial vassalage for years; but, by the admission of six new States, it began to make itself felt, and Warren was one of the leaders who helped to place the West on the map.

He had to be an insurgent in those days, just as every other man has to become an

insurgent before the "elder statesmen" in charge of the Senate will recognize him. Warren, after one or two long, hard fights, was finally taken into the inner circle. He was made a part of the management and has been a part of it ever since. In fact, he finally reached the point where he was one of the objects of an insurgent movement because he was thought to be too much of a reactionary.

When the Republicans reorganized the Senate in the Sixty-sixth Congress (the present Congress) quite a number of the Republicans of the progressive type asserted that they would not stand for having Warren as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. But Warren is chairman of that committee just the same. He is a man who looks out for his own. He has never been in need of a guardian. This Wyoming senator, who passed the three-score-and-ten mark several years ago, is one of the very active men in the Senate and time has touched him lightly. He is still vigorous and strong and can ride a horse many miles. Had he been allowed to have his own way, Warren would now be out on the plains of Wyoming instead of working in the Senate. He announced his intention to retire two years ago; but a complication arose in the politics of his State, which made it imperative for him to again

(Continued on page 77)

Believe Me, Brother!

By EDMUND J. KIEFER

OPPORTUNITY calls but it is no alarm clock.

Look up—but not over the heads of your friends.

The nearest concept of eternity is the sum total of all the time wasted by mankind since the beginning of the world.

Many people spend their evenings at the "movies;" a few invest theirs at home.

Let Worry be confronted, at the entrance to your mind, with an S. R. O., sign.

Bow to fate as something inevitable, and your fate is sealed.

Indecision acts like a scissors on efficiency.

By all means put up a good front, but have something to back it with.

The easiest way to stop worrying is to stop worrying.

Considering its incalculable worth, fresh air continues to be absurdly cheap; get your share.

Are You Looking for a Better Job?

Read This Interview with D. C. Wills

He Is the Federal Reserve Bank Agent for the Fourth Federal Reserve District, and a Keen Student of Men and Business

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

DO you want an increase in pay, a better position, or, perhaps, a business of your own? Do you feel that you are at a standstill? Are you beginning to lose hope?

If these questions are an index of your state of mind, you will be interested in some of the things that Mr. D. C. Wills told me, a few days ago, about getting on in life. I am going to pass them on to you, for your encouragement and inspiration; but, before doing so, I want to make you better acquainted with Mr. Wills himself.

Originally a Pittsburg banker, D. C. Wills is now connected with the Federal Reserve Bank, of Cleveland, as chairman of the board, and as Federal Reserve agent for the Fourth Federal Reserve District. He is in direct touch with 857 banks in Ohio, and sections of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Kentucky, in which States are located such cities as Pittsburg, Youngstown, Canton, Akron, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, Dayton, Cincinnati, Wheeling, and Lexington. The mere mention of these cities suggests a vast picture of gigantic industries that have been developed in that region, representing investments of many millions and employing a great army of men and women. The resources of the banks in this district exceed three billions of dollars.

Bankers, manufacturers, and merchants—men of millions in many cases—depend upon the judgment of Wills in business and financial matters. While the policies of the bank with which he is connected are determined by its board of directors, his ideas have much to do with shaping these policies. He is a student of business and finance, and keeps his finger on the business pulse of the world. This he must do in order that he may be able to advise business men who visit him seeking counsel.

He is deeply interested in the personnel of industry, for quality of personnel determines the quality of management, and management largely determines stability and success. He studies not only the men at the head of the institutions, or groups of industries, but he finds out all he can about the "coming men" further down the line—those who in the course of time must become the leaders.

As one of the organizers and active promoters of the American Institute of Banking, for training the younger men in banks, his interest has extended to the rank and file in all lines of business and industry. If you are a clerk, stenographer, bookkeeper, errand boy, man at the bench or machine, truck driver, merchant or manager, or a worker of any sort, Mr. Wills is interested in helping you better your condition.

Big Fellows Like the Walnuts

AS a man, D. C. Wills is approachable and sympathetic. George E. Allen, historian of the Institute of Banking, says, "A successful banker is composed of about one-fifth accountant, two-fifths lawyer, three-fifths political economist, and four-fifths gentleman and scholar—total, ten-fifths, double size. Any smaller person may be a pawnbroker or a promoter, but not a banker."

That is a good description of Mr. Wills. Furthermore, he is called a "millionaire," because he has a "million



D. C. WILLS

"Our aim is to stimulate hunger for knowledge and to provide educational food, in form and substance, that can and will be taken and digested."

friends." His genius for making and holding friends, among all sorts and conditions of people, is his most outstanding quality. As unofficial spokesman for the millions who are battling for better things, I laid the matter before him and asked for a message that would be helpful to others.

He opened this interview by referring to an illustration used by Ralph Parlette, in his lecture, "Shaking Up and Rattling Down."

"You remember the striking way in which he illustrates his big idea, don't you?" began Wills. "He places a lot of beans and black walnuts in a glass jar, and, after shaking the jar for a while, calls attention to the fact that the walnuts are on top. Then he empties the jar, and puts the walnuts at the bottom.

"Once more he shakes the jar vigorously, and, as in the first instance, the walnuts shake up to the top and the beans rattle down below them. That is a perfect picture of the process that is going on all about us in business and industrial life. Some men come to the top, while others stay down. No matter how they may start out, the big fellows are going to rise and the little ones go the other

Original from

way. You may take men who are known to be big, and put them at the bottom of the pile and, as the result of the shaking process, they will work their way upwards."

But There Is Always a Chance for the Beans

"That is very nice for the walnuts," I ventured to suggest, "but what hope is there for the beans?"

"WITHOUT pressing the analogy too far," resumed Wills, "there is a great deal of hope for the beans. While a bean may not become a walnut, a little man has within himself the possibilities of becoming a bigger man. Three things determine success. One is technical knowledge or skill of some sort, another is size—capacity—grasp—and the third is perseverance. In developing technical knowledge, for instance, a bank teller may lose sight of his larger opportunity by failing to study business as a whole, just as some people can't see a forest because their attention is focused on some particular tree. An instance was called to my attention, a short time ago, which illustrates my point. A certain railroad promoter wanted first-hand information about a property he was thinking of buying, so he sent one of his assistants to look it over. This assistant had been educated as an engineer, and he looked at the property from a technical point of view. He found the track, roadbed, and equipment in bad condition, and basing his report on those findings, advised his employer not to buy. But the boss, relying on his own judgment and other information he had obtained, made the purchase. The reason he gave was that he was not buying equipment, but a 'short cut' from a big inland city to a desirable seaport. He was really after the right of way. A shorter haul was what he gained, and, with that in his control, all the rest was a matter of detail. The difference between the two men was in point of view and in vision. That is the main distinction between big men and little men."

The Qualities That Make a Big Man

"Since you have used a term that is so commonly employed, I wish you would give me your definition of a so-called big man," I said.

"IF you will study the leaders in business and industry, you will always find two outstanding qualities, and sometimes three. The two big qualities are: Vision, the power to see things in a large way, and the ability to pick men and delegate authority and responsibility to them. The third quality pertains to the handling of associates, and consists of an aptitude for inspiring loyal and willing cooperation in place of driving people."

"It seems to me," I continued, "that the real crux of the matter is: What can a little man do to make himself bigger? Suppose he is in a 'blind alley,' or a rut, and is living a sort of treadmill existence. How is he going to get out? I am unable to see how he can make any headway unless he has a good, strong 'pull' with somebody higher up."

"'PULL', nonsense," retorted Wills. "Do you know that employers of all sorts are mighty sly of the man who tries to advance himself by using a 'pull'? If a young man is seeking a position in a bank or a manufacturing concern, he stands a much better show if he makes a straight-out application, than if he tries to use the influence of an official, director or stockholder. Of course, a letter of introduction is all right, but there should be no attempt to use influence or pressure."

How to Grow into a Better Job

"If a man expects to grow into a better job, how should he go about it?"

"FIRST, by strict attention to his daily duties, by coming into contact with bigger men, and by reading power-making books. By the latter, I mean books that deal with fundamental ideas rather than with technical details. For instance, in the American Institute of Banking, we have a standard course, dealing with elementary banking, commercial and banking law, political economy, and money and banking. This course may be taken under teachers who meet with the classes at night, or by mail. Our aim is to stimulate hunger for knowledge and provide educational food, in form and substance, that can and will be taken and digested. The advantage of this system is that the students are absorbing subjects outside their immediate work, but which have a direct and vital bearing on business as a whole. To a man or a woman in a subordinate job, who wishes to advance, I would say: Get a standard work on political economy and study it, page by page. This is the science which explains all business operations. It deals with the fundamental principles of the production and distribution of wealth. Feed your

mind on economics and you will gradually expand. Vision will develop and you will find yourself gradually looking at your work in a new light. Political economy sounds dry and forbidding, but it becomes live and interesting when you are able to use it, day by day, with your job. Men in all lines of business and in all positions, from the President down, should be well grounded in this all embracing subject, for a knowledge of economics is the key to many a riddle in business, industry, and government. 'A nation of economic illiterates,' is what Mr. Vanderlip, formerly president of the National City Bank of New York, called the American people in a discussion just preceding our entry into the World War. His idea was that the business men of the United States, as a rule, were carrying on their affairs in a haphazard fashion, because they were untrained in this science. I place political economy first. After that, a man should read up on the sources of raw material in his own business and make a study of markets. A study of business science, salesmanship, management, and personal efficiency, naturally grows out of a study of economics. Now, my observation is, that those who take up these studies seriously gradually become bigger men, and their development is a matter of joy to their superiors."

(Continued on page 70)

How I Saved My First Thousand Dollars

THE NEW SUCCESS Monthly Prize Contest

TELL us how you earned your first thousand dollars—how you actually worked and struggled for it; what it meant to you when you saved it; how it helped you in your future life. Maybe your story will help many others who are trying to save their first thousand.

For the best article of not more than 1000 words we offer three prizes: First prize, \$25; second prize, \$15; third prize, \$10.

This competition closes August 18, 1920. The winning articles will appear in the October number. Contributions to these prize contests will *not* be returned unless postage is enclosed with the manuscripts.

Address: Prize Contest Editor, THE NEW SUCCESS, 1133 Broadway, New York City.



Why 2,973,000 New Motor Cars Will Be Built in 1920

One in Every Fourteen People in the United States Now Own Automobiles, and Others Are Hungry to Buy

By JOHN WEBSTER

THIRTY years ago, there were so few motor-cars in the United States that the Census Bureau did not bother to count them. Then everybody stopped and stared as one of the mysterious, slow-moving "horseless carriages" passed by. They were even declared unsafe, and legislation was started to prohibit their manufacture.

To-day, with the practical application of the aeroplane and the wireless telegraph, we accept the motor-car as a matter of course—not as a luxury or a novelty—but as a necessity. One in every fourteen of the population of the United States owns a motor-car.

From a negligible, almost laughable dream, the automobile industry has risen to be the fifth largest producing business in America, and, at the present rate of increase, it will lead all others before long.

The motor-car is now so casual and accepted a fact that only 2,000,000 of the 4,000,000 income-tax payers of the country remembered to tell Uncle Sam that they own and operate cars. Since the income tax starts with an individual revenue of \$2,000, it would seem that many people have solved the problem of upkeep regarding their cars, or else they are so economical that the high price of gasoline and repairs does not interfere with their purchase of food or wearing apparel.

There Are Five Motor-Cars to Every Freight Car

WITHIN a span of twenty years, the motor-car has become so matter-of-fact an institution that it no longer receives credit for the part it plays in the development of national welfare. In the dark days of 1914, Marshal Joffre could not have hurled his soldiers against the foe had he not sent them to the front in taxicabs and motor-busses.

When the railroads of the United States were taxed to the utmost in moving men and war supplies toward the Atlantic seaboard, the railroads failed under the strain. Long streams of motor-cars traversed the highways from western manufacturing points to eastern shipping points, and, after the steamships had transported the men and munitions, and food for starving Europe, other fleets of motor-trucks carried them to the point of need.

Compare the swift-moving, unfailing mode of delivery, proof against wind and weather and bad roads with the

timid advertisement of the Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown Railroad, published in 1831. It states that "Steam Trains will leave at the following hours on days when the weather is fair." A subsequent report of the Baldwin Locomotive Works announces that the engine reported to do this stupendous duty "was very successful and was used for a long time."

To show the immense gain in the use of motor-cars, there are now about five motor-vehicles to every freight car in the land. The total value of passenger and delivery cars and heavy trucks and tractors in use is placed at \$5,300,000,000. Almost four per cent of the population of the United States earns its living from activities directly and indirectly associated with motor-car production.

Carry Twice as Many Passengers as the Railroads

THE motor-car to-day, transports more than twice the number of passengers carried by the railroads of the United States. Of the 6,808,848 passenger cars in this country, New York has more than any other State—a total of 446,593. But the development of the motor-truck industry and the adoption of trucks for business shows a more rapid increase than the shifting from horse-drawn pleasure vehicles to high-powered motor-cars. In New York, alone, the registration of commercial motor-cars is 119,919. The nation's census of business vehicles shows a total of over 750,000.

It is natural to assume that the cities own the largest number of cars, but this is not true. The farmers own a good third of the country's total of cars of all descriptions—passenger, delivery, and tractors. The once pleading South, with its appealing "Buy a bale of cotton," is to-day in the enviable position of leading in the increase of registration for auto-owning permits. For instance, in North Carolina there are 51 per cent more cars in use to-day than a year ago.

Twenty-five Years Ago There Were Laws to Prevent Motor-Cars

THE National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has garnered some astounding facts. All previous production-records were shattered in 1919. The production of motor-cars in 1919 was 2,973,000.

Why 2,973,000 New Motor Cars Will Be Built in 1920

demand for motor-cars. Even these records were made by the efforts made to meet the demands of individuals and business concerns since the signing of the peace.

The record of the production in the United States shows an increase of over 78 per cent in 1919 over 1918. The increase in motor trucks registers 39 per cent. In 1919, 1,974,016 cars were manufactured in the United States, 1,974,016 cars, of which 316,364 were motor-trucks. We will produce 2,973,000 new cars this year.

With great difficulty with the average mind, in the whirl of affairs hurled at the public from the start of the World War is its inability to grasp the magnitude of figures. To drive home the thought—take the total population of your section where you live. Divide it by fourteen. This will give you the proportion of people in every section of the United States who own motor-cars. Of course, it does not work out in every locality, but it does throughout the country.

Fifty-five years ago, various local laws prohibited the driving of "horseless wagons" through public parks and avenues of crowded traffic. To-day special legislation for the regulation and protection of motor vehicles is upon the statute books of every State and practically every country of the world.

The total sum invested in passenger and commercial car manufacture is \$1,015,443,388. This exceeds the capital of all the banks of New York City by the enormous sum of \$126,043,338, and is double the amount of the United States' war loans to Belgium.

Five years ago, the volume of business, in its various branches, amounted to \$3,166,834,595. The passenger and commercial vehicle output was valued at \$1,885,112,546. Tires and accessories climbed to the enormous sum of \$22,048. Tire replacement alone ran to \$660,000,000. The production, for the year, brought the astounding figure of over 76,000,000 barrels of which motor vehicles consumed over 51,000,000 barrels.

Passenger-car manufacture alone, to say nothing of trucks, wagons, trucks and tractors, is represented by a total investment of \$784,660,761. There are 131 motor-car factories in the United States. There are 32,245 dealers who will sell you anything from a "divver" to an imported

car on varying terms and inducements. There are 36,277 garages—over 755 for each State—and 43,643 repair shops.

Think of It! The Tires, Alone, Run Over a Billion Dollars in Value

IT is estimated by manufacturers that the total tire business of the United States for the year 1920, will touch the almost unbelievable figure of \$1,300,000,000. The amount will be even larger in the following year, competent authorities say.

In the six years since the outbreak of the World War, the tire output of 300,000,000, in 1914, has multiplied 400 per cent.

There are to-day ten cars in the United States for every one running in 1911. In that year there were three freight cars to every automobile. Now there are five automobiles to every freight car.

The total wealth of the United States is now estimated at in excess of \$300,000,000,000. Of this the automobile comprises, broadly, about \$12,200,000,000. The total value of motor cars of every type now in use amounts to about \$3,700,000,000. The wealth of the automobile and allied industries runs up to some \$8,500,000,000. This figure takes in the investment of the manufacturer, the selling agents, garages and the personal holdings of employees.

In 1911 there were 204,300 cars registered in the United States. Licenses issued in 1919 grew to 1,578,264. Complete 1920 returns are not yet available.

The rubber manufacturing concerns of the country produce about \$670,000,000 of finished goods annually, and of this total, about \$535,000,000 represents automobile tires. The United States requires some 575,000,000 pounds of crude rubber every year. Of this amount, more than 440,000,000 pounds finds its way into automobile tires and tubes. The pleasure- and commercial-car industry employs 300,000 workers. The annual payroll of these employees, \$371,993,856, is more than the operating expenses of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the year 1918.

Production of Motor-Cars Equals That of Bituminous Coal

THE production of motor-cars for the year, 1919, amounted to \$1,900,000,000. This is equal in monetary value to the combined production of anthracite and bituminous coal. It exceeds the value of the 1918 wheat crop of the country, and equals one-third of the actual currency in circulation in the United States on September 1, 1918. The motor-car industry is twice as large as the men's clothing industry, and also twice as large as the women's clothing industry.

It is estimated that the annual income of garages and agencies for repair work totals \$280,000,000. This does not take into account commissions on sales of cars, tires, and accessories of every nature. There are about 4,000 parts in an automobile, and as the lack of one part can hold up the functioning of an entire plant, it will be seen how necessary it is to carry adequate supplies of all kinds.

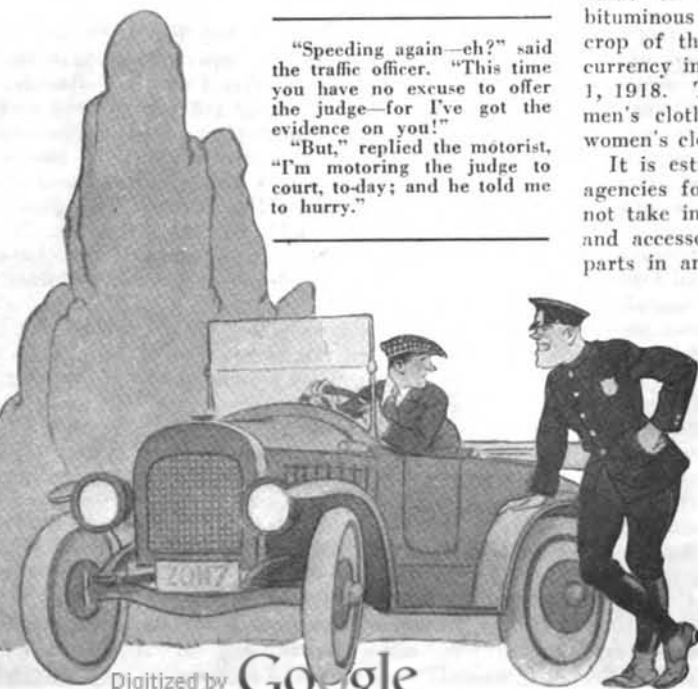
To-day, it is safe to assume, there are at least 50,000 such concerns in the country and that their employees number at least 375,000. Their yearly profits and earnings would reach \$595,000,000 and would support some 1,500,000 persons.

Now the Fifth Largest Industry in America

DESPITE the advancing costs of material and labor, the average cost of a car produced in the United States, in 1917, was only about 25 per cent more than the cost of an automobile's average price in 1907. Naturally this was responsible for the in-

"Speeding again—eh?" said the traffic officer. "This time you have no excuse to offer the judge—for I've got the evidence on you!"

"But," replied the motorist, "I'm motoring the judge to court, to-day; and he told me to hurry."



creasing demand for cars, as their usefulness became more recognized. But the actual advance in demand, and its resulting production, is almost unbelievable. From less than a total of \$6,000,000, in 1901, automobile production leaped to over \$2,300,000,000 in the year 1919.

About 2,973,800 cars will be produced in the United States during 1920, at the present rate of production.

The average price of a motor-car is \$745.00. Of course, you can pay \$10,000 or more for a car if you wish to do so, but it really isn't necessary if you prefer utility to pride of possession and if you are satisfied to ride and transport your goods rather than to point with a figure which excites envy at the name-plate of your vehicle.

We have not realized the growth of the country and its requirements. Hence we have not gathered the importance of the motor-propelled vehicle. It is like any other invention. We accept it as a matter of course. Candles did well enough until gas came along. The mails did well enough—even in the post-rider stage—until the telephone, the telegraph, and the wireless made human activities more speedy. The invention of the talking machine and the aeroplane have come to us with less of a sense of something new and startling than did the announcement of the laying of the Atlantic cable.

The Increase in New York City

IN the City of New York alone, some 350,000 vehicles use the the public highways daily. The traffic has increased markedly in the years since the war broke out, and, strangely enough, despite the war demand for motor-cars, the percentage of automobiles which now traverse the streets of New York City is far greater than ever before.

The statistics as set down by the police department show an interesting increase and an interesting fluctuation. The count of passing vehicles is taken at the most traversed corners of the Metropolis, and is not by any means confined to human fallibility. The punch-clock is the medium of establishing the figures which become matters of record in checking up licenses for driving, and the number of cars passing.

ATEN-HOUR count, embracing an inspection of 17 of the most active intersections of the City of New York, recorded this record, according to the computing instruments:

Motor vehicles in New York City, carrying New York State license: 1914, 54,234. 1919, 178,441. Increase, 124,207.

With every automobile manufacturer hunting new ideas to make the motor-car as simple as the faucet from which the average householder draws hot or cold water, it is only reasonable to assume that the average resident of a city like New York, will own his own car before he owns his home.

How Tires Have Boosted the Rubber Industry

IN 1919, the manufacturers of automobile tires figured that it would require over 250,000 tons of crude rubber to produce the required output for that year. This required a tremendous increase in the

rubber production of the world, particularly when one takes into consideration this fact: In 1900, the entire rubber produced in the world amounted to only 53,890 tons. Of this production, only four tons was what is known as plantation rubber. In seven years, the production of plantation rubber jumped to over 200,000 tons. This was caused by the demand for motor-car tires.

From 1903 to 1912, there was a great rubber boom in London, and everyone from millionaire to laborer was loaded up with rubber-plantation shares. Immense sums were lost in the speculation, but one result was that the world's rubber production was so overstimulated that the average 1919 price of crude rubber was about 40 cents a pound as compared with pre-war prices of 60 to 75 cents a pound, even though almost everything else has gone up.

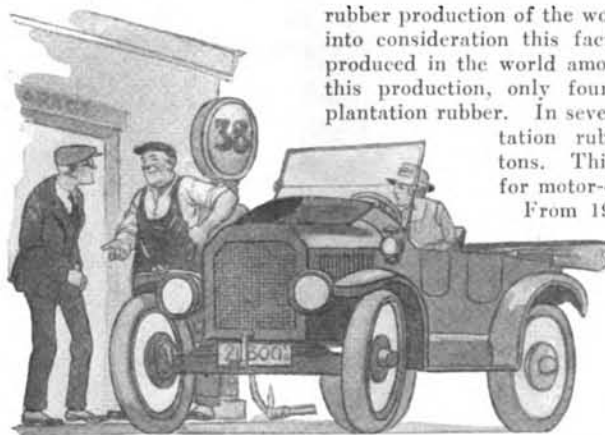
THE gasoline statistics indicate that the typical automobile in service, in 1913, ran about 6,686 miles a year. The decrease in yearly mileage was rapid while we were at war, reaching a low figure of 3,775 miles in 1918. In 1919, the mileage per car seems to have been about 4,121. It is never likely to recover to the pre-war figures, because of the very large numbers of automobiles in the hands of those who have neither the time nor the means to run them long distances.

A great many statements have been made regarding the date of construction of the first motor-car. It is an older institution than many people imagine, and to Jean Cugnot, a Frenchman, must be given the glory. Cugnot, in 1770, built the first automobile. It was a three-wheeled affair, and carried two people at a speed of $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour. It was propelled by a small steam-engine taking steam from a plain drum-boiler. Cugnot was the great pioneer of the automobile industry; but, like all other great inventions, American ingenuity wrought its perfection.

The weighty demonstrator tries to explain to the prospective buyer why the car broke down:

"Why does your company employ a baby elephant for such a job?"

"Well-er-you see," replied the salesman, "it-er-we-there must have been a flaw in the axle."



"I thought gas was only twenty-seven cents a gallon," remarked the motorist who had spent everything but his last dollar bill.

"It was yesterday," answered the humorous garage keeper, "but it is thirty-eight now, and going up steadily; so you'd better pay—quick!"



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THE BEGINNING

By MAUD MORRISON HUEY

Illustrated by A. L. Bairnsfather

The Story of the THING that Forced John Elroy to Pay in Full

JOHN ELROY had a conscience. That is why, as he entered into his book of accounts: "*Bought of Mary Maguire 100 yearlings at \$10 a head,*" there was entered indelibly, somewhere back in his consciousness, the difference between what they were worth and what he had really paid. There it was, as if written in ink, ever before him; and it was only through strong will-power that he was able to concentrate upon the real entry.

It had been a square enough bargain. Mary Maguire had been anxious to sell, and he had the money. The big fire had destroyed her pasture and burned her barns. She had kept them too long already. They were poor. If she had sold three months ago—. But a month's feed would put them in fine shape, conscience reasoned. Then, forcibly, John Elroy put the God man behind him.

Mary Maguire had been obliged to sell, and the chance had come to him. He needed a few good chances to offset so much hard luck. He squared his jaw defiantly. He meant to win. Nothing or no one should stand in his way. Half a dozen more such deals and he could begin on a new set of books. The old sheet with its ups and downs, its slow growth and struggles, its haunting accusations, could be laid aside for a sheet unsullied by errors, a sheet that should record success from the very start, for under it would be a safe foundation. He had been clamoring slowly up toward the mark he had set for himself. So much money and a business in town—that was the goal.

He almost had it now. He knew, too, how he had come by every dollar of it. Gloatingly he went back over each small gain—back to where the book read: "*Bought of David Elroy one mule team for \$75.*"

There he stopped as if a hand had been laid upon him. David Elroy was his father. It was as if two strong combatants inside himself fought for mastery—a bloody battle. It left John Elroy weak and trembling as he turned the page. There followed him a host of memories like mocking demons. The carload of mixed fertilizer that he and his father had bought, jointly, how it had been unevenly divided, most of the expensive fertilizer going into his own land. A picture of his father's fields suffering from drouth, while his own waved crisp and luxuriant. And over the page, there was the entry where he had sold that season's corn crop for \$1000.

A great many things were recorded that led up to the sale of those mules. A place where his father had taken a patent-right off his hands at more than he had originally paid for it. He had quieted his conscience with the thought that peddling was an old



There was no accusing
flash to show that she
knew anything about his
share in the profits.

man's job, and no reason why he should not make money. He saw himself ditching the joining forty so that the damaging wash went through the fence. These and many more things he fought back as if with fists. He slammed the book together defiantly.

DAVID ELROY was an old and broken man. John was his only son. He had thought it smart when John was a little boy and had driven a sharp bargain with him; now John owned the old homestead and all that went with it. He had taken the Texas land off his father's hands, too; and, strangely, the oil prospect they had waited for so long made good the following year. Now David was a renter on his son's land, as you might say: was living off his bounty.

Sometimes John could make himself believe that he was a very magnanimous person, for he charged his father scarcely nothing for rent, only stipulating that the land should be treated according to his instructions. It was a bad forty and would take years to work it up; but then he had bought it at a bargain. Someday when he had it in shape he meant to seed it to alfalfa.

He put on his hat and started off to look at the hundred yearlings he had bought of Mary Maguire. He whistled as he went for he was thinking that, when he had his pile and had started the business down in Eldo-

rado, he would marry Lottie. Already Lottie had waited for him five years.

SHE was a good girl, was Lottie, with as few faults as any; and what few she had, John Elroy felt sure could easily be mended, especially her desire to harbor every stray cat and dog, as well as lame duck or chicken, that a practical person would have put out of the way at once. Of course, he would allow her to keep a dog—one good dog on a place was a benefit—and a cat to keep away rats and mice; but as for "wasting time dawdling over a mess of critters," he thought Lottie would outgrow such nonsense when she was Mrs. John Elroy.

She had lots of virtues that he could name. She could trim her own hats to look quite as well as the expensive ones in the shop windows. And no one would ever think Lottie's dresses were

homemade. She had taken domestic science in a college, and so was a good, economical cook.

And Lottie was pretty. She had been real pretty when John Elroy began paying her attentions five years ago. She had been country "school mom" then; she still taught in the little brown school house at the crossroads.

THAT evening, when John Elroy called, she looked especially sweet and domestic in a neat little pink-checked frock with white pockets. John always spent his Saturday evenings with Lottie. He had no bad habits. He never galloped around with other young fellows at the pool halls or the picture shows. Many a dollar gets away from a young fellow in such a way. He hadn't done much side-stepping.

As he came up the walk, Lottie rose and gave him her hand rather listlessly; but John did not mind that. He was thinking of the hundred yearlings he had just bought for \$1000, and of how he expected to make \$5000 out of them, in the spring.

"Shall we sit outside or would you rather go in?" Lottie folded

up her sewing reluctantly—a dainty summery something with pink and green sprigs. Some of the lure of the balmy summer night she seemed to fold away in it. "I had about given up your coming," she continued, with a little sigh a more sympathetically attuned person might have interpreted as disappointment.

"I guess I am a little late. You see I bought one hundred yearlings, to-day. I was out in the field looking them over and the dark caught me. Sam and Lucy were all through supper when I came in. You see it was a great buy, and I'm going to make good on it. A few more like that and I'll have my pile. Think of it Lottie! A paying business and a house in town! John Elroy—Hardware—All Farm Implements, Harness, Buggies, Etc. How does that sound to you?"

"Oh, fine!" Lottie smiled mechanically, but her eyes were far away. "How is your father?" she turned round presently to ask. "Mr. Dyer told me he was sick."

"Oh, just a little touch of his old rheumatism, I guess. Nothing of consequence," John spoke lightly. It was over John's father that they had come nearest to having words.

"I wonder if eating his own cooking isn't responsible for it? Diet, you know, is very important in rheumatism. Then, there's his feet. You know how careless your father is about keeping them dry? There are so many things for his comfort that he doesn't have."

JOHN'S face burned red. "Why don't he come over and live with me, then? I've offered him better, a good deal, to work for me—and Sam and Lucy could look after him; but he's stubborn. He won't budge."

"No?" Lottie had heard about John's offer before. She leaned her head back wearily and studied him through half-closed lids.

"I had the Carver children over for supper, to-night," she said sadly. "I just got back a half hour ago from seeing them home. I had telephoned Mrs. Mandrake, and she had the best supper—chicken and ice cream. The little fellows ate as if they were starved. I knew they were, that's why I invited them. I've been peeping into their dinner-pails, and it's always the same: cold biscuits and onions. I guess the big community thrasher has about starved the Carvers out this year. He just had that little threshing machine to depend on for a living."

"Great thrasher a!" right!" John was thinking of the fine big machine of which he was the chief stockholder. Somewhere, registered in the book, was his share of the profits, and it was no mean sum.

"Never was anything this community needed worse than a good dependable thrasher."

"There are seven children, three too small for school. I feel sorry for Mrs. Carver, she is so tiny and—helpless. And there's going to be another one." Lottie's eyes were misty and thoughtful.

"The calves were a great bargain, Lottie. Good stock. A little run down, but I've got plenty of feed. I call it good business judgment."

"I don't know what you'll think of my business judgment, John. I just swapped my twenty Southdowns to Sarah Rowe for plain sheep. You know, I had them out on shares anyhow, and it didn't matter much to me, one sheep is as dear to me as another. I only took them to please Uncle Frank. I'm not going into the sheep business; and Sarah was so disappointed that hers weren't thoroughbreds. She says she bought them for that. She paid enough."

HER blue eyes looked straight at John, but there was no accusing flash to show that she knew anything about his share in the transaction. Somewhere, faithfully recorded in the book, was the rather fat fee he had received for the deal. She had agreed to pay so much. He had got the sheep cheaper. He had thought they were good though. Now, what he had gained, he had lost, for Lottie's sheep had been the finest in the whole country. He looked hurt.

"Too bad!" he said; but he did not explain that his pity was for himself.

"On my way home from school, I stopped in to see Mary Maguire," Lottie's soft voice went on. "I was going to help her fit a dress, but she was all unstrung about something. I know she had been crying, though she said she hadn't. John, there is the bravest woman I ever knew. I wish I might ever hope to be as big and brave as she is. How she meets discouragements, and gathers things together and goes on, when men would give up in despair! And so all alone."

"A house in town, Lottie. A neat little bungalow just for us. I'm undecided as to the model. I'll bring over some plans next week and we'll look them over."

He looked at his watch and Lottie stood

up. John Elroy always went home at nine o'clock. He did not believe in keeping late hours.

"Good night, Lottie!" "Good night, John!" When he was gone she stooped and buried her face in the sweet clematis by the porch, with a little passionate gesture that sent the fragrant petals flying.

JOHN ELROY'S chance to finish his stint came soon and unexpectedly.

"Hear they're offering the Spinney Sanatorium for five hundred dollars, John." He was on his way to town, and neighbor Gregg had stopped him for a friendly word. "Enough lumber in that big old building to put up the sweetest house in Eldorado. Good stuff, too. Put up when lumber was cheap. Some talk of the town's buying it and donating it to the Orphan's Home. Got more

bungalow would look in place of the old building. To-morrow was Saturday, and Lottie would tell Lottie.

AS he made the final entry he suddenly realized that he was through with the book. Through! He slapped the covers together with a bang, and started to get up, but his reflected face in the little mirror on the wall opposite halted him. Something compelled him to look straight into his own face. What he saw there stupefied him—those mean crafty eyes, the hard mouth. Stoop too, and only thirty-five. And through all there was something else that looked on like a prisoner peering through bars. "The God man demanded a settlement."

"Balance the book, John Elroy! Now—now!" He set down again heavily.



He opened the book against his will and turned to the first page. He very first dealing worth recording. "Dishonest! Dishonest!" For the first time he allowed himself to utter that word.

It was as if some unseen force had wrested it from him. He remembered Will Blakely—a sickly under-sized fellow. Later Blakely had died with consumption. John had bought the fellow's crop because Blakely had been unable to take care of it himself, and had paid him little or nothing for it.

That little deal had whetted John's ambition. The eight hundred dollars he had put in the bank had been the beginning of his downfall. After years of suppression the word forced its utterance. It had been easy after that—down, and down, and down. On every page, as he turned them one by one, Conscience laid her entry beside his own. (Continued on page 80)

"Dishonest!" For the first time he allowed himself to utter that word. It was as if some unseen force had wrested it from him.

youngsters in their present quarters than they can care for, I guess. Popping out at every crack. Good lot that house sets on, John. Best part of town. Lot alone is worth more'n the price."

And Elroy had gone to see it and had bought it.

That night, in figuring up what he had gained by the transaction, he found that he had reached his goal—and more. He was pleased with his purchase. The lot just suited him. There were fruit trees and a fine garden plot. He pictured how a brown,

"I Hit Big, or I Miss Big," says

GEORGE HERBERT RUTH

The Story of America's Greatest Baseball Player—A Protectors Waif Who Has Become the Idol of all "Fans"

By FREDERICK G. LIEB

Baseball reporter of the New York "Telegraph"



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Ruth, the "home-run" king at bat, while thousands are yelling for him to "make good."

EVERY red-blooded American loves our national game—baseball—because at some time or other in his life, most every American has played on his school team or his home team or on one of the many "nines" that are to be found in most every American township. And the ambition of most every boy who ever swung a bat, was to knock out a home run

every time he stepped to the plate. For that simple reason, whenever a "home-run king" appears in one of the big leagues, he is certain to create a brand of popularity for himself that no other bidder for public favor can approach. His is a glory that cuts deep into the breast of his fellow-man.

Such a glory has come to Mr. George Herbert Ruth, a tall, well-developed young man from Baltimore, Maryland, who, officially, plays right field for the New York Americans, the American League baseball team belonging to New York city. To the millions of baseball enthusiasts, Mr. Ruth is known as "Babe," and his team as "The Yankees."

His Release from Boston Cost \$130,000

RUTH is an interesting study. More newspaper reporters went on the training trip of the New York Yankees last spring than ever before followed a baseball club. In some of the small southern towns, where the teams stopped for exhibitions, the inhabitants were more amazed at this influx of journalistic talent than at the proclivities of Ruth.

"Good lands, you got more reporters than ball players," commented one Dixie hotel attendant. "Who's getting out the papers back in New York?"

But the newspapermen were there to study Ruth. They say that everything in New York is a nine-days' wonder—that the "big town" must have a new craze every so often. The purchase of Ruth, last winter, from the Boston Americans for \$130,000—two and a half times as much as the best previous price for a baseball star on the open market—kicked up quite a fuss, even in New York. Ruth took possession of the metropolis early in the season when he drove home runs for distances that seemed impossible. But the Ruth craze never subsided. It lasted far longer than its allotted nine days, and, to-day, he is firmer on his throne than ever before.

He Realizes that His Mind Affects His Body

MR. GEORGE HERBERT RUTH is twenty-six years old, a married man. In winter he manages his cigar factory in Boston, and he is blessed with a keen business judgment. But at heart he still is a great big boy. He is perfectly natural and could not hide his naturalness if he tried. He simply couldn't be artificial or affected, nor can his self-satisfaction and his prowess as a home-run hitter be called conceit. He is a likable kind of a man. If one can picture a man in an almost chronic state of good

humor, he has the real "Babe" Ruth. In his way, Ruth likes to be petted and humored; but no more than the big boy who is the leading pitcher and home-run hitter of his own home team.

It is only when Ruth isn't hitting that he gets blue and peevish, shows his moods, and acts like a grizzly deprived of its prey. Fortunately his batting slumps are rare and seldom last longer than a few days, because Mr. Ruth has learned the scientific fact that the state of one's mind quickly affects one's body. When Ruth isn't feeling well, there is only one remedy: several clean hits or a long-distance home run. Like every other man; when the thing he is most interested in goes well he is alert, keen, and full of ginger.

Ruth lives, moves and, has his being in an atmosphere of home runs. He loves baseball, but hitting home-runs is, with him, a passion.

Shortly after the Yankees arrived at their Jacksonville training-camp, early last spring, Ruth experienced considerable difficulty in hitting the easy practice pitching. His eye had not yet focused on the ball, and in taking his terrific swings he usually hit under the ball or missed it entirely. This annoyed him more than he would admit.

"Hit Big; Miss Big," His Theory of Life and Baseball

AWAY from the stress of baseball warfare, Ruth will tell you that his theory of baseball, and life, too, is to "Hit big, or miss big."

"I swing every time with all the force I have," he said, one day, in discussing his hitting. "I guess I strike out as often as any one else; but when I hit the ball, I hit it." And Ruth smiled with boyish glee as he thought of the anguish he had brought to the opposing pitcher on the previous day when he drove a ball clean over the grandstand roof.

But when Ruth misses, he goes up to the plate, the next time, with more determination than ever. His heart is so wrapped up in his work that he cannot bear to think of any pitcher fooling him. Often when he strikes out, he will return to the bench—put out with nobody but himself.

In the American league games, the big thrill comes when Ruth takes his position at bat. After he gets his crack at the ball, the fans sit back and relax until the home-run king again faces the opposing pitcher. Ruth feels that psychological thrill which runs through the crowd at his appearance in every fiber. Baseball is the most remarkable natural stimulant in the world. Ruth knows what the crowd expects, and tries his best to oblige. If a pitcher outguesses him once, his thoughts immediately concentrate on his next turn at bat. He already lives in that coming moment. He has missed big once; the next time he will hit big.

How Ruth Withstands the Jeers of Opposing Crowds

BUT with it all, Ruth is a good sport. He takes hits and misses, applause and jibes as part of the game, though he is so natural that he cannot always hide his feelings. When a boy is happy or peevish, he makes no attempt to hide the true state of his emotions. And with all his

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natural traits, Ruth is just such a boy. When he hits a home run, his face is all smiles; when he misses several in a row, he cannot help but feel his disappointment.

There are many who wonder what train of thought runs through Babe Ruth's head, when a friendly crowd cheers with maddening acclaim, or, in the opposite extreme, when a hostile crowd goes into similar ecstasies when he had "struck out" with three men on bases. Then Ruth is obliged to listen to the taunts and the derisive sneers of the opposing multitude, for it is the nature of the baseball "fan" to pull for his home team.

That is one of the queer anomalies of baseball. Whenever the New York team takes the road the "fans" will flock to the parks in thousands to see Ruth hit home runs, yet they get their greatest joy when the home pitcher prevents Ruth from hitting, and their cup of joy runneth completely over if Ruth should happen to "strike out."

"The 'fans' are mostly for me," said Ruth, when asked how the crowds affect him. "I like them; and, if they hoot me, it's all in baseball. I always give them the best I have—wherever I may be playing."

Forty Home Runs in 1920, His Goal

NOTWITHSTANDING his boyish temperament and impulses, Ruth is a shrewd observer. He is paid a big salary; but he has a keenly developed business sense. He draws people like a theatrical star. He is fully aware that the New York American League club has played to more people this year than any other club in the history of baseball. He knows the average attendance of his club. And he knows that he has been in a great measure responsible for the enormous crowds which have stormed the turnstiles wherever he has appeared.

The people who patronize baseball are truly his friends. They like his cheerful, round face and his smile. He is Manhattan's idol—a good-natured idol, who takes New York's hero worship as a matter of course and as a fitting tribute to one of his ability.

Ruth is natural and unassuming, and he never impresses one with the fact that he must live up to his part. Best of all, he is not a braggart. He is well aware of his ability, believes firmly in himself, but he doesn't boast. At the start of the present season, he was asked whether he hoped to equal his record of last season, when he broke all known records by hitting twenty-nine home runs.

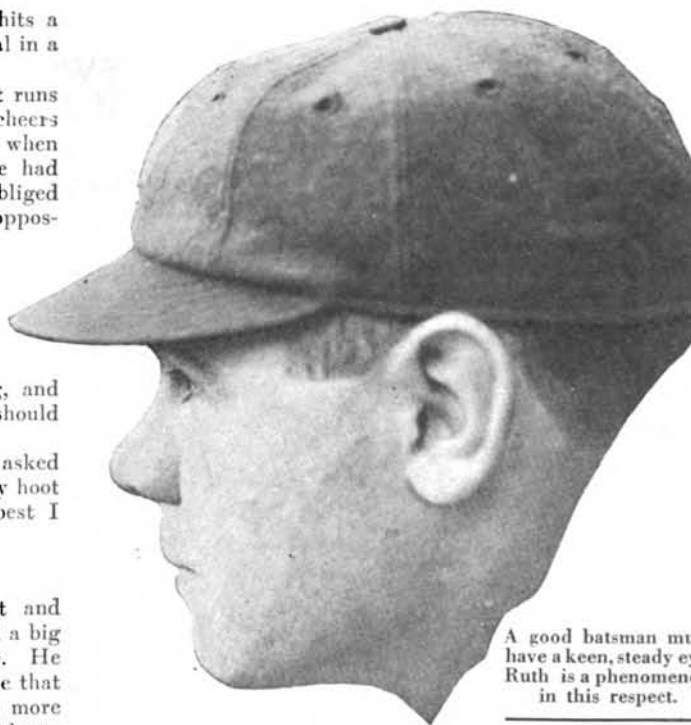
"I think I can beat it," he replied.

When asked how many he thought he would hit, the answer was, "Oh, perhaps forty," in a very matter-of-fact tone of voice.

There Are Times When He Must Use His Sense of Humor

UNTIL Ruth came along no baseball player ever dreamed of hitting forty home runs a year. Up to the time that Ruth made his record, the American League record was sixteen—made back in 1902. Yet Ruth spoke of his forty-home-run program with no more affectation than one might use in discussing the weather. It was a sincere estimate of his own ability. In the course of twelve years of intimate association with major-league ball players, the writer has come across many players of far less ability than Ruth who took much greater delight in impressing their ability on well-meaning laymen. Ruth doesn't mind discussing the subject of home runs, but he always lets some one else start it. He never goes out of his way to proclaim his ability.

Only once since Ruth has been with



A good batsman must have a keen, steady eye. Ruth is a phenomenon in this respect.

the New York Yankees has criticism really "got under his skin," and then two "strike outs" and the jibes of a fan brought all his natural instincts to the surface. And, even then, Ruth's sense of good humor saved what threatened to be an ugly situation.

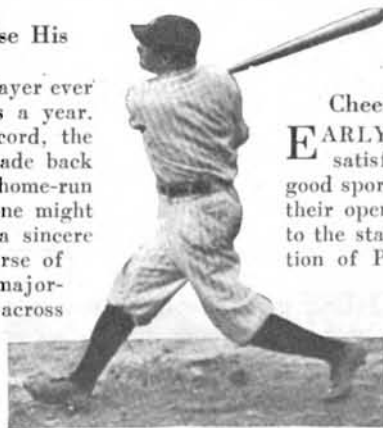
The New York team was playing Brooklyn an exhibition game in Jacksonville, last March, and Ruth had not yet started to hit. He fretted and fumed over his inability "hit safe." Twice he struck out, and a Florida "fan" turned loose his sentiments. The "fan" had a rasping, penetrating voice, which, wafted on a spring breeze, carried to the distant corner of the field.

Ruth stood the man's jeers for several innings; but, at length, he went over to the bleachers and challenged the critic. The "fan's" retort was something that no real man could overlook. Ruth leaped over the bleacher rail. When he reached his tormentor Ruth discovered that the fellow was a little dried-up shrimp of a man, not more than four feet and a half tall. The ludicrousness of going after a man half his size and weight struck him. He laughed at his sense of humor. Babe Ruth's fighting face expanded into a gigantic smile, and his adversary wilted.

Cheerfully Wore the Crown of Ridicule

EARLY in the present season, Ruth proved to the satisfaction of the baseball world that he is a good sport. His miff of a fly ball cost the Yankees their opening game, played in Philadelphia. Prior to the start of the second game, next day, a delegation of Philadelphians marched to the home plate with a package, neatly wrapped up, and asked for Ruth. The umpires held the game, while the players of both teams gathered around the fortunate recipient of the gift—as is always the custom when some player is singled out for a presentation.

Ruth opened the package and pulled out a brown derby hat of the vintage of 1898—a low-crown affair of the kind (Continued on page 69)



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A snap-shot of Ruth, taken at the Polo Grounds, New York, just after he had batted out one of his longest "homers."

Teach Your Child to Look for Beauty

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Every child should see a beautiful picture and hear a beautiful poem every day.—GORTHE.

CHILDREN should be taught to look for beauty everywhere, to read the great poem of creation in the wonderful panorama of nature. Think what it would mean if all children were trained to see and appreciate the beautiful things in nature as Ruskin did, or as John Burroughs does! How this would enrich, enlarge, and ennoble many lives which are barren and skimpy and stunted!

Character is fed largely through the eye and the ear. The thousand voices in nature of bird and insect and brook; the sighing of the wind through the trees, the scent of flower and meadow, the myriad tints in earth and sky, in ocean and forest, mountain and hill, are just as important for the development of a real man as the education he receives from books. If we take no beauty into our life through the eye or the ear to stimulate and develop our æsthetic faculties, our nature will be hard and unattractive.

EDWARD GRIEG, the Norwegian composer said, "I passed my childhood among some of the grandest scenery of the North. Ever since I can remember, the beauty of my country has impressed me as something wonderful and magnificent beyond expression. It is our mountains, our lakes and forests which have influenced my work far more than any human being has done; and even now, though I am forty, they have the same power over me."

We have heard how the ancient Romans placed statues of their great heroes in their homes so that they might be constantly before the eyes of the mothers and children in order to inspire them with the heroic spirit. We should place before our American mothers and children objects of beauty and strength. In every public square, every park and enclosure in our great cities, in every school house in the land, we should place beautiful works of art, inspiring statues and pictures, things which will awaken an appreciation of all that is beautiful in life. "The more we see of beauty everywhere; in nature, in life, in man and child, in work and rest, in the outward and the inward world, the more we see of God."

"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," the Bible tells us.

BACK of the lily and the rose, back of the landscape, back of all beautiful things that enchant us, there must be a great power of the beautiful, a great beauty Principle. God has put robes of beauty and glory upon all His works. Every flower is dressed in richness; every field blushes beneath a mantle of beauty; every star is veiled in brightness; every bird is clothed

THERE is no accomplishment, no trait of character, no quality of mind, which will give greater satisfaction and pleasure or contribute more to one's welfare than an appreciation of the beautiful. How many people might be saved from wrong-doing, even from lives of crime, by the cultivation of the æsthetic faculties in their childhood! A love of the beautiful would save many children from things which coarsen and brutalize their natures. It would shield them from a multitude of temptations.

in habiliments of the most exquisite taste.

What a pity that we should wake and find ourselves in such a beautiful, magnificent world, and yet have our eyes so often blinded with selfishness, with the greed for gain, that we never really see or appreciate it!

It is wicked to be unhappy, to complain in such a magnificent paradise of perfection and beauty. It is a crime for people in good health, in possession of all their faculties and senses, to go about whining, complaining, as if life had been a perpetual disappointment. We should never cease to wonder at

our good fortune in being born into a world full of such marvels.

The greatest thing in life is not to make money, but to raise ourselves to our highest power, to call out the hidden beauties of our nature, and to make ourselves attractive and helpful instead of repellent and unsympathetic. The coldest hearts are warmed, and the stubbornest natures are subdued, by the charm of a beautiful soul.

I WAS recently walking with a friend when we met a man fearfully deformed, hobbling on crutches, his limbs twisted out of shape. Still he had a cheerful face; hope looked out of his eyes. Beauty of character was there. My friend said to me, "Can we look at that poor creature and then say, we, with good health and all our limbs and senses intact, are not millionaires?"

There are many superb personalities that go through life extracting sunshine from what to others seems but darkness, seeing charm in apparent ugliness, discerning grace and exquisite proportions where the unloving see but forbidding angles and distortion, and glimpsing the image of divinity where less beautiful souls see but a lost and degraded human being.

Yet this ability to see the beauty in apparently ugly things is possible to all who will take the trouble to begin early in life to cultivate the finer qualities of the soul, the eye, and the heart. A beautiful character will make poetry out of the prosiest life, bring sunshine into the darkest home, and develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings.

Put beauty into your life, encourage a love for it in the young. Beauty is the twin of love. The union of the two in their highest form would make earth a paradise and man, indeed, only, "a little lower than the angels."

Most parents do not take sufficient pains to develop a love and appreciation of beauty in their children. They do not realize that in impressionable youth, everything about the home, the furnishings, the pictures, even the paper on the wall, affect the growing character. They should never lose an opportunity of letting their boys and girls see and hear all that is beautiful in life.

THERE is no doubt that beauty was intended to play an infinitely greater part in civilized life than it has thus far. The trouble with us is that the tremendous material prizes in this land of opportunity are so tempting and alluring that we have lost sight of the higher things.

Don't Dwell on the Things You Want to Keep Out of Your Life

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

THERE is a Spanish proverb which tells us that every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful of hay. Every time you allow yourself to complain of your lot, that luck is against you, to say, "I am poor; I can never do what others do; I shall never be rich; I have not the ability that others have; I am a failure," you are laying up just so much trouble for yourself, making it all the more difficult to get the things for which perhaps you are working hard.

Thoughts, emotions, motives, passions are tremendous forces. Our mental attitude at any time is a magnet which is attracting things which correspond with the attitude, so whenever your mind is not positive, is not constructive, it is not creating, not producing, but is actually destroying the very thing you desire.

Is it any wonder, considering this fact, that so many lives are barren, that so many are poverty-stricken in their pocket-books, in their health, in their personality, in their friendships? Their lives are poverty-stricken because their mental attitude has been poverty-stricken.

If you are always expecting poor business, preparing for it, complaining about the times and conditions, and saying that business is going to be bad, it *will* be bad—for you. The terror of failure, of coming to want, and the fear of possible humiliation keep multitudes of people from obtaining the very things they desire, by sapping their vitality and incapacitating them, through worry and anxiety, for the effective, creative work necessary to give them success.

MANY men would probably be greatly shocked to learn that, notwithstanding their ambition and all their struggling, they are driving away from them the very thing they are pursuing, by their habitual mental attitude. They go through life trying to build happy, prosperous, healthful lives by negative, destructive thinking. They indulge in worries, fears, envies, thoughts of hatred and revenge, and carry habitually a mental attitude which means destruction to health, growth and creative possibility. Their lives are pitched to a minor key. There is always a downward tendency in their thought and conversation. They declare poverty and misfortune were meant for them. Their letters are always pessimistic. Everything is down—business poor, prospects dark. There

are always snags ahead. They go through life like a tornado cloud, carrying blackness and threatening disaster wherever they go.

IT is a tragic fact that most human beings are actually driving away the very thing they are pursuing, killing their fondest hopes, thwarting their ambition much of their lives, without being conscious of it, because they do not know the terrific power of thought; they do not know that their mental attitude at any time is the pattern which is being built into their life, which becomes a part of their career. They do not know that every time they indulge in a fit of the blues, that every time they succumb to despondency, or to discouragement, that every time they doubt, they are like the bleating sheep which loses a mouthful of hay. They are losing ground, dropping something valuable.



"Every time the sheep bleats, it loses a mouthful of hay"—Old Spanish Proverb. Are you like a sheep?

WE strangle our happiness supply, the source of our

joy, by dwelling upon our miseries, our misfortunes. A current of plenty will not flow towards the poverty-stricken, parsimonious thought; nor will the stream of happiness flow towards the pessimistic, doubt thought.

If we wish to be happy, we should not fill the mind with black, discouraging pictures, with gloom and despondency. We must flood the mind with sunshine. We must think and talk happiness.

If you don't want poverty, lack and want, don't think or talk about such things. Hold the idea of plenty, of opulence; obey the law of opulence so that prosperity will flow to you. It cannot flow to a doubting or discouraged mind, a mind filled with fear, worry, and anxiety, because when these are in the mind you are attracting the very things you are afraid of and are worrying about.

IF all of the poverty-stricken people in the world to-day would quit thinking and talking of poverty, quit dwelling on it, worrying about it and fearing it; if they would wipe the poverty thought out of their minds, if they would cut off mentally all relations with poverty and substitute the opulent thought, the prosperity thought, the mental attitude that faces toward prosperity, they would soon begin to change conditions. It is the dwelling on the thing, fearing it, worrying about it, the anx-

Don't grumble or complain about the weather—you can't change it—no one ever has.

ietry about it, the terror of it, that attracts us to it and attracts it to us. We cut off our supply current and establish relations with want, with poverty-stricken conditions.

Remember, you will never be anything but a beggar while you think beggarly thoughts, but a poor man while you think poverty, a failure while you think failure thoughts. The very hopelessness of such an outlook on life demoralizes effort and kills ambition. You cannot do your best, you cannot succeed in anything while your mind is filled with failure thoughts.

We must look for the best and expect the best.

I KNOW a man who, whenever he misses a train, says, "I knew I wouldn't catch it! It was just my luck to miss it! I must have been born late." If he makes a blunder or an unfortunate mistake he will say, "I am unlucky about everything. I might have known it would turn out bad. If I bought gold dollars to-day they wouldn't be worth more than fifty cents to-morrow."

Now, my friend, talking disparagingly about yourself, depreciating yourself, is self-deterioration. The constant suggestion of your inferiority, of your defects, or weaknesses, will interfere with your success in anything. You

can't be lucky, you can't be successful if you are all the time talking against yourself in a depreciating way, for this will undermine your confidence in yourself and in your efficiency.

Always speak of yourself as lucky, fortunate. Always, everywhere, think of yourself as you would like to be, not as one who is inefficient and always blundering. Talk about yourself and of things as you wish they were, otherwise you will drive away what you long for and attract the things which you wish to get rid of.

IF you have been in the habit of finding fault with yourself, if you have been in the habit of worrying and fretting about yourself, you can never change your condition unless you call a halt. Say to yourself: "These things are only injuring me, they are making me prematurely old, marring my disposition, ruining my health and keeping me back. Now, hereafter, I am going to change my whole attitude towards myself. Instead of holding pictures of my defective, deficient self, I am going to hold the thought of my ideal self. If I am a child of God, I must have partaken of His divine qualities. It is wicked of me to berate and belittle and to denounce what the Creator has made."

If You Are "Down and Out"

IF you are "down and out" to-day, if you are looking for a job and cannot find one; if you are "dead broke," and don't know where your next dollar is coming from; if for any reason you are discouraged and tempted to retreat before the enemy, well, then, as a first bracer, you can't do better than what Edison did while he watched the structure of his life-work burn to ashes—just recite Rudyard Kipling's "If."

You know that famous poem of Kipling's, don't you? If not, go at once to the nearest bookstore or library, get a copy of it, and read it. Learn it by heart. Recite it every day. There are only four stanzas, and the lilt of victory is in every line.

Here are the last stanzas:

*If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them, "Hold On."*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty-seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!*

If you can keep step with those lines, "my son," no matter how many failures are behind you, success lies just in front.

There are thousands of people, to-day, who, thru no fault of theirs, have lost everything they had in the world, who are just as far from failure as they were before their loss.

Why? Because they have too much grit, too much spirit to be beaten. They know life better than to give up this side of eternity.

"If I Had only Kept On!"

ON every hand we see people who are working at a tremendous disadvantage, doing the little things, playing the little game in life, when they are capable of doing infinitely bigger things, playing an infinitely bigger game. The reason for this is they have not called out their reserves, and do not know what is possible to them. They are ignorant of their powers.

Many of them never have prepared for the big things they are capable of doing, so they go through life working at a great disadvantage: fine talents doing the work of mediocrity. Because of the lack of proper training along the line of their chosen work, they are handicapped throughout their career. It is a very shortsighted policy to start out on a long life-work with no special training adequate to the demand.

IF I were to give the youth a single word of advice, I think it would be this: "Prepare." Prepare for your life work with a scientific preparation, for the world needs, more than anything else, trained brains.

What would you think of a jeweler who had a very valuable rough diamond, and who only ground one facet, leaving practically all of the greatest wealth of the diamond, its most beautiful brilliancy, its marvelous possibilities shut up inside of it, where no one could ever see or appreciate it or utilize its value? Suppose it was impossible ever to grind more than one facet of this immense diamond. Think of the loss in value!

I often have letters from men in middle life and after, who tell me they regret beyond words that they did not stay at school, get a better preparation, a better education. "If I had only kept on as I had begun," is the cry of many a disappointed middle-aged man.

MY friend, you who have but very little education, who left school long before you should, so that you have only ground one or two facets of your great human diamond, leaving marvelous possibilities, untold wealth hidden within—you will soon reach an age when it will be almost impossible to grind the other facets and you will begin to cry, "Oh, if I had only kept on!"

There is nothing like a splendid preparation for your life work. Never mind what sacrifices you have to make. Get it at any cost!

Robert Edmond Jones and His Art

This Remarkable Young Man Not Only Paints Stage Scenery,
But Builds Stage Settings, Creates Light Effects,
and Sews the Costumes He Designs

By SELMA H. LOWENBERG

IT is only within the past four years that New York has recognized Robert Edmond Jones and his art. Now, however, when one goes into the theater to see a play produced under the direction of that master of stagecraft, Arthur Hopkins, one is surrounded immediately with the atmosphere of the play. The moment the lights are dimmed and the curtain rises we feel the play, and the hand of Robert Edmond Jones is everywhere apparent. It is he who has arranged and planned the settings and costumes and through his fine attention to detail created the atmosphere.

Mr. Jones is not yet thirty years of age, yet his success is one of the most brilliant in the history of the stage. True to precedent he has lived in Washington Square and starved in a garret, "and done all that sort of thing," as he himself puts it. Mr. Jones was born in a small New Hampshire town—a farmer boy, he calls himself; and it was not until he was twenty years old that he first saw a stage production. His introduction to the theater was through Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." Is it any wonder then that his artistic temperament and his great imagination and originality inclined him toward the theater and its art?

HARVARD is Mr. Jones's college, and there he studied art. When he had finished he taught for a while. He soon found that teaching was not his vocation for there was no joy in his work. It needed no especial imagination; it was not creative. New York then became his home and he did any work that came his way. Poster advertising, book illustrating—anything at all. This, too, proved joyless, unsatisfying. It was during this time that he learned what it was to go without food, to even be desperately ill without attention.

DURING all this time he studied the theaters, not only here but abroad. Most everyone interested in the theater read much of the theater in Europe, yet Mr. Jones learned that no one ever actually went there to study European methods of production. In Europe, the artists had long previously learned that it is not necessary to clutter up the stage with furniture in order to give the desired effect; nor is it necessary to use riotous colors in costuming. Mr. Jones determined to go to Europe to study the theater.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

ROBERT EDMOND JONES

When he was recovered from his illness he again obtained work and shortly after decided that he had sufficient money to afford the European trip and make out an existence during his studies there. At that time the German theater was used as a model; accordingly Mr. Jones chose Rhinehardt's Theater in Berlin. He did no work there but studied every phase of the artist's work and learned all the ins and outs of the craft. In Europe the scenic artist knows how to do—and very often does—all the work there is to do from building the scenery to making the costumes. In America he does nothing but design the sets and costumes. He leaves the rest to his assistants. Mr. Jones was in Germany a year when the war broke out. In November of that year, he returned to the United States filled with new ideas and new depths of imagination for the effects that could be accomplished on the stage.

IT was not so easy, however, to persuade producers to try out these new ideas, so Mr. Jones resumed his poster advertising and his book illustration and various other forms of art. During this time, he did some

work for the Washington Square Players, then in their infancy, but this work attracted no especial attention.

It was not until Granville Barker decided to produce Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" that Mr. Jones had his opportunity. He did not let the chance slip by. He worked with a joy and diligence that was new to him. His efforts were untiring. He planned the lighting and personally superintended its maneuvering; he painted the scenes—he trusted no one else—and every costume worn in the play was made by his hand. He selected the material and made the costumes on the actors. His efforts were rewarded, for the following morning the critics did not forget to give praise where praise was due. The accounts of his achievements were many and glowing. Mr. Jones was happy. It was his first conspicuous success.

IN his boyish ignorance of what success really meant he believed that he would no longer have cause for worry. He waited. No theatrical producers came near. And then the day came when he met Arthur Hopkins, the young producer who was not afraid to inaugurate new ideas in his plays. Mr. Jones knew that the chance of his life had come.

They worked together. Their first big production lasted but a week in New York. The second, "The Devil's Garden," was a big success. The scenic results achieved were marvelous. Every critic mentioned Mr. Jones and his work and they have continued to do so in every production in which he has had a hand since that time.

WHEN Percy Mackaye presented "Caliban" in the huge stadium of the College of the City of New York, he called on Mr. Jones for assistance. The scenes, the costumes, the lighting—all were wonderful. Shortly after the presentation of "Caliban," in the winter of 1916, it may be remembered that Nijinsky produced Strauss's Russian Ballet, "Till Eulenspiegel" at the Manhattan Opera House. Mr. Jones was called in to use his great art. To him is accredited nine-tenths of the success of the production. One eminent critic wrote glowingly of the marvelous effects achieved in lighting, the wonderful imagery of the scenes, and the wild exaggeration in color of the costumes. "The personages might have stepped out of some Volksbuch of the Middle Ages, yet with it all there is no suggestion of coloristic disharmony with the somber scenic frame and the light magical figurants," he wrote.

One of his latest and greatest achievements is the production of "Richard III., in which John Barrymore appears.

PROBABLY a great measure of Mr. Jones's success in "putting over" his ideas might be attributed to his fine attention to detail. Not the tiniest detail is ever overlooked.

He knows what he wants and he works until he gets it. In costuming, the attention to detail is the same as in the settings. He trusts no one to select materials or design costumes. Very often it is difficult to find just the material desired, but he spares no effort, nor does he spare himself in searching until he is satisfied. Then comes the making of the garment. It is not always easy to communicate his ideas to others. That is why so much of the detail work is done by himself. He takes the needle and works until the desired result is obtained.

MR. JONES belongs to those select few who find the greatest and keenest joy in their work. To go to one's work each day with a singing heart—surely that is success. And that is what Mr. Jones does. Because he puts his whole heart and soul into his work, perhaps that is why we feel it so intensely. The magnificent beauty of his work is inspiring.

He knows every nook and cranny of his art, he knows every step that must be taken to make a production a success, to achieve the desired results.

He is not an electrician, yet he knows what lights will do and what to do with them.

Mr. Jones never in all his trials lacked assurance. Even as he is now persistent in seeking out the very thing his instinct tells him is needed, so was he persistent and earnest in his work and study, once he had decided and knew where his real forte lay. He left no stone unturned to learn all there was to know and his failures did not dishearten him.



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MRS. LEONORA
RECTOR CROOK

Getting Ahead of an Idea

How Mrs. Leonora Rector Crook, Who Thought She Couldn't Do Anything, Worked Into a Responsible Position

By ADA PATTERSON

THAT was four years ago, Mrs. Crook is, to-day, a successful business woman. She has proved that a gentlewoman suddenly bereft of fortune need neither starve nor be dependent on tolerant, pitying relatives.

When she gripped her small daughter's tiny hand and led her out of the Pennsylvania station, ignoring the cries of "Taxi!" and lifted her aboard a street-car, Mrs. Crook's chief memory was of a brilliant flower garden surrounding a fine old house in Vicksburgh, Tennessee, her girlhood home.

Mrs. Crook went to the apartment of a relative who was staying in New York. It was a refuge, but only a temporary one. Her southern pride would not permit her to remain there more than a few days. After dinner she crossed her hands on her black gown and answered her hostess's inquiry: "What can I do for you?"

"There's nothing you can do, my dear, except help me to find something to do. Do you know anybody who employs people?"

"I don't. But my husband knows the secretary of a prominent hotel man. He is Mr. Lucius M. Boomer's, secretary. Mr. Boomer has the Waldorf-Astoria and the McAlpin Hotels, and all the Sherry stores and the Tiffin's, and many other enterprises."

MRS. CROOK listened and nodded with what seemed a manner that covers languor. The relative's husband spoke to the secretary. The secretary spoke to Mr. Boomer. Mr. Boomer said: "All right. Tell her to call Monday morning."

NEW YORK seemed to her a big, terrifying city when she arrived there to seek her fortune. But the fortune seemed a myth and a living had to be made. Besides, this young woman sought the fortune—and the living—not alone for herself, but for a four-year-old daughter.

She never had been in a business office in her life. If she had ever known a business man it was as a person who came from some hazy, distant, downtown region, and metamorphosed himself, by bathing and putting on his evening clothes, into a pleasant neighbor at dinner or a good dancing partner.

She never had earned a penny and she had not the slightest notion how she could earn it. But the Great Necessity had pushed her into New York.

"Never having been in a business office, I didn't know how to dress for the occasion," said Mrs. Crook to the representative of THE NEW SUCCESS. "But I knew that much depends on the first impression. Taste told me I should dress simply; but, then, I always dressed simply. My wardrobe was so limited that I had little choice. I would have worn a suit had I had one. But I wore the only outdoor dress I had. It was a dark one-piece dress with lace collar and cuffs. I borrowed from my relative a small black hat.

"The secretary took me into the office and introduced me. Mr. Boomer rose and greeted me just as men had done in my own and in the homes of my friends. That surprised me a little in the new world. We sat down and he said: 'What can I do for you?'

"I answered: 'I hope you will give me something to do.'

"Said Mr. Boomer: 'What can you do?'

"I answered: 'Nothing.'

"He said: 'What do you think you can do?'

"'I don't know,' I quietly answered.

"'Then,' said Mr. Boomer, 'you expect me to create a place for you. Is that it?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'That is it.'

"He said: 'I'll think about it and let you know.'"

TWO days later came a letter from Mr. Boomer: "Report to the hotel hostess, Mrs. Evans, in the women's department on the sixth floor. Do what you can to assist her."

So the gentle, low-voiced, black-gowned woman began her business career—at fifty dollars a month. She was assistant to the hostess. Mrs. Evans assigned her the work of looking after private banquets. Hers was the duty to make every private dinner, luncheon, or supper a success. She inquired from the host or hostess their personal likes and built upon them according to her own taste.

She inspected tables. She scrutinized the decorations. Often she remained in the room until all the guests arrived. Unobtrusively she directed the waiters. It was hers to see that each affair went off without a hitch—no errors; no exasperations.

For instance: A certain man had ordered a dinner for ten. He sent some flowers. Mrs. Crook arranged them herself. She placed them in a basket at the middle of the table. It sounds simple. Yet when the host beamed about the table at his guests and listened to their praise of the exquisite arrangement of the flowers, he answered: "A man can learn things about his own business. I have to-night, and I am a florist."

The waiter told the secretary. The secretary reported the compliment to Mr. Boomer. Mr. Boomer wrote a two-line note to Mrs. Crook. "I am glad to know that your arrangement of the flowers at last night's dinner was praised," he said. "Please take charge of all the flowers in the hotel."

THE while she was helping Mrs. Evans in the woman's department. She wrote notes for her. She entertained the children who were sent to the sixth floor by shopping mothers. She chaperoned young girls. And she ate her meals in a large dining hall with the help. She breakfasted, lunched and dined surrounded by waiters.

"I didn't like it," admits Mrs. Crook, who is of flowerlike fineness and exquisiteness. "But it made the waiters my friends. I had to walk with them at the banquets and it was most necessary that I have their good will, I got it.

MAKE it a life-rule to wipe out from your memory everything which has been unpleasant, unfortunate. We ought to forget everything which has kept us back, which has made us suffer, which has been disagreeable, and never allow the hideous pictures of distressing conditions to enter our minds again. There is only one thing to do with a disagreeable, harmful experience, and that is to bury it — *forget it*.

Their coöperation helped me to succeed."

Mrs. Crook worked from dawn till long after electric lights flowered in the Hotel McAlpin. Nevertheless she formed the habit of going to Mr. Boomer with a request for more money and more work. She became more useful. Her work increased. She became one of the petty officers of the

hotel—and was permitted to take her meals in the officers' mess room.

One day Mr. Boomer said: "I will send you to help Mrs. Evans in the candy store. I want you to learn the business."

For three months she experimented in the art of keeping a candy shop. She learned arrangement of the candies. Under her hand the bowls and baskets and little hillocks of sweets began to take on the semblance of a garden. She arranged them as an artist would mass his colors. She learned to get on with the salesgirls and the maids in the tea shop. She learned to sell.

MR. BOOMER announced that he would open a confectionery and tea room in the Waldorf-Astoria and that Mrs. Crook would have full charge of it. It blossomed with candy like a flower garden in summer. Mr. Boomer sailed for Europe. When he returned he said: "I suspected it before. Now I know that this is the most beautiful candy shop in the world."

To oblige is part of her doctrine. She conducts an unofficial bureau of information. Guests ask her what plays to see, what books to read. A man asked her where to buy a gown for his wife. "One like that you are wearing," he said—but Mrs. Crook had made the dress herself!

"So you have proven that a woman who can't do anything, can?" I asked.

"I hope I have proven that hotel keeping is extended housekeeping," she said. "And that having learned only how to keep house and entertain guests may be an asset."

"So what is apparently no preparation for business may be preparation?" was my next question.

"Yes, for entertaining in your own home is learning to please people. And if you can please people you will succeed."

"Which is another way of saying that tact is a synonym for success?"

"Yes; tact plus, means success. The plus in my case has been intense application," said Mrs. Crook.

"Then being a gentlewoman is an asset in business?"

"I think it is better to have a business training. Not that a woman cannot succeed without it; but it saves her agonies of terror. It pays to be a lady. If a woman affronts persons by what she calls being businesslike and others call an unpleasant manner, she may lose business where the other would gain it. I have often been hurt by what seemed like sarcasm directed at the southern woman. A woman said to me: 'All you have to do in New York is to be a southerner and you'll get by in business.' She discounted all that I have gone through to win."

"To the untrained woman from the home who has to earn her living you would say?" I asked.

"Find the place where you can apply your taste and the executive ability you developed in your own home and work. Most women are afraid to work enough to succeed. If you have been a hostess in your home you will carry into business the disarming power. The big world meets gentleness with gentleness."

An Interview with Mary Austin

*Distinguished Novelist and Leader in Women's Affairs
Tells How a Life on the Desert Inspired Her to Do Great Things*

By FRANCES HOLMES

“WHAT do you think women are going to accomplish with the votes they have won?”

I asked Mary Austin this question — Mary Austin, the novelist, who besides being a master of English prose, is one of the few thinkers of this nation.

“Well, I hope they aren't going to make the mistake of thinking they can ignore what men have done. Men are more variable than women, capable of specializing to a higher degree. Women, who want to round out their intellectual lives, can do so better by absorbing the high special qualities from men, who have attained them by concentrating along one line. The right function for women is to reflect by their roundness, some ray from every quarter of the world.”

This is a very significant statement coming from a woman who has reached eminence in a particular line herself, writing, as William Archer, the great London critic, said, “Better English than is being written in England.” Although Mrs. Austin has been active as a suffragist, and in all sorts of feminist movements, she has always kept a sane, broad-minded view of men. She has taken her own advice, too. She is known as the personal friend of distinguished men in all lines. When one of our greatest institutes of science meets annually, at Washington, there are several of its members who never feel that the meeting is finished until they have come to New York and talked over the year's work in science, with Mary Austin. She has been close to many of the great names who figure in our politics. Perhaps that has something to do with her being the only woman who has been asked for a personal opinion about the Presidential candidates. Other writers tell what they can learn about such things, but people want to know what Mary Austin thinks.

The Desert Inspired Her to Write

AND yet, Mrs. Austin insists that, though travel and education are important, the real basis for service and distinction is a knowledge of the common life. That is why she thinks it is so important for women to take an interest in using their new voting power.

“They should not hold back,” says Mrs. Austin, “because they feel ignorant.”

of politics. It is woman's knowledge of life that is needed.”

Mrs. Austin herself has had a remarkable schooling in life. She was born in the Middle West, in Illinois, and at eighteen years of age she moved to that corner of the great American desert, where California, Nevada, and Arizona come together. She lived in the sort of towns she has described in her book, “The Land of Little Rain,” among cowboys, “greasers,” miners, Indians, and their shy, unexpressive wives. “It was not what you would call a literary atmosphere,” says Mrs. Austin.

“As a matter of fact, I never met a writer or an editor, never saw a good play or an opera or a picture gallery, until after I had written several books that had been accepted and highly praised in this country and Europe.”

“Then where did you get your inspiration?” I asked her.

“Out of the beauty of the country, which was beautiful, indeed, though so desolate and hot, and out of the opportunity to be a good neighbor. We had to do everything for one another: nurse the sick, bury the dead, and help the newborn into the world. I did my share.”

Sometimes this mild-mannered gentlewoman, whose appearance gives no hint of the life she has lead, can be persuaded to talk about some of the dramatic and unusual incidents of her life in the desert. On one occasion, the Mojave stage, on which she had to travel back and forth in that country, was held up in the middle of the night by a man who wanted to know if anybody on the stage could pray. There was a dead silence. At length Mrs. Austin said, “I can pray.” She was told there was a man dying who wanted some one to pray with him.

“I got out of the stage,” says Mrs. Austin, “and followed the man a little distance through the dark. There was a little fire on the ground, and I could see one or two other figures beside the sick man, lying on the ground. I think there had been a fight and at least two men shot. They kept the dying man well covered, but I am sure he was dying from a wound in his breast. But it was midnight and the stage carried the United States mail, which couldn't wait. I prayed with the dying man and came away.”



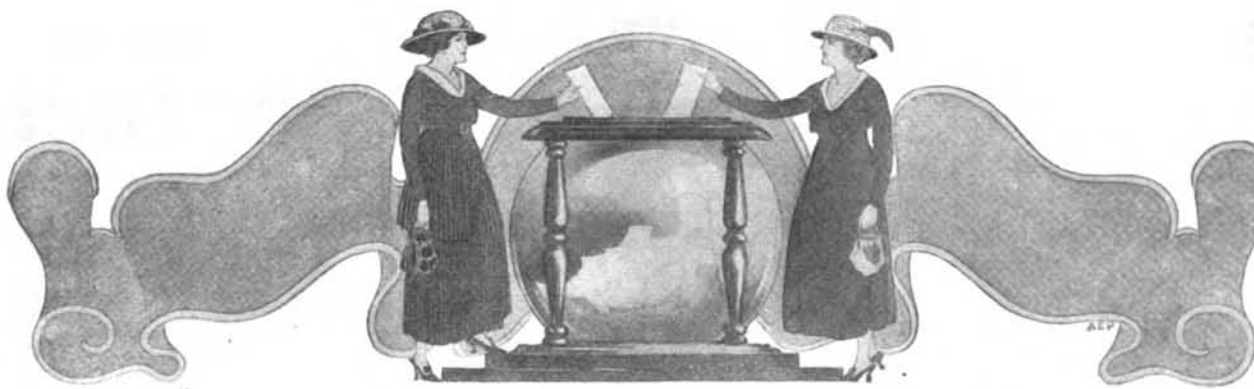
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MARY AUSTIN

America's most distinguished literary woman, author of “Short Cuts for Women Voters,” now running in THE NEW SUCCESS

(Original Edition page 74)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Are You One of the 20,000,000 Women Who Vote for the
First Time This Year?

You Will Find Much Help in this New Series

Short Cuts for Women Voters

By MARY AUSTIN

Author of "The Young Woman Citizen," "Outland," "26 Jayne St.," etc.

I. The Question of Party. (The second article of this series appears in September)

THOSE opponents of woman suffrage who used to work themselves into such a state over the entrance of women into practical politics, had the fact on their side when they insisted that party politics is unfeminine. It is wholly unfeminine in the sense of never being invented or used by women in their own interest.

Government is not unfeminine, for there have been women rulers from the earliest times, and scarcely a country or tribe in which women have not in some fashion had a voice in deciding the policy of the whole. But Party, as it is understood in England and America, is man's invention. Man made it out of his old instinct for the "gang," and his love of being captained. Consequently women, in whom neither of these instincts is highly developed, are disposed to think lightly of Party membership as a political function.

But political procedure is already so largely made in the United States, that the first task for women, if they are to be politically effective, is to learn to understand it as they find it. To say, as many women are saying, that party politics "doesn't appeal to me," or that they "don't see much in the old parties," is shirking the situation.

Togetherness Is the First Principle of Party Power

THE two-party system is part of our Anglo-Saxon inheritance. It gives rise to many evils in spite of which, or perhaps because of it, the drive of the party spirit remains the political hall-mark of democracies.

The first principle of party power is Togetherness; a closer touch than men get in any other situation except war. It is important for men in nations to have this kind of togetherness, not only as a rehearsal of the soldier spirit which in the past has been so important to governments, but for its own sake. The individual is always a better individual for being able to feel himself from time to time, a part of an undivided whole. There is a thrill and a sense of fulfillment in it that is never experienced by being the biggest sort of an individual. The greater men are, as a rule, the more they feel the necessity of uniting themselves to the crowd, as chief or king, or even as oppressor.

Women need this experience of togetherness, need it all the more because so great a part of their lives is spent in the separate home, as the object of special solicitude. At the beginning of their political life it is more important for numbers of women to *feel* Party than to understand it. Without freely surrendering themselves to this feeling of togetherness upon which Party is based, they can never take the measure of those party evils which they may hope to improve away.

Party Spirit Is the Working of Many Minds

THE second great principle of Party is economy of means. People get so much more out of themselves by organization. I do not mean only in the sense that ten men working together coördinately can accomplish more than ten men each working as hard as he can by himself. This is so evident that some of the lower animals have learned it. But that is not all there is to the kind of togetherness that we call organization. When a number of minds are all earnestly bent on the same thing, something comes into existence that was not there before. This something is Party Spirit.

You have to learn to think of this Party Spirit as having a real existence, as real as the fire that is kindled by two sticks rubbing together. Men stumbled on this great truth long ago, but I have met women who understood it so little that they thought of Party Spirit as merely a foolish kind of noise which men make in large companies. It is really a spiritual arithmetic through which, by being heartily part of the whole, every man becomes worth more to himself and so worth more to the whole. This is the psychological principle of Democracy. If it were not true that by being a spiritual particle of the group, you and all the group are benefitted, then Democracy is no more than a game of cards played with men instead of pasteboard. But because it is everywhere recognized as true, the fact that you are not very important personally, nor very well informed politically, is no excuse for not joining some organized political group. *There are times when the con-*

Your Success Guaranteed

A Subtle Principle of Success

Get out of your "near" poverty

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

Gain real happiness through this subtle principle of success

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

Why deny yourself the pleasures of prosperity?

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

Increase your income through this subtle principle of success

This Subtle Principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, hypnotism or advertising.

Get out of your miseries through this subtle principle of success

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

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

Realize a new joy in living through this subtle principle of success

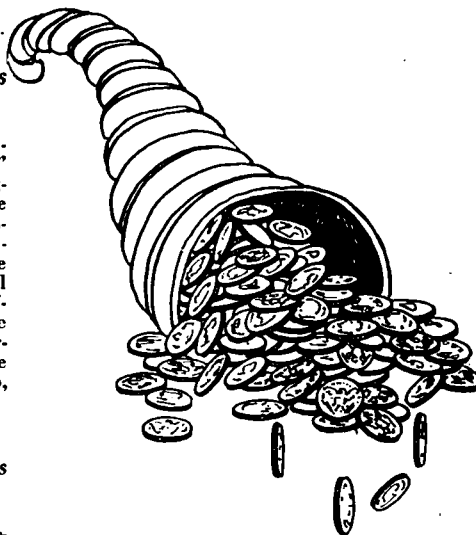
When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dol-



lars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

Get the new and higher joys of success through this subtle principle of success

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth do-



ing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

Attain genuine supremacy through this subtle principle of success

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success if I were to have any. I consciously or un-

consciously believed that if I ever were to have health and success, the result would have to come through some element of ease or assistance or through some mysterious or magical source. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

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

Why let others get rich while you remain poor?

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

This subtle principle is the connecting link from failure to success

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

Get out of poverty through this subtle principle of success

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

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

Why deny yourself the joys of supremacy?

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

The New Success

Why stay poor while others are getting rich?

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

Succeed like others through this subtle principle of success:

Moses,	Marshall Field,	Richard Wagner,
Caesar,	Sarah Bernhardt,	Leslie,
Napoleon,	Gaili, Curcl,	Mendelssohn,
Theodore Roosevelt,	Nordica,	Beethoven,
Mrs. Mary Baker	Melba,	Verdi,
Eddy,	Cleopatra,	Copernicus,
John D. Rockefeller,	Alexander the	Confucius,
Herbert Spencer,	Grat,	Mohammed,
Emerson,	Edison,	Cicero,
Darwin,	Newton,	Demosthenes,
J. P. Morgan,	Wanamaker,	Aristotle,
Hartman,	Phil Armour,	Plutarch,
Woodrow Wilson,	Andrew Carnegie,	Christopher Colum-
Charles Schwab,	Frick,	bus,
Lloyd George,	Elbert Hubbard,	Vanderbilt,
Clemenceau,	Hiram Johnson,	Marcus Aurelius,
Charles E. Hughes,	Richard Mansfield,	Pericles,
Abraham Lincoln,	Shakespeare,	Lycurgus,
George Washington,	Mozart,	Benjamin Franklin,

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.



Get the new and higher realization of life through this subtle principle of success

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

Get away from failure

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus

possibly create. I must fulfill my duty just the same.

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



Become prosperous through this subtle principle of success

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

If this subtle principle of success does not make you rich and successful, it will cost you absolutely nothing—I guarantee it.

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle, in your hands, will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle in your hands at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

Gain every supremacy through this subtle principle of success

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

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

Sent to any one—to you

I have derived such tremendous results—amazing results from its power, that I want every man, woman and matured child to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it to any one to any address on approval without a single penny in advance.

Become wealthy through this subtle principle of success

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed

to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. You would never forgive me if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

Become rich through this subtle principle of success

From every part of the country comes appreciation of extraordinary discovery THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS

"I cannot say too much for your discovery. It is working wonders for me, even at the advanced age of 60."

"I thank you for the blessings you have brought to life through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.'"

"I can never fully repay you for revealing to me 'Subtle Principle of Success' and how to use it."

"Your elucidation of the 'Subtle Principle of Success' is wonderful. Even today it is worth a hundred dollars to me."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is working wonders for me. I would not part with it for a million dollars."

"I regard your 'Subtle Principle of Success' as worth tenfold of all of my personal money, regardless of how the individual may be."

"It is impossible to place a limit to the monetary value of your discovery."

"I am from Missouri. Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is the 'buck'."

"I always believed that successful men and a path which gave them success. I never knew what it was, how to use it until you explained it to me. It was just as impossible for me to fail with this principle as has been impossible for me to succeed without it."

"I thank you for the wonderful results I am getting through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.' I would not part with any amount of money for what this principle has done for me already. You are honestly entitled to millions."

"I am a man of my word and would not take one hundred dollars this first day for the information you have given me."

"I am enthusiastic over your discovery of the 'Subtle Principle of Success,' and at the age of eighty-six, pursuing success as never before."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' has in twenty-four hours given me wonderful results. I am ready to back a statement made in favor of your 'Subtle Principle of Success.' It opens up a new universal opportunity."

"The 'Subtle Principle of Success' is doing for me more than you claim. The truth about it is hard to believe."

You want success of some kind. This is your opportunity to get it—to get what you want—guaranteed.

WRITE YOUR ADDRESS on the coupon and mail to me, and you will receive by return mail, the SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS, the master principle, equal of which you have never seen.

If this subtle principle of success does not solve your every problem, it will cost you absolutely nothing.



ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 735 Berkeley Building
West 44th Street, New York City

You may send me, at your risk, "The SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS."

I promise to either refund it to you, within two-four hours of its receipt by me, or to send you dollars.

It is understood that I am to be under no obligation, neither now nor later.

Name (Write plainly)

Address State

City

Notice. If you remit with coupon, it will be returned to you if you are not completely satisfied. You will be the sole judge.

The price of "The Subtle Principle of Success" is \$1.00. The advanced. The present price is \$1.00.

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Shorts Cuts for Women Voters

(Continued from page 45)

tribution of your spirit is not only more important than the contribution of your intellect, but even more important than your vote. The one way in the world to make yourself a political nonentity is not to have any enthusiasms about anything.

Women Must Learn How Large Masses Are Handled

THE final urgent reason for women joining political parties is that if women are to change anything they must first learn how people in large masses are handled, how their opinions are altered and their judgments evoked. A few women have learned this through the long struggle for suffrage. But the majority of women have much still to learn, not only for the purpose of giving force to their own political convictions, but for self protection.

Often the only way in which you can learn whether or not you are being led away from your convictions, is to study the method by which your own political opinions are being influenced. This can be learned better inside the Party, as a partner in its propaganda, than outside, as its subject. Nothing is accomplished by denouncing people who influence public opinion in their own interests, not only because you may be accused of the same thing by the opposition, but because it is part of your political duty to learn how not to be so influenced. There would not be so many gold bricks sold if there were not so many people stupidly unable to distinguish between gold and brass filings.

It is very difficult to poison a monkey, because he has some faculty for discriminating in foods before he has taken them into his system. Women, if they are not to find themselves led astray in their political affiliations, must cultivate some similar spiritual faculty. But this can not be done by avoiding all opportunities to discriminate. It is only by joining a political party, by attending its meetings, reading its literature, and the literature of the party opposed, that you can acquire the necessary political discrimination.

Discriminate Between "Bunk" and True Politics

MODERN civilization is so complicated that nobody can hope to know the fundamental facts of every political situation. We have to take somebody's word for the greater part of our information on every subject. In the material offered the public by every political party, there is always a certain amount of what we Americans call "bunk," presented for the sole purpose of appealing to prejudice and influencing emotion. The fact that women are not taken in by the same kind of bunk that appeals to men, does not preclude the possibility of their being taken in by something prepared for the express purpose of influencing women. The faculty for discriminating between bunk and true political matter can be acquired by experience. A knowledge of the value of names, the dependability of particular judgments, and the sources of reliable political information, is part of our necessary political equipment. It can be best acquired by establishing regular party contacts, so that if it should turn out that you have joined a party only to find that it is not the right one, the experience of joining is still indispensable.

Why a Democracy Must Have Two Principal Parties

IT is in the nature of things that there should be, in a Democracy, two principal parties, dividing the majority of the vote.

One group espouses some political principle which is discovered developing in our national consciousness, and quite naturally a party of opposition forms. It also follows that as the first party is pushed along to the next step in line with its first position, less important issues will range

themselves on either side according as they seem to further or oppose the main issue. In any normal society there will always be an adventurous group looking for something to do next, and a cautious group trying to hold on to what we have got. Thus one party grows to think of itself as the party of *progress* and the other as the party of *stability*. The dividing point is really seldom moral or ethical, but temperamental.

When a new political principle arises, it is usually advocated by a small group at first, usually disregarded by the two better established parties. In the course of time as the forward looking party accomplishes its original objective, or the conservative party loses the force of its opposition, the people begin to look about for a new enthusiasm. It is customary in such a situation to seize upon some existing small party and raise it to the leading position, against which a new party of opposition forms.

How Woman Suffrage Can Prove a Failure

RECENT world events indicate that we are about to affect such a shift of political interest in the United States. So that the woman voter finds herself under the necessity of making her choice from among several political groups, not one of which can be certain that it may not change its own declaration of principles on short notice. In a later paper I may undertake to define the ruling principle in each of these existing groups, if not to say which is the most deserving of support. At present I shall merely point out some of the commonsensible considerations which should govern any such choice, for *if politics can not be commonsensible, if it can not be determined by much the same process that governs the choice of a husband or a church membership or a business investment, then is woman suffrage likely to prove as disastrous as its enemies predicted*. I have no occult information to offer you, no knowledge of any sort that does not take its rise, however it may be fed and supported by research and experience, in the exigencies of the common life.

On this basis, distrust, first of all, any party which looks forward to social fixity, the party which says, if such and such is done the millenium will set in, or if not done the end of the world will ensue. Predicting the smash up of society has been the stock business of political prophets for the last three thousand years. But as a matter of fact, men can no more fall out of relation to one another than they can fall off the earth. And no condition of society, however beneficial, can remain fixed, because change in the social organization causes corresponding change in people who change their environment in an endless chain. It is always safe to conclude that any group which pins its faith to an absolute social solution, is not very well grounded in human history.

Distrust also the party which depends for its greatest appeal on its past. A great tradition is a valuable asset for a party that has also a great program for the future. But one of the surest indications that no such program exists, is the evidence prominently brought forward by the Party, that its great men are all dead. One of the inevitable ways in which a Party dies is by attracting to itself in large numbers, people with so small a capacity for visioning the future that they can be stirred only by thinking of the past.

Creativeness Is What We Look for in Political Leaders

IT is always possible to get some measure of a Party's capacity to affect favorably our political life, by knowing something of its leading men. Are they too young to offer ripened judgment? Or so old that political sclerosis

(Continued on page 46)



No Promotion in 40 Years—Why?

Forty years ago—when he was eighteen years old—this man first sat at the desk he still occupies. Forty years ago he commenced to do the clerical work which he has done over and over, day after day, through all these years.

As a young man he was ambitious to win promotion, increased salary and business success. He wanted to enjoy the good things of life which go with such success. But, for some reason or other, he seemed unable to get beyond the same old clerical job. He saw many younger men come into the organization and, in a few years, far outdistance him. He saw them rise from a clerical desk next to his to the private offices of highly paid executives, officers and directors.

He felt that they had been favored—that they were being given opportunities which rightly should be his. He used to call them *lucky fellows* and *hope* that the next chance for advancement would be *thrown his way*. Today he feels that he has been wronged by the firm for which he has worked so honestly and conscientiously for so many years. He feels that they have never given him the chance to advance himself which his long term of service entitles him to. *He thinks that opportunity has passed him by.*

Think a minute. Form your own opinion. *Did opportunity pass this man by* and offer itself to the many other younger men who have far outstripped him in life's race for success? *No!* This man has had just as many opportunities as any man in his organization. Every time a younger man passed him it was because the younger man *saw and was prepared to grasp an opportunity* which the older man not only could not see but was not prepared to grasp even had he seen it.

This man did what thousands of men are doing every day. He took a job, worked hard and conscientiously and felt that by properly taking care of his work every day he would earn gradual promotion and finally achieve business success. He made the worst mistake any man in business can make. He failed to appreciate that success is not a matter of luck—that it can never be won by those who sit calmly down on the job and wait for opportunity to *drag* them to something higher. He blinded himself to his own shortcomings. He has

spent forty years on one job simply because *he never prepared and trained himself for anything better.*

If, instead of sitting at his desk day after day, year in and year out, *hoping* that a chance for advancement would be *thrown* his way and envying those younger men who passed him, he had stopped his *hoping* long enough to *find out* why these men were passing him he would have found that instead of *hoping* for advancement these men were *preparing and training* for advancement.

Today we find both kinds of men—those who are *hoping* for advancement, increased salary and business success, and those who are *preparing themselves by training for promotion and success*. The man who only hopes is lost—the man who trains for promotion will win success—nothing can stop him—he has ambition and the courage and tenacity with which to back up his ambition.

More than 215,000 of such ambitious men have taken advantage of the training obtainable from the LaSalle Extension University—the University which extends to the man employed in business a thoro education and training of university grade in higher business subjects. More than 50,000 men are now enrolling with LaSalle every year. These men realized that they cannot advance in business, that they cannot earn big salaries unless they have the knowledge and training which fits them successfully to perform the duties of an executive position.

And the training you receive from LaSalle is a real training. You are not asked to memorize a multitude of principles without thoro drill and practice in applying them.

The famous LaSalle "Problem Method" literally takes you behind the scenes of big business and gives you an opportunity to work independently in the exercise of your judgment and the application of your knowledge to the handling of actual business transactions. It is like being privileged to sit in a council of modern executives and to take an active part in the solution of their daily problems.

Your training is a result of the organized effort and supervision of LaSalle's great staff of more than 450 business specialists, trained executives, experienced bankers, letter experts, traffic experts, certified public accountants, efficiency experts, text writers, special lecture writers, instructors and assistants. You are, in effect, working at the very side of the big executive in the private office—guided step by step in the handling of problems or cases just as they arise in daily experience and are handled by the executive himself.

If you are ambitious to succeed and have the courage and tenacity with which to back up your ambition you can easily find at least one hour out of every twenty-four to devote to LaSalle home-study training—to preparing yourself for advancement, increase salary and business success—to insuring your future against spending forty years on one job like the man at the top of this page.

You must make your own success—no one can help you if you refuse to be helped. Find on the coupon below the home-study training course which will train you for the position in which you are most interested. Mark an X before that course. Then mail the coupon and we will send you full information as to the LaSalle Problem Method of Training, the reasonable cost, and the convenient plan of payment. We will also send you a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One Year"—an interesting book which tells how men, with the aid of LaSalle training have gained, in one year, promotion which men unaided have not realized in ten. The facts contained in this book have been an inspiration to many thousands of ambitious men. Which course shall we tell you about?

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Training for positions as Foreign Correspondents with Spanish speaking countries. |

Name _____ Present Position _____ Address _____

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Short Cuts for Women Voters

(Continued from page 48)

is set in? The idea that wisdom is with the elders dates from the ages before print was invented, and the wisest man was he who could remember most. But in these days, when books do so much more remembering for us than can be done by any individual, what we want in political leaders is not memory but creativeness. Any school boy can find out what happened in Polk's administration, without helping us to decide what is likely to happen in the next administration after this. Platforms which engage the attention of men of middle years and diverse interests, are those which promise most for the era in which we live.

If I enumerate these things without any particular reference to the political instances that illustrate them, it is not because such instances are lacking. Westerners who remember Bryan's first campaign can also recall that the end of the American commonwealth was prophesied if we failed to bring about the mystic formula of 16 to 1. I have a vivid picture of the minister of the church in the little mining town where I lived, breaking down and weeping in the midst of his next Sunday's sermon after Bryan's defeat, as he pictured the ruin that was to overtake us all!

Some 20,000,000 Women Vote This Year

WITHIN the next few months *some twenty million American women* will be called upon to render political decisions. Millions of them are likely to go seriously astray or to refrain altogether from voting unless they can find some satisfactory short cut to conclusions. I believe, and shall make an effort to point out, that a tolerable guide can be found in woman's common stock of knowledge about men and human affairs.

One of the points at which women as a class may go astray, is in the disposition to regard the vote as an instrument of personal expression. If this were the case, then it would be permissible to vote for a man because you feel sorry for him, or because you do not like the cut of his opponent's whiskers. But the vote was won on the basis of its importance to the general welfare. This makes it obligatory to vote for the general good even at the price of occasionally voting where you do not like. This year when there is an unprecedented crop of new ideas attempting to make parties for themselves, it is necessary to consider the whole question of "throwing away your vote" by registering with a party that can have no hope of winning.

The tendency to multiply small parties usually results in minority victory, and the establishment of an administration which has not the real support of the people. The consequence is political unrest, and the deadlock of the executive function. Your decision then, to vote with the small or doubtful party ought to be established on an absolute conviction. It is not fair to the rest of us to make it dependent on a personal preference merely.

First of all, is the issue raised by the new party, a political issue? In the early days of the prohibition propaganda there was an attempt to make it the basis of a new party. Presidential candidates were nominated, and a platform laid down around prohibition as its principal plank. But prohibition could not get itself accepted on any such basis, because it is not a question to be resolved by public experience. It is rather a question for scientific experts interpreting the public experience according to standards which the people might accept but could not use.

The question of government ownership of public utilities is, however, properly a political question, since the only possible measure of its success is the public satisfaction. Not even the experience of any other people could help us very much, because the American temperament is so large a factor in the result. Experts can not determine it wholly, since it is not so much a question of managing the utilities

in any given way, as managing them in conformity with the public need. These things being so, public management of utilities is legitimately a question about which a new party could be formed, and for which, supposing it to become necessary, the conscientious voter could afford to "throw away" his vote for a few years. It is also perfectly legitimate to have a Socialist party because Socialism, whether you like it or not, is a scheme for affecting the terms on which all the people shall live together. But a Woman's party, which is a denial of the wholeness of society, and would tend to exclude one half the country from its benefits, could hardly be justified.

But even when the issue on which a new party is launched is of genuine political significance, there is still one question we must put to it. Is the issue stated creatively, or is it only imagined?

Emotion Not Out of Place in Politics

THE last fifty years has given us book-wise politicians, whose imaginations are exceedingly busy about the state of society. They see where it pinches the spirit of man, and they feel the pinch not only for themselves, but sympathetically on behalf of others. They proceed at once to make a picture in their minds of an ideal state saying:—"How wonderful! Let us make it like that!" Many such beautiful pictures of well governed society have been presented us in time past, and much effort has been wasted in trying to cut politics by that pattern.

But the only results that have ever been produced resemble genuine human society as much as a yew tree which has been clipped into that shape resembles a knight on horseback. Human society has its own shape, that is as definite and at the same time as variable as the shape of a grapevine, a shape arrived at creatively, by processes inherent in human life. If you have to ask yourself then, whether it is worth spending all your political opportunity on a new issue which is shaping, ask yourself this. Is this issue shaping out of some natural impulse to grow in that direction? Or is it being shaped by some pattern that a small group of people have imagined?

If your knowledge of human society is limited, you can guess much of the nature of a new movement by the kind of emotion which is shown by its adherents. It is a mistake to decide, as many women do, that emotion is out of place in politics. Men are always more emotional about such things, because their social energies are more easily released when they are emotionalized. Men require a great deal of what is called Party Spirit to set them going. This is absolutely all right if you see that men are generating this emotion among themselves, "working themselves up" toward definite political achievement. That is their way of getting the most out of themselves. But if the rank and file of the party are being "worked," if they are being played upon and handled by a few, then no matter how high sounding their excuse, avoid that party.

It is better to stay quietly with an old party which is going, however slowly, of its own momentum, than to run after the new movement which is being trundled along by a hidden interest. Being high minded and disinterested in politics does not save men from being sometimes grievously mistaken.

It is disappointing that so far no stirring and shining movement has appeared to claim the attention of the new voter. But the remedy for it is not to fly to footless and artificial measures of relief. What we have to do is to dig deeper around the roots of our National life, to water it with a purer social aspiration, and to trust to the genuine creative force of life itself to send the new shoot in its own season.

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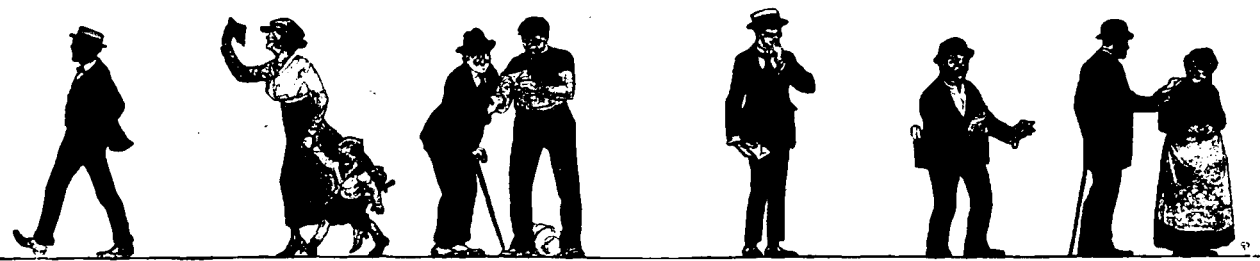
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THE TEN PAY-ENVELOPES

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Beginning in The New Success for September

Ten persons had to solve such a problem—ten persons whom Richard Penbrooke, New York millionaire, selected at random from the crowds in the streets, and hurriedly handed to each a little gold mine. He did it to experiment in human nature. A whole year of mystery and anxiety passed before he learned the result of his experiment. :: :: :: :: :: ::

What, in your belief, would such an idea work—good or evil? We will offer cash prizes for the best answer to this question, when the novel is completed. :: :: :: :: :: ::

A Few More September Success Features:

Intimate Life-Stories of the Presidential Nominees

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Orison Swett Marden's Inspirational Editorials

and—do you realize that, in the United States, there are 1,500,000 women holding *executive* positions and earning salaries from \$5,000 to \$30,000 a year? There is a very interesting story about them in the September Success, by Rena Madesin Phillips, executive secretary of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

The Influence of Food on Health and Longevity

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

A DISTINGUISHED physician once asked Josiah Quincy how much longer he expected to live.

"Till I send for a doctor," was the answer, and being questioned as to when he last sent for one, Mr. Quincy replied, "Just eighty-six years ago," and named the day of his birth.

Bacon tells us that "lengthening of life requireth observation of diets," and it is fair to assume that the long life of Josiah Quincy bore evidence of his having well observed this condition of health and longevity.

In order to be the highest, the most efficient type of man or woman, it is just as necessary to cultivate the body, to develop its greatest possible strength and beauty, as it is to develop the mind, to raise it to its highest power; and since the body is renewed, re-created by the food we eat, it is easy to see what an important part it plays in our lives.

WE are largely what our food makes us. Poor food, unscientifically cooked, unscientifically taken, cuts down our mental and physical efficiency, and makes us inferior beings, when perfect nutrition might have made us very superior. Many of us go through life less than half the men and women we might be; weaklings—inferior beings, when we have the natural endowment to have been something infinitely higher and grander, just because of the ignorance of our cooks and our own ignorance of the laws of nutrition.

Is it any wonder that many children grow up sickly, or even chronically diseased, or that they are stunted physically, mentally, and morally, when so few wives, mothers, or cooks know anything whatever of the chemistry of foods, the chemistry of cooking, or the compatibility or incompatibility of different foods?

"Malnutrition is responsible for criminality in many cases, and by proper feeding of criminals their criminal tendencies may, to some extent at least, be removed," says Dr. A. F. Gillihan, Health Director of Oakland, California.

Our schools teach many things which are of little practical value, as they are never really used, yet fail to teach what to eat and how to live in order to get the maximum of efficiency and happiness out of life.

EVERYWHERE we see human dwarfs, children and men and women, whose development has been arrested and whose skeletons and muscles and brains are deficient, because of lack of proper food.

Mental power and efficiency, disposition and success or failure, live chiefly in the food we eat, which builds up and sustains cell life. The building cannot contain anything

which was not in the building material. The body and its organs can only contain what exists in the elements taken in the food and drink, plus what we gain from breathing the atmosphere and absorb from the sunshine.

Some of our best physicians claim that all sorts of mental and physical ills are fed and aggravated by the poisons of an excess of food half digested and assimilated, and that there are diseases which could be cured merely by the adoption of an extremely plain and simple diet. It is said that apoplexy, heart failure, and, in many cases, sudden death, can be traced directly to stomachs overtaxed and weak, yet pushed on to tasks for which they are unequal by those who have not yet learned to control their appetites.

Thousands of people are suffering from chronic headaches, biliousness, nervousness, rheumatism, gout, and all sorts of liver and head troubles, who would be entirely

relieved of those evils just by quitting their overeating and regulating their diet to suit their ages, occupations, and personal needs!

HAVE you not wondered, many times, why you lacked power to concentrate your mind, to hold your mental grip upon the thing you were doing? You perhaps did not realize that the quality of your intellectual grasp, of your focusing power, lay in the meal you had so recently consumed. The quality of your vitality, of your brain power; the quality of your courage, of your initiative, of your productive power, will be in exact ratio to the quality of the material from which these are manufactured. The quality of the manufactured product cannot excel the quality of the raw material.

A LARGE part of our efficiency, our health, our mental vigor, our future welfare, lives in that meal of which we will soon partake. Can we afford to take in material which is going to give us deteriorated blood? Can we afford to take in that which will give us an inferior brain and can only manufacture mental processes in keeping with its own poor quality?

You may say it does not matter much what you eat—so long as it satisfies your hunger, but your food can give off, when assimilated in the body, only the force which Nature has stored up in its cells. Stale vegetables and soft, spongy fruit, which has already begun to decay, and poor, deteriorated meat will not

give recuperative, renewing, refreshing force. While you may satisfy hunger by eating such inferior food you are manufacturing second-class blood, a second-class brain, a second-class nerve tissue, a second-class man. And you want to be a first-class man, do you not? As a man eateth, so is he. As he eats, so will he live, so will his strength be.

Not only health but many dispositions are ruined by poorly chosen food. Dyspepsia or any other ailment induced by wrong eating makes men pessimistic, gloomy, discouraged. They cast a shadow of gloom and walk in it as it were, wherever they go. They antagonize others when they do not mean to. They cannot seem to get on. They are failures, victims of bad food.

THOUSANDS of homes are made wretched and discordant because of the nature of the food on the table, and the way of cooking. Nothing will ruin the original plan of a family more

The Influence of Food on Health and Longevity

effectively than bad digestion. One dyspeptic member will diminish the rightful happiness of a whole household.

Everywhere we see business men, professional men, men in every walk of life, who are chronic dyspeptics, cross and crabbed with their help, sour and irritable at home, misery-makers for everybody around them, because they never learned the science of proper eating.

"Every mouthful of food means degeneration or regeneration," is but an epigrammatic way of stating a plain truth.

There is nothing else which means quite so much to human welfare as the art of right eating,—eating the right things in the right way, in the right amount, at the right time. Upon the hygiene of eating depends our longevity.

"Wouldst thou enjoy a long life, a healthy body, and a vigorous mind, and be acquainted also with the wonderful works of God, labor, in the first place to bring thy appetite to reason," said Benjamin Franklin.

THE fire and force, the vim for achievement, are put into our food by the power of the sun and the chemistry of the soil. The strength for which we long, the force which does things, the stamina, the grit, the brawn, and that we call "gray matter," Nature produces in her laboratory, where she performs her wonderful miracle.

If we used common sense in our diet, lived a plain, simple life, we would never need to take medicine and could live to a comfortable old age. But the way many of us live is a crime against nature.

It does not follow, because you eat enough food and of the right kind, that you are properly nourished. It often happens that, owing to the impairment of the efficiency of the digestive fluids, or through mental poisoning from fear, worry, or any other disturbance of the mind, many of the tissues, even when there is plenty of food in the digestive organs, suffer seriously from starvation.

If eaten under distressing conditions, when the mind is filled with fear, great anxiety or forebodings of calamity or misfortune, the most appetizing nutriment will not be properly digested or assimilated, and consequently will not properly nourish us.

OUR moods, our emotions, our mental attitude, our joys, our sorrows enter our food and take serious part in the digestive processes.

The digestive organs—the liver and stomach, for instance,—are so dependent upon harmony that when there is the slightest mental disturbance they cannot act normally, and digestion is interfered with.

Health, efficiency, and happiness would be insured if people not only knew what to eat, but also how to eat. I have in mind a family in which quarreling, especially at meals, has seriously affected the health of nearly every one of its members. If our mental attitude is not right, particularly when eating, our health will not be right.

People who carry their crotchets and worries to the table, who bring their surly, ugly moods to their meals, little realize that by so doing they poison everything they eat.

This is one reason why habitual fretters, who constantly suffer from fear, anxiety, and the effects of their explosive passions, are often semi-invalids. Chronic worriers are never good digesters.

It is worth your while to make a determined effort to form habits of good cheer during meals and also before going to sleep, because it will have a powerful influence upon your health.

THE stomach is the partner of the brain and each suffers with the other. It is just as necessary to come to your meal in good humor as it is to be pleasant when you meet your friends at a public reception. If you manage always to be cheerful, hopeful, optimistic at meal-times and when you retire, you have made a conquest which will be of untold benefit to you.

Whenever you sit down to eat just think what a wonderful thing the miracle of nutrition is and what an enjoyable thing the function of eating was intended to be. Approach each meal with reverence, with appreciation, and in your happiest mood; for there is nothing which pays a human being so well, which so multiplies his power, as to keep in robust, vigorous health—in short, a strong, energetic body is the first essential to a successful career.

Look Out for Your Fool Streak!

WHEN you know you are likely to make a fool of yourself again as you have so many times in the past, why don't you try to prevent such a thing, shut off all possible danger?

I know a man who has worked like a slave during most of his life, and he is always cropping back after climbing up a little ways. He is continually doing foolish things—by dabbling in stocks. He can't seem to keep out of Wall Street. If anybody gives him a "tip," he tumbles, buys stock on margin, and, every little while, he is called a back up the margin because of the fall in stock. Now he is nearly ruined financially. He is a well-intentioned man, absolutely honest, square and clean in his dealings, but he is always impoverishing himself and his family by doing just such foolish things.

One would naturally think that after a man had been bitten half a dozen times by the same dog, he would look out for that dog instead of going up and patting him on the head and taking further chances. This man, all his life, has been losing money and, as a rule, painfully earned and saved through hard work and good business methods. He allows his fool streaks to keep him down all the time. You can't make him believe he is not ultimately going to make a lot of money in Wall Street, notwithstanding that statistics show that only a very small percentage—even of the men

who make a study of speculation—ever win out; the majority are losers.

WHEN a man finds he has such a fool streak, why, in the name of common sense, doesn't he say to himself, "There are some things that you can't do, that you don't know about; keep away from such things; cut them out of your life! You are not a speculator, you are not a Wall Street man, you will get plucked sooner or later.

"Just think what a fine position you would have been in, to-day, if you had not taken such foolish chances with your money! You would have been very comfortably off. You would have owned your own home; you would have had a number of safe investments for your old age. But, now, where are you? Half of the time you are on the verge of insanity, worrying over your losses. You are certainly old enough to quit that sort of thing."

IT is a strange trait of human nature that one cannot comprehend one's weakness. We can't see where our weak links are because our mental eyes, like our physical ones, look outward, and we can't see what is inside; but others' eyes can see. Other people call us a fool for allowing our weak streaks to run away with us all the time; but, somehow, we can't believe them.

A lot of men can't be made to believe they are not natural financiers. They insist they

know how to handle money, how to invest it wisely, and yet they are always poor, always down and out, and never get anything ahead.

I know men who might have been well-fixed to-day if they had left money matters to their more shrewd, level-headed wives; but nothing can persuade such a man that the wife can handle money more advantageously.

WORTH REMEMBERING

The savage will not plant trees. It is only civilized man that builds foundations for future generations.

The optimist is a man who has a good time wherever he goes, because he carries his good times with him.

If the Almighty held in his right hand everlasting happiness, and in his left the pursuit of it, I would choose the left hand. —Socrates.

Man was not made to grub and fight and die, glued to the ground. His brain will set him free, conquering superstition, poverty, ignorance and gravity.

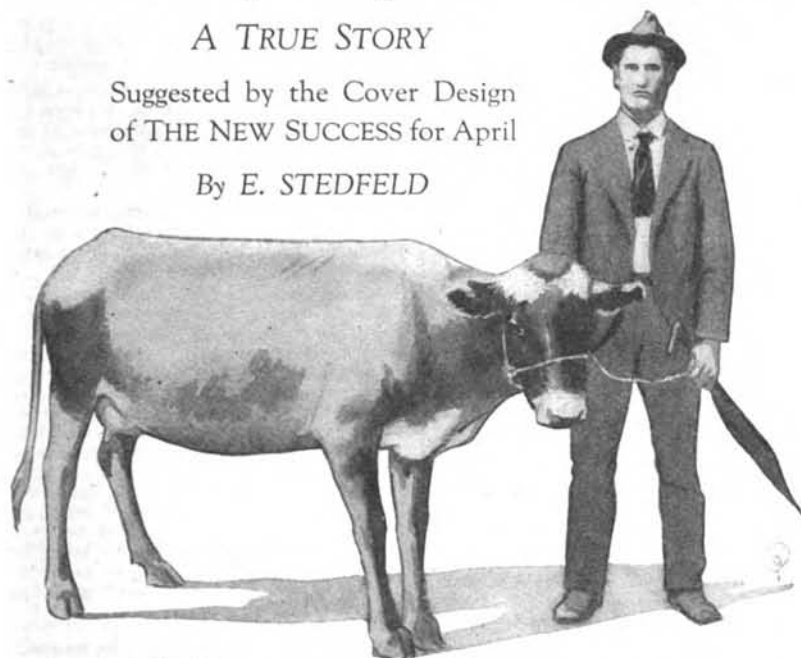
Address makes opportunities; the want of it kills them. —Bovee.

His Only Capital—A Cow

A TRUE STORY

Suggested by the Cover Design
of THE NEW SUCCESS for April

By E. STEDFELD



Drawn from a photograph

John, as the president of the college saw him, when he arrived on the campus.

"JOHN, dear; there's no use thinking about it," exclaimed Emily Poulson, laying her hand affectionately on her brother's shoulder. "It takes more money to go through college than we are ever likely to have in our whole lives. Why, look at us! We've nothing but a little, rocky farm to depend upon. Oh, it's no use thinking about it! We'll never go to college—either of us."

"But they say there are ways of working your way through," John's voice had a note in it that made his sister catch her breath with a sigh.

"It's no use, honey," she repeated. "Students who make their way through college have something to start with—a little money at least—friends to help—something. Why, you haven't even a decent suit of clothes, or money for books. Oh, pshaw! Let's just put it out of our minds. If mother hadn't been sick for so long, and you could have saved—" John picked up the two shiny buckets from the table.

"Guess I'll go milk," he said somewhat huskily and passed on out into the yard.

"Poor John," sighed Emily looking after him. "I do wish he could go on. He worked so hard for the chance to go through the Bargerville High School. But I'll have to put it out of my mind, as I have lost my own chances for any further education." Emily went grimly at her task of clearing up the breakfast dishes, and her pretty mouth drooped at the corners.

John, out in the barnyard, had set the buckets down and was gazing fixedly into space. One might have thought he was admiring the bright green of the meadow over the way where the dew glistened in the morning sunlight. But John was not conscious of his surroundings; he was thinking of something he had read the night before in one of the rare magazines which sometimes drifted to the little mountain farm.

"That man said (he was referring to an autobiography in a magazine) that there is

always a way to accomplish any result that is right. He says there's a solution to every problem—that no problem is in existence unless the solution also exists. I wonder if that could be true! Now, here I have my problem: I want more than anything else in the world to go to college and get an education. But what and where's the answer to the problem? Sis would say that as I have no means to go. The answer is: Stay here and give up thinking of going. But that looks like failure; and the fellow in the magazine says that failure is simply an unwillingness to find the answer to the problem. I like the way that sounds. There surely is some way for me to go to college. I'm going to believe there's a way. I do believe it."

JOHN determinedly picked up his buckets and tramped into the barn. Several times while John was milking old Bossy and the pretty Jersey cow, Blossom, he said aloud: "There is a way. I do believe it. I know there is."

Presently he unhitched Bossy and gave her a little push out of the stall. Then he unhitched Blossom. Blossom belonged to John. She had been in his possession ever since he had received her—a little wobbly calf—as his wages for plowing and harrowing a neighbor's field. Now Blossom was a full-grown cow and gave an unusual amount of milk. It was the cream from this milk, sold regularly to a huckster, that had brought comfort to John's mother who had been ill for a year, and who had but recently left forever this little hillside home.

John thought of this as he gave Blossom an extra loving pat. "Blossom," he said, bending over and whispering into her ear, "there is a way for me to go to college. I don't know what it is—this way—but it exists and I'm going to college."

Blossom seemed only mildly interested and switched her tail sharply as John still held her. "You're so clean and pretty," John's voice trailed. His eyes grew big and

vivid. He caught his breath sharply. "Blossom!" he cried out suddenly—so suddenly that the cow lurched to one side—"Blossom, you're the way! You're going to take me to college. Do you understand, old girl? You're going to college with me!"

BLOSSOM gave her head a toss and indignantly plunged out of the stall, John barely saving the bucket of milk that had blocked her path.

Two minutes later, John's sister held the door open for his entrance and started back in surprise at the radiance of his face. "Why, John," she began. But he interrupted. "I've found it!" he cried happily. "I've found the way to go to college—to get a good start, anyway!"

Emily hardly knew whether to laugh or cry as John unfolded his plan to her. She didn't want to discourage him; but whoever heard of anyone starting to college that way. "Why, how'll you get there, John? It's over a hundred miles—and with Blossom—"

"I'll walk. We'll both walk," John declared happily. "We'll start next Monday. I'll take my time. Can't rush Blossom, can I? And I'll be in B—— before the end of next week, I think. Blossom can carry my clothes on her back. At night, I can stay at some farmhouse, or, for that matter, sleep beside the road."

"But, John, dear," Emily was now almost in tears, "what will you do when you get there?"

For all the fact that she was nineteen years old and John two years her junior, Emily suddenly became the younger of the two and felt quite helpless in the face of this queer proposition.

"Oh, I shan't plan too much," John laughed. "I just see this one step right now. Blossom is a dandy, and I'm going to offer her to the college for my tuition and text books. I don't know, of course, how far that'll take me, but I do feel sure that I'm taking the right step. I can't exactly tell how I know, but you wait and see. Blossom is no common cow, I can tell you. You just wait."

THE next few days fairly flew to John.

There was much work to be finished on the little farm, and several arrangements to be made. The nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, who had known John and Emily since they were little tow-headed youngsters, "knee high to a grasshopper," as Jasper Jacobs delighted to repeat, were wonderfully kind and helpful in these last days of John's sojourn at home. It was arranged that Emily should stay at the Jacobs' home at night, helping Mrs. Jacobs through the day. For a reasonable share in the profits of the little farm, Mr. Jacobs had agreed to assume the duties which had been John's. Emily was excited and happy and sorry all at once. She wanted John to go, of course; but the parting with her mother was very recent, and now to lose John—

However, she bravely hid from John any objection that might interfere with his plan. As for him, he was full of plans and enthusiasm. "Keep up with your studies, sis," he said repeatedly. "I'll let you know all along what I'm doing and you can keep in as close touch as possible. Who knows how soon you'll be following me and going to college yourself?"

"John, dear," laughed Emily through misty eyes, "you talk as if there were not a single doubt of your being a full-fledged college student in a few days."

"There isn't," declared John happily. "At least, I'm not going to imagine there is. I'm doing my part, taking the step at hand."

"You're going to take the step at hand, and a good many more before you get

erc," laughed Jasper Jacobs, who had
pped up on the porch. They all laughed
gether at this, and Emily hastily dabbed
r wet lashes, and went to finish packing
hn's belongings. It was painfully simple,
s wardrobe; but pressing iron, needle,
d thread guided by loving fingers, had
eatly improved the few garments, includ-
g John's "Sunday" suit, which was far
m being new. John was to wear overalls
the way to save the precious "Sunday"

Monday morning came all too soon for
e member of the little farmhouse. The
er member was up before dawn, getting
chores out of the way for the last
e. An hour or two later, Mr. and Mrs.
cobs and Emily waved good-by to a
ure far down the road.

"Who'd ever think he was going to col-
ge," Emily sobbed. "Look at them—a
n and a cow! Oh, dear; oh, dear!"
But the man—a very young man whose
es were decidedly misty—trudged hope-
ly forward leading the cow by a rope.
esently they turned a bend in the road,
d Emily returned home with the Jacobs
d began to plan what studies she would
rue in the farmhouse that winter.

UT on the road it grew very dusty and hot
as the day wore on. It was an unusually
rm September; and John mopped his
ow many times as he guided Blossom
ay from seductive clover patches, or
pped to shake the dust from his shoes.
hn was somewhat troubled about those
es. They were all he had and he wanted
m to present a good appearance when
arrived at his journey's end. He was
ely tempted to go barefoot and carry the
cious shoes.

"Oh, well, I guess you can stand the
ar," he said, looking fixedly at his substan-
l brogans. "I'll blacken you up good,
en I get in town."

John only stopped at a farmhouse to buy
ittle food. The nights were so warm and
asant that he slept by the road. He pre-
ded that he was "putting up" at a hotel.
entilation's fine in this hotel, Blossom,"
laughed sleepily the night before they
rived at the end of their journey, "and
fault can be found with the rates."

The next morning the President of the
College glanced out of his window
then glanced again. Coming across the
mpus was the finest Jersey cow he had
er seen outside the prize group at the
ute Fair. But Jersey cows, even thor-
ghbreds, were out of place on a college
mpus, and the president frowned. He
ticed the rather awkward appearance of
e young man leading the cow, and won-
dered what he wanted.

It wasn't many minutes before he knew.
hn hitched Blossom securely to a post
d presented himself at the college en-
ce. Presently he found himself in the
ce explaining to the president and a
de-eyed professor just what his mission
s.

You Will Never Be Sorry For—

Keeping fit.
Being thrifty.
Not yielding to temptation.
Being cheerful and optimistic.
Being hopeful and courageous.
Having grit and determination.
Taking time to make good friends.
Cultivating a love for the beautiful.
Being reliable and absolutely honest.
Being straight and clean in your life.
Doing your duty cheerfully and willingly.
Taking time for needed rest and recreation.
Doing your level best in every situation in life.
Learning everything possible about your business.
Having worked hard to prepare for your life work.
Doing to others as you would have them do unto you.
Having learned to be self-reliant, to trust in your own power.
Establishing a good name and keeping your integrity above suspicion.
Living up to your highest ideal, measuring up to your highest standard.
Helping those who need your help; lighting another's candle with your own.
Assuming great responsibility, no matter how distasteful it may at first be to you. —O. S. M.

"She's such a good cow," John finished, "that I hate to part with her terribly; but I must go to college, and so I thought of this way."

"You want us to take the cow in payment for your tuition and books?" the president repeated. John nodded.

"Well, well!" the president said slowly. He was taking in every point of John's appearance—his fresh, sunburned face, his honest eyes, even the wonderful new shine on the late dustladen brogans.

"You walked all the way, you say?"

A GAIN John nodded, and, being encouraged, told something of the conditions of the little mountain home and of the ambitions which had led him from there.

"I've always wanted to go to college, sir," John repeated in his eager way. "Ever since I was a little tot, I felt that I must go some day—and now's the time if ever."

"You say Blossom gives good milk?" the president asked with just the suggestion of a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Grand," declared John enthusiastically. "It's the finest, richest milk you ever drank, sir. I wish you could drink some of it, sir. I'll bet if it was tested it'd have a whole lot more butter fat than the average. Blossom is a wonderful cow—"

Here the president interrupted and suggested that the "wonderful" cow be taken back to the stables and fed. This sounded encouraging to John.

Half an hour later, John again presented himself before the president, who talked very kindly to him. He told him that he and his colleague had decided to buy Blossom's milk for the college, and, if John took up extra work that was suggested to cover the balance of his expenses, it would not be necessary for him to part with Blossom at all—she could remain in his possession.

It was dreadfully difficult for John to preserve a manly front as he listened to the president. This was so much better than he had expected, that, for all his eighteen years, his lip quivered, and, to save his life, he could not prevent a tear from dropping on the president's desk.

OF course, John accepted the proposition, Blossom, from that time on, gave the richest milk night and morn. John found much of the work he had to do far from easy, and it often required real self-denial to stick with a job when his classmates were chasing a ball across field or pursuing some equally pleasant activity.

But he *did* stick—and many a classmate would have welcomed the splendid marks John received.

John went through college and took his degree, Blossom helping every step of the way. Later, Emily, encouraged by her brother's example, came to college herself, and, in time, became an instructor in that institution.

John put his college education to such good use that long before Blossom had ceased to be famous as a dispenser of milk, he was known as one of the keenest of young business men in a flourishing western town.

Many times friends commended him upon his rapid advancement, and one friend, probing deeper into John's past, expressed his surprise at John's having acquired an education with such meager opportunities to aid him. John only laughed. Out of the past there came the memory of a boy standing in a cow barn whispering a vow into a cow's ear.

"Oh," said John, "it was only that I knew there was a way and I found it. That's all."

LOVE that is worth the name, sends its flowers to the living.
It does not wait to heap them on the dead. Love helps
when help is needed. It does not wait until it is too late.

Selling to Six Million Customers by Mail

(Continued from page 15)

The Central West, according to mail-order records, is enjoying an era of prosperity never before dreamed of. The wants of the successful farmers in this section, include articles which no mail-order firm would have thought of placing in its catalog even as recently as ten years ago. The catalog house provides everything needed for the equipping of a modern bathroom. Kitchen and dairy appliances are sold to relieve the drudgery of farm life and add to the profit of its undertaking. Automobiles, pianos, talking machines, vacuum cleaners, and a host of other up-to-date household appliances are ordered daily from every section of the country. In fact there is many a farmhouse which is more up-to-date in its equipment, than the average city apartment.

Mr. Rosenwald points out that in the matter of home decoration the mail-order buyer has undergone a marked change for the better. Artistic wall-papers, request for harmonious painting-effects, a demand for better rugs and carpets, and a decided advance in taste in living-room and dining-room furniture are all indicative of this trend. Quality plus beauty seems to be the order of the day in the furnishing of American homes everywhere.

A little idea of the volume of business handled by Mr. Rosenwald's firm is to be had from the table on page 15, showing the quantity of merchandise the 6,000,000 customers of Sears, Roebuck & Co., order in one year.

65,000,000 Catalogs Issued Yearly

THE total number of active customers on the firm's mailing-lists, does not accurately portray the magnitude of the business. It has been carefully figured out that the average home consists of five individuals, which would swell the number of persons whose needs are supplied by Sears, Roebuck & Co., to the astonishing total of 30,000,000 human beings.

To advise this great army of the 100,000 and more things it has for sale, Sears, Roebuck & Co., issue a catalog containing 1,400 pages. The paper required amounts to 1,200 carloads a year. Placed end to end these cars would cover eight miles of railroad track. The catalog weighs about five pounds and costs nearly \$1 to produce and mail. In 1919 over 65,000,000 catalogues and price lists were distributed.

The Chicago headquarters of the firm is a maze of industry and an amazing example of completeness. It is almost a complete city in itself, with its manufactories, its assembling rooms, its postal and telegraph and express offices, its freight sidings and its restaurants, club, rest rooms, and executive offices. It covers over a hundred acres of floor space.

The firm operates a scientific experimental laboratory where expert chemists test all food items in the catalog. Chemical tests also furnish the basis for the statement as to the cloth that goes into every garment offered, and every article listed is subjected to the conditions of actual use before it is deemed worthy to bear the Sears-Roebuck guarantee. If fur is dyed rabbit-skin, it is so called and not styled, "near-seal."

Most Popular Item Is the Rocking Chair

PROBABLY the most popular item in the mail-order catalog is the rocking-chair, but even this old American institution has undergone a change. Long ago the orders flood in for the once popular Boston rocker. Only one type of this famous chair

Secrets of Selling that Make These Men \$10,000 a Year Star Salesmen

Some Amazing Stories of Quick Success

IT is hard to believe that a man who has been working for years in a routine job at small pay could almost over-night step into the \$10,000 a year class. Yet that is just what many men have done and are doing today. That such big success could come so quickly and so easily seems almost incredible. If I should tell you that one man who had been a fireman on a railroad stepped from his old job to one that paid him \$10,000 a year, you would be inclined to doubt the truth of my statement.

But I can show you the man's own story. And that is only one instance. I can show you many more. Perhaps the most surprising part of it all is that these men were just average men. They came from all walks of life, from all fields of work. They had previously been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, farm hands! Some of them had never earned more than \$60 a month—some of them had drudged for years at dull, uninteresting work without prospects of anything better in life. And then, in one quick jump, they found themselves earning more money than they had ever thought possible. Suddenly all their dreams of success, position, and financial independence came true.

The Secret of Their Success

WHAT was responsible for their remarkable rise to the ranks of the big money makers? What did they do to lift themselves out of the low pay rut and step to magnificent earnings?

The answer is very simple. These men decided to get into the great field of *Selling*—they learned about the wonderful opportunities in this fascinating profession—why Salesmen are always in demand—why they receive so much more money than men in other fields of work. And they became Star Salesmen!

Probably if you had told any one of these men that it was possible for him to become a Star Salesman he would have laughed at the idea. If you had told him that it was not only possible, but that it could be done in his spare moments at home, without interfering with his work, he would have dismissed your statement as being too absurd to be even considered. For you must remember that most of those men had never had a day's experience in selling—they had no special qualifications for salesmanship, no thought of ever becoming salesmen.



Send Me Your Name

I have shown hundreds of men how to step from small-pay jobs into the big money class in one quick jump. \$10,000 a year—yes, and more—has come to men as a result of writing to me. Just let me send you the whole amazing proof—entirely free of cost or obligation.

J. E. Greenslade,
President, N. S. T. A.

What Makes a \$10,000 a Year Star Salesman?

AS a matter of fact, these men who are today reaping such handsome rewards as Star Salesmen, would probably be working still as clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, etc., if they had not learned about the National Salesmen's Training Association's system of Salesmanship Training and Free Employment Service. This is an organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers formed just for the purpose of showing men how to become Star Salesmen and fitting them into positions as City and Traveling Salesmen.

Through its help hundreds of men have been able to realize their dreams of big opportunity, success, wealth and independence. Men without previous experience or special qualifications have learned the secrets of selling, that make Star Salesmen—for salesmen are not "born" but made, and any man can easily master the principles of Salesmanship through the wonderful system of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Any one who is inclined to doubt that this is so has only to read the stories of men who tell in their own words what the Association has done for them. Here are just a few examples:

J. P. Overstreet of Dallas, Texas, who was formerly on the Capital Police Force of Washington, D. C., states: "My earnings for March were over \$1,000 and over \$1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were \$356.00. The N. S. T. A. dug me out of the rut where I was earning less than \$1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success."

C. W. Campbell, of Greensburg, Pa., writes: "My earnings for the past thirty days are \$1,560, and I won Second Prize in March, although I only worked two weeks during that month."

P. T. Balshaugh, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who was formerly a fireman on an Eastern railroad, states: "You have put me in the \$10,000 a year class."

What These Men Have Done You Can Do

IT will not cost you a penny to learn how you, too, can become a Star Salesman and take your place among the big money makers of business. Whatever your ambition may be—\$5,000 to \$10,000 or more a year—find out about your great opportunity in the wonderful profession of Salesmanship. See how the N. S. T. A. can open to you the way to a big selling job, to prosperity and a life of fascinating work, travel, and contact with influential men. Just mail the coupon or write, and you will receive without cost or obligation, proof of what the remarkable system of the National Salesmen's Training Association and its FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE can do for you. In addition a great book on Salesmanship will be mailed to you without charge. You owe it to yourself to read of the quick and brilliant success that others have achieved and of the opportunities that await you in the wonderful field of Selling. Mail the coupon or write today.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. 56K, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. 56-K, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send me free proof that you can make me a Star Salesman and tell me how you will help me find a big job. Also for showing lines of business and earnings for Salesmen. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Original from _____

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Training for Masterfulness

Wonderful Series of 32 Stimulating, Ambition-Arousing Lectures by Dr. Orison Swett Marden

What Dr. Marden Believes and Teaches in These Splendid Lectures

This distinguished author, practical business man, lecturer, successful farmer and physician shows that every man being possesses certain elements of strength, leadership and greatness; that it is a duty, as well as a pleasant task, for every individual to discover these latent qualities and develop them to their highest possibilities.

"Most people," he says, "do not face the goal of their ambition; their mental attitude is not right; they are working for one thing, but expecting something else; they are outwardly struggling for success, but inwardly expecting failure."

"Others fail because they do not put up their ideals bright, their earlier visions fade because they do not cling to them; they relax their efforts for attainment. Many do not back up their brains and ability in such a way to enable them to make the most of opportunities that come to their attention."

In The Marden Lectures on How to Get the Most Out of Life the reader is shown just how to use his brains to the best advantage; how to grasp opportunities, fortify his chances in life and cling to this vision until his dreams come true.

Every paragraph has a message for you, and when you read one of these inspiring paragraphs you will say as others have, "That hits me," "That is worth the price of the course," or, "That suggestion is worth money to me."

These remarkable Lectures are storerooms of power, reservoirs of encouragement, of uplift, of good cheer and sunshine. They are strong, simple, vigorous, clean-cut, pithy and interesting. There is not a dull page in the series. You can read them in and in again with fresh interest.

Dr. Marden's optimistic lectures

have helped more than a million men to greater Happiness, More Money, Better Health and Success. *More than 75,000 men and women have written Dr. Marden in appreciation of the great benefits received by following his teachings.* They will help solve your problems, too. Business Men; Professional Men; Farmers; Teachers and Scholars; Employers and Employees — men and women in all walks of life—have advised us that "The Marden Way" as explained in this interesting series of powerful lectures is the most inspiring and helpful way to achieve success they know.

The Marden Lectures do not tell you how to make a success of your life by magic — by making passes in the air—by repeating charms to yourself.

They tell you how to Build for Success. If you were to receive a check for \$100,000.00, it would be of no use to you if you sat and looked at it, or put it away in your desk. You would have to use it—invest it—think, plan and study to make it WORK for you.

It is the same way with this series of Lectures—which, by the way, give you a practical course in personal efficiency. You must put the *knowledge* these amazing lectures contain into practice—make it WORK for you.

The Marden Lectures tell you how other men have forged ahead and wrested success from the jaws of failure. YOU can do the same. YOU can be a success. If you WILL.

Whatever your age or occupation, The Marden Lectures will open up a new hope in YOUR life, will disclose new prospects, awaken a new ambition, give YOU a new outlook, and

show YOU how to solve YOUR problems.

Real Success is the result of correct knowledge put into practice. The Marden Lectures are an accredited source of success-building knowledge. They show you how to increase your knowledge, your happiness, your wealth, your efficiency and become successful.

The Marden Lectures, bound in book form and entitled "Everybody Ahead or Getting the most out of Life," may be secured by any who reads this announcement, in connection with 12 months' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS — Marden's Magazine — for only \$5.00. Every ambitious man and woman should read this magazine in connection with the lectures, as it is brimfull of the success idea and carries Dr. Marden's inspirational message to thousands every month. Its readers call it the most helpful magazine in America! Nor is it necessary that you risk a single penny to secure The Marden Lectures and THE NEW SUCCESS, as all you need do is to fill out the coupon below, with the understanding that you may keep the book for 5 days, read it and re-read it, and then, if for any reason you should not be fully satisfied, you may re-mail the book and your \$5.00 will be refunded in full and without question.

Surely you need these lectures and magazine and you owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your friends to take advantage of this offer which may open the door for you to wonderful new success. So mail the coupon NOW, thus making sure of getting your copy of The Marden Lectures before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

Titles of the Lectures

1. Training for Masterfulness, or Backing Up the Brain.
2. How to Measure Your Ability.
3. Until a Better Man Comes Along.
4. The Foundation of Success.
5. Timidity and Sensitiveness—How to Overcome.
6. To Be Great, Concentrate.
7. Make To-day a Red Letter Day.
8. Can You Finance Yourself?
9. Are You an Original or a Duplicate?
10. The Quality which Opens All Doors—Courtesy.
11. Why Can't I Do It?
12. You Can, But Will You?
13. How to Talk Well—A Tremendous Asset.
14. Are You a Good Advertiser of Yourself?
15. Put Your Best Into Everything.
16. The Man with Initiative.
17. The Climbing Habit.
18. Enthusiasm, the Miracle Worker.
19. Choose a Life Motto.
20. Keep Sweet.
21. Courage and Self-Faith—How to Cultivate Them.
22. The Will that Finds a Way.
23. Taking Habit Into Partnership.
24. How Much Can You Stand? or, Your Giving-up Point.
25. Honesty, the Cornerstone of Character.
26. Worry, the Success Killer—How to Cure.
27. Success as a Tonic.
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.

Mail Coupon Today

THE NEW SUCCESS

1556 St. James Bldg., New York, N. Y.
 Enclose \$5.00 for which send me the 32 Marden Lectures, hand-somely bound in book form, and please add postage and also enter my name for monthly subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS, understanding that if I am not satisfied at the end of 5 days I may return the book and you will refund \$5.00. (Foreign price, \$6.00.)

is listed to-day. The modern mail-order buyer prefers to select his rocker from some seventy-five modern models. The round dining-table has vanquished the old time square one. The orders for porch screens has increased 1,000 per cent in fifteen years.

Aside from climatic conditions, Mr. Rosenwald finds but little difference between the articles ordered from the North, East, South, or West—from city or country.

His firm sells ten times as much black tea as they do green tea. Vanilla is the most popular flavoring extract. Codfish and salmon lead in the demand for canned fish. Recent severe winters and a return to common sense has boosted a declining demand for four-buckle arties. Even the dainty city miss wore them, last winter, when the snows got the upper hand in many large communities. Peas have become more popular than corn and tomatoes; the last named, previous to 1919, being the most active-selling canned vegetable. The sales of talking machines are larger than those of book-cases, and kitchen cabinets lead both of these articles.

Superstition enters into the salability of many articles since it has been discovered that many people have a decided aversion to certain designs and colors. Light colored dresses and suits sell better in the South while the North shows a tendency to more somber shades.

Square Dealing on Both Sides Demanded

IN all of its literature, Sears, Roebuck & Co., lays stress on its sense of responsibility to its customers—calls attention to the integrity and fair dealing which have always marked every transaction of the firm. And they do not hesitate to make it known that they expect the same treatment from those who buy by mail. Credits are extended on certain purchases on the installment plan. It is seldom that the payments are not made on schedule time.

Mr. Rosenwald himself takes an almost parental interest in the great business. He takes a keen delight in overlooking the voluminous correspondence of the house and its customers and in studying the variances of the country's tastes and needs. He is an intensely human man and interested in a multitude of charitable, educational, and uplifting organizations. During the World War, his broad knowledge of merchandise values, sources of supply, methods of speeding up production and of prompt delivery were of inestimable value to the Nation. He served as president of the Associated Jewish Charities from 1908 until 1913 and after the outbreak of hostilities was unceasing in his devotion to the activities of the Jewish Welfare Board.

SUCCESS NUGGETS

Silence is a great peacemaker.—Longfellow.

The greatest fault, I should say, is to be conscious of none but other people's.—Carlyle.

It is a ten-thousand-dollar job, but a nine-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-dollar man can not fill it.

Just do a thing! Don't talk about it! This is the great secret of success in all enterprises.—Sarah Grand.

The habits you form count for more than the resolutions you make, because a habit is a living resolution.

It is said that an idler always makes wretched bargains because he gives his time and gets nothing in return for it.

Are You Hitting at Nothing?



Herbert P. Mee, Material Accountant of the Southern Pacific Railroad aimed at nothing and hit it—until—but let him tell his story himself.

"Like most people, I was a drifter, admiring success, weakly wishing for better things to come, with no conception of what the better things were or how to proceed to get them."

"I aimed at nothing and hit it."

"I performed each task that presented itself, did it fairly well and then lay back awaiting the next task, using the spare time to build castles in Spain."

"Paragraph One, Lesson One of your

Course in Personal Efficiency

started me to thinking. This I have never ceased to do since. If the Course had done nothing else for me than this, it was well worth the price paid. But it did more."

"As an immediate benefit, I have an increased capacity for work which my superiors were not slow to recognize, so that for the most part I am relieved of my old duties and assigned to much more important work."

"Young people who wish to get ahead, but don't know the why, the how or the way, can get the information very cheaply through this Course."

"Old people, given over to pessimism, loss of interest, and with apparently weakened vitality and enthusiasm will get the jolt of their life reading the Course through but once."

His Letter

Is it skill you want? Efficiency taught the U. S. Navy to shoot 1200 times as well today as at Santiago. Is it money? Efficiency brought a great western railroad a million and a half in one year. Is it Economy? A California state official saved \$2700 on one job after he had his third lesson of this course. Is it Education? A prominent man of Louisville, Ky., got his first big step that way from the first lesson of this course.

Harrington Emerson acquired in practical work with many corporations of many kinds the knowledge and experience that enabled him to write this course. He is still the president of an Efficiency Company directing efficiency work in many corporations. In his work he had to teach and train many young men, some of whom today hold highly paid positions. He has thought efficiency for forty years; he has taught it for thirty years; during twenty years he slowly collected the data for this course. You can learn from the lessons of this course how you can save an hour, two hours, a dollar, two dollars out of each day and how you can make the day a better day at the same time. You can study this course and make yourself efficient in your own life in 15 minutes a day and for little more than one dollar a lesson.

FREE—This Book

14 Chapters—In Colors—Illustrated

Send for this book. It contains the answer to the ever-present question of "Where is the money coming from?" Some of the chapters:

What is Efficiency? For whom is Efficiency? How you are taught Efficiency? Are you ear-minded or eye-minded? Find out what you are actually doing with your time. Most failures are due to guess work. You use only half your power. To what do some men owe their success? Health culture. Personal finances. Mr. Emerson's message to you.

There is no standing still in life. If you're not going forward you are going backward. If efficiency doesn't grow on you, inefficiency will. This course will send you forward to your goal—it will put you on the shortest, quickest, easiest road to success. Send the coupon for information now—today. It costs you nothing and may be the biggest thing you ever did in your life.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO., 30 Irving Place, New York, N. Y.



N. S.

8-29

Review of Reviews
30 Irving Place
New York

Send me free and without obligation on my part your book "A Short Cut to Success"; also particulars about your Course in Efficiency, and "Story of Emerson."

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of THE NEW SUCCESS, Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice

THE WORST THIEVES

THE thieves that steal the best part of life, that rob us of precious energy out of which we might build a worth-while success, a reputation and a place for ourselves in the world, are the mental thieves—worry, anxiety, jealousy, hatred, malice, hate, and ill will. These are the thieves that steal our happiness; these are the things that steal from us what is worth infinitely more to us than money—our peace of mind, our chance in life. They steal our energy, our vitality, so that we cannot make good with what we have left.

A robust health, a vigorous vitality, these are the things that help us to make good. A vigorous brain must be backed by a vigorous body through right living, a right life; right eating, right playing, right working. Everything must be right to make the maximum of life possible.

HAVE a letter from a man who says his entire life has been one bitter struggle, a perpetual fight with poverty and poverty-stricken conditions—with hard luck, disaster of all kinds. He says he has had to contend with sickness and trouble all his life; that he has never known what it is to be free a single month from some kind of disaster, misfortune, trial, or anxiety. His insurance has run out, a good business location has been changed to a poor location by shifting tide of trade, and he is ready to give up.

Now, my unfortunate friend, I have known you for years, and I have never seen you when you weren't talking along the same line. Your mind seems saturated with pessimism and discouragement. How can you expect the creative forces within you to produce prosperity, to build opulence, when you do not obey the laws of prosperity and abundance? For years you have been violating these laws, have been talking and thinking poverty, acting like a pauper, going out among your fellows with the expression of a pauper, with a poorhouse look and attitude, a poorhouse echo in your very conversation and bearing. You give one the impression that you are headed for the poorhouse; everybody thinks so, because of your attitude.

THERE is no law or philosophy by which you can bring success by talking failure, attract opulence by talking want and poverty, thinking poverty-stricken thoughts. You must talk and think success and opulence, if you want to realize these in your

BACK UP YOUR BRAIN

ANY people seem to think they can get anything out of the brain regardless of what they put into it, but they are mistaken! What you get out of your brain depends absolutely on what you put into it!

Is the trouble with most of us who are sure that we accomplish so little in life, that we do not half back up our brain, do not keep it in fine condition to do our work? What would you think of a man who would bank everything on a horse that had been half taken care of? Would you bet him to win? Would the jockey, training his horse for the great prize, leave him in the draft or out doors unprotected and unprotected; or give him a drink when he was

over-heated; or feed him on blighted oats?

How many people are banking on what they can get out of their brains? Their life work depends upon their brain efficiency, and yet they do not half take care of it! They are feeding their brains with anything, regardless of whether it will or will not vitalize the blood, give them the maximum of staying power, maximum of stamina and determination. Devitalized blood means a devitalized brain, and a devitalized brain means failure to all our highest aims and ambitions.

There is only one possible way of getting the most out of your life—by keeping your brain up to normal, backing it up with right life-habits, with nutritious food, regular rest, effective recreation, and with the right kind of thinking, the right kind of life ideals.

THE LITTLE THINGS

IT takes so little to make us glad, to cheer us up, to make us happy; it takes and costs so little to be kind, to be thoughtful, to be considerate; it takes so little to cheer others up who are discouraged, so little to lend a helping hand, yet it means so much, to others as well as to ourselves.

We think too much about doing the things which look big in our lives, and we think too little of the everyday little acts of thoughtfulness, of kindness, the little helpfulnesses to those who are disheartened and down and out. After all, is it not the little things that make up life?

LOWERING YOUR STANDARDS

DO you know that familiarity with inferiority will tend to make you inferior? It will lower your standards without your realizing it, and deterioration will soon result. We vibrate to our associations; we tend to harmonize with our environment, with the people with whom we associate. If we mingle with inferiority, familiarize ourselves with it, before we realize it, we are vibrating to inferiority; our standards are deteriorating, our ideals dropping.

It is a curious fact that men, as a rule, are incapable of detecting and appreciating their falling standards unless they are very marked or pronounced. There is nothing so insidious in our experience as deterioration. The moment we begin to let up in our aspirations, in our persistent, determined effort to keep up to the mark in every possible way, to keep our ambition from sagging, our ideals from becoming dim, deterioration sets in.

We must keep our standards up at all times, no matter how great is the temptation to let them drop.

WHY REMAIN A MISFIT?

WHY do you continue to remain a misfit, a round peg in a square hole? Think of what you are losing in the way of time and energy. Above all else, consider the precious talent which you are diverting and perhaps not using at all, when you are getting your living by your weak faculties instead of your strong ones.

Isn't it foolish to spend the best years of

your life doing that which nature has not fitted you for, doing that which perhaps is prohibited by the very structure of your brain, your organization? Oh, the wasted talent, the wasted years, the life regret, the misery, the unhappiness which result from the consciousness that we have been working in the wrong place, with our weakness instead of with our strength!

CHARACTER IS SUCCESS

CHARACTER is the victory of a man's life. There is nothing greater than this. Fame, position, achievement are nothing without character, without manhood. If you have not achieved that, you have not been a true success.

Character is success and there is no other comparison. A man may make millions and be a failure, he may be famous the world over and still be a failure; but if he has achieved manhood, he is a success though he die penniless.

WHEN RICHES ARE FORGOTTEN

THE rich men, the money masters in all stages of civilization, have been quickly forgotten unless there was something else besides their money that entitled them to fame. Many wealthy men of Rome and ancient Greece do not live in our history, while other men who had no wealth, who were in fact, very poor, like Socrates, are enshrined in the hearts of humanity. The world is only grateful to the men who served it. Unselfish service is what the world worships, not wealth alone. It builds its monuments to men who served it. Unselfish service, not money, immortalizes a life.

WHEN A MAN IS DOWN AND OUT

"A MAN may be down but he is never out," is one of the heartening mottoes of the Salvation Army.

A man is never out of the race until his courage fails. When that goes his faith in God, his faith in himself, is gone. Then, indeed, he is down and out.

One of the things that characterizes men of large achievement is their habit of wringing victory from defeat. What would be stumbling-blocks, great disasters to other men, they use as stepping-stones. Like rubber balls, the harder they fall the quicker and the higher they rebound. It is only the little fellow who is out when he is down.

Napoleon was never so resourceful, never so level-headed, never had that vigorous mental grasp, never able to make such powerful combinations as when he was driven to desperation.

It is the stress, the striving and struggling to overcome difficulties, seeming impossibilities, that makes giant men. Those who wilt under defeat; those who fear to tackle big things and those who simply carry out the programs of others and never think or act for themselves, never make stalwart characters.

No man is down and out so long as his ambition lives and he keeps struggling toward his goal. Moreover, if he keeps on struggling, with victory in his mind, nothing can keep him from reaching that goal.

SERMONS IN STONES

DURING Lord Leverhulme's recent visit to the United States, a certain journalist, while chatting with him, happened to drop the remark, "A rich man like you—"

"What do you mean by *rich*?" Lord Leverhulme interrupted. The famous British manufacturer and philanthropist then gave a little dissertation emphasizing that money did not make a man rich, but that riches and success consisted of what a man was and what he accomplished of helpfulness to his fellowmen.

JOB'S wife didn't take much stock in her husband's virtues. She didn't believe that God intended any good for her husband, and she advised him to curse God and die. But Job refused, saying, "Though God slay me, yet will I praise Him."

LOUIS XIV. asked Colbert, the great financier and politician, how it was that, ruling so great and populous a country as France, he had been unable to conquer Holland. "Because," said Colbert, "the greatness of a country does not depend on the extent of its territory, but the character of its people."

A STORY is told of a woman who freely used her tongue spreading scandal about others, and made a confession to a priest of what she had done. He gave her a thistle-top and bade her go in various directions and scatter the seeds, one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the seeds she had sown broadcast. She replied that such a task would be impossible. The priest then told her that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports she had circulated about others.

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED?

Remember This:

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and again was badly defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate, and was badly defeated.

In 1856, he became a candidate for the Vice-Presidency and was again defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged, just because you think you are having a hard time in life?—*Prætorian Guard.*

Self-respect with too many people is a matter of haberdashery.

The Dream of a Salesman's Family



How a Two-Cent Stamp Made the Dream Come True

Of course Jim was ambitious—of course he worked hard; and yet when he got his salary check, it was barely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. As for giving his family the things that would add so tremendously to their happiness—things little Chub and Doris longed for so wistfully—well, it just could not be done.

Then one day Jim met Perry, who formerly had been with his company, and had been known as a good fellow but a poor salesman. Perry was wearing finely tailored clothes and looked decidedly prosperous. The father of Chub and Doris asked him where he had inherited his money.

Perry smiled, and, with the pardonable pride of a self-made man, told how he had increased his income until now he and his family could enjoy the good things of life. He told how he learned to make a big sale where before he had been happy to take a small order. He told how he had learned to make friends of those who formerly had been cold, unresponsive prospects; how they listened, became interested, and almost eagerly signed the dotted line. And when he showed his last salary check, it made

his less successful friend whistle with surprise.

Then he disclosed the big secret:

"Well, Jim, two years ago I was discouraged, downhearted, and ashamed to see the sacrifices Elsie had to make to keep the house running and to give the kids even an occasional trip to the movies. It was at the height of this gloom that I heard of a set of books called 'Personal Selling' that outlined the principles and fundamentals of one of the most successful salesmen of modern times. I sent for the books, accepting the publisher's offer of five days' free examination. I studied them and tried out the meth-

ods suggested. I was surprised at the ease with which the vital points of successful selling could be grasped, and how the suggestions offered corrected the very faults that had kept me from going ahead.

"The experience of Wesley A. Stanger (author of 'Personal Selling') as Sales Manager for Thos. A. Edison 'Ediphone' New York City, writer for 'System' Manager of Royal Typewriter Company, Chicago, and President of the Mitchell Automobile Co., Missouri, made 'Personal Selling' fairly hum with ideas and suggestions that were practical and easy to follow.

"From that day my income steadily climbed. In four months I became his man in the company, and to-night I am taking the train for home to break the glad news to Elsie that Perry is the name of our new sales manager."

That talk with Perry was the dawn of a new life for Jim. A request brought the books, and to-day—to make a long story short—only ten months later, little Chub and Doris are enjoying a thousand and one little pleasures that the greatly increased income of their Daddy makes possible.

Free Proof at Our Expense

So positive are we that Mr. Stanger's course will bring you, as well as Perry and Jim, increased income through the achievement of greater success that we will send the complete set of "Personal Selling" without a single cent in advance.

Don't hesitate a second. Rush the coupon to us. The complete set of books will be sent by return mail. To Mr. Stanger's methods, and if, after five days' examination, you are not convinced that the books will increase your income return them at our expense and you owe us nothing.

Can you afford to lose this chance for the price of a two cent stamp? Then mail the coupon, a postal, or letter to-day. This may well be the turning point of your entire business career.

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19 W. 43rd St. New York City
Please send me immediately, on five days' approval, your 12 books on "Personal Selling". I will remit the price, \$6.00, or return the books within 5 specified days.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Business _____
Note: Payment in advance is not required. The books will be sent by return mail.

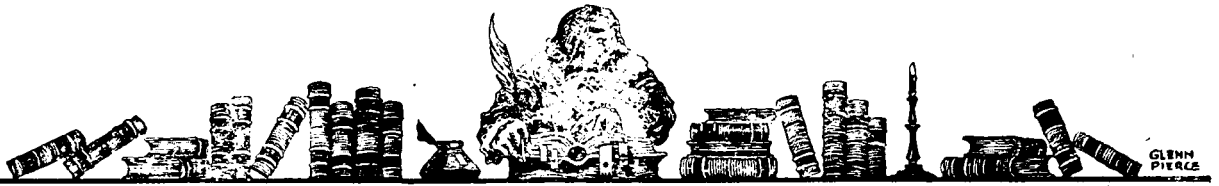
TESTIMONIALS

"Personal Selling contains more boiled down, tangible, usable selling information and argument than anything that has come off the press as far as I know in a long, long time. The author has had ample experience to draw upon. This work has the true ring of genuineness. It is practically a text book on salesmanship. It is concise, easily read and is a book that will be read and reread many times."

T. B. HILTON,
Street Railways Ad. Co.,
New York City.

"Personal Selling rings the bell. It is plain to see that the subject is handled by a man who knows the game. It is straight-from-the-shoulder talk. It is a liberal education in the subject treated. It should be in the hands of every salesman and sales manager. More real stuff has been crowded into this course than one could imagine. In addition to its information value, it is inspiring, refreshingly practical, and bristles with ideas."

ALLEN BRANNIN
Sales Mgr.,
Rotary Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio.



FACTS WORTH KNOWING

United States Now the Oldest Government in the World

WHEN the Constitution of the United States was drafted, with the system of government under which the American people are now living, George III., was on the British throne and Catherine was Empress of Russia. Louis XVI., was king of France, Frederick the Great had been dead only a few months, and Napoleon Bonaparte was an obscure lieutenant in the French Army. Parliamentary government, in the sense that it is now understood, was unknown. The government of the United States is now the oldest government in the world. All the others have either been recast or revolutionized since Washington was first inaugurated President.—*New York World.*

The World's Largest Clock

THE largest clock in the world is in Jersey City, New Jersey. It is known as the Colgate clock. It weighs about 6 tons, the face is 38 feet in diameter and has an area of 1,134 square feet. The minute-hand is nearly 20 feet long and weighs about a third of a ton. It travels at the tip between 23 and 24 inches each minute, or more than half a mile a day. The weight at the end of the hands to revolve weighs about a ton.

Milk Is a Splendid Food

ACCORDING to figures compiled by specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, milk is a complete food in itself. One quart of milk will supply as much protein as 7 ounces of sirloin steak, or 6 ounces of round steak, or 4.3 eggs, or 8.6 ounces of fowl. It will also supply as much energy as 11 ounces of sirloin steak, or 12 ounces of round steak, or 10 eggs, or 10.7 ounces of fowl. Milk is still one of the cheapest foods considering its food value.

Where Men Competed with Beasts

BARBADOS ISLAND is the most populous country in the world per square mile, except China. The island is but one-eighth the size of Rhode Island, but has as many inhabitants as the smallest and most densely inhabited State. There is only one island, despite the misleading plural name. Labor is so plentiful in the Barbados that, for a time men had to compete with beasts of burden.

When Education Was Degradating

THERE was a time, though few people to-day may believe it, when the rulers of various kingdoms thought it a degrading thing to know how to read and write. Other than sign any sort of communication, those days, the people would stamp it with their signet ring. This ring was something held in great awe by both the ruler and his followers, because of the power and authority it could control and because it had been handed down from father to son for generations. The design on the ring was generally something symbolic of the family achievements. It became a custom of these rulers to entrust their wives with the signet ring, if they were going on a long journey or if they were ill.

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Why Uncle Sam Is Prosperous

WITH but 5 per cent. of the earth's population, we have 24 per cent. of its agricultural production, 40 per cent. of the mineral production, and we manufacture 35 per cent. of its goods. Our natural wealth is above \$225,000,000,000, while that of our nearest competitor, England, is but \$80,000,000,000. With this, it is impossible for things to go wrong. The real trouble in this country, to-day, is that there is a premium on idleness. Our trade balance to-day is \$5,000,000,000. We have repurchased our foreign placed securities to the value of about \$8,000,000,000. We have loaned our allies \$10,000,000,000. Half of the gold in the world is in the United States, and the deposits in the banks of this country are billions more than the total in all the other banks of the world.—*John Fletcher, Vice-President of the Fort Dearborn Bank, Chicago.*

The Farmer Begets Envy

IT is an exceptional town that can make such a showing as that of Orange Township, Blackhawk County, Iowa. Of the 142 farm homes in the township, all have newspapers and magazines; 125 have libraries, with an average of 100 volumes; 132 have telephones; 80 have pianos; 79 have automobiles; 76 have vacuum cleaners; 72 have furnace heat; 68 have power washers; 63 have electric light; 57 have running water; 47 have bathrooms.

Half of World's Diamonds in U. S.

MORE than a billion dollars worth of diamonds are owned in the United States. It appears that, in 1900, according to expert opinion, diamonds valued at \$500,000,000 were held in this country, and now figures show that the value of diamonds imported since 1900 comes to \$506,000,000. According to the best information, fully one half the world's stock of diamonds is now held in the United States.

Keeping the President's Home in Order

IF President Wilson had paid for the improvements and maintenance of the White House, its grounds, and the greenhouse, he would have expended his yearly salary of \$75,000 and be deeply in debt besides, according to the annual report of the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, whose department is responsible for the upkeep of

the Executive mansion. The incomplete figures show that \$138,778.39 was spent in a year to keep the White House and its grounds in first-class condition.

Startling News for the Unmarried

A CORNELL UNIVERSITY professor recently made comparisons between the number of married and unmarried people dying in the State of New York, not including Buffalo and New York City, and he found the death rate among unmarried men, from 20 to 29 years inclusive, to be 57 per cent. greater than among married men; and that from 30 to 49 years, more than twice as many unmarried men die. Among unmarried women over 30 years, the death rate is higher, also, than with their married sisters, reaching 37 per cent. greater between 50 and 59 years, inclusive.

Kerosene Brighter than Electricity

THE highest beacon-light maintained by the United States government for warning navigators is at Cape Mendocino, California, 422 feet above sea level. It has a range of twenty-eight miles. The brightest light in the world is at Navesink, New Jersey, on the Highlands at the entrance to New York harbor. It is 25,000,000 candle-power, and its glare has been seen seventy miles from shore. The largest lighthouse "lens" is at Makapuu Point on the Island of Oahu, Hawaii. The lens of the Navesink light encloses a powerful electric arc. Kerosene is the preferred illuminant for lighthouses. It is burned in so-called "oil vapor" lamps, with several concentric wicks, the vaporized kerosene being supplied to incandescent mantles.

Canary Birds as Gas Indicators

CANARY birds seem out of place in war, but they were the means of saving many human lives, though always at the price of their own, in the great World War. The little yellow birds are very susceptible to gas and they will die from the effects of gas before a man will feel it. The birds were kept in the trenches and watched. When one of the little songsters fell off his perch, the soldiers knew that the enemy's gas was coming, and they could either put on gas-masks or escape.

The Pay of Two Presidents

WHEN compared with the remuneration of President Deschanel, of France, a country where money has treble and even quadruple the purchasing power that it has in America, President Wilson is grossly underpaid. President Deschanel receives yearly 1,200,000 francs (\$240,000), whereas President Wilson gets \$75,000, with a travelling allowance of \$25,000 more which if not expended for the purpose for which it is intended remains withdrawn in the United States Treasury.

How I "Cashed In" on My Employees

(Continued from page 18)

because work can be arranged so that their clients do not suffer through this shut down, and because of it each department is kept up to top-notch all the time instead of being half crippled because of vacations spreading over a period of two or three months."

"NOT a bad idea," Harrington considered. "It probably wouldn't work in a factory, but I think it's a bully idea for a brain factory. It tends to promote good fellowship between employer and employee, makes everyone feel on the same level, and tends to make each member of the organization feel that instead of working for a salary, he or she is really a partner in the firm."

"In the work I'm just taking up," Simpson told his superior, "I'm not going to let myself forget that I have always resented unfairness, being patronized or bullied. I want teamwork in my office just as I wanted it in the army and when I was a kid on the college football eleven. I want to eliminate the idea that those under me are dependent on the firm for their very existence—to make them feel that the firm is dependent on them for its successful existence."

HARRINGTON chuckled. "I can only once recall, in recent years, really wanting to fire a man. Then I found out that he was at fault because of my fault. I first was conscious of my attitude when I found him suddenly endeavoring to do something when I passed near his desk. He didn't know that I was the sort of man who didn't expect him to be going on all four cylinders when business is slow. I don't care what time a man gets in or when he goes home. What I want and demand is results; but this chap had evidently been working for a man who thought he was being cheated if the wheels weren't humming nine hours a day."

"So, unfortunately, before I called the man down, I thought of the reason for his apparently being an 'eye-servant.' And having satisfied myself that was the case, I stopped at his desk one morning, spread out a newspaper, and took ten minutes of time I could not spare to call his attention to a particularly humorous item and get his views on it. He turns out three times as much work as I could expect during busy seasons and, if he feels like it, goes to the ball game when business is dull."

"That was like you," Simpson said, "and if I may so, without any intent to flatter, it is these things which have enabled you to build up a great, honorable business. Your personality has filtered down through every strata to the boy who announces your callers, and the men who do chores about the factory yard. They have made you their ideal and they are trying to live up to it. Your ideals have become their ideals, your personality their personality. They never forget that you are 'the old man'—but they always remember that you are a real man."

"I appreciate what you say," said Harrington, because I know you mean it. And your saying so proves that my course has been right, since you have obtained this idea of me and my methods. It also proves to me that you will make an able lieutenant in the position to which I have assigned you. I want to work with you, and I want you to work with me along these lines."

"With all my heart!" Simpson exclaimed sincerely.

"Thank you," said Harrington. "And, before we go home, I want to leave just a couple of thoughts with you. If you try to get all you can out of those under you, it is but natural that they will take the same tack and give you as little as they can for as much as they can get. This is only too true in the present condition of labor unrest. But the time is coming when capital and labor are going to get together because it is the logical thing for them to do. The combining of their interests—which are indivisible—mutual respect, sympathy, courtesy and consideration will do much to promote the greatest union the world has ever known."

"I'm going to make myself a walking delegate for such a union," answered Simpson with a sincerity of purpose in his expression.

"Do so," advised Harrington. "Inspiration and not intimidation on the part of the employer is the sanest, surest, and most satisfactory way to lure loyalty out of his employees!"

The second interview with Old Jeremiah Harrington will appear in THE NEW SUCCESS for September. In "When You Must Increase Your Production," he gives some very pertinent information.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN TEMPTED TO PLAY THE COWARD

WE all have days of discouragement and moments when we would be glad to run away from our troubles and responsibilities. In these times of depression and discouragement, when we feel that we amount to but little and doubt whether, after all, life is worth while, there is always danger of playing the coward! of doing something that we shall be ashamed of later. It is better never to take an important step or make a radical change when discouraged.

When everything seems dark ahead and you can not see another step, then say to yourself: "I guess it is up to me now to play the part of a man," grit your teeth and push on, knowing that the gloomy condition will pass; that no matter how black or threatening the clouds, there is a sun behind them which will ultimately burst through. You will be surprised to find what power and courage are developed by this holding on as best you can.

After becoming better acquainted with the mighty reserve which is in you, you will

learn that you can depend upon it; that it will come to your rescue in your hour of need.

Many people are frightened out of taking responsibilities which they know perfectly well they would be capable of fulfilling, and which would be of untold benefit to them if carried out. They haven't the courage to measure up to their opportunities.

Now, when tempted to play the coward, get by yourself and give yourself a good talking-to. Think how cowardly it would be to run away from your responsibility or opportunity. Just say to yourself that you are made of better stuff; that you are going to do the thing that you agreed to do, no matter how hard or disagreeable it may be.

The world has for us just what we have for it. It is a great whispering gallery which flings back the echo of our voices. If we laugh, it laughs back; if we curse, it curses back.



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|Telegraph Engineer |Stenographer |
|Wireless Operator |Fire Insurance Examiner |
|Architect |Sanitary Engineer |
|Building Contractor |Master Plumber |
|Civil Engineer |Heating & Vent. Eng. |
|Structural Engineer |Automobile Engineer |
|Mechanical Engineer |Automobile Repairer |
|Shop Superintendent |Airplane Mechanic |
|Steam Engineer |General Education |
|Draftsman and Designer |Common School Teacher |
|Phototypewriter |Employment Manager |
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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Address

"Brown, of Medicine Hat"

Started in General Store at \$2.50 a Week; But He Has Put More on the Map Than the Town for which He Fights

By EARLE HOOKER EATON



MAYOR MERVIN A. BROWN

Selected three times chief executive of the Western Canadian City—Medicine Hat—which, he says, has a fine climate despite the jokesmiths.

THIS is the story of "Brown, of Medicine Hat,"—Mayor Mervin A. Brown, who started in life as a farm boy; whose first weekly wage was \$2.50; who is ever without a new objective worth reaching for and taking; who ranks, to-day, as one of the first citizens of the prairie provinces and British Columbia.

"When you are 'Brown, of Medicine Hat,' there are times when you feel that you need an alibi, or the gift of repartee." That's what Brown says himself; but it does not mean that he has any idea of going back on the "Hat." Not he. He is the mayor of Medicine Hat, and, according to British and Canadian custom, is "His Worship" on State occasions. On other occasions everybody in town calls him "Merv.," the same being Western-Canadian custom, and Mr. Brown sees it much better than he does the title.

Shakespeare once remarked, "What's in a name?" Well, that's a lot, as Med. Hat and its mayor can tell you. For years, Medicine Hat has been called the City of

Aeolus, the breeding-place of all blizzards, and the starting point of all that is bad in the way of weather. Also, the funny men, the parographers, and even the managing editors always have Medicine Hat to fall back upon when all other stock news-jests are momentarily stale. But Mayor Brown is very proud of Medicine Hat, and is a staunch defender of its weather.

Kipling has even taken a shot at Medicine Hat. When one of its big gas wells was "blown off," sending a column of flame 350 feet high, in his honor, the poet-novelist observed that Medicine Hat "had all hades for its basement." Later on, however, when there was a strong movement afoot to change the city's name, Kipling spent \$25 on a cablegram urging that the old name be retained because changing it would be "like a man going back on his mother." The name was not changed, nor is it likely to be.

MAYOR BROWN not only had very hard sledding during his rise to the chief position in Medicine Hat, but he has developed also such qualities of vision, hustle, and hard work that he is, to-day, at the age of thirty-six, one of the leading figures in Western Canada's development.

Brown is a farm boy, a native of Prince Edward Island, north of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Canada. Like other farm boys who have made good, he had the benefit of only six years public schooling at Charlottetown, and then went to work in a general store, at the age of fifteen, at a salary that seems incredible in these days when office boys in cities start their business career at \$50 a month.

Brown got \$2.50 a week, and paid \$2.25 a week for his board and room. For all other purposes, he had twenty-five cents a week. He worked hard, saved what he could, and, from the very start, had an objective in view. The manager of the store received \$10 a week, which, as Brown expresses in his breezy, western way, "seemed to be all the money in the world." And Brown figured that if he worked hard and behaved himself, there might come a time in the dim, distant future when that \$10 a week would be his.

It took six years to win the prize—after six years of devotion to duty, hard work

and clean living—he was manager of the store.

BROWN had achieved his immediate objective, but he wasn't satisfied. He had heard of the vast provinces of Western Canada, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, with their agricultural and industrial opportunities, and he went West to grow up with the country, arriving at Medicine Hat in 1906.

In five years he established the largest general store in the city, became a successful farmer as a side line, and was elected to the city council. Then another objective loomed up ahead—the mayoralty of Medicine Hat. Brown went after it with his usual energy, won and put through a program of municipal improvements that gained for him many friends and a lot of enemies. He was for Medicine Hat, first, last, and all the time; but there were people who did not agree with him. He ran for mayor a second time and won despite well-organized opposition.

Medicine Hat had twenty gas wells and a cheap fuel supply, and Brown went after manufacturers. He headed a committee that visited Winnipeg to induce a big flour-milling concern to establish a branch at the "Hat." The committee was "turned down" at every attempt, and all the members went home—all except Brown.

Every morning, the chief flour-mill magnate found Brown waiting for him on the doorstep of his office, courteous, persuasive, primed with new arguments and absolutely undaunted by repeated rebuffs.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," the magnate explained to some of Brown's friends and enemies, after he had agreed to erect a mill with a capacity of 4,000 barrels a day at Medicine Hat. "I had to build the mill to get rid of Brown."

WHEN Brown came up for a third term, even his enemies wanted him to run and voted for him besides. Although he is still mayor, his horizon has broadened until it includes all of Western Canada. His objective now is the settlement and agricultural and industrial development of that rich and fertile country. First of all, he was the leading spirit in organizing the Alberta Industrial Development Association of which he is president.

Brown is modest but resolute. When he goes after anything, he usually fetches it home—just as he did the flour-mill.

"That fellow Brown is never beaten," one of his townsmen remarked to another.

"Go on!" retorted the other. "I've seen him beaten several times, but he never seemed to know it!"

Mayor Brown is an authority on Medicine Hat's famous weather—that is, the weather the funny man enjoys writing about.

"It was this way," he explains. "In the early days, when weather stations were scarce, Medicine Hat station was situated farthest north. Consequently, if a blizzard started somewhere, or anywhere, up near the Arctic Ocean, the first weather report came from Medicine Hat, and Medicine Hat got blamed for it. Weather? Medicine Hat has splendid weather. Why, I have often plowed there in January."

The lazier the man, the more he will have to say about great things genius has done.

Don't mistake the stubbornness of your prejudices for the courage of your convictions.

How many people have bartered all the joy of living for the doubtful pleasure of snipping coupon-stamps.

FOOLISH men turn out fools whether they go to college or not.

Not Work, But Worry, Kills

Some Reasons Why a British Writer Pokes Fun at Ill-Health in America

By CHARLOTTE C. WEST, M.D.

A BRITISH writer, struck by the figures recently made public on the condition of health prevailing in the United States, wrote the following:

It is said that out of 110,000,000 Americans, only 37,000,000 have fairly good health, and only 19,500,000 are in full vigor.

Only two out of every eleven—only eighteen per cent.—are in perfect health.

There are 1,000,000 with tuberculosis; 3,000,000 with malaria; and 3,000,000 who are in bed all the time.

This is not a mere opinion. It is a statement by Dr. W. S. Rankin president of the American Public Health Association.

Can any one send me the figures for Great Britain? Surely we are not as defective as that!"

TO be termed a "defective" race is even more startling than these appalling figures, and we quite naturally counter with the question: Is it, indeed, the case?

In the United States, it is estimated that 160,000 persons die each year of tuberculosis. Of the 110,000,000 people now living in this country, it is estimated that 9,000,000 are doomed to die of tuberculosis, unless the disease is checked. The loss in life and treasure is appalling.

Although this dread disease began to decline some time before the discovery of the tubercle bacillus, and has steadily declined, it still counts its yearly victims in frightful numbers.

Tuberculosis never played a very prominent part in the sanitary history of any great war but took an appalling toll in the World War.

Dr. Rosenau, an eminent authority, says: "Great Britain raised an army of over 5,000,000 men and no serious tuberculosis problem was created. It is well known that the development of the disease in France was of sufficient magnitude to threaten the vitality and economic efficiency of the French people."

The Britishers fondness for fresh air and outdoor life, and, perhaps, his peculiar climatic conditions may be directly responsible for his comparative freedom from this disease.

TUBERCULOSIS is a contagion, conceded by the highest authorities, due to an invasion of vulnerable tissues by the tubercle bacillus. Despite the vast amount of data on the prevention and cure of this disease, accumulated within the last decade, we are still in ignorance as to why some persons and some races are more susceptible to it than others.

"If we could find out why the goat is resistant to tuberculosis, while domestic cattle are particularly susceptible, we would have the foundation for a specific preventive and cure," says Dr. Rosenau.

Tuberculosis is fast becoming, in fact is, a class disease; it is more prevalent among the poor than the well-to-do. Its prevention has become a sociological problem.

Education of the masses as to prophylactic measures and the application of these measures will eventually solve the problem.

MALARIA is one of the most prevalent diseases; it is the scourge of the tropics. The cause of this infection—a species of mosquito—and its mode of transmission was one of the most brilliant discoveries in sanitary science.

Again quoting Dr. Rosenau: "Despite the fact that we have more exact knowledge of malaria, considering the difficulties of the subject, than, perhaps, any other disease; despite the fact that we have accurate means of diagnosis and a ready cure, and despite the fact that we have assured measures of prevention, malaria counts its victims by the hundreds of thousands annually. In geographic distribution, malaria extends from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, but becomes more virulent the warmer the climate."

The malaria-producing mosquito is peculiar to the United States. In Great Britain, the conditions conducive to the propagation of this mosquito do not prevail.

IF 3,000,000 of our people are in bed all the time, and only 18 per cent., are in perfect health, then we are rapidly degenerating into a nation of chronic invalids. Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian author, contends that over-excitement is our worst disease. In his "Ancient Rome and Modern America," he states: "Never has man lived in such a state of permanent and growing excitement. If the men of the ancient world could come to life again, their first impression, you may be sure, would be that mankind has gone mad."

The complexity of modern civilization, the storm and stress of every day life, is, in the last analysis, held responsible largely for mankind's physical degeneracy. "It is not work, but worry that kills." Anxiety to keep pace with the demands made upon one, and fear lest one fall by the wayside, doubtless are at the root of much physical unfitness. Sickness, disease, and inefficiency do not attack those who cultivate a firm belief in their own physical powers.

PHYSICIANS and nurses seldom contract even the most virulent diseases, simply because in carrying out their duties they are entirely oblivious to possible contagion. Premature decay, with its concomitant disorders, is directly traceable to willful inhibition of mental and physical effort. Work is a panacea for every ill. Just as no sorrow is so great that it cannot be stifled in time, through mental absorption, so no condition of the mind or body will not yield to a cheerful, optimistic outlook and daily toil.

But the laggard must be supported, the weak sustained, the ignorant educated. Brother must help brother in the struggle of the nations for the survival of the white race.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.—Burke.

Some men make more noise doing a day's work than other men do in organizing a billion-dollar trust.



306 Words a Minute

THIS feat of shorthand skill was accomplished by Willard B. Bottomo at an official contest held by the Society of Certified Shorthand Reporters in New York in 1919. It is but one more proof of Mr. Bottomo's knowledge of stenographic science and practice.

Willard B. Bottomo

Is Official Stenographer, New York Supreme Court—Certified Shorthand Reporter—Winner of the American Shorthand Trophy (1909)—President of Society of Certified Shorthand Reporters. Mr. Bottomo has written extensively on the subject of shorthand speed. His most wonderful achievement, however, is his book on advanced Pitman shorthand.

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This book is the last word on speed and accuracy from an authority on "lightning shorthand." It contains thousands of engraved shorthand outlines for short cuts, expeditious phrases, contractions, and other speed producers. It sets forth in the most practicable manner every step to take in acquiring the greatest efficiency in the use of shorthand. The book, with the aid of hundreds of clear examples, teaches how to avoid conflicts. It tells constructively how to develop your Pitman shorthand so that no matter at what high speed you write, your notes are easily legible.

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The Shorthand Writer (Chicago): "We believe that the sale of this book will exceed the most sanguine expectations of Mr. Bottomo and his friends."

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THE MARDEN SUCCESS CLUB

TO understand the Marden Success Club you must study three things: the personality behind it; the purpose in it, and the plan upon which it is built. This is the trinity of all achievement. Men, plus motives, plus machinery equal the movement.

Since it is due to Orison Swett Marden that the Marden Success Club has been formed, and since the chief function of the Club is to promote and perpetuate the philosophy of life-building and the methods of efficiency training which Dr. Marden has constantly advocated in his writings and lectures, a few facts about the life of Dr. Marden are presented.

Dr. Marden once was a poor bound-at orphan and was obliged to overcome tremendous obstacles in his struggle to educate himself and get on in the world. Despite his handicaps, however, he won high honors not only in his preparatory school, New Hampton Academy, but likewise at Boston University and Harvard, where he obtained several degrees, including that of M.D., which he received from Harvard in 1881.

The story of how his first book, "Pushing to the Front," was written would make a story by itself; but space permits mention of but a single incident. After many years of patient, painstaking preparation, all the manuscript and notes for this book were destroyed in a fire. While the ruins of this fire were still smoldering, the Doctor began re-writing the manuscript from memory.

In this incident, there is the key to the reason why the book won such instant recognition and wonderful success. The book is powerful because it is so permeated with the experience of the author; fairly written with his blood. This accounts for its wide and continuous sale, it now having been published in fourteen foreign countries and sold in every part of the world, even being used as a text-book in the schools of Argentina and Japan.

The main point, however, is the truly marvelous inspiration and influence Dr. Marden's work has wielded in the lives of men and women in all walks of life.

Up to the present Dr. Marden has written more than forty different volumes and more than two million copies of his books have been sold. It is impossible even to estimate the influence of his work for the happiness, health and betterment of humanity and the progress of civilization.

An Invitation

Our organization is free from all the customary formalities; has no dues and puts its members under no obligations except the pledge made by each member to aim higher and to strive in every way for a successful life.

A cordial invitation is extended to every man and woman who desires to succeed to join the Marden Success Club and immediately begin the study of Dr. Marden's teachings. Full particulars may be obtained by writing the General Secretary, The Marden Success Club, 1133 Broadway, New York City.

Not merely hundreds, but thousands and tens of thousands have testified to the ambition arousing, energizing and inspiring power of his writings; and his lectures and life-building courses at various Y. M. C. A.'s and other institutions have helped many other thousands.

Clergymen, lawyers, doctors, teachers and leaders in every field of endeavor have written to thank Dr. Marden for the practical help and perpetual inspiration they have found in his books and his newspaper and magazine articles. Business men and women have told how they have been saved from failure or encouraged to go on after they thought they had failed. Stories of young folks who have been encouraged to go on from common school to a better education, and of struggling college students who have been re-invigorated and re-inspired to overcome all difficulties and finish their courses could be told by the scores.

In fact, readers in every walk of life have acknowledged with gratitude that the Marden books and messages have aroused their ambitions, changed their ideals and aims, and spurred them on to successful undertakings of things that they before had thought impossible. Presidents, kings, queens, statesmen, editors, authors, artists, scientists and men and women of every other calling in all parts of the world have united in praise of Dr. Marden's work. A large volume might be printed of the voluntary letters of tribute that have been sent to the Doctor.

TYou cannot discuss a man's life without disclosing his motives. You have seen, therefore, that Dr. Marden's dominating life-purpose has been to help men and women everywhere to realize their highest possibilities, to make the most of their opportunities and the best of themselves.

The purpose of the Marden Success Club is simply this life purpose of Dr. Marden's, to help men and women everywhere to realize their highest possibilities; it is being organized so as to facilitate inter-changing of successful experiences, building ideas, promoting physical and mental efficiency, establishing better, bigger, keener business vision, lightening the burden of those who are struggling upward to better things, and creating a more comprehensive fellowship among its members and their fellow men.

There are no limitations as to age or sex, or race or creed in the Club membership. The only limitation is that which divides all human kind into two classes—those who are ambitious to succeed and those who are not. If you can make the affirmative pledge, "I will succeed!" you can become a member of the Marden Success Club.

The entire scope of the Club plan is much greater than can be discussed within the limits of this article. However, we can extend a cordial invitation to you to join the Club. In any event, you can secure full particulars by writing to the General Secretary, Marden Success Club, 1133 Broadway, New York City.

A KING WHO WAS NEVER WRONG

IT is claimed by watchmakers that the first clock that in any way resembled those now in use, was made by Henry Vick, in 1370. He made it for Charles V., of France, who was called, "The Wise."

Charles was sufficiently wise to recover from Great Britain most of the land which Edward III., had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefited France. But his early education had been somewhat neglected, and probably, he would have had trouble in passing an ordinary high-school examination in these days. Still he had a reputation for wisdom, and thought that, in order to keep it up, it was necessary for him to study and appear very learned.

"Yes, the clock works well," said Charles, when Vick's clock was presented to him. but being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand he added, "However you have got the figures on the dial wrong."

"Wherein, your majesty?" asked Vick. "That four should be four ones," said the king.

"You are wrong, your majesty," said Vick. "I am never wrong!" thundered the king. "Take it away and correct the mistake! The 'IV' should be four 'I's.'"

And corrected it was, and from that day to this four o'clock on a watch or clock dial, where Roman numerals are used, has been "IIII" instead of "IV."

TWO FULL MOONS IN A MONTH

THE month of February, 1866, in one respect, was the most remarkable in the world's history. It had no full moon. January, of that year, had two full moons and so had March; but February had none. This phenomenon had not occurred since the creation of the world. And it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for perhaps 2,500,000 years.

"NOT WORTH HIS SALT"

THE derivation of the word, "salary," is due to an odd circumstance. The Roman soldiers received a portion of salt as part of their daily pay. *Sal*, in Latin, is salt; and when the salt, in course of time, was commuted for money, the amount was called *salarium*, or salt money. Hence our word, "salary," and hence, no doubt, the expression, "Not worth his salt"—that is, his salary.

WHO ARE CHEAPEST?

"THE five highest-priced men on my pay roll are the cheapest workers in my firm," said a manufacturer recently.

This is usually true. The dearest employee may be the office boy, who cost you three customers last week; and the cheapest man may be the managing director, who adds 30 per cent. to the output by his wise management.—*The Efficiency Magazine*.

There are people who make no mistakes because they never wish to do anything worth doing.

There is no advertisement for a business house like having its men go around bragging because they are working for it.

To-day's the day, this hour is the hour, now is the minute—it's the Code of Accomplishment.



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- How to acquire a winning personality.
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- How to be the master of any situation.

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The Best Humor of the Month

"NOW that you have heard my daughter, where would you advise her to go to take singing lessons?"

"To any thinly populated district."—*London Opinion*.

"DO you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?" said the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," said a little boy. "He couldn't tell a lie."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

TOMMY had been out playing till he was very tired and did not feel inclined to say his prayers, but his mother insisted. So Tommy began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep—"

"If," prompted his mother.

Tommy (sleepily):

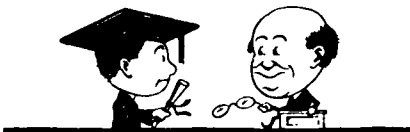
"If he hollers, let him go,
Eeeny, meeny, miny, mo."

THE teacher had a regular routine of questions which she asked her class every Sunday. The class was always arranged in the same order, and she began with the same question: "Who made you?" And the boy at the head of the class answered, "God." Then to the next boy, "Who was the first man?" and he answered, "Adam."

One day the first boy was absent, and, of course, the second boy was at the head of the class. As usual, she began by asking, "Who made you?" and the boy answered, "Adam."

"No," the teacher said; "God made you."

"I don't think so, teacher," the youngster replied. "The boy that God made is not here to-day."



"I AM a student and would like to know if you could take me on as a bricklayer?"

"Bricklayer? No! We might start you as an architect with a chance of working your way up."—*Kosmos Christiania*.

A PIONEER newspaper editor had a reputation for always assuming infallibility and superior enterprise. On one occasion the paper announced the death of William R. Jones, who, it turned out, was not dead. Next day the paper printed the following note:

"Yesterday we were the first newspaper to publish the death of William R. Jones. To-day we are the first to deny the report. The *Morning Star* is always in the lead."

MISS WILKINS, the primary teacher, was instructing her small charges.

"Name one thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago," said the teacher.

Ralph Franklin, an only child, who was seated in the front row, promptly arose and answered: "Me."

"IS your wife's mother enjoying her trip to the mountains?"

"I'm afraid not. She's found something at last that she can't walk over."—*Boston Transcript*.



"JOHNNY," said his mother, severely, "someone has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry." Johnny blushed guiltily. "Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all in me," replied Johnny; "part of it's in Elsie."

MR. BATZ.—You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your house.

MR. MEER (sadly)—It isn't necessary. She knows.—*Life*.

IN a recent discussion of illiteracy, the superintendent of New York's public schools, quoted an amusing letter. This letter, sent to a Brooklyn teacher, ran:

"Friend teacher, I do not disire for Claire shall ingage in Grammer, ash i prefer her ingagging in yuseful studies, as I can learn her how to speke and write correctly myself. I have went through two grammers and they done no good. I prefer her ingagging in French and drawing and vokal music on the pinna."

A WOMAN walked into the village grocery store with a majestic stride. It was easy to see by the sternness of her expression that she was somewhat disturbed.

"This," she sarcastically explained, throwing a package on the counter, "is the washing itself. It's the soap that makes washing a pleasure. It's the soap—"

"That isn't soap, madam," interrupted the grocery man, examining the package. "Your little girl was in here yesterday for a half pound of cheese and a half pound of soap. This is the cheese."

"U-m, that accounts for it," said the woman, as the light of understanding began to glow. "I wondered all night what made the Welsh rarebit we had for supper taste so queer."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

NEW SALESMAN (hotly)—I will take orders from no man!

SALESMAN (coldly)—Yes, I noted that while you were on your trial trip.



A YOUNG lady hailed an old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicle, there being no taxicab in sight. Just as she was getting in she noticed the horse seemed to be frisky. He was jumping about and swishing his tail in a way that alarmed her—she was a timid little thing.

So she addressed a few words to the aged driver.

"I hope," she said, smiling bravely, "that you will not run away with me."

The cabby sighed mournfully.

"No, mum," he replied. "I have a wife and seven kids at home already."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

AN amateur farmer, in one of our suburbs, answered an advertisement headed "A Sure Way to Make Hens Lay." This is what he got for his money: "Tie a stout string around the hen's body, place the bird on her side on a board and fasten the string underneath. If it is thought desirable, a pillow may be placed under the hen's head."—*Boston Transcript*.

"YES," said the storekeeper, "I want a good, bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's all right," said the applicant, "but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?"

"YOU will notice," said the teacher, "that during the evening following a hot summer day, something rises from the surface of the ponds. What is it?"

One solitary hand gradually creeps up. "Good boy! I can see you are thinking. What is it?"

G. B.—"Frogs."



"YOU need more exercise, my man."

"Exercise, doctor? I'm a piano lifter."

—*Boston Transcript*.

"HOW is it, Sandy," asked a visitor of a Scotch coal merchant, "that you quote the lowest prices in town and make reductions to your friends, and yet you can make money?"

"Well, it's this way," explained Sandy, in an undertone. "Ye see, I knock off two shillings a ton because a customer is a friend o' mine, and then I knock off two hundred-weight a ton because I'm a friend o' his."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I WANT you to show that this law is unconstitutional. Do you think you can manage it?" the railroad magnate asked the lawyer.

"Easily," answered the lawyer. "Well, go ahead and get familiar with the case."

"I'm already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove constitutional, two years ago."—*Lancaster News Journal*.

THE skeeter is a bird of prey,
Which flies about at night,
About three-eighths of it is beak,
And five-eighths appetite,
And fifteen-eighths or so is buzz,
And nineteen-eighths is bite.

—*Judge*.

TEACHER—John, of what are your boots made?

Boy—Of leather, sir.

TEACHER—Where does leather come from?

Boy—From the hide of the ox.

TEACHER—What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?

Boy—My father.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

George Herbert Ruth

(Continued from page 37)

usually worn exclusively by German comedians. To the uninitiated it may be explained that, "winning the brown derby" is the last word in baseball ridicule. When a player does the wrong thing at the wrong time, says or does something particularly stupid, awkward, or preposterous, he is awarded the brown derby. It thus may be realized that, by no stretch of imagination, could such a presentation be regarded as a compliment. A situation had been created to make Ruth not only appear ridiculous but to give the "fans" of an opposition city an opportunity to jibe Ruth to the limit.

But Ruth was game! He donned the brown derby and grinned, thanked the chairman of the presentation committee, wore the hat to the players' bench, and then posed for as many photographers as wanted to snap him in the fool's head-gear. The good nature with which Ruth accepted the "gift" made him more solid with Philadelphia than if he had hit a home run in each time up. It is on such occasions that a man's true self comes to the front.

BECAUSE Ruth came into professional baseball through a Catholic Protectory, in Baltimore, none should get the impression that he was an incorrigible or a particularly bad boy. His mother died when he was quite young and his father was engaged in a business that was abolished by the Eighteenth Amendment. There, neighbors thought that Ruth would be better off away from home so he was sent to the protectory. He learned to play baseball on the protectory team.

His fame as a pitcher and batsman spread to such an extent that he was offered a place on the Baltimore team, of the International League, by the owner of that team, Mr. John Dunn. In order to use Ruth on his team, and get him out of the school, it was necessary for Mr. Dunn to legally adopt Ruth. As a result of this adoption the Baltimore writers nicknamed him "Babe." The name has clung to him.

Ruth never has lost his fondness for boys. The home run that gave him more enjoyment than any other, came in New York on a warm sunshiny afternoon last May. Ruth hit a ball far over the grandstand roof out of the Polo Grounds and it landed in the midst of a kid game in Manhattan Field, next door. There a group of urchins were having a game with a tattered string ball, which they were keeping together with much difficulty. The new ball—from Ruth's mighty bat—came like a gift from heaven.

GEORGE HERBERT RUTH is solicitous of the welfare and comfort of others. Last spring, the writer and his family, including an eight-year-old daughter, occupied the next room to Ruth at the Yankees' training hotel.

One morning Ruth said, "I hope my snoring didn't wake up your little girl. Sometimes they tell me I can silence a saw mill."

This sketch will give you some idea of the prowess of one of the greatest men baseball has seen in years. Our national game is not only a tonic, a stimulant, a source of mental enjoyment to millions of people, it gives us lessons in manhood, in concentration, in team work, in character, and in clean living that no other calling affords. Our great newspapers have devoted considerable space to world affairs, politics, and other deep-seated subjects; but since the baseball season of 1920 opened, nearly every editorial writer of importance in the United States, has not failed to write about "Babe" Ruth.

Next to the presidential nominees, this Baltimore war is, perhaps, the most talked-of person on the American continent today.



Business Needs More Accountants

In a single recent issue of one daily newspaper there were fifty-eight advertisements for accountants at excellent salaries.

The Journal of Accountancy, official organ of the American Institute of Accountants, says in an editorial: "The accounting profession is probably the best paid in the world. If there be a profession in which the average compensation is higher it is not known to us."

Take advantage of the growing demand for men in this work. Prepare as an accountant. Before your preparation find out about the reputation of the school you choose. Business men know that certain schools turn out efficient graduates.

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Seven times in as many years Walton men have been awarded gold medals in Illinois C. P. A. examinations. Twice they have won gold medals in Alberta, Canada, Chartered Accountants tests.

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For three successive years Walton students have received highest average markings in the American Institute examinations. In these examinations graduates of every sort of school or university, resident or correspondence, giving similar training came into competition; and Walton men repeatedly stood first.

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Walton courses have been endorsed by adoption in the schools of commerce of more than a score of the leading universities of the United States and Canada.

If you are satisfied to stay where you are, we can do nothing for you. If you want to advance yourself, we can train you in spare hours, at slight cost, in a short time, to earn a bigger salary. Write for our book: "The Walton Way to a Better Day," which will be sent without obligation. Address the

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Leading members of the accounting profession have endorsed Walton courses, and have emphasized their endorsements by choosing this school to train their employees and even their sons.

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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 12 1/2 by 19 inches in size, more than twice the size of

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Interview with D. C. Wills

(Continued from page 30)

Every Business the Personality of the Men Who Run It

"That is a mighty important point," I interrupted. "Suppose a man does study as you indicate, what immediate effect is that going to have on his pay or promotion?"

"PROBABLY no immediate effect," replied Mr. Wills. "But here is what will happen. A man who is growing mentally, cannot hide that fact from his department head or from his associates. He will reveal his increasing knowledge and power in many small ways—and it will be noticed. Changes are constantly taking place in all business organizations, and every change gives the growing man a chance to rise. As he outgrows the job in which he is working, he is unconsciously forcing his way into a higher place. And that is the only way he can rise—by self-development. The history of any business or industrial concern can be narrowed down to the personal development of the men who are running it.

"There are several mistaken ideas about this matter of mental development. One, that it is a matter of time—that age brings vision and power. This belief, which is quite prevalent, is due to the fact that men, late in life, reveal commanding qualities attributed to age but which are the result of contact with larger men. In other words, they are the result of experience. Now, if you read the kind of books that I have indicated, you get the advantage of the stored-up experience of men who have made a study of these subjects for many years. Talk with men of larger development wherever possible, but don't neglect the reading. Then, make a practical use of what you learn.

"There is a young man in one of our big plants who has made steady advancement because of his studies. He invested a hundred dollars in a standard set of books on business problems, and has read them carefully. The result is a really wonderful expansion of mind and development in all directions. He enjoys a great advantage over the man who has not taken such a course. In time, he will become one of the big men of the concern.

"A newspaper reporter, who believed he was fitted to become a banker, accepted a position in a country bank and put in his spare time in a nearby city taking such a course, as I have indicated. Later, the bank where he was employed failed on account of the bankruptcy of the family owning the controlling interest. The day the country bank failed, the young reporter was engaged to manage a city bank and speedily justified the wisdom of his appointment.

"In promoting a bank clerk's organization in an industrial suburb of a big city, a clerk discovered a talent for advertising that he did not know he possessed. Men higher up quickly recognized it, and now that young man has full charge of the advertising campaigns of two large city banks. I like many others, that young fellow did not know what he could do until he tried.

"While working as an advertising man in the real estate department of a western bank, and taking a course of reading and study, another young fellow foresaw the possibilities of financial advertising, and specialized in that subject. Later, he managed a celebrated national campaign of advertising for a large metropolitan bank and he is now the owner of a prosperous advertising agency in the metropolis.

"A deputy governor of one of our Federal Reserve Banks, and the governor of another one, started in their respective banks as

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clerks, at a financial sacrifice, because they had the vision to see the future of the Federal Reserve system. It is significant that, in five years, they have risen to executive positions. Sometimes one of the first effects of mental expansion is for a man to change jobs and head for success in another direction.

"I suppose that if the facts were known, a book could be made of incidents illustrating the value of special reading as a means of obtaining advancement.

"Any young man or young woman, employed in a business house, has the power to promote self-development by reading the books that may be obtained in any good library. Time must be found for such studies even if a few dances, picnics, and picture shows are given up. Read the books and make friends among bigger men, and you will soon get out of the rut and begin to make progress."

Link Education with the Worker

"You have been advocating a knowledge of economics for clerks and office workers in the industries. Would you carry that plan on down to the man at the bench or at the machine in the shop? Would you educate wage earners also?" I asked.

"WHY not?" was the quick reply. "The more a worker understands about the business in general, the better he will work and more contented he will be. Executives and office men get the benefit of lectures and personal contact at meetings of business organizations and other gatherings. Few of the shop men in the industrial plants are able to enjoy such advantages. It is a matter of good management to take education into the shop and link it with the daily job of the men. A good deal of that sort of thing is being done now, but it should be far more extensive. An employer should have the mental cooperation of his men quite as much as the labor of their hands. He can get that mental cooperation, by showing how all industry is controlled by economic laws which men have not made, but which may be discovered by study.

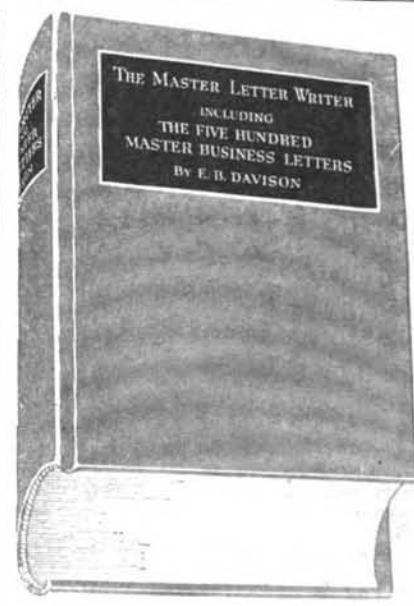
"Another vital reason for extending a knowledge of economics to the shop is that working men are being taught dangerous half-truths which are responsible for a good deal of unrest. One such half truth is that labor creates all wealth and, therefore, labor should control all wealth. This is being advocated by half-educated agitators, who declare that working men have been deprived of their rights and must take what belongs to them. You can see, at once, that such teaching is revolutionary. But the way to meet it is to give working men the truth about economics, and show them just how other expenses enter into the manufacture of any article. We are in a scientific age in which we must be prepared to give reasons. Wrong ideas must be fought with the truth. Of course, many will not respond to instruction of this kind; but the thinkers will be interested, and if the thinkers can be enlisted, the rest will be comparatively easy.

"The American Institute of Banking is the most effective agency of the kind in American business for teaching the younger men in a business, and the manufacturers' associations could well afford to promote a similar system for the instruction of men employed in the industries. It would be a paying investment for all concerned."

Better believe yourself a dunce and work away than a genius and be idle.

The moment others see that money-grabbing is your dominant passion, then the bud of your nobility perishes.

Without economy none can be rich, and with it none need be poor.



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Enclosed find \$5 remittance, for which send me, postage paid, one copy of "The Master Letter Writer."

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Efficiency—Fuss!

(Continued from page 22)

letters received there, he had heard. He had no wish to antagonize Neal on her account. Nor did he wish to be the recipient of any more of her sarcastic glances. So, with his best professional manner, which had won for him hundreds of orders for Coöperative on the road, he was luring Neal to send her forth, for the remainder of his brief visit.

"Well," capitulated the manager, "there are several things she can do for me. I can send her out now; it doesn't lack so much of her lunch hour. She can see a couple of people first, and the others after she eats, and be back an hour after you have gone. How will that suit you?"

"Fine!" beamed Landy, whipping off his coat. "Couple o' men can do business better, anyhow, 'bout a woman around. Tell her t' eat long and hearty! I'll start right in on your letter file here, if y' don't mind. Some things Dunnie wants me to go into with you fellows. Left my bag at station check-counter; lunch on the limited, going west; nothing t' keep me away from work till the choo-choo calls. Fine!"

He threw himself into the swivel chair before Neal's desk and thumbed at the letter file as the manager went into the outer office to dismiss Miss Sprague. He communicated to her the required calls and re-entered his private office, closing the door.

"I should do a Brodie into the sunshine," reflected Miss Meta, a dainty vision as she descended in the elevator to the street. "D'ja ever see such a fat, funny little lum-mux? He's as temperamental as a rent collector. And his tongue is hung in the middle and wags at both ends, like grandma says!"

The elevator door clanged open. Sweetly cool, immaculate, forgetting Landy more readily than he was forgetting her, Meta Sprague dived into the sunshine.

IN fact, William Landy had that combined blessing and curse of temperament, which belongs as surely to hectic teamsters as to opera singers, darlings of gallery gods. Of temperament there are as many varieties as of patent pickles. Landy's was of the type that is peculiarly sensitive to impressions.

With Meta Sprague in the rooms he had felt constricted, under leash, more helpless to give to the Neal ears the message that was in him than his confident aspect and flow of eloquence would indicate. He was not given to introspection, or he would have realized that much of this feeling came from the fact that there was a third person in the room during his first essay into this new field of effort.

He was mostly a "man's man," anyway. When he heard the receding tap of the stenographer's trim shoes, and the door closing behind her, he exhaled a long, tremulous sigh. The sound was not unlike that made by a swimmer, who remained under too long and has just been pumped out.

"Now we're fixed!" he crowed, clawing at the letters in the file as Neal approached him. "Now we're all hunky-dory, thank you. Are the timers ready?" with a swift glance at his watch, fished from an upper trouser pocket and replaced with a single movement. "Are the starters ready? On yer toes, gents. Ready? Get set! Go!"

Now, if Robson Neal had somewhat vaguely wondered before, during the series of head-cracking and other incidents which had kept him out of his stride, just why and how William Landy was a natural-born ginger man, he was fully satisfied that Bill knew his business. Which, indeed, he did. Dunnie had been, for weeks coaching him, between tricks, upon the "winkles" in the branch offices, though Landy had not known

his purpose until the hurried call on Sunday. He had talked particularly about faults which Landy would find in the manager's files, and he had left Philadelphia charged with the commission to "speed 'em up!"

It was a hundred-per-cent efficiency Landy who now loosed the floodgates of constructive rhetoric in the ears of Robson Neal. "Neal's good so far as he goes," Dunnie had said, "but he could go faster. Give him a little cayenne, without vinegar."

WILLIAM on the job, no longer working at random and annoyed by impish eyes and carefully staged yawns of a stenographer who didn't like him, nor he her, was a revelation. As he talked, the days of his newspaper reporting came back to him, when the blue pencil of a cold-eyed editor used to hew his stuff to the bone, to its consequent betterment. Then the sessions on the road thereafter, selling to men who claimed they desired to buy nothing, learning short cuts, developing resource, mastering the punch.

While he talked like a spring freshet plunging down a valley, there came to him the consciousness which finally rewards a man who has avoided ruts and gained varied experience. He realized, as never before, how those lessons, learned in lines apparently widely differentiated, fused to produce grasp, vision, the "know how," necessary to the equipment of the "wake-up" man. Curiously enough, though he had been on this new job about two hours, it seemed to him, as he winged along in his discourse, that he had been doing it for months.

"Now this letter," he was declaiming, waving the carbon copy of a missive which Neal sent the previous week to a prospect. "Y' know Dunnie, when he took the job of chief jabber of the 'Coöp' sales force, five years ago, put the kibosh on form letters to send out to a man who's got to be actually interested. 'Sounds like a rubber stamp,' said he. 'May be all right for national distribution, but our branch managers are serving counties. Every county's different,' says Dunnie. 'One bulb differeth from another bulb in glory,' says he. He's the wise old owl, Dunnie; he can see in the dark."

"So, Neal, old boy, his theory was that each manager 'd know his own county, and he could dope out the approach and double-rivet letters better in his office than some four-eyed gent could do it in headquarters, at Philadelphia. He'd know his territory. His scheme has worked, at that. We've got some men who can send typewritten messages to Garcia, and have the bacon hurled into their laps. We've got a few, though, who sound like an old down-country minister, on his forty-thirdly, with everyone but himself asleep. And it hurts me to say it, old man, but you're one of 'em!"

HE eyed Robson, for a moment, with friendly sorrow. Neal's mouth opened and closed like that of a fish flopping upon terra firma. But before he could say anything, Landy was off again, in a convincing demonstration, while he waved the carbon sheet aloft.

"D'ye know what 'd happen if you picked up the phone, and warbled to the switchboard lady: 'Good morning, Central. Isn't it lovely outside? I wonder if it would inconvenience you too much to jab in the proper plug to connect me with four-two-six?' What would happen, hey? Why, she'd shut you off before you got to 'outside!' Yet that's just the stunt you're pulling in this letter!"

"Says you: 'Let's talk about the county, and such, esteemed seeker for bargain, till about a paragraph from the end. Then

we'll talk business.' That's what you say in a page filled up with single space, with double space between paragraphs. Looks pretty; but—Oh, my! Don't you know these are reconstruction times? Every man's so busy he has to read as he lopes. Words ought t' be left to rest in the dictionary, and yank out just what you need."

"Now listen to yourself—how you go on in this first paragraph: 'You have received our letter of the second instant, and that you are interested in the proposition we are able to make you, we deduce from the fact that you have answered it without delay, and desire to enter into negotiation with us.'"

"Old stuff! 1890! Waste! Every word of it your prospect knows already. 'J. H. Clemmings.' Hasn't he a phone?"

"Why," stammered Neal, "perhaps. I hadn't looked it up yet. He's on R. F. D.,—he may have. I haven't thought it good policy to force things, at first—"

"Force things?" wailed Landy. "How're you going to grab off the business unless you force it; tell me that? If we hadn't forced things in the Argonne would there have been any American Legion, or any liberty, to-day?"

"That was war—"

"So is business! Never forget it! While you're writing these handsome letters, which are well constructed, I grant you, some other concern's going to step in and get the business Coöperative is entitled to! Every sale is a battle; every real sale. You've been in luck; the territory was well broken in before you took it. There's a big delegation of folks who are kindly inclined toward Coöp; the fattest pickings are among the folks who are wholly indifferent to us, if they aren't interested in the other fellow!"

SO it went, while he plunged into Neal's data. To his credit be it recorded that his note was not wholly iconoclastic. Dunnie had said that Neal, while slow, was sure, and built up his trade on sure foundations. Landy found plenty of evidence that this was true, and did not forget to mix praise with adverse criticism. Through it all, Neal said hardly a dozen words. He had not the chance.

Finally Landy, who had been striding back and forth and gesturing while he expatiated upon the needs in the Pelley office, pulled out his watch. "Just half an hour before that train," he remarked, making for the door into the outer office. "Tell you what I'll do!" diving for Miss Meta's typewriter. "Twenty minutes to flog you out some memoranda—letters and such. Allow ten minutes for the train—short walk. I'll show you some speed!"

Neal, red of face and bright of eye, had glanced at his own watch. "But—" he began.

Landy's upraised free hand, as he grabbed for some copy paper, silenced him. "Don't talk, old man!" he pleaded, whipping a sheet into the machine. "I've got to hustle! Quiet, please!"

Neal's opened mouth closed like a steel trap. He threw himself into a chair and thrust hands in pockets. The glitter in his eyes was more pronounced. He watched Landy.

The chubby one could certainly make that machine hum! He worked after the old newspaper style of two fingers for the keyboard and a thumb for spacing. But Neal doubted if Miss Meta, adept at the touch system, could have beaten him.

A sheet rolled out; a second; a third was inserted. Neal drew out his watch again. He grinned a wicked grin.

IN his absorption Landy had forgotten to steal a second glance at his own watch. Landy had allowed himself ten minutes to reach the station, three blocks distant, to

secure his handbag and board the incoming train for Hometown, where he meant to put in the afternoon and leave the next morning for Bellston.

Two of the apportioned minutes had slipped away. It lacked eight minutes of the hour.

Neal might have warned Landy. But had not William begged, fairly commanded him, to remain quiet and not disturb him?

Assuredly! And Neal, with that wicked grin remaining upon his face, continued to remain quiet. He was not his brother's keeper when the brother refused flatly to be kept!

The machine clicked madly for two minutes longer. Landy jerked out the last sheet. In that instant a distant locomotive whistle cut the air. The sound recalled the fat little William, who had been sweating with his efforts at the machine, to realities. He pulled out his watch.

With a yell he thrust it back, leaped from his chair and dashed into the inner office for his coat and hat. "Jumping jims!" he bellowed. "Five minutes! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You said to keep still."

"Phone for a taxi!"

"There's a taxi strike on."

"Let me out!" He dashed for the door. Irritated to the last degree he shouted back over a fat shoulder: "Why don't you fire that stenog of yours?"

"Because she's engaged to me!" came faintly as he sped for the stairs, not waiting to call the elevator. And, in the midst of his agitation, his lower jaw dropped a trifle as he dashed downward like a wing-heeled Mercury.

Upstairs Neal grinned again. He knew something Landy didn't.

Breathless, angry, intent upon his cherished schedule, Landy entered the station on the run and dashed toward the ticket window. Another glance at his watch as he romped in told him he had still a minute. He heard a train puffing outside.

"A ticket to Hometown!" he panted, facing a well-groomed young man.

With maddening deliberation the young man reached for a pasteboard. "What's your hurry?" he inquired casually, marking the mute and audible evidences of the hard-breathing Landy's haste.

THE REAL SALESMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One who wins respect by being respectable and respectful.

One who can be courteous in the face of discourtesy.

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

JOSH BILLINGS ON "LAUGHTER"

THERE is one kind of a laugh that I always did recommend; it looks out of the eye fast with a merry twinkle, then it keeps down on its hands and knees and plays around the mouth like a pretty maid around the blaze of a candle, then it steals over the dimples on the cheeks and slides

"Hurry?" bawled William. "I've got thirty seconds! The train's outside—"

"That's a freight," drawled the agent. "You've got an hour and twenty-eight seconds."

"An hour!" began the bewildered Landy.

The agent, smiling in a bored way, as if he were used to it, pointed to a clock upon the wall.

"They all forget it," he explained. "But everyone catches his train; he has time enough."

"Guess perhaps you're a stranger in New York State. Daylight-saving-law. Everything but railroad time—which is standard and federal—is shoved an hour ahead."

"See that clock? It's just noon. Probably your watch says one o'clock. The Hometown train will pull out at two o'clock, your time. You'll have time for lunch!"

AN hour and a half later William Landy sat in the train speeding toward Hometown. He was thinking hard.

"Ef-fi-cien-cy! With the accent on the poor fish! I talk too much and don't think enough. I'm thinking too darned much about to-morrow and not enough of what was done yesterday, that may affect to-day. Ruffling him about his fiancée, and all! I need some rough corners knocked off. Efficiency, fuss! Might tear a leaf out of his book! He has some good stuff, at that!"

While, in his private office, Robson Neal was attacking work as he had never done before.

"Gubby," he reflected darily, "but he's a live-wire. Knows his business. I've got to speed up."

"There's Meta, too. Not back from lunch yet. She presumes too much on our engagement. Keeps me picking up after her—wastebasket and all. Gee! she'd do it after we were married!"

"She and I are going to have a show-down! A business office is a business office, not a paper-shooting gallery!"

SO, each from his separate jar, Neal and Landy had learned that yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow form an interdependent trio for force and for good.

And, though apparently at loggerheads during their session, Neal and Landy had helped each other quite some.

around in those little whirlpools for a while, then it lites up the whole face like a mello' bloom on a damask roze, then it swims off on the air, with a peal az klear and az happy az a dinner bell, then it goes back again on golden tiptoe like an angel out for an airing, and laze down on its little bed of violets in the heart where it cum from.

There iz another laff that nobody kan withstand; it iz just az honest and noisy az a distrikt skool let out tew play, it shakes a man up from hiz toze tew hiz big temples, it dubbles and twists him like a phit, it lifts him oph from hiz cheer like feathers, and lets him back ag'in like melted lead, it goes all through him like a pipocket, and finally leaves him az weak and az krazy az tho' he had bin soaking all day in a Rushing bath and forgot tew be took out. This kind of a laff belongs tew jolly good fellows, who are az helthy az Quakers, and who are az easy to please az a gal who iz going tew be married to-morrow.

What we do upon some great occasion will probably depend on what we already are; and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline.—*H. P. Liddon.*

Sow thou sorrow, and thou shalt reap it, but—sow thou joy, and thou shalt keep it!

Make Your Language Win for You

You are sized up every day by the way you speak and write. The words you use, the way you use them, how you spell them, your punctuation, your grammar—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.



15 MINUTES A DAY PERFECTS YOUR ENGLISH

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, with a very short time, give you an easy command of language.

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Please Take Notice

The advertisement on Page 3 is of such transcendental importance that every reader of The New Success Magazine is expected to answer it at once.

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THE HEALING HAND

A booklet by Sidney A. Weltzer, Founder and Superintendent of a School and Sanitarium, which for more than twenty years has treated the sick and afflicted by "laying on of hands." Address and suggestion, postpaid, 25c. Twenty Third Annual Catalog of this remarkable School and Sanitarium postpaid 10c. Address: **Weltzer Sanitarium, Nevada, Missouri.**

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See Page 4 for rates

An Interview with Mary Austin

(Continued from page 44)

Stories like this, bring out another trait in Mary Austin's character. She is deeply religious. She was brought up a Methodist, but she has long since departed from orthodoxy. What she really does believe, can be discovered in her book, "The Man Jesus," which was the only serial by a woman ever published in the *North American Review*. Only four other serials were ever published in that magazine: by Henry James, Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, and William Dean Howells—good company for a writer who found her chief literary opportunity in being a good neighbor. Critics said of her book about Jesus, that it was one of the two or three that have been written about Him in two thousand years that have literary quality.

"My mother used to put the milk ticket for Sunday morning's milk, on the gate-post, Saturday night, so as not to do any business on Sunday," said Mrs. Austin. But she is so broad-minded that, last year, she studied among the Penitents of New Mexico, that strange brotherhood that crucifies one of their members every year, and learned more of them than anybody else has ever been able to learn.

Mrs. Austin is a great believer in what she calls "the effective wish." "Too many people," she says, "spend their lives in vaguely longing for things. They ought to learn how to wish creatively. We don't teach that in schools, but we ought to. We spend all our time in school, stuffing our minds, and, as a result, we get just about as much good for ourselves as a stuffed animal in a museum."

Always Finding Something New in Life

MRS. AUSTIN'S point of view is original in a great many directions.

"People make too much of their opinions," she said. "I never have an opinion of my own on a subject where I can find somebody in a position to have a better one. That is why I have so many friends among big men, among specialists. Nobody can have an expert opinion about more than two or three things. But you have to know enough about everything to choose your experts."

Mrs. Austin has done a great many things besides write, but she does them all in order that she may have more to write about. One of her enterprises was the Community Theater.

"I started my first one in the early nineties," she said, "in Lone Pine, and, later, in other towns I lived in. I had an audience composed equally of miners, farmers, Span-

ish-Californians, and Indians. The Indians were always tremendously interested. They paid a quarter for the privilege of sitting on wool sacks in the back of the hall. Though they could not speak much English, they seemed to know what the play was about. I made a great success with Shakespeare's plays with them."

Mrs. Austin likes the theater because it is "doing things with folks," but she had the same experience as other beginners when she wrote a play herself and brought it to New York. Nobody would look at it until after she had been to London and secured the approval of Mr. William Archer. On his word, "The Arrow Maker" was accepted without being read.

Mrs. Austin has written seventeen books on all sorts of subjects. She does not believe in repeating her successes, but is always trying to find out something new about life.

Life Is the Thing—Not Atmosphere

ONE of the interesting things said about Mary Austin, by people who know her intimately, is that she does not know what professional jealousy means. To come across any good work gives her a genuine thrill. She always has two or three young writers whom she is encouraging and helping along. "Jealousy is stupid," she says. "The more good writing there is, the more your own good work will be appreciated. Anybody who sets the public to reading good writing is a benefactor to all the other writers."

She thinks the great mistake made by young people in beginning their literary careers, is to go off in search of "literary atmosphere." Life and more life is what they need. Mrs. Austin does not despise even cooking as an aid to literary expression. When she finds her mind growing stiff, she goes off on "a regular cooking spree." When she has cooked up everything in sight, she invites her friends in to eat it, and goes back refreshed to her novel or political treatise.

It is because of her acquaintance with the common life, that THE NEW SUCCESS has asked Mrs. Austin to write a series of Short Cuts to Politics for women. Women who find that they have very little time to fit themselves for politics by study and the reading of books, will follow her with great relief as she shows them how to turn their common stock of knowledge about common things to political account. She says, "Belief in the value of the common life is the only real basis for a belief in democracy."

HOW PUNCTUATION STARTED

THE use of points for purposes of punctuation are a comparatively modern invention. Of the four generally used points, only the period (.) dates earlier than the fifteenth century. The colon (:) is said to have been first introduced about 1485; the comma (,) some thirty-five years later; and the semicolon (;) about 1570. It is difficult to understand how the literary world dispensed for so many centuries with the useful points, and their absence must have added to the toil of those who had to peruse written documents. When one realizes what curious inversions of meaning may be caused by the misplacing of a comma, one marvels how early authors contrived to escape strange misreadings of their manuscripts wherein there were no points to guide the reader.

THE JEWS OF THE WORLD

THE population of the earth just before the World War, according to statistical authorities, was 1,649,000,000; and though the loss of life in the war was very great. The *American Israelite* is inclined to think that this has been offset by the natural increase. So, when it learns that David Trietsch, the Jewish statistician, has estimated the present number of Jews in the world to be 15,430,000, it observes that "the percentage of Jews to the world's population is approximately nine-tenth of one per cent. It would seem that, all things considered, they are very much heard from." According to the figures presented by the Cincinnati weekly, there are 11,000,000 of the world's Jews in the United States, Poland, and Ukraine.

Let us have the faith that right makes right, and in that faith let us do our duty as we understand it. Lincoln

Original from
For one who can not thoroughly respect himself the high and abiding confidence of others is impossible.

THE HOME PAPER

By "X"

WHEN the evenin' shade is fallin' at the
endin' o' the day,
An' a feller rests from labor smokin' his
pipe o' clay,
There's nothin' does him so much good, he
fortune up or down,
As the little country paper from his ol' home town.

It ain't a thing o' beauty, an' its print ain't
always clean.
But it straightens out his temper when a
feller's feelin' mean;
It takes the wrinkles off his face, an' brushes
off his frown;
That little country paper from his ol' home town.

It tells of all the parties an' balls of Punkin
Row,
'Bout who spent Sunday with his girl, an'
how the crops will grow;
How it keeps a feller posted 'bout who is up
an' who is down—
That little country paper from his ol' home town.

Now, I like to read the dailies, an' the
story papers, too,
An' at times the yellow novels an' some
other trash—don't you?
But when I want some readin' that will
brush away a frown,
I want that little paper from my ol' home town.—*Good Hardware.*

HOW ADVERTISING STARTED

IT has been affirmed that the first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1642, during the Civil War in Great Britain.

In Greece, it was the public crier who announced sales or bid the people come to the theater or visit the public baths.

In medieval times, it was the public crier, also, who went abroad enumerating the goods that certain merchants had for sale.

In England, the first printed advertisement was set up by Caxton, the celebrated printer, when he announced the completion of "The Pyes of Salisbury," a book containing a collection of rules for the guidance of priests in the celebration of Easter.

The advertising card is of entirely modern origin, although the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans knew something about advertising. They accomplished the desired results through the medium of posters. Several bills, painted in black and red, were discovered on the walls of the Pompeian dwellings.

The first authentic advertisement was published in *The Mercurius Politicus*, of 1652. In the year 1657, a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of advertisers, made its appearance in London. It was not until the eighteenth century that periodical advertising became the recognized medium between the manufacturer and the buyer.

NOT GENIUS

WHAT makes actors and actresses successful? Not genius. Not opportunity. Both of these help, but the main reason is hard work.

As George Robey said recently: "The reason why some actresses are so successful can be given in two words—THEY REHEARSE."
—*The Efficiency Magazine.*

The time will come when this will be regarded as a great epitaph for a man: "He lived while he worked—lived and enjoyed and helped as he went along."

How to Get Out of the Rut



- to Wealth
- to Power
- to Mastery
- to Self Reliance
- to Fearlessness
- to Efficiency
- to Happiness
- to Success

"The Magic Story" tells You

W. P. Werheim, Bus. Mgr. Pratt & Lambert, Inc., Buffalo, ordered a copy for every man in his organization, and said "The Magic Story" is worth \$25.00 to any man, and to some \$2,500; to perhaps a few men somewhere, it is worth a fortune."

Big Industrial Concerns, Industrial Companies, and business organizations of various kinds have distributed thousands of copies of "The Magic Story" to their employees, and have marvelled at the effect it produced. "The Magic Story" practically compels success. It contains the one great secret of success for all undertakings.

Sturtevant (hitherto a hopeless failure) said of it—

"I have discovered the secret of success. I have been reading a strange story; and since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune too. All you have to do is to read it. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A. B. C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash-can. Tonight I wouldn't change places with a millionaire."

"The Magic Story" enabled a well-known Cleveland man to rise from a clerkship to a position that pays him more than \$10,000 a year. He applied the "secret" told in the story. It will help you to do as well or better if you apply the "secret," too. The "secret" points the way to position, to power, to prosperity, and positively helps you to reach your goal.

A copy of "The Magic Story" was sent me by one of our managers, and I considered it so good that I decided to order enough copies to place one in the hands of every one of our employees.—G. F. Watt, General Manager, Elliott-Fisher Typewriter Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

"The Magic Story" received, read, re-read, and appreciated. It puts paprika into a live "dead one." Frank Jewell Raymond, Boston.

"The Magic Story" got here ten days ago and "got me" at about the same time. It's full of pep of the red kind. T. E. Phillips, Red Wader, Alaska.

This is a great story. It is a great book for salaried men, and it ought to resurrect many of the so-called "dead ones." I shall read this book a dozen times, not that I need resurrection, but because it gives me fresh inspiration to perform my work better. I consider this book better than "The Message to Garcia." Roy B. Simpson, Adm. Counselor, St. Louis, Mo.

The executive who reads "The Magic Story" and scatters 100 or 1000 copies through out his office, shop and salesforce, will by so doing cause an increase in the quantity of his production and consequently a more satisfactory dividend. John Leitch, Business Counselor, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Magic Story" is printed in two colors—quaintly illustrated, and bound in cloth. It is yours while this special edition lasts for only \$2.

All you need do is simply to fill out and mail the coupon with \$2.00 as an examination deposit and "The Magic Story" will be sent to you for 7 days' examination. If at the end of that time you do not want to keep it simply remit it and your \$2.00 deposit will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Use this coupon today—before this special edition is exhausted.

THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION,
Dept. 35, 4133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose \$2.00 as an examination deposit. Please send me "The Magic Story" with the understanding that I may return it any time within 7 days and my \$2.00 deposit will be returned.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Original from.....State.....

The Journey of a Sunbeam

(Continued from page 25)

It is the easiest thing in the world to send little sunshine into other lives, to radiate good cheer, kindness wherever we go. Opportunities for this are never lacking, and the opportunities let slip to-day will never come back again. But the writing a kindly letter, the dropping a cheering word, the little kindnesses by the wayside, will come back to us in a thousand ways and give enduring satisfaction.

F others are uncharitable, neglectful, and unkind in their treatment of us, it is usually but the reflection of our own neglect, and tempers and lack of charity.

Love is charitable, broad and generous, just, magnanimous. It respects the rights and feelings of others. Love does not try to correct defects, to change undesirable qualities or tendencies by continually calling attention to them and finding fault. It simply neutralizes them. Love drives those defects and bad qualities out of the nature just as the sun drives the darkness out of a room when the shutters are flung open.

"There is no sunshine for those who persist in keeping their shutters barred," says Dr. Cuyler. "Joy is not gained by asking for it, but only by acting for it."

If there is discord in your home, you will be delighted to find how quickly the glow of love will drive out the darkness, and let in the light of harmony. It will change the atmosphere in your family as if by magic, it will bring a new spirit into your home, and soon helpful relations will take the place of antagonistic ones. Let sympathy and kindness take the place of scolding and nagging, and you will work a revolution in your household. Generous, wholehearted, unstinted praise, now and then, will act like lubricating oil on dry, squeaky machinery, and its reflex action on yourself will be magical.

Interview with John Robert Gregg

(Continued from page 24)

ce, I was still 'Poor John,' and the family was waiting for me to turn my attention to something sensible and to be done with my idiotic shorthand mania.

Handicapped by Deafness When Success Seemed Near

HAD a fearful struggle in the summer of 1888. I published the book on the twenty-eighth of May, printing just five hundred copies. It was uphill work, I assure you, but I put my whole heart and soul in it. It was then summer and very difficult to secure students. If I remember rightly, during the first summer I had, at different periods, three students in all. There is no use of going into all the drudgery of the succeeding years, all of the discouraging obstacles which I had to meet, and all of the baffling discouragements, but at least the system was progressing in England. Schools were teaching it in several cities, and I was building up a good business in teaching the system in Liverpool, when another calamity overtook me—my hearing collapsed. For six months I could hardly hear a sound and, consequently, my school almost vanished. When my hearing was partially restored, and I was wondering what move to make next, I received a letter from America—from a Mr. Rutherford who had acquired the system in England, stating that he intended to teach it in Boston and urged me to copyright it in America.

"It had always been my intention to come to this country. I had become a great

reader. I was saturated with American literature, and I reveled in the stories and articles I read in American magazines. Some way, the dream of America inspired me, as I realized its freedom from prejudice for a new idea would be most advantageous to me. When people comment upon my quickness in adapting myself to this country, I always reply that I was half American before I came over. I became a citizen as soon as I could after I got here.

"Well, I decided to come to America," Mr. Gregg continued. "I sold my school for about the equivalent of two hundred dollars, and started for Boston. I had about one hundred and thirty dollars left when I arrived there, and after I had printed the little pamphlet containing the first edition there was nothing left. It was then August, 1893. I emphasize the year, because it was the time of the great panic. There was business stagnation throughout the country, and they were serving soup in the City Hall, at Boston, to the poor. It was a terrible year to start anything new, especially in our line of work. Mr. Rutherford's 'school' was desk-room in the Equitable Building. He had a roll-top desk, which he rented for twelve dollars a month, and he taught students, who came by appointment, on the slides of the desk—a student on each slide.

"When I came, another roll top desk was added, for which I paid an additional twelve dollars. To be perfectly honest, I really didn't pay the money. I simply owed it, but the good-natured man who rented the desks to us had a kind heart and gave us credit. I remember when I finally paid off my obligation to him, he put his hand on my shoulder and urged me to keep the money for a while longer, as he didn't need it. That man is characteristic of many people I have met. There are always these who are willing to help you if you are in earnest and want to get on."

Early Struggles that Put "Pep" Into Hope

MR. GREGG little realized when he was saying this that he was characterizing his own attitude towards people. I knew that it was Mr. Gregg who took Charles Swem from a mill near Trenton, New Jersey, and gave him his chance, which finally led to his becoming the stenographer of Woodrow Wilson, then the governor of New Jersey, and then going with Mr. Wilson, in the same capacity, to the White House, where he has been so indispensable to the President.

"I wish I could describe that room in Mr. Rutherford's 'school' to you. There were eight or ten firms doing business in it, each having a roll-top desk. Some of the important firms, like ours, had two desks. Amid the clatter of machines, bargainings over real estate, and the banging of doors, we conducted a 'school' with two roll-top desks. As I look back to it, I marvel that we were able to get any students; but we did, and good ones, too. Finally, our school was moderately successful.

"In order to find work evenings I conducted a class in the Boys' Institute of Industry—two or three small stores made over into a kind of refuge for boys of the street—but teaching there was really one of the most interesting experiences of my life. When a boy didn't like another boy he pulled him off his chair and pounded him; when a boy didn't like one study he walked out of the class to take up something else; and when the boys didn't like things in general they upset the trestle table on which they were working and sometimes there was a free-for-all fight. And yet one of the boys I taught there has become a prominent lawyer, and several others have become successful business men.

"One night as I stepped out of that superheated room I found that the thermometer had fallen to ten degrees below zero and the wind off the bay was terrific. The result was that I nearly died on my way to my room, and one side of my face was frozen. Naturally, my enthusiasm for that class languished and I never went back.

"As Christmas—that sorry Christmas of 1893—approached our business dwindled to almost nothing. In spite of this, Rutherford and I determined that we were going to do the best we could to have a good Christmas dinner. We lumped our capital and found that it amounted to one dollar and thirty cents. There was no possibility of getting any more anywhere. Late on Christmas morning, we walked down to a hotel, walked to save car fare. We had our dinner, and after carefully estimating to the last penny, we saved ten cents for car fare home. We had not thought of supper. But the waiter helped me on with my coat, and away went the ten cents. So we trudged home through the snow, and Rutherford played 'Home, Sweet Home' and other old airs on a ramshackle organ we had in the room, until we almost wept. Then we went to bed sufficiently sad. It was my first Christmas in the new country, and I shall never forget it.

Getting a Real Start in Chicago

"IN December, 1895, I went to Chicago.

This time I had a good deal of capital—seventy-five dollars—and I started a school there. I hunted around until I found the cheapest office, an office at 94 Washington Street, which I secured for fifteen dollars a month. I remember that I bought all the furniture for twenty-six dollars and rented a typewriter at five dollars a month. The first day, I put a small advertisement in one of the papers and within an hour after opening the office I had my first caller. He found me in shirt sleeves, polishing the furniture. He said that he had a son who had a great disinclination to study anything, and he wanted a school that would give the boy a great deal of personal attention. I smile whenever I think of that. My school was nothing but personal attention. I told him that I would devote all of my time and thought to his son, and the result was that he paid me fifty dollars for the course.

"That was the beginning of my business success in Chicago. Two years later, I was able to publish the system in book form for the first time. Since then, over a million copies of that book have been sold. Up to this time, however, I had very little knowledge of business and I now realized it was only through a knowledge of business methods that I could hope to succeed. I learned these by hard study and then proceeded to build up a business organization.

"There was another very important thing besides that fifty-dollar pupil in my early days in Chicago," Mr. Gregg said smilingly. "A year or two after I arrived there I met a little woman from Missouri who became my wife. From that moment success seemed to come to me, and her wise counsel and cooperation have been built into all I have done since that time. The right kind of wife is a sort of compass in a man's success. After my business grew, I decided to come to New York, and here we are in the general offices."

Mr. Gregg ended as though that were the O. E. D. of the story.

Yes, there we were sure enough. What a contrast with that first "office" ten flights up in Liverpool, or the first "school" in Boston with eight or ten firms as a sort of pedagogical accompaniment. But Mr. Gregg has one remembrance of those early Boston days, always close to him. Over his desk there hangs a picture of that class of the Boys' Institute of Industry. He calls it

"From Small Beginnings," and is very proud of it, but when he showed it to me, it seemed such a ludicrous beginning that I was tempted to laugh.

Things Can't Always Be Wrong

"MY success?" asked Mr. Gregg modestly. "It is the success of ordinary power intensified. You remember in the early part of my life every one thought that I had far less than ordinary ability. Few would have offered a penny for my chance in life. But I was an enthusiast and saw before me a great vision. I believed in what I was doing. Nothing could deter or change me from my purpose. After this conviction was established, I applied myself with a consuming passion—it was just plain work. And in the final round, work always wins the fight. Work is the royal road to the kingship of a man's possibilities. And, finally, I never lost faith or optimism. If things are not right to-day, it is all the more reason why they will be right to-morrow. They can't always be wrong. Belief in success prepares the way for success, and patience will bring it about in any undertaking."

United States Senators Who Find Age No Bar to Hard Work

(Continued from page 28)

be a candidate in order to save the senatorship for the Republican party. Warren is the father-in-law of General John J. Pershing.

Another Who Doesn't Believe in Talk

FOR a long period of years, everybody thought of Maryland Democracy in the terms of Arthur P. Gorman; that is, the Democratic party of Maryland seemed to be bound up in Gorman who was so long a leader in the Senate and in the country. No other man seemed to be of sufficient importance to be considered. But when Gorman was no more, it was found that there had been an understudy. At least one man had grown up in the atmosphere of Gorman politics who had long been a silent power in the Democratic party of Maryland. John Walter Smith is a man who does not need to be told very much. He knows most things, particularly about politics and about his State. He began business when he was eighteen years old and has made a great success of it, and he knows as much about the lumber business in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina as any other man. He is the president of a national bank and a director in many business and financial institutions. Senator Smith has been almost continually in politics during the last thirty-five years, beginning, like a great many others, as a member of the State legislature. He served a term in the House of Representatives and then became governor of his State, and, finally, was elected senator and will probably continue a senator so long as he lives.

Although he has been in the Senate since 1908, it is almost certain that he has occupied less time than any other member of the body, including the newest members. Senator Smith is one of those men who does not believe in talk; that is, talk in the open and in debate. He is a worker among men. He can make a speech, and occasionally does make one, but it is always on the subject under consideration, and never long. He gets to his point quickly and disposes of the argument.

He has been successful in the Senate, but it is only after some result has been accomplished that it is learned that "the fine

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Italian hand" of John Walter Smith had shaped the course of action. For instance, not long ago there was a sharp contest as to whether or not permission should be given for the erection of a statue of James Buchanan, once President of the United States, in one of the public parks of Washington. Those who thought anything about it took it for granted that permission would be refused as it was known that very strong opposition to the bill had been aroused. And yet, when the time came for a vote, it was found that a large majority of the Senate voted for the bill after a short debate. When it was all over, the opponents of the bill found that John Walter Smith had been quietly at work and had secured ample pledges to insure its passage.

A Party Man Who Can Sidestep Partisanship

SENATOR LE BARON B. COLT of Rhode Island had been on the federal bench for nearly thirty-two years when he was elected to the Senate. He is still a judge in action, and looks at everything from the judicial standpoint. It seems rather strange that a man who had been a judge for so many years, would, so late in life, leave such pleasant surroundings in order to become a United States Senator. Evidently it was because the Senate offered greater opportunity for political activities.

Senator Colt was more of a scholar and a lawyer than a politician when he was appointed to the bench. He never held any public office except as a member of the State legislature, when President Garfield appointed him a federal judge. He never took any active part in politics up to that time, and it was because of his legal attainments that he was selected for a judicial position.

His speeches in the Senate are of the judicial type, and he looks at many of the questions coming before the Senate as if he were a judge on the bench, rather than a legislator—and yet there is no discount upon his Republicanism.

He is a party man, but he does not believe that partisanship should be invoked in regard to international questions. On that account he would not sign the celebrated "round robin" against the League of Nations, made public March 4, 1919, and which was signed by thirty-nine Republican senators.

The Newest of the "Elder Statesmen"

BRAXTON BRAGG COMER is the newest man in the Senate in point of service, having been appointed five months ago to succeed the late John H. Bankhead of Alabama. Senator Comer is the product of famous Barbour County, Alabama. He belongs to the cotton belt, and is still a cotton man. He owns large farms where cotton is grown, and he owns several mills that make cotton cloth. Senator Comer was quite a student in his younger days, attending the Alabama University, Georgia University, and the Emory and Henry College in Virginia. He has received a number of degrees and could place a lot of letters after his name. He never has been very much in politics, but being a hard-headed business man he was made president of the railroad commission of Alabama, and gave such a good account of himself that the people of that State decided to make him governor. He ended his term of governor back in 1910, and since then his time has been devoted exclusively to business until there was a vacancy in the Senate when he was appointed senator without any solicitation on his part.

The Senate presents no particular attraction for him and he declined to be a candidate in the primaries to succeed himself. Senator Comer has been something of a surprise in the Senate. He is not the first

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man to break the tradition that a new senator shall not talk, for that tradition has been shattered several times, and new senators have engaged in debate without giving any consideration to what was once a hoary precedent. Senator Comer broke into a debate because there was a subject under discussion that he knew something about—the growing, marketing, and manufacturing of cotton. He even went so far as to secure an amendment to the agricultural appropriation bill, which became known as the Comer amendment, and was the subject of a red-hot fight, not only in the Senate but in the House.

It was finally defeated, but Comer established himself as a man who knew a great deal about cotton. That he was new in debate and never had any legislative experience became apparent during the discussion, for he spoke of the senator he was addressing as "you," thus breaking another precedent and even a rule of the Senate. It is the custom, and the manual commands it, that one senator must always refer to another senator, during debate, in the third person. But Comer talked directly at his man just as he would in private conversation. His term in the Senate will be short as he will retire after the election in November.

Youngest—But Oldest in Continuous Service

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, of Massachusetts, is the youngest of the eight septuagenarians, yet he has the longest continuous service in that body, and with the six years he served in the House, he has the longest continuous congressional service of any man in public life, and a longer service than any other man with the exception of former Speaker Cannon.

Senator Lodge began his political career as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and was elected to Congress in 1886. He was one of Speaker Reed's lieutenants in the celebrated Fifty-first Congress, and was the leader of the Reed forces at the St. Louis convention in 1896. He was senator then, and the only senator that favored Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, for President.

Senator Lodge is the scholar and author in politics. No man ever served in Congress with such a record in the production of literature as Lodge. He has been regarded as one of the foremost scholars of the country and in the Senate. It is interesting to compare the two Massachusetts men, Lodge and Warren. Of course, Warren was old enough to be a soldier in the Civil War; but their careers have been entirely different, yet both have served twenty-seven years in the Senate.

Lodge never breathed the air of the West; he has always been an eastern man. Warren is of the West—the breezy, expansive West. Lodge is of the East—studious, somewhat severe, self-contained, calm and analytical, but clear in statement and purposeful in action. He has always been the student; always with books at his elbow; always searching and reading. Lodge has not been a politician in the sense we would speak of Tom Platt, Matt Quay, and Boies Penrose, and the man who was for a time his colleague, W. Murray Crane. Lodge has held his place by sheer intellectuality. He has never been personally popular; that is, he has never been a hail-fellow-well-met, or a man people warmed up to; but he has achieved his place and held it by his intellectual equipment and ability.

His people are proud of him. Many of them may think he is aloof and keeps people at a distance, but he has been honored only as Massachusetts knows how to honor her distinguished sons. He has been delegate to every national convention that he desired to attend within the last forty years. He has



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twice been permanent chairman of national conventions, and twice has been chairman of the committee on platform. All his life he has been a Republican of the regular school; he has never swerved in his party loyalty. He attained his highest ambition when the Republicans took charge in the Sixty-sixth Congress and he became leader of the Senate and chairman of the committee on foreign relations.

Senator Lodge was the permanent chairman of three Republican National Conventions. That is a record never before achieved by any other man—and one not likely to be equalled.

The Beginning

(Continued from page 35)

What he should have done and what he did. As explicit as his mind had been to register every detail of what really happened, his conscience had been even more exacting in recording things as they should have been. As he read, Conscience kept substituting the results. The entries got hopelessly muddled. He laid his head upon the desk wearily.

SOMETHING outside John Elroy's door whined. He heard it half unconsciously, with a feeling that he ought to go outside and order the thing away, but he sat on. Something pushed the door and it swung open. John Elroy felt the fresh air. He looked up, straight into his own face. He seemed to stand there towering over the cringing John Elroy in the chair. In a moment he was not. There was only one John Elroy. He sat down and opened the book and, this time, his hand was firm and unflinching. Curiously, he stood up and looked in the mirror on the wall. What he saw he never forgot. It was himself, and yet it was not himself. It was what he had checked and held back from expression, freed at last, spreading out like a glory before. No longer was his face mean and cunning, it shone with a noble benevolence. There was a light upon his brow. John Elroy saw himself created in the image of God.

He dipped the pen and wrote, and what he wrote sent a glow to his inmost soul. On page 1, underneath the name of Will Blakely: "Due—four hundred dollars, balance on crops."

The next page needed even greater adjusting; but, at length, his real self held the pen.

He wrote. His real self! Strange how good he felt—how free! What had been written seemed as the mistakes of a child. There could be but one right answer: *Truth!*

How childish to think that the truth could be effaced by error. Sooner or later all error must be adjusted. He smiled when he thought how the true recording had gone on and on in spite of himself. The mistakes weren't anything, really. In a moment he could make them right.

A TEAR fell on the page where the homestead had been transferred to him, and it suddenly became as white as snow. "Father forgive me," his lips murmured, and he saw himself running up the beaten dirt path, a barefoot boy, his hat in hand. The door swung open and there stood his father, and, beside him, his mother who had been dead for years. They drew him in. The old gray house was "home" once more.

Under the name of Mary Maguire he wrote: "Balance due on one hundred yearlings, fifteen hundred dollars." Or, he might pasture the stock and return them to her. Why not? He had plenty of pasture.

One by one, and, finally, he turned the last page—and there was the house, the house that was to have been an Orphan's Home.

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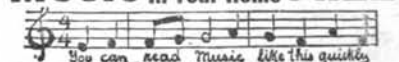
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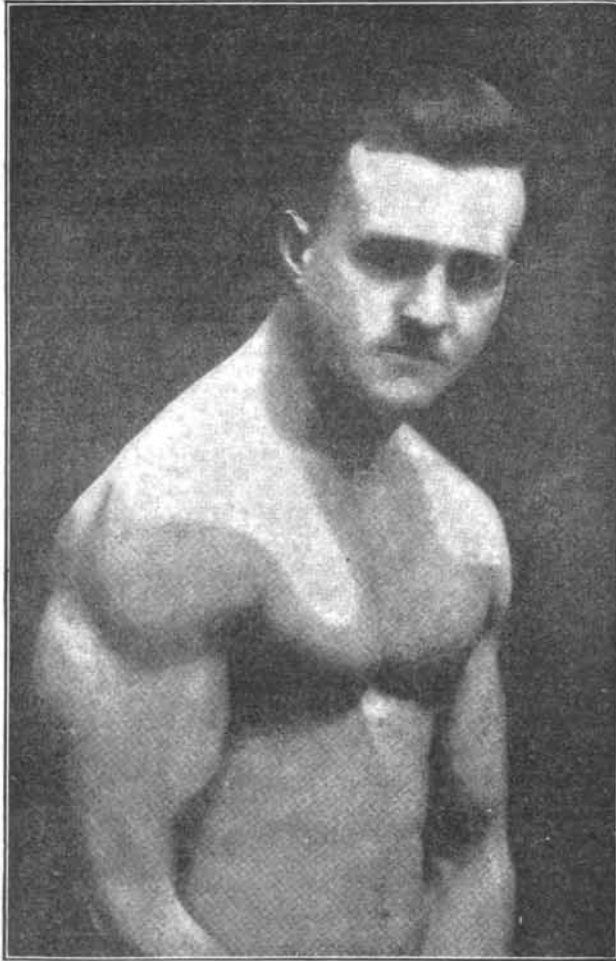
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Are You Fit?

How do you measure up to these requirements? Can you feel the fire of youth surging through your body? Do you have the deep full chest and the huge square shoulders, the large muscular arms that mean you are 100% efficient? Can you go through a good, hard physical tussle and come out feeling fresher and better than when you started? If not, you are unfit. Get busy—steam up at once before you are thrown aside as a failure.

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that others would not even attempt to do. And I will do all this in so short a time that you will say, "I did not think it possible." I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them I will do for you. Come, then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day mean the beginning of new life to you.

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It tells the secret, and is handsomely illustrated with 25 full page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained, also full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent you on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

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