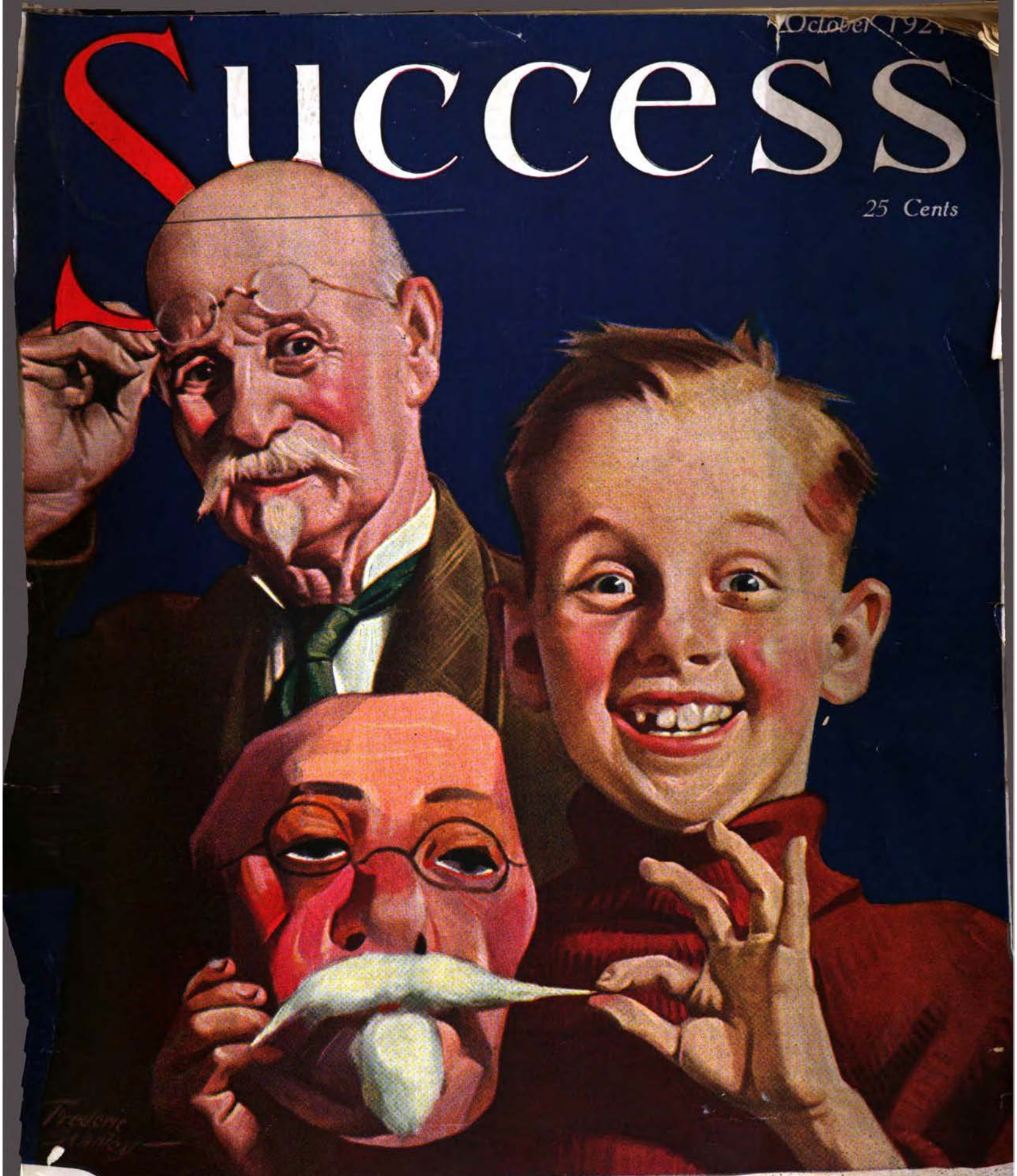
October 192

Success

25 Cents



What Is Your Biggest Asset?

Turn to Page 25

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

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

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

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

Rich Man? Poor Man?

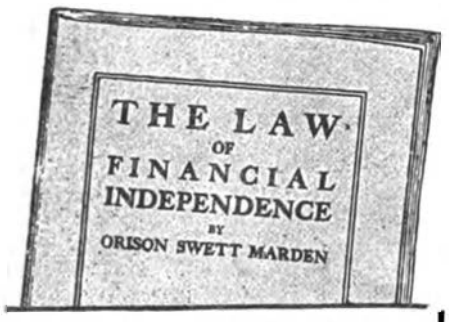
The only difference between the poor man and the rich man, between the pauper and the well-to-do, between the miserable failure and the man who is financially independent, is an understanding of this fundamental law of life; and, the degree of your understanding of it determines the degree of your possession.

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

No Chance—No Luck

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

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



SUCCESS MAGAZINE
1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $———— for which enter my name for ———— years' subscription to SUCCESS.
Please send me also ———— copies of Dr. Marden's booklet, "THE LAW OF FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE."
This is a New / Renewal subscription.

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S—10-21

How Dr. Marden's Writings Have Helped Others

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mail Coupon Today

Surely, you also can profit greatly by this same philosophy and you can secure Dr. Marden's booklet "The Law of Financial Independence" *free of cost* by subscribing to SUCCESS for a year, either for yourself or for a friend, at the regular price of $2.50 (Foreign price $3.50). If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended for a year if you mention that your order is a renewal. This booklet cannot be secured at any price except in combination with a subscription to this magazine. You may secure two copies by sending $5.00 for 2 years' subscription, or three copies by sending $7.50 for 3 years' subscription to SUCCESS. Therefore, fill out and mail the coupon opposite before this special offer is withdrawn, or write a letter if you do not wish to cut your copy of the magazine.

St. Louis, Mo., July 6, 1921.

DEAR READER:

Do you recall one of those rare moments in life when the veil is lifted for a moment, when a breath of inspiration comes like a flash, when the future seems to be suddenly illuminated, when you feel a mastery stealing into hand and brain, when you see yourself as you really are, see the things you might do, the things you can do, when forces too deep for expression, too subtle for thought, take possession of you, and then, as you look back on the world again, you find it different; something has come into your life; you know not what, but you know it was something very real?

Winning victories is a matter of morale, of consciousness, of mind. Would you bring into your life more money, get the money consciousness; more power, get the power consciousness; more health, get the health consciousness; more happiness, get the happiness consciousness. Live the spirit of these things until they become yours by right. It will then become impossible to keep them from you. The things of the world are fluid to a power within man by which he controls them.

You need not acquire this power. You already have it. But you want to understand it; you want to use it; you want to control it; you want to impregnate yourself with it so that you can go forward and carry the world before you.

And what is this world that you would carry before you? It is no dead pile of stones and timber, it is a living thing; it is made up of the beating hearts of humanity and the indescribable harmony of the myriad souls of men, now strong and impregnable, anon weak and vacillating.

It is evident that it requires understanding to work with material of this description; it is not work for the ordinary builder.

If you would go aloft, into the heights, where all that you ever dared to think or hope is but a shadow of the dazzling reality, you may do so. Upon receipt of your name and address, I will send you a copy of a book by Mr. Bernard Guilbert Guerney, the celebrated New York author and critic. It affords the inspiration which will put you in harmony with all that is best in life, and as you come into harmony with these things, you make them your own, you relate with them, you attract them to you. The book is sent without cost or obligation of any kind, yet many who have received it say that it is by far the most important thing which has ever come into their lives.

Be careful that you do not miss this wonderful opportunity because of its great simplicity. Get your letter in the mail today; it will take but a moment, but it may be the supreme moment, in which you may discover the secret for which the ancient alchemists vainly sought, how gold in the mind may be converted into gold in the heart and in the hand!

Awaiting an early reply, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Charles F. Haanel

202 Howard Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Success

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Success
OCTOBER 1921

How to Pick Winners for Executive Positions

An interview with Frederick B. Patterson who, at twenty-nine, has become president of the National Cash Register Company

By Albert Sidney Gregg

"EVERY man I meet is my master in something."

This quotation is one of numerous pertinent selections hanging on the walls of the National Cash Register Company's offices in Dayton, Ohio.

"It is fine of you to recognize the ability of others in such a striking manner," I remarked during a talk with Frederick B. Patterson, recently chosen president of the company.

"Why not? That is the secret of our success," he replied. "It is literally true that every man you meet knows more about some one thing than you do. He is your master in something. Talk with a skilled mechanic, electrician, painter, printer, or engraver. He knows a lot that you don't know. And you will make a friend of such a man forever, if you show him that you realize that he knows more than you do. Andrew Carnegie once declared that he owed his success in life to the fact that he surrounded himself with men who knew more than he did. And that is the attitude that every man should take who expects to get along in life. It applies to all manner of human activities.

"If you close your mind you shut out the knowledge and ideas that may be gained from others. This organization was built up largely by picking men who were capable of getting results, and that could not have been accomplished if their ability had not been recognized. I realize fully that there are many things in this business that I cannot do, but we have experts in the organization who can do anything that may be required."

"What qualities besides an open mind in the management have contributed to the success of the N. C. R.?" I asked.

"Next in importance I would name willingness to give credit," was Mr. Patterson's reply. "We not only pay out thousands of dollars for ideas and suggestions proposed by employees, but we do more—we give the winners credit, by name, in our publications. It takes the heart out of a man to feel that his efforts and victories have not been recognized.

"Then I would name industrial education. So many men begin the battle of life without any special training. They drift about from one thing to another and generally swell the ranks of incompetents who become a burden to others. Our plan is to adjust matters so an employee can learn while he earns, and then we make openings for those who have qualified by study, so they can make more money. In other words we make education profitable, both for the men and ourselves. Our schools are not a mere fad. They have a direct bearing on profits, reduction of costs, and stability. We also aim to offset radicalism by teaching men to see things in the right light. To this I would add willingness to learn by mistakes. They cannot be avoided, but they should not discourage the one who makes them. The big point is: Don't make the same mistake twice. Find out why you made it, take precautions to avoid it in the future and go ahead."

"How Can I Increase My Pay?"

Here is Mr. Patterson's answer:

QUALIFY for a higher grade of work, and more responsibility. The boss, as he is commonly called, is always on the alert for men who are *ambitious*, who have *initiative, ideas*, and are *not afraid to work*. Every man who has won a worth-while place in life has had these four qualities. An employer is in business to make a profit. He must have men who can help him accomplish that purpose or he cannot afford to keep him on the pay roll. The more you can do to increase porfits or cut down expense, the more valuable you are, and the more you will be paid. Promotions are not determined, in very many shops, by length of service. They are controlled by results. A facility for generating ideas and a willingness to take responsibility will cause a boss to advance a man faster than almost anything else, for this reason: The boss is always looking for men to whom he can delegate authority and responsibility, and he can afford to pay well for such men.

THERE are two outstanding personalities in this business. Foremost is that of John H. Patterson, founder, and, for many years, president and general manager. Next to him comes Frederick B. Patterson, his son and successor, and who now has the final decision in matters of policy.

In July, John H. Patterson resigned and F. B. Patterson was elected president. The father will continue with the concern as chairman of the board. The position of general manager was filled by the election of J. H. Barringer, who began as a messenger, fourteen years ago, and who had qualified for promotion by an unswerving devotion to the interests of the company. F. B. Patterson started in the foundry, eleven years ago, and worked his way up through the production and selling ends of the business until he became third vice-president. During the World War he was an aviator, going in as a private and coming out with a commission. John H. Patterson is seventy-seven years of age; F. B. Patterson is twenty-nine, and Mr. Barringer is thirty-eight. Thus the mantle of the elder Patterson has

been placed on the shoulders of his son while the father is still able to counsel and guide him in times of need. It is very unusual for a young man of twenty-nine to head an industry of such magnitude; but he was picked by his father, and the entire organization is gratified, for John H. Patterson has demonstrated that he knows how to pick winners.

And that is the real secret of success—knowing how to pick winners in ideas, methods, and men.

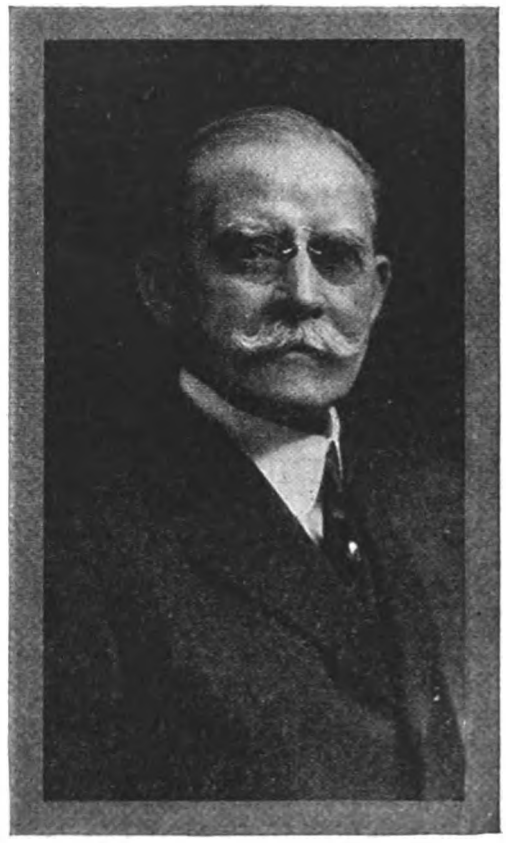
A wonderful story of achievement and inspiration lies back of the ring of a cash register. Thirty-seven years ago, John H. Patterson began making cash registers in a factory consisting of one room. Now the factory buildings of his corporation cover acres of land and form a distinct community. Seven thousand men and women are engaged in production, and 2500 salesmen sell the output in every country on the globe. The salesmen in foreign countries are proficient in the language of the territory in which they operate. During the first six months of this year, the National Cash Register Company's selling force sold more machines than during any previous six months in the history of the concern.

IF James Ritty, a merchant of Dayton, had not gone to Europe, away back in 1879, perhaps I would not be writing this article. While watching the recorder on the propeller shaft on the ocean liner, Ritty began to wonder if some similar device could not be made to record the cash sales in his store. He was worried about leaving his business in the hands of his clerks. He became so interested in his idea that he cut short his stay abroad, returned to Dayton and built the first cash register. Ritty had one assistant and his only piece of machinery was a small lathe. Finding that he could not perfect his machine, he sold his interests to the National Manufacturing Company, and this concern made cash registers and put them on the market.

About this time, John H. Patterson and his brother were engaged in mining coal at Coalton, Ohio. In connection with their mines, they operated a general store for supplying the miners. Although doing a large business, they were constantly losing money, and they knew something was wrong. On hearing that cash registers were being manufactured in Dayton, they ordered two of them and placed them in their store. These machines were crude but effective; daily receipts increased at once. When the key was pressed down on this type of register, a record of the sale was made by a hole being perforated in a strip of paper. At the end of the day, the merchant would take the roll out, count the holes and total the columns. The total of all columns represented the money taken in during the day. And the perfected machine of to-day shows results in plain figures and can do about everything but think.

J. H. Patterson and his brother were so impressed with the possibilities of the cash register that they visited Dayton, bought the business and, in 1884, incorporated the National Cash Register Company. From that time, the business has steadily expanded. As president of the company, John H. Patterson developed an amazing capacity for evolving ideas and picking winners to carry them out. A most interesting book could be filled with anecdotes about him and his unique methods for dealing with emergencies and putting pep into men.

IF anything went wrong, or some plan or piece of machinery did not work right, he was quick to locate the trouble and remove it. For example: In 1892, a newer and higher type of cash register was placed on the market, and this is what happened. Instead of receiving checks in payment, the registers were returned as defective, causing a loss of thousands of dollars besides damaging the business. An investigation disclosed that the factory people were trying to build a higher type of register with the same tools that had been used in making the simpler machines. Furthermore, skilled mechanics were leaving. No sooner were the men and women trained to the point where they were of real value than they would quit and take other positions. This was due to working conditions in the factory, which demanded improvement. After he had all the facts before him, Mr. Patterson decided that it was time to reorganize the business.



John H. Patterson who, at 77, retires from the presidency of the mammoth National Cash Register Company, to become chairman of the board, took hold forty-three years ago, when "the works" consisted of one room and two employees. To-day the employees exceed 10,000

He started an industrial school which is regarded as the pioneer institution of that kind in American industry. By the use of crude slides and objects, the employees were shown some of the things that were wrong in the factory and a quick change was made for the better. This was the origin of the now famous cash-register schools in which men in all branches of the business are carefully trained.

Then Mr. Patterson was compelled to battle with conditions surrounding the factory. Slidertown was the name of that part of the city. It was said that everything bad in Dayton "slid down" to Slidertown. There was a pesthouse and several graveyards near the factory, and a collection of old fair-ground sheds almost in the company's front yard. At times these sheds harbored thieves, gamblers, and other undesirables. It was impossible to get the right kind of mechanics to live in Slidertown, so something had to be done to improve the neighborhood.

The boys gave a lot of trouble. They threw stones through the factory windows and did all sorts of damage to the plant. A high fence was erected but the boys looked upon it as a challenge. They merely tore it down and broke more windows. Mr. Patterson gave a great deal of thought to the boy problem. Finally he worked out a constructive program in order to deal with them and their parents.

"They are not really bad boys," he declared. "They are simply average boys with nothing to do, and with their energy it is only natural for them to get into mischief. Suppose we fix things a bit and see what effect it will have."

SO the factory premises were cleaned up. The fence was removed, grass seed sown and the buildings painted. The next season flowers and shrubs were set out. But that did not civilize the boys. They pulled up the flowers and shrubs almost as rapidly as they were planted, and still hurled rocks through the windows. Then Mr. Patterson decided to start a school for the boys. He set aside a small building which he called the House of Usefulness. A woman social-worker was put in charge. An invitation was sent to the lads to pay the company a visit, but they did not respond at once. They were suspicious and thought, maybe, somebody was holding a club for them. However, they finally came, and were at once formed into classes in clay modeling, wood carving, and drawing. These were so successful that soon classes were started for all the children. There was a kindergarten for the little tots and classes in sewing and cooking for the girls. Later egg-shell gardens were started. An egg-shell garden is simply a lot of egg shells filled with earth in which seeds are planted. The children took a lot of interest in these gardens because they realized that the plants were growing

through their own efforts and care.

Near the factory was a plot of ground which was not being used at that time. It was cleared off and prepared for gardens. The boys were furnished with seeds and tools and put to work raising vegetables. Thus the boys' garden movement was started. Right here Mr. Patterson proved his theory about "bad boys." Ring leaders of the gangs that used to tear down fences and break windows were put in charge of the work in the garden, and, when properly directed, they led just as well for the good as they had for the bad.

This beginning with gardens has developed into a big enterprise. They are incorporated. Each share is valued at fifty cents. The boys sell their produce, bank their money, and, at the end of the season, declare a dividend. When they market their product they keep books with a cash register fastened to the rear of the wagon.

After two successful years as a gardener, a boy becomes a member of the Boys' Box Furniture Company. Here he is provided with tools and materials, old packing-cases and lumber from which bird houses and furniture can be designed. A few years ago, the boys put up over a thousand bird houses for the city of Dayton. It cost twenty-four cents to make a bird house that sells for twenty-five cents.

Later, the Boys' Farm Club was organized to keep the boys interested and busy during the summer vacation. Arrangements have been made with farmers near Dayton to take one or two boys each summer with the understanding that the boys will work for their board and room. At the end of the year, a cash prize is given by Mr. Patterson to the boy writing the best essay telling how he spent his summer on the farm.

EVENTUALLY, gardens were started for the girls to get them out into the air and sunshine. The spirit of improvement gradually spread through the community and found expression in flowers, plants and shrubbery, and in paint and improvements in the houses. As a result of Mr. Patterson's efforts to improve living conditions, Slidertown has vanished and South Park has taken its place. Instead of raising vagabonds and hoodlums, South Park is producing respectable citizens. Old shacks have been replaced by beautiful homes, and real-estate values have increased over 1,000 per cent.

This welfare work has expanded in so many directions both inside and outside of the factory, that it would take unlimited space to even make a list of welfare activities. It is a fundamental part of the policy of Mr. Patterson to create conditions in which employees can enjoy the best of health, develop their mental powers, increase their skill in the work, win promotions rapidly, and make more money. Prizes are given for ideas or suggestions, and half of the profits are divided among the employees. Schools are maintained for the purpose of affording employees an opportunity to fit themselves for advancement by studying nights.

During the winter months, instruction is given in the "Owl Classes," which meet in the N. C. R. City Club building. The subjects include blue-print reading, accounting, mechanical drawing, home economics, salesmanship, free-hand drawing, commercial Spanish, agency office practice, public speaking, shop mathematics, advertising, dress-making and millinery. Classes meet each night at 7.30. Instruction is given mainly by the more advanced men in the company. Last year, the Owl classes had an enrollment of 1500 and graduated more than 600. Nearly one half of those who start finish the course. This school affords an opportunity for any ambitious young man or woman in the plant to "learn while they earn." A premium is placed on education, by making the owl classes a condition of advancement.

Frederick B. Patterson, the new president, is a son of John H. Patterson. He has been well drilled for the position. He started as a workman in the N. C. R. foundry. After leaving the mechanical end of the business, he joined the selling department where he proved his worth

NEXT to the administration building stands an imposing structure known as the N. C. R. School House. With its massive fluted-columns it resembles a Greek temple. Most of the space inside is taken up with the general assembly-room which has a seating capacity of 1200. There are also a number of smaller rooms which are used for educational purposes. The assembly hall is provided with comfortable opera-chairs, and there is a platform at one end with a ground-glass screen through which slides and films are projected from the back. A lecture illustrated with slides and films is given in this hall, twice daily, to visitors, in which the story of the Cash Register Company is entertainingly told. At noon, daily, it is crowded with employees who gather to enjoy a program provided by the welfare department. On Tuesday of each week, at eleven o'clock, the Progress Club holds its meeting here. This club consists of foremen, executives, and members of the advisory committee, who are chosen by the men at the bench. Usually some official of the company presides. Questions about the operations of the factory are asked, discussed, and answered. It is in this gathering that the affairs of the entire organization are discussed.

ON Saturday morning, the assembly hall is turned over to the children of the community, for entertainment, education, and refreshment. On occasions of very great importance, when it is desirable to reach all the employees, face to face, with some announcement or explanation, men are called in from the various shops in turn, until all have had an opportunity to hear what is to be said.

All of the activities of the company —welfare, production and selling— have expanded steadily because John H. Patterson is a man of extraordinary vision who knows how to pick winners. He reads a man instantly, rates him, and sets him to work. Any of his associates or men in the field can tell good stories about his rather striking ways of waking men up so they will do their best. On one occasion, he wanted to impress on his employees that if each was ten minutes late, it meant a heavy loss to the company in the aggregate. To drive it home, he had the exact amount figured out for a month, and piled up enough actual cash to equal the loss for that time. Then he made a little talk on the subject, pointed to the money and told his employees that they were throwing away that much each month. This little object lesson was given at a gathering in the assembly hall where it could be seen and heard by a large number. Those who were present never forgot it.

On another occasion, he wanted to know why so many men were leaving. The labor turnover was too high. So he called the foremen together and asked them bluntly: "What is the matter with this organization? We are losing too many trained men. Has anybody a suggestion?"

Then up spoke one of the foremen: "The trouble is often between the employees and the foremen. If you had a department where differences between foremen and employees could be adjusted, I am sure we could save many valuable men."

"That's fine. All right, you go ahead and start it. Look around and pick out a good location for an office, and I'll

give the order to the foremen to refer all disputes to you."

The man who had made the suggestion was very much surprised, but he did not show it. He selected his office and prepared to serve as factory peacemaker. By winning the coöperation of the foremen at the outset, he has been able to maintain harmony and greatly reduce the turnover. The big point is that J. H. Patterson saw the value of the suggestion instantly and, in the same instant, picked the man to carry it into effect.

It is said that Mr. Patterson could work at a pace that would wear out three ordinary men, planning and stirring up men to greater effort. His mind is going all the time. But his body could not stand the strain. A number of years ago, nature went on a strike, and Mr. Patterson had to call in specialists to fix up his internal machinery. For one thing, they made him take a starvation cure—live on water to get all of the poison out of his system. He stood it for thirty-seven days, and then thought it was time to eat something. Now his diet is carefully regulated according to the well-known Battle Creek system, with the result that John H. Patterson is a remarkably vigorous man for his age.

When Dayton was swept by a flood, nine years ago, Mr. Patterson put on rubber boots and helped rescue the victims. He transformed the Cash Register plant into a boat factory and hospital, within a few hours. Boats were produced with the same precision that had been used in making cash registers, and those snub-nosed cash-register punts were instrumental in saving many lives. A lot of them are still stored in a factory building, possibly as curios or for an emergency. During the World War, the factory was turned to other purposes—this time to make munitions.

After we had discussed cash-register matters for a while, I asked F. B. Patterson if he had anything encouraging to say to the man on wages who feels that he is in a rut and doesn't know how to get out.

"What can a man do to get an increase in pay?" I asked. "That is the question that most people would like to have you answer."

"Qualify for a higher grade of work, and more responsibility," he replied. "The boss, as he is commonly called, is always on the alert for men who are ambitious, who have initiative, ideas, and are not afraid of work. Every man who has won a worth-while place in life has had those four qualities. An employer is in business to make a profit. He must have men who can help him accomplish that purpose or he cannot afford to keep him on the payroll. The more you can do to increase profits or cut down expense, the more valuable you are, and the more you will be paid. Promotions are not determined, in very many shops, by length of service. They are controlled by results. A facility for generating ideas and a willingness to take responsibility will cause a boss to advance a man faster than almost anything else, for this reason: The boss is always looking for men to whom he can delegate authority and responsibility, and he can afford to pay well for such men.

"I am now giving you the real reason for our schools. We want to develop the qualities I have indicated, because men possessing them are the ones who will get on in business. Now if you feel you are in a blind alley, or that luck is against you, get books on salesmanship, advertising, or business science and read them. Also, learn all you can about your own job and the next one in line of promotion. Be willing to do little things for your superiors that may not be exactly a part of your work and you will make an impression that will help you in advancement. A boss likes to have men about him who will work a little extra now and then, or inconvenience themselves to help him accomplish his purpose. These principles are not new. They are as old as the hills; but they are the eternal laws of success, and no man who expects to win can afford to ignore or evade them."

I AM—

THE very essence of character.

The first essential of happiness and success.

I nerve men to face the rough and the smooth of life with equal composure.

I am that which enables a man to rule his fears and his passions.

I give men and women greater power than any king or potentate ever enjoyed.

I lift them above all regrets, all weaknesses, all useless desires and imaginings.

I am that which shows man how to protect himself from all his enemies, within and without.

I make him the master of circumstances, the ruler of conditions that otherwise would fill him with despair.

Without me, a man is like a mariner without a compass—at the mercy of every wind that blows; the slave of every passion and impulse.

Most of the tragedies, all of the suicides, many of the failures, and much of the poverty and misery of life, are due to the lack of me.

I am the best friend of man, his greatest aid to success. In the midst of dangers and difficulties; in spite of ridicule and opposition; in front of all sorts of provocations, I hold him true to his highest ideal as the needle to the pole.

I am like the celestial worlds that sweep through their orbits in the starry depths, undisturbed by the discords, the turbulence, the quarreling, the wars of creatures that live on the earth. I make life serene and calm, like the quiet depths of the ocean that flow tranquilly below the tempestuous, storm-tossed surface. The storms and tempests that wreck so many lives,—the passions of human beings that mock happiness and wreck success cannot touch me. I am anchored in the eternal calm of principle.

I AM SELF-CONTROL. —*O. S. M.*

Back Numbers

William, junior, wanted to run things without consulting his senior partner—but he hadn't reckoned on Nan

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

WILLIAM G. CARMICHAEL sat before the golden-oak, roll-top desk which had been his for years, and, with the aid of a pencil, made aimless little marks on the back of an old envelope. A dense silence without told him that the last stenographer had departed, probably unaware that "Old William" was in his private room. Young William—familiarly called "Bill"—was out of town. Usually about this time he popped his head inside the door marked "Private," and asked cheerfully: "Ready, dad?"—after which he would solicitiously hold his father's fur coat, or spring coat, or hat, according to the season, while William, senior, closed and locked the roll-top desk which was one of the causes of the rift between them.

William, junior, was blissfully unaware of that rift, but his father felt it keenly. The golden-oak desk was its symbol; for William, junior, was very up-to-date. Pigeonholes, he affirmed, were a catchall for useless truck which was better in the wastebasket. What his father needed was a flat-topped desk of dull mahogany, and a new chair. That old swivel-thing with the leather cushion—oh, of course, it was *comfortable*, but there was no style to it.

"Come on," he had said boyishly, "let's go and pick out something nifty. Don't you know that you've outgrown golden oak?"

William G., reached out and touched the old desk protectingly. His eyes sought a picture in a leather frame that had been there many years. Time and sunlight had faded it, but to William G., it was bright as ever: a young face, and wistful, with a look in the eyes that sometimes came into the eyes of her son. It had been there the night William, junior's, son, Billyboy was born, when he had come downstairs to bring the news to his father, nervously waiting in the library.

"It's all right, dad," he began cheerfully. "You've got another namesake." Then, as if his strength failed suddenly after the long waiting, he sank into the big chair before the fire, and the wistful look like—that in the picture of his mother—crept into his eyes.

"I wonder," he said gently, "I wonder if ever I'll seem as wonderful to him, as you have seemed to me."

The little speech was so like his mother, that William G., could not reply. He had always seemed wonderful to his wife, and she had not possessed her son's reticence about saying so. Young William had inherited his reticence from his father; yet, strangely, it was that very quality which kept them from sometimes understanding each other. If, on the day when Bill made his protest about the desk, his father had told him that he could not part with it because, long years ago, he and Bill's mother had picked it out together—that he could still see the way her eyes had shone at what seemed such wild extravagance—that she herself had helped him arrange things conveniently in those condemned pigeonholes, and had, as a crowning touch laid the picture in the leather frame in its place of honor, Bill would have understood.

"I had to fool some one"

But because of the thing that tied his father's tongue, he told Nan, his wife, that dad was becoming "fearfully set" as he got older; and though Nan laughed, and replied that a good deal of satisfactory business had been consummated at that despised desk, Bill was not appeased. Although he held his tongue, he inwardly chafed at what he considered his father's pig-headedness. He was heartily ashamed of the old office. He honestly believed that it was a bad business to leave it so; and, although he wouldn't for the world have admitted it to any one, he feared that his father was too conservative. In fact, there were times when William, junior, longed to run things without consulting his senior partner.

He would have been horrified had he known that his father guessed these thoughts. Bill loved his father dearly, and wouldn't have hurt him for a kingdom. Yet it was because of those very thoughts that William G., sat there after his employees had departed and made those aimless little marks on an old envelope. He was wondering if it was his duty to get out, and give the boy a chance to do things in his own way. Perhaps he *was* old-fashioned; yet, he thought defensively, the business had grown with the years. Surely he had kept abreast of modern business methods; and if he was sometimes slow in reaching a decision, his caution was usually justified. Bill would acknowledge that. Still, if the boy were unhappy—if he wanted a free rein—oughtn't his father to give up, though he'd be lonely without the business which meant so much to him? William G., did not feel like an old man. He lifted the picture in the leather frame, and looked very steadily into the wistful face.

"I wish he was more like you, Anna," he said sadly. "Then he'd speak out, and say what's in his mind. It's because he's so dumb, like me—"

There sounded a rap on the door. William Carmichael laid down the picture and said, "Come in."

Jerry entered. Jerry had been janitor of the building for eighteen years, and seemed as much a part of it to William G., as did the marble entrance and the elevators. He stood now, twisting his cap nervously in his hands, while William G., smiled encouragement.

"What's up?"

"I saw your light, Mr. Carmichael, and just stopped in to say good-by."

"Good-by?"

"I get through to-night, sir?"

"You're not leaving us?"

William G., would have been no more surprised had Jerry told him that the mail chute had refused to accept the U. S. mail.

"Fired," said Jerry simply; but his jaw, built more for utility than beauty, slightly trembled.

"Sit down," said William shortly.

Jerry obeyed, perching uneasily on the edge of a chair—still twisting his cap in his hands.

"Now tell me," said William G., "what's all this nonsense?"

There was something comforting in the words, and Jerry smiled.

"'Tis no nonsense, sir. The new management wants someone younger. They say—I'm gettin' old."

He raised a hand to push back a gray lock that straggled across his forehead. William G., who was a keen observer, saw that the hand was not quite steady. He felt a sudden warm sense of comradeship for the gray old janitor, who was, perhaps, aware of his years for the first time.

"How old are you, Jerry?" he asked abruptly.

"Sixty-nine come July, sir; but—seems like I ought to know enough to empty wastebaskets."

Jerry's tone was bitter, a thing so unlike his usual good cheer that William Carmichael winced. Sixty-nine! Why, he himself would soon be seventy. He had thought Jerry older than that; yet, come to think of it, the janitor's boy was younger than his own. He had fought in France and come back with a bad lung. William G., had not inquired for him lately. He had been absorbed in his own problems. Now, he said contritely, "How's the boy?"

Jerry cleared his throat; then the words came with a rush, as if it were a relief to speak them.

"That's what's hardest, sir. You see—he needs country air. We'd thought to send him somewhere before hot weather, and, maybe, in another year to go ourselves. We've saved a bit, Mr. Carmichael. My old woman's a wonderful hand to manage. We wanted a home in the country to end our days in—a bit of a place where we could raise enough to keep us and where the boy could help in the garden. It hurts him cruel, sir, not to be doin' something for himself."

Jerry's voice trembled, and William G., said quickly, "But, surely, Jerry, there are places where you can send him with no expense—a man who's lost his health in defense of his country!"

"I know, sir, but the boy won't have it. He says they's others so much worse off than him. He has a good chance to get well, the doctor tells us; only the city dust—" Jerry broke off abruptly, then added, "And it's hard work to get a job at sixty-nine."

William G., sat looking thoughtfully into space; then, quite unconsciously, because he was accustomed to bring his troubles there, he lifted the picture in the leather frame and looked at it. He looked at it so long that Jerry stirred uneasily, thinking the interview was at an end; but William G., laid down the picture and turned to him.

"Do you know anything about gardening?"

The janitor's eyes brightened at the question.

"You should see our back yard, sir, come summer time! We raise all we eat! And flowers—why my old woman has just to touch 'em to make 'em grow! We were country raised, sir. The city's never seemed like home to us."

WILLIAM CARMICHAEL arose and closed his desk. Jerry arose too, a bit awkwardly, not knowing whether to extend a hand in parting; but it was William G., who extended his.

"You call me up at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, at my home," he said briskly. "I've something in mind that may interest you. Sixty-nine! Why, Jerry, I'm *seventy*, and at times I feel like a boy! We won't let them fool us into thinking we're back numbers yet."

"How old are you, Jerry?" he asked abruptly. Sixty-nine! Why he would soon be seventy

He laughed, and as Jerry followed suit the lines of age were lost in the lines of cheer.

When William G., reached home that night, Nan was at the door.

"You're late, dad," she said affectionately. "I've been calling the office to see if anything was wrong. The children are in bed but they won't sleep till you've been up to say good-night. What kept you?"

"Important business with the janitor," answered William promptly. "And, please, ma'am, have I reached the age when I need an attendant, and stir up a cyclone if I happen to be twenty minutes late?"

Nan laughed and squeezed his hand. "Oh, dad, you're so adorably like Bill! I can see just what he'll be at your age, and it's such a comfort. Run up now and kiss the children. Dinner's waiting."

William G., adored his daughter-in-law, a feeling which she returned in full measure. Nan could not remember her own father, and William had never had a daughter, so each filled for the other, a long-felt want. Usually he asked no better entertainment than to hear the tale of her day, and the doings of the children, but to-night she found him an indifferent listener.

At length she asked, "Father, what's on your mind?"

William smiled as he answered unexpectedly: "Nan, have you found a gardener for Rose-acres?"

Rose-acres was Nan's joy—the gay little cottage in the country where they went at the first warm days, and stayed long after the frost was on the rose bushes.

"Why, no," she answered. "I'm going to run out this week and see if I can't find some country help. I'm tired of trained gardeners who insist on planting sweet peas where I want hollyhocks, and *vice versa*. Have you any one in mind, dad?"

"Only—our janitor," said William thoughtfully.

"Old *Jerry?*"

William's eyes twinkled.

"He's not so old as I, my dear; and you know what an able assistant you find me in the garden."

Nan laughed, because dad's pet aversion was for weeding. Then she remembered that it was the janitor who had made him late and she said quickly, "I hope old Jerry isn't in any trouble."

"Only the trouble we all meet sooner or later, daughter—that of discovering that we're old, and that those who work with us think our best work is done. After eighteen years of faithful service, Jerry has been fired."

"Oh, dad!" Nan was all sympathy. "Can't you *do* something about it? He has a son, hasn't he, who was hurt in France? And his

wife's a dear. Bill sent me down there last Christmas with some presents. They asked me in, and I never saw such a shining kitchen—with a row of wonderful geraniums at the window."

"I was thinking," said William slowly, "that he might make a row of wonderful geraniums or something, in our front yard."

"Does he know anything about gardens?"

"He was 'raised in the country.' That's all I know, dear; but the boy needs to get out of the city, and I thought——"

"Of *course* we'll take him!" cried Nan impulsively. "I've always felt, dad, because Bill had what he calls the 'bad luck' not to get to France, that I owe something to some boy who did. And there's the little cottage all ready for them. It's just the thing. I don't care whether Jerry knows anything about gardening or not. He's not too old to learn."

"I wish," said William G., with a wistful smile, "that every one was as optimistic about the aged as you are, Nan."

SOMETHING unaccustomed in his voice caused her to glance up quickly. He met her gaze unflinchingly, then said, "Nan, does Bill want me to get out?"

"Get out of what, father?"

"The business, dear."

"But—but you *are* the business," she answered instantly.

William smiled.

"What would your precious husband say to that?"

"Why, *father!*" said Nan reproachfully. She arose and took a seat on his knee, slipping an arm about his neck.

"Now, don't misunderstand me," said dad quickly. "Bill hasn't said or done a thing he shouldn't. But, my child, I've eyes in my head. I know I bother him in certain ways. It's only natural. I'm getting on, I suppose, though I haven't realized it. I'm of another generation, and each generation wants to do things its own way."

"You're mistaken, dad," replied Nan quickly. "Bill's never said a word—never once hinted that he thought you were getting old. There's only one thing—you know your office troubles him a lot. Bill's a goose! He believes implicitly in the atmosphere of mahogany and good rugs. If you *would* just humor him so far as to get a desk——"

"But, you see," said William gently, "I—can't. Maybe you won't understand, child. Things have come so easy to you and Bill. But with us it was—different. We had to wait a long time to be married; and, afterwards, Bill's mother worked and saved with me in ways you couldn't dream of. If it hadn't been for the things she went without, the old business would never be where it is to-day. She saved most of the money to buy that desk, Nan. She wanted my office to be as fine as anybody's—just as Bill does to-day. We bought it together. She——"

Dad stopped, partly because it was difficult to go on, but mostly because Nan's arm had tightened about his neck in a way that showed her understanding.

A strangely unfamiliar father, in blue overalls, puffing lazily at his pipe, sat on an overturned box observing Jerry

"Of course you couldn't part with it," she said simply. "Do you think Bill would ask it if he understood? But you never told him—your own little son! Dad, you ought to be ashamed! And I suppose some day Bill will be just the same, and he and Billy-boy will bang their heads together instead of opening their hearts to one another, though all the time they'll love each other terribly. It's ridiculous! I won't have it! If Bill thinks you're a back number—well—we'll find a way to show him! Look here, dad, it isn't eight o'clock. Let's take the car and run down to tell old Jerry he needn't worry another minute."

This conversation took place on Monday evening. It was on the following Thursday that a worried-looking Bill regarded his wife across the breakfast table.

"Well, I must say, Nan, you take it calmly. You act as if it was a perfectly natural thing for father to go away without a word. Father's getting old, and——"

"Bill, dear," Nan interrupted, "he *didn't* go without a word. As I've explained a dozen times, I was at a committee meeting when he came back for his bag, but he told Selma he had been called away for a day or two, and to tell me not to worry if he didn't write. I've always found dad's advice worth taking, so I'm not worrying. Your father may be getting old, Bill; but he's a perfectly able-bodied man with a keen brain inside his head, and I'm expecting him to walk in any minute and explain his absence. Bill, don't glare at me! I'm paying dad a compliment by believing that he's capable of looking after himself."

"IT strikes me," replied Bill coldly, "that your attitude is unnatural. I supposed women—the right sort of women, worried about such things, even against their reason."

Nan hastily produced a handkerchief in order to hide a smile that hovered about her lips.

"So you think I'm not the right sort of woman?"

Bill pushed back his chair. "I don't think anything of the sort. You know I don't; but I'm so worried I don't know what I'm saying. Aside from being scared blue, thinking about what may have happened to father, I'm worried about business. That Brinley matter comes up to-morrow, and I don't know what to do. I've been counting on talking it over with dad. I saw both Brinleys in Chicago. Their offer sounds fair; but, somehow, I don't trust them; and dad has a way of seeing through people that—well, I wish *I* had it! The younger Brinley will be here to-morrow and I wanted father to see him. You're *sure* he didn't mention where he was going?"

"Why, Bill! If he had do you think I wouldn't tell you? Here's Billy-boy. Sonny, did grandpa say where he was going when he went away?"

"Nope. He just hugged good-by and said I looked 'mazingly like daddy but he was glad I had my mummy's nose. I told him it was my own nose, not mummy's, and he laughed like anything. I wish grandpa would come home again. When's he coming, daddy?"

"I wish I knew myself, son." Bill glanced worriedly at his watch, and arose. "Well, Nan, I've got to go. If you hear anything you'll call me up at once?"

"Of course. Likewise I'll put my eagle brain to work and hunt a clue. Don't worry too much, dear. Father knew that the Brinley matter came up on Friday—didn't he?"

Bill nodded as he dived into the coat closet for his hat.

"That's why I can't understand his going anywhere just now," came his muffled response.

"Perhaps," Nan suggested wickedly, as he emerged, "he thought you'd like a chance to decide it for yourself."

Bill wheeled on her, almost angrily. "Who put that idea into your head? Are you implying that my father is a 'has been'?"

This was unjust of Bill—considering; but Nan only smiled.

"A 'has been'? *Dad?* I should say not! But, sometimes, you know—the—the furnishings of his office—well, I've thought——"

"His office furnishings have nothing to do with the case," Bill interrupted sharply. "It's dad's advice I want, not office furniture. I guess it doesn't make much difference whether a man sits behind golden oak or mahogany, so long as he has a head on his shoulders like father's."

It struck Nan that he seemed to be arguing with himself, not her. She smiled, at which Bill said quickly, "I don't think you take this seriously enough, Nan. Why he may have been mur——"

He stopped abruptly, aware that his small son was regarding him with startled eyes. He stooped to kiss the boy, and as he turned to Nan she saw that his eyes were far too bright. "I—I wish like thunder I hadn't worried dad about that desk," he said as he departed.

Nan looked thoughtful as she resumed her breakfast and tied on Billy-boy's bib. She had never seen her husband so upset. At ten o'clock, Bill called up to ask if the postman had left a letter. At eleven, he called again. At twelve-thirty, Nan decided it was time to act; and as Bill was starting for luncheon, the telephone rang. He was breathless when he lifted the receiver.

"That you, Nan? Any news?"

"NO, but I've got an idea. May I pick you up in half an hour? You'll have to leave the office for the afternoon."

"All right. Can't you get here sooner?"

"Have you had lunch, dear?"

"No, but——"

"Bill, you've *got* to eat. Go 'round to Marston's now. I'll be outside with the car by the time you're through."

She was as good as her word. Bill took the place beside her silently, and even forgot to offer to drive the car through the traffic, so intent was he on wondering where she would take him. When they emerged into a less crowded thoroughfare, he could hold in no longer.

"Nan, where are we going?"

"To Rose-acres."

Bill's face clouded. "What reason could dad have for being there?"

"Did you know," said Nan, with seeming irrelevance, "that old Jerry has lost his job?"

"Yes. It's a darned shame. I'll look him up and see what I can do. But, Nan, what makes you think——"

"They said he was—getting old, Bill."

"Father?" asked Bill, perplexed.

Nan smiled. "I was speaking of Jerry. You can see him to-day, dear. He's the new gardener at Rose-acres."

In surprise Bill forgot his absorbing worry.

"Does *he* know anything about gardens—*that* old man?"

The city was left behind now, and Nan drew up under a tree and stopped the car.

"I don't know, Bill," she answered quickly, "and I don't care. I guess he can learn. He's no older than your father. Besides, his boy got hurt in France, and I keep thinking suppose it was you, and——"

Bill, with a quick glance at their surroundings, took a chance. He kissed her; while Nan, repairing the damage he had done to the angle of her hat, said unexpectedly: "And, Bill, I want to tell you something. I understand at last why Dad won't part with that old desk, and——"

When, at length, Nan drew up before the gay little cottage that was her joy, a sight met their eyes which made her smile, while Bill drew a deep breath and sank back limply. For there undeniably was his father—a strangely unfamiliar father in blue overalls, puffing lazily at his pipe as he sat on an overturned box observing Jerry.

"At least," said Bill, "I suppose that's Jerry, though I shouldn't have known him. He seems to have taken on a new lease of life."

This was true. Old Jerry looked old no longer. He was on his knees, lovingly loosening the soil about some daffodils that were putting forth brave green spikes in spite of the late spring. Even at that distance it was plain that Jerry had found his niche. For him, wastebaskets and furnaces were forgotten—the dream of a lifetime had come true: a home in the country for his "old woman"—health for his boy, and days spent with his beloved mother earth. To Jerry, the years ahead were blossoming gaily with sweet peas, hollyhocks, and roses. Is it surprising that old age had dropped from him like a discarded garment?

"I wouldn't—know him," said Bill again, as they advanced quietly, for the old man had arisen with the agility of a boy. Then he turned, and his face lighted in a smile of welcome. And William G., turned, too, getting to his feet in time to stretch out a hand in greeting. But Bill didn't see the hand. He threw an impulsive arm about his father's shoulders, and kissed him, unmindful of old Jerry, and Nan, and a collie pup who was gravely looking on.

"Gee! but you've given us a scare, dad. What do you mean by going off like this—not writing—or telephoning—or——"

BEHIND his son's back William G., winked shamelessly at Nan; while Bill went on, oblivious of the fact that his words were balm of Gilead to his father:

"Besides, that Brinley matter comes up to-morrow, and you ought to be there. I don't want to sign their contract until you look it over. I've got to talk with you about those Brinleys anyway. Get out of those jumpers double quick, dad, and come back to the office where you belong."

Dad looked questioningly at Nan, who nodded as she answered: "Come on, father. We've had a terrible two days. Your partner can't run the business without you, and he was sure

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What Chains Your Ambition?

By Orison Swett Marden

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

THE eagle was chosen as our national emblem because it is the king of birds, mightiest and most powerful of all the feathered tribe. The eagle can fly higher and remain longer on the wing than any other bird. Yet if this monarch of the air were held captive, tied to a huge ball or some other heavy weight, it could not fly as high as a barnyard fowl. No matter how strong its natural instinct to soar into the heavens, it could not move from the earth.

The chained eagle in our illustration is a good symbol of multitudes of people who are kept from doing the big things they are ambitious to do, and are capable of doing, because of some handicap which chains their ability and holds them down in an inferior position.

Of all the handicaps that thwart ambition and ruin the lives of men and women, there are three that outdistance all others in the number of their victims.

These are, Timidity, Debt and Discouragement. They hold down more real ability, keep more deserving merit in mediocre positions than, perhaps, any others in the whole gamut of human disabilities.

Everywhere we see people with excellent endowments and splendid traits of character remain practically shut-ins all their lives, because of timidity or self-depreciation.

Afraid to attempt to do the thing they long to do, and are perfectly capable of doing, they hesitate and wait, hoping that something will turn up to help them. But nothing turns up, and being too timid to push themselves forward, to assert themselves, they remain in the background all their lives as the great ever-moving tide flows past them.

What Sydney Smith says is true: "Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, could they have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame."

Debt and discouragement go hand in hand in keeping people down. In some instances, they are practically synonymous; for the man who is tied hand and foot by debt is a slave who hasn't the choice of free will; he is always a victim of discouragement.

MANY a life purpose is thwarted by debt. A man makes some foolish investment, or he spends his earnings recklessly, perhaps in dissipation, never saving a cent for an emergency; and when the emergency,—sickness or accident or other misfortune,—comes, he has to plunge into debt to meet it. He mortgages everything he possesses, and when he finds that, no matter how hard he struggles, he cannot pay off his indebtedness, he loses heart and enthusiasm and is never able to get beyond mediocrity. With others dependent on him, perhaps a family to support, he cannot take advantage of the great opportunities about him as he could if he had not tied up his future earnings for years ahead. Discouragement gets a firm grip on him, and his great ambition instead of urging him on only mocks him, for he feels that he cannot realize it. Like the chained eagle, no matter how he longs to soar to his place in the sun, his entangling debts keep him chained to some inferior position.

Discouragement, whatever its cause, is one of the worst foes of ambition. The saddest element of my work is the large number of letters that come to me from people who have lost their courage; who feel that they have made some irreparable mistake, that about all they can do is to continue in a very unsatisfactory—a very hopeless and unhappy—way to the end.

"Oh! Dr. Marden, if I had *only kept* on as I began!" so many write. "If I hadn't quit in a moment of discouragement, of homesickness! If I had only persisted in learning my trade, finishing my studies, graduating in my profession; if I had persisted in my medical practice, or law practice, a little longer until success came to me, how different things would have been. But I was afraid that I would not succeed, and that people would laugh at me if I didn't. So I got blue and discouraged and decided to take something easier. But I have always regretted turning back, and have never been satisfied with myself since."

"Discouragement hides God's means and methods." How true that is. I sometimes think that discouragement is man's greatest enemy. It hides God himself; blots out of sight about everything that is helpful and friendly to us. It paralyzes our ability, our courage, our self-confidence, destroys our efficiency and cuts down the effectiveness of every one of our faculties.

Every physician knows how discouragement affects the cure of the patient, delays it and often makes it impossible. Discouragement breaks the spirit, and when a man's spirit is broken he has no heart for anything. He is beaten in life's battle. A broken spirit, discouragement, causes more failures, more suicides, more insanity, than almost anything else.

Now, the great God meant every one on this earth to be a success in his particular field. As Dr. Russell Conwell says, "He doesn't like a failure any more than the rest of us." He has given every one of us power to attain our legitimate ambition; to do the thing we were created to do.

No one, no matter what his handicap, can be beaten so long as he keeps his faith in God and in himself alive, and continues to "carry on." He will win out like the little drummer boy in the Civil War, who, when commanded to beat a retreat, said, "I don't know how to beat a retreat; but I can beat an advance!" He did beat an advance, and to such purpose that the army, rushing forward with renewed courage, won a glorious victory.

The Magician of America's Wonderland

How Charles P. Steinmetz, a twelve-dollar-a-week draftsman brought a new industrial era to the world

By E. L. Bacon

IN a cheap rooming-house in Yonkers, New York, one of the lodgers was a very strange young man who spent his evenings working by the dim light of a small oil-lamp over tables of figures. What he was trying to do, not one of his fellow lodgers had the faintest idea and, probably, would not have comprehended even if told. The matter was altogether too complicated for the average person to understand.

The strange lodger was an undersized man, fully a foot below the average height, and slender, with a head that appeared to be much too big and impressive and full of force to match his frail body. By day he worked as a draftsman at twelve dollars a week in a factory where hat-making machinery was produced. In his bare, shabby little room, he cooked his meals on a gas stove, and, as he spent all of his time working, twelve dollars a week was enough and to spare. He spoke English with a German accent, but he was not a friend of German imperialism. Indeed, only a few months before, at the age of twenty-four, he had been driven out of the kaiser's empire because of his political opinions. When he arrived in New York City, he had only ten dollars to keep him alive.

During his lonely evenings this strange young man was not always figuring. Sometimes he was poring over books on such subjects as electricity and magnetism. Sometimes he was ruling sheets of paper into small squares. Across these squares he would draw curious, curved lines. And, at length, one evening, he was busy with pen and ink, writing out the results of his mysterious labors.

Not long afterward, on December 17, 1890, *The Electrical Engineer* published a statement of a few hundred words from an unknown man signing himself Charles P. Steinmetz. The statement was entitled "Notes on the Law of Hysteresis." (Hysteresis is the changes caused in a substance by internal friction.) Mr. Steinmetz summed up the result of his investigations in one short paragraph which, perhaps, to all but one man in ten thousand would be as unintelligible as so much Sanskrit. But it was a paragraph—only two sentences, in fact—that was to cause a sensation in the world of science and make history. Those two sentences proclaimed the first step in investigations that brought the electrical age to the industrial world.

An Ink Stain Started Steinmetz on a Success-Career

"HOW did I come to be graduated from drafting? Well, it was a very simple thing. One day Mr. Rudolph Eichemeyer of Yonkers, the man who gave me my first job in America, happened to come into the room where we were working, and he was in a great rage because he had stained his fingers with aniline ink and could not get it off. I told him to use a certain acid, diluted, and the ink would come off at once. The result was as I said, and he was so pleased that afterwards he invited me into his office and we gradually became acquainted. I was able to be of some assistance to him, so he raised my salary and kept me working more with him. He put me in charge of all new and experimental work, and I had to look after the men, make patent drawings, and see that everything was properly done at the factory."

Perhaps nobody but an electrical engineer will understand what Mr. Steinmetz wrote but, since it is going to have an important place in history, it is worth reading, even if only in the same spirit with which an ordinary tourist gazes at the writing on the Rosetta Stone—which he cannot decipher but which, he knows, supplied the clue to the lost language of the ancient Egyptians:

"I subjected a very complete set of Ewing's observations on the hysteretic energy to an analytical treatment to ascertain whether the losses due to hysteresis are proportional at all to any power of the magnetization, and which power this is. The results of this calculation seem to me interesting enough to publish, in so far as all those observations fit very closely the calculated curve, within the errors of observation, and the exponent of the power was so very nearly 1.6 that I can substitute 1.6 for it."

IN this paragraph the young man in the rooming house in Yonkers, had defined the law of electrical magnetism. His work had resulted in presenting a method by which engineers can figure how much magnetizing current they should use to magnetize a given piece of iron to be used in an electrical generator or motor, to throw off so many lines of magnetic flux. Thus they can figure how many watts of loss there will be in the iron, and, therefore, how hot the iron will become when worked in given conditions. In other words, the man who designs the motor uses the Steinmetz law of magnetism.

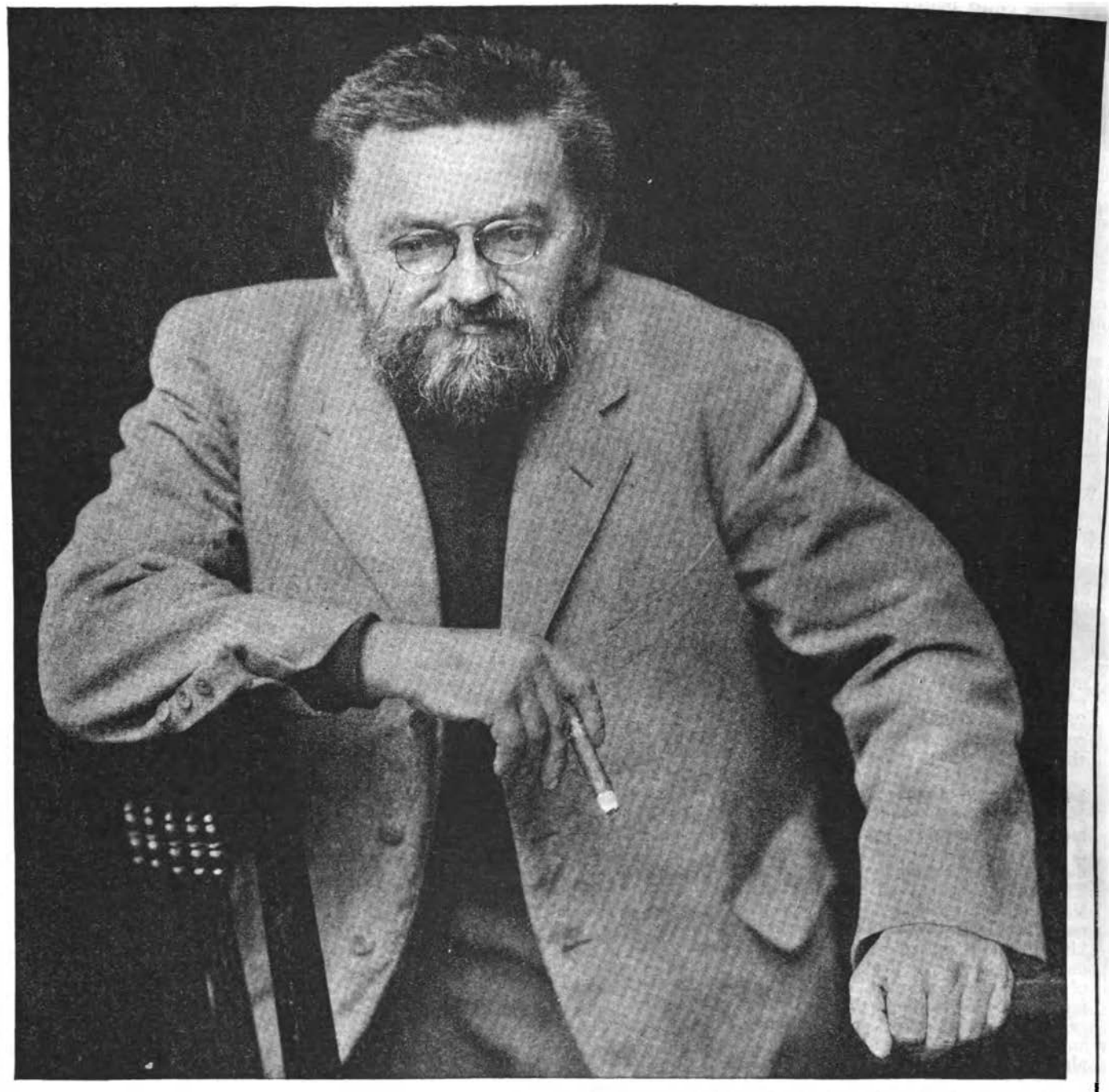
After delivering this sensation to the world of science, the young man continued his figuring. In his spare hours while he was not at work upon his mathematical problems, he was building motors after his own inventions. From his investigations of magnetic phenomena he took up the problem of alternating-current phenomena; and, in two or three years, he had laid the foundation for changing the whole world of industry.

But this is not so much a story of the past as it is of the present and the future. It is well, however, to tell the tale of the poor, unknown young man in the little room in Yonkers, because in romance and significance it compares with that of the English boy who invented the steam engine after watching his mother's kettle boil; and, while every school boy knows the story of Watt and the kettle, it is likely to be a long time before the school books have the story of the little German, Steinmetz, and his figures.

Yet upon the Steinmetz laws, a far greater and more marvelous and important industrial world is being built than was created from the invention of the steam engine.

To-day, in Schenectady, where most of the world's electrical machinery is made, one may get some idea of the far-reaching results of the discoveries the little German immigrant made in the Yonkers lodging-house. There, in the works of the General Electric Company, one may see a metal cylinder, only three and a half feet in diameter and twelve feet long, which can generate a force equal to the power of 20,000 horses.

Or he may see a single turbine that requires fifteen cars for shipping, each car carrying from fifty to seventy tons. The apparatus is so nicely poised and balanced on each car, that clearance between the sides of tunnels or the bottoms of bridges has been



Charles P. Steinmetz

He had to leave Germany because of his socialistic views. He came to America without money. He walked the streets of Brooklyn looking for something to do. He finally secured a twelve-dollar-a-week job in Yonkers, New York. But when the American Captains of Industry were rounded up—about fifteen years later—he was included in the list

figured to half an inch. And there, among a thousand wonders, stands a brand-new dynamo, the Alexanderson alternator, which is going to supply the power to throw a wireless message around the world. The problems solved by the inventor of this machine had been considered insurmountable because the transmission of radio signals requires alternating currents of frequencies a thousand times or more in excess of those used in power engineering. In another building, is being constructed the propelling machinery for three battleships and four cruisers, machinery which is to have an aggregate capacity of 868,000 horse power.

In this place of miracles are 325 buildings in which are employed 20,000 persons. In other cities are forty-four branch factories giving employment to 60,000 more. The net sales of the company's products in 1920, amounted to $275,758,487. And the electrification of the world has scarcely begun. In another quarter of a century— But imagination shrinks before the probabilities of the near future. Unbelievable things seem about to happen.

Consider, for example, those bewildering laboratories where 500 electrical engineers and chemists are at work gradually making fantastic dreams of the future come true. Some of them have been working for years on a single problem without any appreciable result. Others have worked for years on a single problem and have solved it. Consider the combined labors of these 500 experts—many of them men whose names are known to scientists the world over, men whose entire time is devoted to improving inventions already made or to making brand-new discoveries—and you will begin to realize that many

new wonders of science, surpassing all that have gone before, are pretty sure to be developed in Schenectady within the next decade or two. And bear in mind the fact that the presiding genius over these 500 experts is the same little man who, thirty-one years ago in Harlem, defined the law of electrical magnetism, Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz, chief consulting-engineer of the General Electric Company, now generally recognized as the world's greatest mathematician and as one of the world's two or three greatest electrical engineers.

General Electric pays its chief consulting-engineer $100,000 a year, though for weeks at a time, he is not in his office an hour a day. Very seldom is he there more than two hours. But the company doesn't care. No matter what working hours he keeps, the doctor is worth his salary. There are other organizations that would be glad to employ him at as much or more.

"I work when I feel like it," he says. When he does feel like working he is sometimes as busy as a bee, in his laboratory at his home, for fifteen or twenty hours a day.

Whenever a knotty problem presents itself that nobody can solve, the cry is, "Put it up to the doctor!" A plan for constructing some entirely new kind of a machine may be under consideration. It may accomplish wonders; or, after many thousands of dollars have been spent on it, the result may be failure. "Ask the doctor." In course of time comes the doctor's decision. If he says the thing is impossible, the matter ends.

Or, it may be some such problem as how to guard against rust in transit. Not long ago, the men in charge of shipments were greatly worried over the damage by rust to machinery sent to distant places, especially in the tropics. The rust was caused by humidity. Various methods were tried to save the machinery. It was wrapped in special kinds of cloth coated with tar. It was useless. Then hermetically sealed boxes of lead or zinc were used. They were a failure. Owing to the jarring and vibration, some invisible crack would open up, and the box would begin to breathe. At night, dampness would condense against the cold machinery; and, after the sun rose, the box would send out dry air. It was a very serious matter.

FINALLY the doctor had to be consulted. This modern Solomon's advice was: "Instead of using hermetically sealed boxes, make them with breathing holes, so that the temperature inside of the box will be practically the same as the temperature outside." The plan worked; there was no more trouble about rust.

Or, perhaps, some puzzle that only the doctor can solve has arisen in connection with the building of one of the huge Emmet-Curtis turbines, for the scale on which these machines are built has increased enormously of late. No other machine in the world is so powerful as this mighty spinning top, which can deliver the force to generate sufficient electricity to light a street as wide as New York's Broadway, reaching around the earth. At any rate, the greatest of these marvels, the turbine that was built recently for the Detroit Edison Company, could do that.

This turbine, the largest piece of machinery that ever came out of Schenectady—or out of any other factory in the world—has a capacity of 45,000 kilowatts, equal to the power of 600,000 men. Steam that goes roaring into this giant of turbines, at a pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch and at a temperature of 656 degrees Fahrenheit, comes meekly out of it, one twenty-fifth of a second later, as a vapor of less than atmospheric pressure and eighteen degrees cooler than human blood. In that one twenty-fifth of a second, traveling at the rate of forty-five miles a minute, it has delivered its enormous power and emerges too weak to turn the wheel of a child's toy. And in that same tiny fraction of a second, it has turned twenty-three wheels within the turbine and dashed against twenty-three different sets of buckets. To accommodate such great expansion of steam as this, the Detroit turbine has an exhaust-steam passage twelve feet wide and eighteen feet long.

It was in Schenectady, only nineteen years ago, that the first great modern steam-turbine was built. The completion of that machine was an historical event. With its 5,000 kilowatts of power it was ten times greater than any other turbine in America. But the Detroit turbine, which can deliver sufficient power to run all the street cars in a city of a million people, is nine times greater than its epoch-making predecessor of 1902.

TWO-THIRDS of all the electricity in the world to-day is developed by steam. There isn't enough water power on earth to develop it. So the reign of the steam turbine seems to be only beginning. It is going to have a stronger and stronger rival, however, every year in the water wheel. Less than one-tenth of the water power in the United States has been harnessed and turned into industrial power. Before very many years, almost all of it will be turned into electricity. It is being used already in railroading. And one of the greatest engineering feats in history is now being carried out by Canada, which needs 300,000 horse power to supply coalless Ontario with light, heat, and power. To get it, Canada has been widening the Welland River and forcing it to flow the wrong way; building a great canal from the river to a point near Queenston; erecting at that point a great power-house through which, every second, will rush 10,000 cubic feet of water. Just before the water reaches the power-house it will fall 300 feet, or double the leap of Niagara. At this power-house, sufficient electricity to supply every town in Ontario will be generated.

Now, the Schenectady works are not only turning out apparatus to harness the big streams of the world, but automatic hydro-electric generating stations to draw the power from the little ones where the power is so small that it would not pay to keep men on the job. A man has to appear only once a week at these automatic stations to oil the machinery. The rest of the time they look after themselves.

The little doctor sometimes likes to try to peer into the future, and he can see very clearly a time when a large percentage of the industrial power of the world will be generated by water. Though there is not water power enough to drive out coal entirely, it has been estimated that the water power in North America amounts to 112,000,000 horse power and the water power of the world to 650,000,000 horse power.

But the magician whose genius pervades these mammoth factories does not have to look into the future to find miracles rising from the things that have been built upon his laws. All around him to-day are marvels that would stir the imagination of any man. He can step into any one of scores of buildings and see something that would have been considered impossible thirty-one years ago, when he was at work over his figures and experiments in Harlem. At that time electricity had been in use for a few years to supply lights, but most persons doubted whether it could be used on any large scale to supply industrial power.

THERE was a lot of talk about harnessing Niagara Falls and sending its power over the State by wires. It made good newspaper stories, and was a favorite Sunday feature. But it seemed to be just another newspaper sensation. That was about all. It would not bear analysis. Electrical engineers knew that electricity could not be sent 200 miles by wire. But they did not know that a young genius in Harlem was at work solving that problem. To-day, largely as a result of his discoveries, electricity can be sent any distance. It could be sent from Niagara Falls to run the street cars of San Francisco. But there is such a demand for it that it is all used by industries before it has gone anything like that distance from any point.

Who ever dreamed thirty-one years ago of an electric crane powerful enough to lift a hundred tons of cast-iron, carry it swiftly from one end of a huge factory building to another and deposit it gently on the floor as if it weighed no more than a trunk? But the doctor can go into Building No. 60 in the Schenectady works and see thirty-five ponderous electric cranes swinging freight that it would take thousands of men to budge. One crane can lift a hundred tons; another fifty tons; another thirty. A thirty-ton crane isn't considered anything very wonderful in this wonderland.

Stepping into Building No. 16, he sees 6,000-horse-power motors for steel mills which can stop and reverse to full power and full speed in the opposite direction, in five seconds. Here, too, are the motors of 7,000 horse power for driving the electrically propelled battleships and cruisers, one of the latest developments in the engineering world.

In another building he may stop to wonder over a 1,500-horse-power machine so skillfully constructed that it has run for twenty-one years and is as good as new. The doctor would not need pencil and paper to figure that any point on the rim of the flywheel of that ma-

(*Continued on page 87*)

What Is Your Chief Asset?

For instance: Charlie Chaplin's is his feet not his bank account. Do you know how to cash in on yours?

By Thomas L. Masson

MANAGING EDITOR OF "LIFE"

CARTOONS BY ALTON E. PORTER

EVERY donkey has his day; yet the donkeys are not all dead yet. And the beasts of burden are not all located among the donkeys. The man who can take the "ass" out of "asset" and put the "ability" into "liability," is not so numerous that we need to take a census of him.

Very few people know what an asset really is, or how many assets they have on hand; we are all throwing assets into the garbage pail every day; it's this waste going on in assets that makes the difference between what we are and what we may be.

You remember the American girl who visited the museum in England? An old fellow was showing her a cannon.

"This gun," he said, "was captured from you Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill."

"Well, anyway," replied the girl, "we still have the hill." The old fellow thought that cannon was an asset.

EACH one of us has a lot of similar assets lying around—assets we exhibit proudly to our friends. We do not know that they are not assets. Money is one of them.

One moment, please! I am not going to tell you to array yourself in a neat but not gaudy suit of bed-ticking and live for the rest of your life in a shack in the Ozark Mountains, borrowing tobacco from occasional reporters who happen up. Nobody knows any better than I do, the joy of the unbroken wad. Money is the great articulator. But what you pay for it is always what it is worth. Let me ask a question.

Recently this country has been going through an industrial slump, a kind of slow panic, the like of which hasn't been known for many years. Financiers have reasoned about it and explained it. Psychologists have analyzed it. The one thing about it that is important just now to you and me is that, while this thing was going on, the United States had more money than any other country in the world.

You couldn't stop the gold from coming in. Gold and yet more gold. We might have had all the gold in the world, piled up in Washington. And so there you are. Gold is only an asset when it is incidental to another asset that's bigger than gold.

And what is that asset?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN makes a lot of money. I saw and handled on one occasion, five checks made out to his order for $10,000 each; they were for five week's pay. With them was another check for $100,000. That was making money at the rate of $620,000 a year. A man should be able to get along on that. But Charlie Chaplin's assets are not in negotiable checks? Then what are they? Why his feet, aren't they? Where would Charlie Chaplin be without any feet to walk around on? I ask you that. And he makes an awful poor job of it, too. I would be ashamed to walk the way Charlie Chaplin does. So would any self-respecting, law-abiding citizen. If we all tried to walk like Charlie Chaplin our families would disown us. We couldn't get a job anywhere.

SUPPOSE you went into a big New York City bank and told the directors you wanted to be president. Naturally that would interest all of the noble board. New York City bank directors are always looking for new presidents for their banks; the old fellows get shot up and carried away—almost anything can happen to the president of a New York bank in these days. He is even likely to marry all over again at a moment's notice.

And so the directors gather around you, so glad to see you, and hoping that you will be all right this time. And, finally, one of them looks at you and says: "What can you do?"

And you say, with a glad smile: "Why, I can walk like Charlie Chaplin."

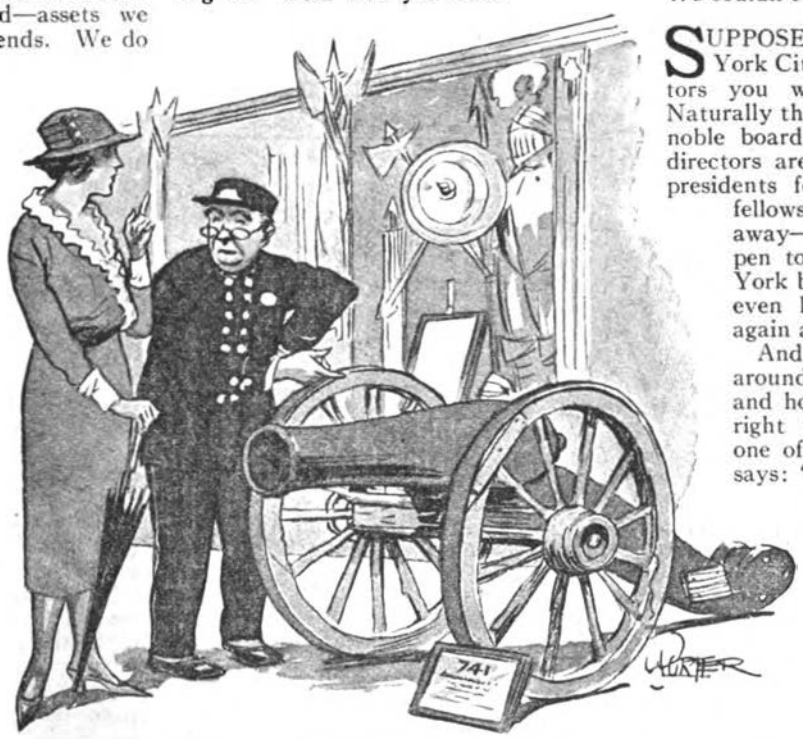
And then the ambulance comes.

AND so we ask ourselves, When is an asset not an asset? And the answer is: When it doesn't fit. The peculiarity about Charlie Chaplin's feet is that they fit that amusing gentleman only.

"You Are Full of Dynamite and You Don't Know It!"

THOMAS L. MASSON is the managing editor of the humorous weekly, "Life." He is a producer of humor, a dealer in humor, and he knows the value of humor. He is, perhaps, the champion joke writer of the world—he turns out, frequently, as many as 250 jokes a week. He realizes, more than any other man in the world, possibly, that humor is essential to the well-being of the individual—that it is an element of life too easily overlooked—that it has been the means of saving many a situation that might have turned to a tragedy. But Mr. Masson is a keen philosopher as well. For instance, in "What Is Your Chief Asset?" there is something to think about. This article is important even if it is funny.

"Do you know," he says, "what the tremendous power of thought is? TNT isn't a circumstance to thought. You are full of dynamite and you don't know it!"



"This gun," he said "was captured from you Americans at Bunker Hill." "Well, anyway," replied the girl, "we still have the hill"

Now, did you ever watch Lillian Gish's feet? She has the most humorous pair of feet I ever saw on any mortal—except Charlie Chaplin. Yet if these two should exchange feet, where would they be? Miss Gish might be the cashier of a dog wagon, and Chaplin might be brushing you off in a barber's shop. With them, it's feet that count most. With some others it's heads. And yet if all the bald-headed men in the world should gather together in a big world convention, and pass a unanimous resolution demanding hair, would they get hair? I believe not. Hair is, in many cases, an asset. A whole lot has been accomplished without it: but when Samson tried to get along without it, he became an active member of the Down and Out Club. Yet bald-headed men are certainly an asset to a lot of people who make a living by selling stuff to make hair grow.

DON'T forget that we are still on the trail of the asset. Just as we get one located, however, it slips away from us. We thought it was Charlie Chaplin's feet, but they had to be on Charlie Chaplin to do any good. If you think you have an asset, therefore, first be sure that it doesn't belong to somebody else.

Did you ever see one of those sleight-of-hand fellows take a rabbit out of a silk hat and then make it disappear?

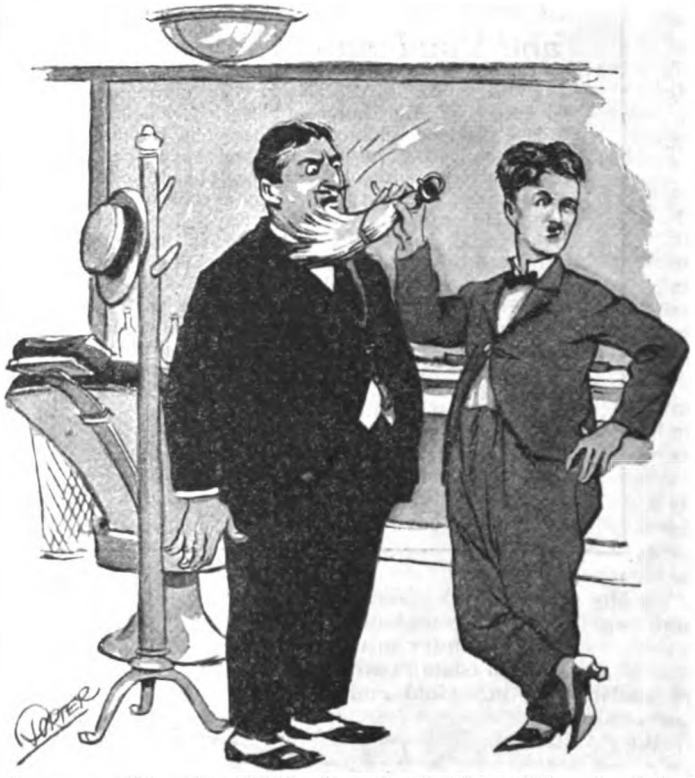
Well, then, here's another, just like that:

Here's $500 in nice new bills. Take them right in your hand, crumple them up if you like, just to be sure they are all there. Here is your bank book. Now go to your bank, hand the bills to the teller with the book. Now you have the book back. Open it up at the right page, and there, surest thing you know, is the item, "$500," marked off to your credit.

Now, sir or madam, let me ask you, "Is that an asset?" Just now you can't see it, but you know it's there just the same. You go off and buy a hat or a pair of shoes, make out a check, and you've changed part of your asset into negotiable wearing apparel. Yet, I assure you, it isn't an asset. It is only the representative of something that is an asset, and at any moment it may be turned into a liability.

Too much money may destroy some of your most valuable assets. Not so long ago, Henry Ford discovered himself with twenty millions worth of so-called assets on hand, and nearly sixty millions of so-called liabilities. His real asset, however, was his ability to transform his apparent liabilities into apparent assets. Thus, instead of being turned, in the twinkling of an eye, into the world's greatest pauper, he continued to hold his own as the world's greatest manufacturer.

Success would always be so much easier than failure if so many were not constantly making failure out of it. Any one is a failure who doesn't do anything more than just support himself. Making a living is always incidental. When you don't do anything more than this, you are making only a failure. Your real assets are perfectly safe. You can leave them around in your system anywhere. Nobody is going to rob you of them. They are like Chaplin's feet—utterly useless to anybody else. And I haven't yet told you what they are or how to get them; but I am going to. At present, your biggest asset is a little patience. I am working for you, believe me. As Henry Ford says, it's faith—that's the biggest asset you can have. But faith needs to be translated.



What Charlie Chaplin might be doing if he had Lillian Gish's feet

For instance. Suppose you are madly in love with the most captivating, beautiful, graceful, entrancing, and altogether very best and onliest girl in all the world.

And suppose she loves you, and after certain modest delays that have almost driven you crazy, she has consented to be yours.

There's an asset for you!

Why, I can show you any number of men who will tell you that they wouldn't have amounted to a hill of beans if it hadn't been for their wives—for the girls who, in spite of all the jokes to the contrary, are still their sweethearts.

A man's wife may be his greatest asset. She may lead him away from the refrigerator at the proper moment, just when he is about to take on a hearty midnight meal that would floor a Sandow. When the bottom has dropped out of the market, and he is wiping the perspiration from his fevered brow, and all the notes in the world appear to be coming due next week, she may give him one stern look, bat him over the head with an antimicasser, and call him a coward so often that he swears he never will be one again.

And so, later on, when they are swelling around in the wilds of Florida in the winter, swimming at Palm Beach, or living in an eighty-horse-power apartment on Central Park West, the old gentleman will point with pride to the old lady and say: "Well, boys, after all is said and done, if it hadn't been for her I wouldn't be here. She has been my greatest asset."

Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?

But I am sorry to tell you the facts. Only the direst necessity compels me to do so. And so let us go back into the lives of this handsome old gentleman and this beautiful old lady. And there was a time when she wasn't so calm, so experienced, so settled, as she is now. I regret to say that she had a high temper, that she was inclined to be extravagant, and that there were many things that she wanted to do, and insisted upon doing, which were exactly the opposite of what the old gentleman considered she ought to do. And it must also be confessed that the same thing can be stated of him. (But just now that isn't in the picture.) And when the old gentleman discovered all this, what did he do? Did he raise an awful row? Did he consult a lawyer? Did he run off with some other woman and leave his former lady love and her children to shift for themselves?

Truth compels me to say that he did not. And so I am now going to speak of the biggest asset in the world—almost the only asset there is, for it is the father of all the other assets. And that is INTENTION.

The old gentleman—and you must remember that at the time he was quite young—had the right *intention*. "I mean," he said, "to do right. Maybe, after all, the trouble lies with me. She seemed all right when I married her."

Then he began to practice economies himself, just as Henry Ford did in his factory when he wanted to pay off that sixth millions. He began to exercise control over himself, and after a while, lo and behold, his lady love came back to him—and she has been there ever since.

SO that now, as they go about in their nice closed car, with the consciousness that nobody is going to be annoyed with the inconvenience of taking care of them in their old age, they can say to each other:

"Our bank roll, after all, is not our biggest asset; it is what we refrained from doing to each other at critical moments."

Are you interested in this line of talk? If so, let us follow the trail of the asset a

little further. Maybe we are getting a little warmer. Maybe we progress.

Every once in a while some big man breaks loose and tells right out in meeting what to do. And the best of it is, these big fellows are all of them right. What should really interest all of us is the unanimity with which they speak. Russell Sage, who had the reputation of being the most avaricious millionaire the world ever knew, told us to save our money. James J. Hill, who was not at all stingy, but a very human man, full of the best qualities, told us the same thing.

THE big fellows agree, also, on about what one should eat. The rule is invariable: a light diet, a tranquil conscience, no worry, and a little laid by every day. There you have it all in a nutshell. Nobody can say that all of these things are not true. They *are* true. The great trouble is, how to follow them.

Just when you think you are all set, some little thing happens. Just when you have laid out a diet that will surely make a millionaire out of you in four or five years, along comes the best friend in the world and invites you to a nice little supper party—"just this once." When you have got a thousand dollars saved up, and the second payment has been made on the vine-clad cottage, and the boss is talking in dulcet whispers about raising your pay, why then the baby gets sick, your wife, worn out with anxiety, has to go to the hospital and you have the mumps. The cold cash melts and you begin to wonder, after all, if the old-time crony who tells you he has a sure system for breaking the bank at Monte Carlo isn't the best bet.

And, also, by this time you are beginning to wonder if I have any power to hammer out plain simple facts, in so many blunt words. Yes, yes! Right here the slow music begins. There's going to be a killing. So listen hard.

Nothing is accidental. When anything happens to you that seems the result of chance, you may be innocent, but it has happened because of your blind ignorance of the conditions. Your intention back somewhere in the line, broke down. You were a coward to go to that supper party. Don't fool yourself. Don't lay the blame to anybody else but yourself. You are the guilty one. That's the first thing.

The next thing is this. What you think is back of what you see. To find out what your real asset is, therefore, you must keep going back, back. And as you keep on going back, you will, by practice, discover that everything that happens to you that you don't like is due to some slip-up in your thought, way back somewhere. I don't ask you to believe me. I ask you to try it and see.

Do you think Reality or Unreality? That is the whole question. If you have a note coming due at the bank tomorrow at twelve o'clock, noon, that is

You apply for a job at a bank, and the directors ask you what you can do "I can walk like Charlie Chaplin," you reply. Then the ambulance arrives

reality—isn't it? Now, if you sit down and begin to dream dreams, say that you wouldn't have had to borrow that money in the first place if you hadn't gotten sick, and you wouldn't have gotten sick if somebody hadn't told you a lie, etc., etc.,—why, that's unreality.

Do you know what the tremendous power of thought is? Talk about explosives! TNT isn't a circumstance to thought. You are full of mental dynamite and you don't know it. It's a slow burner, and the effect is often so long delayed that you don't realize when the charge was ignited. But it was ignited long ago, when you thought in terms of unreality.

Bald-headed men are certainly an asset to a lot of people who make a living selling stuff to make hair grow

Cowardice comes from thinking unrealities. If you want a test, all you have to do when you start off on a train of thought is —right in the beginning— to ask yourself, "Is this a fact or not?" Imagine yourself a judge and jury all in one, sitting up there in your mind, absolutely sworn to do strict justice. You are bound, by all precedents, to rule out everything that is not evidence. You suddenly find yourself asking about John Smith, an office friend of yours. You say to yourself that John Smith has been doing something to "queer" you at the office. Now, if you go on in this way, it will not be long before you have worked up an imaginary case against John. The next time you meet him he will react to all of this unconsciously. Thenceforth you and John Smith are out.

Therefore, the first thing you must do is to judge John Smith by the evidence and the evidence only. Nothing but facts must be admitted to your mind.

WE are all fond of our day dreams. I frankly confess that, at one time, I indulged myself in them freely, merely as a relaxation from my troubles. It seemed to me that I had a perfect right to do this, very much as we take a day off. Then I discovered that the habit was growing, and I was beginning to pity myself, that my time was being taken up by imaginary things, and that this very fact prevented me from combating what troubles I had. Just as soon as I transferred my energies from the unreal to the real, my difficulties began to vanish.

Face facts fearlessly. Never dodge a fact. You may say to yourself, "I haven't the power to do this." The only reason why, heretofore, that you haven't had the power is because you have been frittering away your time being sorry for yourself, making yourself out to be a mock hero. No wonder you haven't the power. Why what you have been doing would kill a horse.

Remember that thinking Reality does not mean that you will have to curtail your imagination. On the contrary, your creative instincts are greatly stimulated. You will be astonished at the ideas that come to you unbidden. But keep yourself out of it. There is where the danger lies. Get over being personal. Forget yourself. When a man is going over the top he is pretty busy. He has no time to think of himself. Always be going over the top. The moment you get to wondering about what is going to happen, making figures on the backs of

old envelopes, speculating in your mind and laying plans for the future, you are lost.

The time you spend in making plans, spend in preparing yourself by thinking reality. That is what counts. When the time comes, you will be Johnny-on-the-spot.

There is nothing that rattles a man so thoroughly in a crisis as wondering beforehand what will happen to him. If your mind isn't clear at that moment, that moment is lost. You can't go back and do it all over again. We don't succeed by constant rehearsals of our crises. Study beforehand every line, every word, every accent of the part you are going to take. But don't think personally. Don't be afraid to work. You can punish yourself to the limit when you are doing this, because you are dealing with reality, you are going along on high gear. I work all the time, day and night, sleep like a top, without any let-up; and I have done it for thirty years and expect to do it for a hundred years more. I can give you such a long list of men over eighty who are doing the same that you would hardly believe me if you didn't know them yourself. What the really big men mean when they say that they don't worry is simply that they have forgotten about themselves. They are too busy with other things—with realities.

A reality is not necessarily something that you can see or feel; on the contrary, it is more likely to be invisible. It is a fact—something that you know to be true. You can't get back of it. There it is. And realities are built up only by your experience. When you have been face to face with a certain condition, have tackled it and conquered it, nobody else can tell you anything about it. *You know.* Practically all of our troubles come from the big fears and little fears that crowd in on us, these in themselves being the result of thinking unreality in the past. They fasten themselves on us like barnacles. You would be surprised when you come to observe them, not only in yourself, but in others.

HOW often you hear somebody say, "Don't eat that; it isn't good for you." How does he know? He is dealing with unreality. When you get rid of unreality, you will always eat the things that you need, and no more. Until then, you will be more or less distressed, in proportion as you wonder what is good for you.

Many people have trouble in dieting. They never seem to make any progress in self-control in this respect. The reason is that they don't begin far enough back. In the beginning they think artificial thoughts, and this sets up a subconscious craving for artificial food. Then they get indigestion, begin to pity themselves and go to a doctor.

If you are accustomed to making a hero out of yourself in your idle moments, in order to mitigate your worries as much as possible, you will find it mighty hard at first to break off. Don't be discouraged. If you have a pain in your stomach, and take a dose of bicarbonate of soda and hot water, the probability is that the pain will be relieved or entirely stopped at once. But it will come on again, later, because you have done nothing to cure yourself; you have only fooled yourself temporarily.

The real cure is much slower. Whatever difficulty you may have to-day—whether it be physical or mental—is not necessarily due to something you have just done; it may be something that you have done weeks ago. How often you hear people with a cold say they got it the night before. The chances are that they laid themselves open to it, quite possibly, weeks before. We first weaken ourselves by thinking unrealities. We may run along in this condition for some time, before anything gets us. Then we eat a banana, and, maybe, it gives us a pain, and we exclaim, "Oh, dear," I was a fool to eat that banana!" Nonsense. You were in a condition to be distressed by a banana, or you wouldn't have wanted to eat it at all. Or if you really did want to eat it, you might have eaten a dozen without harm.

You can do anything you want to if you have no fear. They say you can overcome fear by will-power. Maybe you can. The much better way is, in the beginning, to think only reality. The fear will then not come to you.

Don't Put Yourself on the Bargain Counter

DO you know that everybody can read in your face, your manner, your bearing, victory or defeat; that they can tell by your appearance which way you are going, whether it is toward success or failure?

If hope, confidence, assurance, victory are not in your atmosphere, your bearing, your appearance, your conversation, people can easily see you are not on the road to success. If you have the triumphant mental attitude that accompanies success, you will radiate it from every pore. People will read it in your face.

Never allow yourself to appear without your success atmosphere, without the air of victory. Let your manner, your appearance, your dress, your conversation, everything about you, bespeak your worth and the victory you are stuggling to win.

IF defeat, discouragement, doubt, fear, or a sense of inferiority is in your face, this is damaging evidence, as is, also, soiled or frayed clothing. Never permit yourself to appear before others shabbily dressed, wearing soiled linen, or in an unkempt condition.

If people find you have marked yourself down, put yourself on the bargain counter, so to speak, they are not going to put you back on the shelf with the regular goods. You are a "mark-down," a cheap lot, and you will go at a bargain-sale value in the estimation of others.

The conviction that you are born to win is a tremendous creative force in your life, just as the conviction that you are a failure will keep you down till you change the model of yourself.

There is a very subtle connection between your mental attitude and the movements of your body. A sloppy, slovenly feeling will manifest itself in a sloppy, slovenly gait and bearing.

LOOK like a success, feel like a success, walk like one, talk like one, think like one, act like one! Let your air be that of a man who is resolved to make his way in the world—to make himself stand for something. Put energy and life into your step; vim, force, vitality, "pep" into every movement of your body. Look straightforward; never wince. Don't apologize for taking up room on the earth which might be filled to better advantage by another; you have just as much right here as any other human being, if you are making good, and if you are not making good you should be.

I have a friend who has been a tremendous worker, and has tried harder to do big things in the world than almost any man of whom I know, and yet he has never risen above mediocrity, except in a few instances. He has not the consciousness or manner of a winner. Whenever he mingles with his old chums or college mates who have been more prosperous than himself, he toadies to them, and shows he feels his inferiority. He is continually admitting this, in speech and attitude. He is always talking about how he has been working hard all his life, and has never been able to succeed like others. Instead of going ahead and looking everybody in the face, he always insists on walking behind his old classmates and friends who have made more money or more of a success of life. He is willing to pick up any thing they drop—in fact, he is glad to get it, and almost apologizes for taking up room they might want.

This self-humiliation is all wrong. Holding the thought that you are inferior, that you are deficient, that you are not like other prople, haven't the same ability, will not help you to change your condition. You must hold the opposite thought.

Let people read this declaration in your bearing, your life generally:

"I am a winner; I have made good; I have not shown the white feather. I have not shirked; I have done my part; I have not been a sneak; I have not been a thief or a cheat, wearing and using what others have earned and given nothing back myself. I have done my part and can hold up my head and look the world in the face!"

It is unfair to exhibit a disappointed, unhappy face to your fellowmen. You are under obligation to show just the opposite of that, to radiate happiness, satisfaction. It is your duty to go through life like a conqueror—one who has won out, not one who is beaten.—*O. S. M.*

By Mending Broken English Elizabeth Conley Won Success

By Ada Patterson

IT began at a summer hotel. "Can you not arrange for me to sit at the table with your charming American friend? I should like to improve my English." The foreigner addressed a young woman he knew, an acquaintance from Cuba, who communicated his request to Miss Elizabeth Conley.

"How dare he?" Miss Conley's cheeks flamed with indignation. "Tell him the only way he can learn English from me is at ten dollars a lesson!"

"Do you give lessons in English?" asked the young Cuban.

"Not many—not just yet," Miss Conley replied.

"I want to learn good English," said the Cuban. "It will help me in my calling—I am training to be a nurse. But I can't pay ten dollars a lesson." I am not quoting this young lady just as she spoke, for her sentences were broken and her words were pronounced with an accent. She spoke in mixed English and Spanish, a distressing mixture.

"Bless your heart! Come to my room every evening and I will teach you for nothing."

"Oh! not that. I cannot. You will let me pay you. I can."

The fee for those lessons, it was agreed, would be nominal. Neither young woman has ever told the amount. Gossips aver it was a fraction less than half a dollar.

When the course was completed, and the Cuban girl was equipped with fluency and a limpid vocabulary, she said: "I haven't been quite frank with you. It is true that I haven't much money with me and that I am training to be a nurse, but my family is well to do. We have a beautiful home near Havana. Will you be my guest at that home—for a long time?"

MISS CONLEY smiled into the dark eyes of her friend. "That is very good of you, my dear; but it is quite out of the question. In New York, people are friendly but they do not visit much."

"In Havana we do. Then I shall send you—so many pupils!" was the ardent answer.

Now, Miss Conley had never given a lesson in English until she had experimented with the Cuban girl. When this came to pass, Miss Conley had finished a course in a teachers' training school and had taught several years in the public schools of Brooklyn, New York. She did not like the school room. Teaching children, she concluded, was not her forte. She resigned, and was taking inventory of her equipment preparing to make her choice of a profession.

The success of the lessons given the Cuban girl guided Miss Conley into her subsequent path. She decided to establish classes in correct English for foreigners who wish to be proficient in their speech. She determined that her pupils should not be children, unless they were the children of the adults in her classes.

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ELIZABETH CONLEY

Teaching foreigners to speak English correctly is her unique method of making a successful living. She does it by studying the various defects of speech local to each nationality—not by the rules of grammar

"I wanted to grow. I was convinced that the mind that deals always with the minds of children does not grow," she told me. "I wanted pupils who could give—as well as take—mental stores."

MISS CONLEY called on the consuls in New York City. She met the president of the Pan-American Society. She explained her plan to teach English without books or study. Foreigners who were painfully conscious of their defective English soon knocked at her door. All were eager to learn.

"The young woman knows no language but English! Then she will not speak to us in our language! We must learn hers!" Diplomatists and heads of commercial firms nodded. It was interesting. It promised much. It fulfilled more. Miss Conley was unique. She was becoming one of the most successful teachers of language in New York—when she heard the call to Washington. The country was at war and she was needed at Washington, she felt.

She read that Monsieur This or Signior That would lecture on international issues. She called on these gentlemen. She said: "I heard you speak last night. Your lecture was admirable, but your diction was faulty. You said 'he' when you should have said 'she,' and 'it' when you should have said either 'he' or 'she.' You need a course in English."

"But, my dear miss, I am already an overburdened man. I cannot find time to study your grammar."

"There will be no grammar."

"Nor books of any kind?"

"There will not be books of any kind."

They spoke with flushed faces. It was painful to realize that they had been ridiculous the night before—the more ridiculous for their very earnestness. But Miss Conley banished their blushes. "I don't know a word of any language save my own, and I don't want to," she said. "If I knew a little of another language imperfectly, I would make more mistakes than you did."

EACH nationality has its special difficulty. The Swedes and Slavs struggled with their w's and v's. Accordingly, Miss Conley told them the story of *Rip Van Winkle*. Having mastered that genial spirit's name their troubles with v's and w's ended.

"Little Red Ridinghood" was used in her course of study. One of the subtlest of the adjusters of the world's sanguinary differences, repeating the nursery tale, said: "And then the bear made to *Little Red Ridinghood* the proposition that they go different ways."

Occasionally there was a recalcitrant pupil. One told his teacher that he had attended a banquet.

"Was it nice?" she asked.

"Very nice."

"What did you have to eat?"

"We had tur-kee." The man put a heavy accent on the second syllable.

"Turkey," corrected Miss Conley.

"Turkey," he agreed. "And *spaw*-ghetti."

Miss Conley essayed to shorten that broad and bulbous "a." "We say spaghetti." Her tone was, as usual, gentle, but her ordinarily meek pupil blazed in sudden wrath. "Is it not my national dish? Do I not know it well?" His clenched hand hit the table. "I shall always say '*spaw*-ghetti,'" he roared.

"If you want to mispronounce it, I cannot help it," Miss Conley tactfully replied.

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Dream of "Jim" Davis

President Harding's Secretary of Labor

By Ellida Murphy

IT is a cold, starry midnight in winter. Down the frozen road plod a woman and a little boy, cowering together against the bitter chill. The woman carries a flickering lantern which sheds a thin gleam at their feet. The cottages scattered along the way are dark and silent; but, ahead, loom the vast outlines of the steel mills, their heavy stacks upreared against the sky.

They have reached the gate of the mills; the mother, in a soft Welsh voice, blesses her lad, watches him work his way through the yard, sees him turn in the doorway and wave his hand—illuminated against the fires within—then, drawing her shawl close, she gropes her cold, lonely way homeward. Every night the patient, loving woman takes the boy to the entrance of the mills and sees him safe inside before she turns away.

James John Davis, Secretary of Labor in President Harding's Cabinet, was eleven years old when he secured his first job, as water carrier, in the steel mills of Sharon, Pennsylvania; when he was eight, his father and mother with their six children left their home at Tredegar, Wales, and emigrated to America, and then, child that he was, little Jim had become assistant breadwinner for the family. His task was to trot back and forth all night long with a brimming bucket of water for the hot, thirsty men.

Sleepy little lad he was. Sometimes he would droop in a dim corner, big brown eyes closing tight, water bucket forgotten; then a shout would startle him to attention, drowsiness would vanish, and he would be up and away.

Through the long night watches, James John Davis came to have a vision. It was of green meadows and a cool, shadowy stream, where children splashed in the shallows, romped and shouted. Dimly, at first, he saw this Utopia; but, day by day, it grew clearer, fairer, sweeter. For the little water carrier it was the beginning of a far-reaching dream—a dream of happy children, of playtime, and smiling skies. The lad's keen mind sought among the blackened mills and the rickety tenements he knew for some ray of hope, of beauty. He could find nothing but the struggle for a meager existence and ugly, grinding poverty. This, he felt, was wrong; men should have more in their lives than relentless toil which sent them home, at the end of their long shift, too tired for mirth, too tired for anything but a silently devoured supper, a pipe, and then bed—too tired, sometimes, even to sleep, if they were past their prime and old age had sapped their vigor.

JAMES J. DAVIS
Secretary of Labor
© Harris & Ewing

THE years slipped by, the Davis family had moved to Pittsburgh, and Jim had become a sturdy, square-shouldered fellow of eighteen. He was a puddler now—a boss puddler who stood on a narrow perch above molten iron which he stirred with his stout paddle. He was a man in experience, if not in years, and the dream of the tired child with the water bucket had become the dream of the clear-sighted youth.

Then he went to work in the tin-plate mills of Elwood, Indiana. He won respect from employers and workers. He won responsible offices, too, first as city clerk of Elwood and then as recorder for Madison County, Indiana. Success in dealing with men and in organizing affairs pushed him ahead. The dream persisted. Was it still the dream of green meadows, of shallow streams dashing over brown pebbles, of laughing children? Yes. But the dream had broadened till it included schools and teachers for the children; it had broadened to take in a world of industry where men were brothers, stood shoulder to shoulder for their right to life, happiness, and security. In short, Jim Davis dreamed of such unromantic things as better working-conditions in mills and factories, shorter hours, education for all, assurance of a comfortable old age for the toilers, the safeguarding of their

The little folks form a happy, healthy family with every advantage of loving homes and careful supervision at school

Came True in Mooseheart.

Home and School for Orphans

Illustrated with photographs

children when the parents could work no more.

Jim Davis saw that only organized effort could accomplish the things of which he dreamed. He had joined the union of iron and steel workers. He entered many fraternal orders, he mingled with men, their problems were his, he shared their interests. When he joined the Loyal Order of Moose it had but 246 members; during its eighteen years of existence, it had been a mere nonentity among fraternal societies. Jim Davis determined to build it up; to imbue it with new standards, high ideals; to make it an instrument for the betterment of the working people.

All over the country, men began to hear of the Loyal Order of Moose. Presently, its members could be reckoned in the thousands. Still it continued to grow. Under Davis's leadership, and inspired by his personality, the order extended to 600,000. In it the man of wealth and prominence rubbed shoulders with the steel-mill laborer, the man from the factory and the shop. But Jim Davis's dream, like the soul of John Brown, went "marching on."

With 600,000 earnest men backing him, Davis, as director general of the order, began to realize his dream. It was to be a home for children, for the orphaned sons and daughters of members of the order—a home and school combined where these youngsters would be trained for the business of life.

"Every child is entitled to at least a high-school education and a trade," said Jim Davis. The plan which he and his associates adopted for the institution included industrial and trade apprenticeship, vocational schooling as well as academic. No child should leave their care, Davis resolved, before he was fitted to make his own living.

On the banks of the Fox River, Illinois, stretches a fair estate; its sweeping lawns are shaded by clumps of trees, its shrubbery and its drives give the effect of a millionaire's pleasure park. In the midst of this loveliness nestles a village of red-tiled roofs. Pretty cottages and bungalows line the streets; larger buildings lend an air of dignity; gardens, fields, and prosperous barns lie along the edge, a winding stream sparkles in the sunlight at the foot of the long gentle slope.

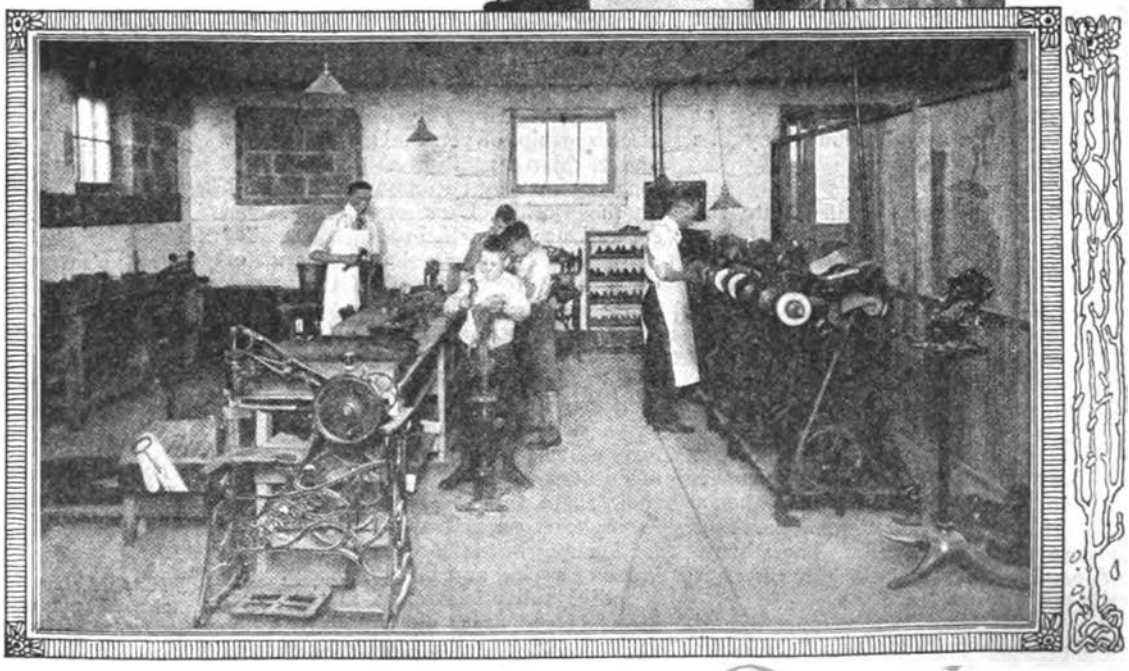
There is one peculiar thing about this village. Its inhabitants are children—big children and little children, boys and girls—some running about in joyous play, others soberly engaged in business-like occupations. A little city with a population of about a thousand children.

THAT is Mooseheart—the dream of Jim Davis actually realized. It is the laboring man's guarantee for his children's future, in case his death should leave them unprovided. It is the promise of an education and of a livelihood to these fatherless and, often, motherless girls and boys. More than the tender sentiments aroused by helpless childhood, built Mooseheart out of a boy's vision in the glare of the steel furnaces. It is founded on the brotherhood of men, on the needs of the laboring classes, on the practical purpose of preparing the nation's youth for efficient citizenship.

The little community is bristling with its usual workaday activity. A throng of boys has passed into the printing shop where they are learning to set type and run presses; other boys are busy in the humming, clattering din of the industrial building. They will go out from Mooseheart as mechanics, plumbers, steam fitters, carpenters, or electricians. The concrete workers of the school are especially skillful. They have made tall pedestals for the street lights, concrete veneered with a highly polished layer of cement and granite. They use similar processes to make marble slabs for bathrooms, facades, and images. These highly trained young workers have constructed many of the concrete buildings of the village. The plumbing, electric wiring, flooring and casings are the work of the lads.

The laundry building is run by the students. There is a big shoe-repairing department. The domestic-science girls

A Mooseheart sculptor and his bust of Mr. Davis



The busy feet of the village are kept snugly shod by boys who are learning the shoe-repairing trade

learn to do the sewing, cooking, and mending; by assisting in the dormitories they become skilled housekeepers. The modeling class turns out work that is both beautiful and practical, all by designers and sculptors and painters still in their teens. Mooseheart gets the benefit of this artistry, but many pieces of work are sold in Chicago, thirty-five miles away.

The farm attracts many of the Mooseheart boys. They care for the fine Holstein herd which supplies the village with milk; they are in charge of the breeded horses as well as the work horses, pigs, sheep, and chickens. The boys who do not specialize in animal husbandry take care of the fields and gardens which amply supply Mooseheart. The poultry plant, with its long, low buildings and wire-enfenced runs, the tool sheds, and the immense dairy barn are kept spotless by the industrious workers.

Mooseheart children start to school soon after they are three years old, and their education is complete and well rounded. From the kindergarten they advance, under the best teachers available, through the grades and high school. Their vacation is a short one—only a month out of the year. The other eleven months are given over to school with its accompaniment of wholesome recreation; for, notwithstanding the diversity of their education, the wide choice of vocational subjects and the aid given the children in selecting the work they are best fitted for, the daily business of learning is not permitted to become drudgery.

"Assembly" is the big general meeting of all the boys and girls, from the mere toddlers to the seniors, held at 5:30 every evening—in the summer, in the athletic field; in the winter, in the big Roosevelt Auditorium in Assembly Hall. This same room, with its immense seating capacity, is fitted up as a theater where amateur dramatics, vaudeville, lectures and meetings are held. Two of the most modern projecting machines are a part of its equipment in order that the cream of motion-picture production may be shown the children.

MUSIC is early instilled into the hearts of the children at Mooseheart, and they crowd the auditorium every Sunday afternoon to listen with attentive appreciation to the Mooseheart band of one hundred pieces. The entire village pours out of the cottages and turns toward Assembly Hall. It is a queer, touching sight—these boys and girls marching off in informal groups or in pairs, some of them roly-poly infants of three or four years—perhaps a brother and sister hand in hand—then a quartette of older girls, arms linked and tongues wagging merrily. The sturdy, independent air of these youngsters is very much in evidence.

As for the band: the average age of its members is about fourteen, and it probably has no rival in the juvenile world. In fact, it ranks among the great bands of the country. During the last days of the World War, many of Mooseheart's musicians were summoned to join Sousa's famous organization. Boys from every part of the United States make up the Mooseheart band.

Athletics for everyone seems to be a slogan of the village. The "old swimmin' hole," with its diving platform, on the banks of the Fox River, swarms with challenging boys every summer day, while the athletic field rings with the shouts of ball players and track-team candidates. The gymnasium is large and equipped with all the apparatus the heart of youth could desire. Even the tiny tots have sand piles, playhouses, and whirligigs near their nursery. Mooseheart emphasizes sports as befitting the surplus energies of clean, American boys and girls. Football, baseball, and track follow each other in the order of their seasons. A company of cadets furnished military drill and discipline for the older boys, and there is a crack regiment of Zouaves.

As befits this lively community, its members enjoy complete self-government under the supervision and with the advice of the superintendent, the corps of instructors, and the matrons of the homes. Sanely and shrewdly they make their regulations and deal with offenders. The demerit system is in use, and the children, little and big, respect the responsibility for individual conduct laid upon them. Thus they learn the duties of citizenship, of personal good-conduct, and of guardianship of the community, long before they become actual citizens of the world. Each one, too, learns self-reliance and self-respect, the need of giving his neighbor a helping hand, of coöperating for the good of the whole. There is no school uniform, no tendency toward uniformity anywhere, nor is there anything unnatural or repressed about these youngsters; indeed, individuality and self-expression are strongly emphasized in the school. The children have a little spending money and plenty of encouragement to earn more during their spare time. They patronize the Mooseheart department-store and confectionary, but they are taught the value of saving and buying wisely.

Individuality is stressed in the home life of Mooseheart. The cottages differ in architecture, size, and appearance. Motherly women are in charge of these homes—women of tender natures and deep understanding of children; some of them are widows, who, with their own little ones, have lived at Mooseheart since the father's death. The children form little families of the same age and sex; they are taught unselfishness, adjustment to conditions, and the right of others to privacy.

SINCE Mooseheart was dedicated, July, 1913, more than 1,200 boys and girls have entered its shelter. Many of the graduates are now in business, trade, or the professions; others are continuing their education in technical colleges or State universities through a fund established by the Moose for that very purpose. Many of the older boys enlisted during the World War.

Mooseheart has this real significance: It stands for a unique and gigantic experiment in child raising and educating. Almost four million dollars have gone into the institution, to establish homes and high school, a choice of twenty-two vocational subjects, and commercial courses. And Jim Davis feels that Mooseheart's task has just begun, that its possibilities are just beginning to become manifest.

When President Harding formed his Cabinet he gave the labor portfolio to a man who had been tested through emergencies and in long years of service; a man who understands the needs of that immense and powerful faction called labor; a man of sympathy, friendliness, decisive action and unerring thought. In his own happy home, Secretary Davis finds new inspiration to plan for ways of bringing happiness to all homes, through his own two children he feels a stronger sense of fatherhood for all children. Though he started as a carrier of water, he has become a man of wide usefulness in national affairs. There did not seem to be much in his future when he was bucking fate at the mines; but he is the type of man who never let an opportunity for personal advancement get by.

IF you don't think coöperation is necessary, watch what happens to a wagon if one wheel comes off.

Success Nuggets

Some people always act as if their friends owed them something.

◆ ◆

Look pleasant—even if you force a laugh: Life's always taking your photograph.
—*Anon.*

◆ ◆

Two persons will not be friends long if they cannot forgive each other's little failings.—*La Bruyere.*

◆ ◆

Oh, how hard it is to die and not be able to leave the world any better for one's little life in it!—*Abraham Lincoln.*

◆ ◆

It takes sixty-four muscles of the face to make a Frown and only thirteen to make a Smile. Why work overtime?

◆ ◆

The bee that gets the honey doesn't hang around the hive.

The Revenge of Philip the Terrible

By Russell Arden Bankton

ILLUSTRATED BY JOANNA SHORTMEIER

STANDING like a great hulking viking, on a rise of ground above the turbulent waters at his feet, Philip Lamont looked long out over the mass of floating timber behind the piled-up boom. Presently his gaze wandered back to where his men were lined up along the bank. They were all watching him intently, like dogs watch the master they love.

Philip the Terrible, they called him. And well they might; for never trod man or beast in the Cœur d'Alenes to whom Philip Lamont had yielded an inch of the trail. And many of both there were who had cause to know this to be true.

But now he did not look his men in the eye. For the first time he feared the mute question he would meet from each of those fearless giants, and it made him squirm.

"Y' ain't afraid—are y', boss?" it seemed he could hear them asking.

"Afraid!" His lips curled scornfully under his black beard at the suggestion.

"Afraid?" seemed to come the echo, from out over the flotilla of logs that represented the season's work of his crew in the big woods.

He looked again to the opposite shore, fifty yards away. Near the bank a section of yellow pine reared suddenly on end and shot up out of the water from under the mass. It poised for a second in a perpendicular position, and then fell gracefully into place again. It came down with terrific force, but there was no sound above the constant grinding and moaning. Philip watched it transfixed, as if he had not seen the same thing a thousand times before.

"We're waitin' to take the chanct with y', boss!" The words were spoken in Philip's ear. He turned to the speaker, as one coming back from a voyage. It was Becker, his chief riverman.

"We—we—knowed well—." Becker hesitated, at a loss for words.

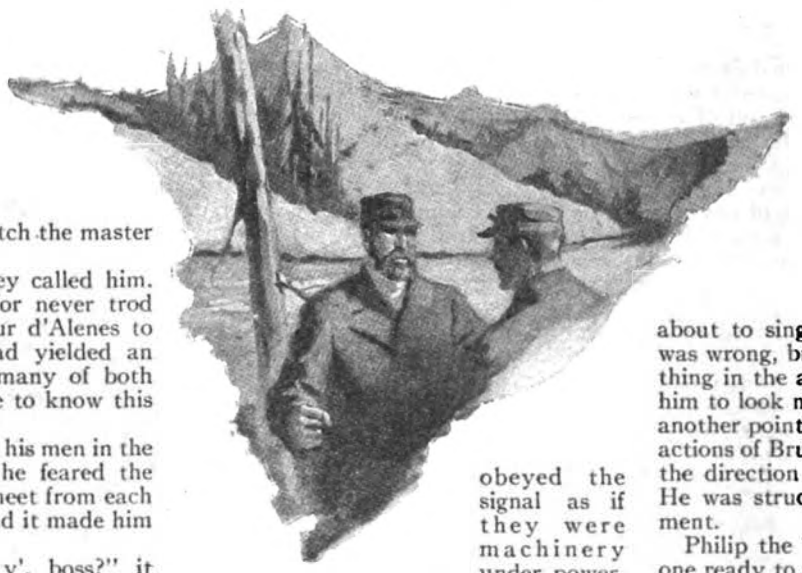
"Knowed—what?" Philip demanded, almost savagely. He stooped to look into the face of his assistant. His eyes were hard as flint, but his heart was pounding the blood into his face. They had read his hesitancy and knew.

"Why, boss—that you didn't want to send us down that hell!" Becker finished.

PHILIP stood erect again. The muscles of his hands and the tension of his face relaxed.

"Becker, we got to take a chanct an' get started before the water gets any higher an' piles th' logs up," he ground out. "The snow's meltin' like a furnace was built under it, an' the river's plumb dangerous, right now."

That was enough. Becker seized his pike-pole and a dozen men of the crew



obeyed the signal as if they were machinery under power.

A minute later, half of them were down under the boom with their canthooks. They worked silently, nimbly, and accurately, in the very maws of death. They were seeking out the key log that would unlock the mass and set it to moving down the river. A log went spinning from the entanglement here—another slipped out there.

"Yoo-hee-e-e-e-e-!" It was Brunner's voice, penetrating above the roar. Out from under the logs that piled up and dammed the stream came the men, never hesitating over their next step, never missing a footing on the rapidly changing kaleidoscope of logs. In another moment they were scattering over the surface of the drive.

Slowly—with creaks and groans and snapping sounds that rent the air—the great flotilla, that filled the stream with three million feet of Idaho's choicest pine, began to move. At first the movement was hardly perceptible. A log turned over; another stood suddenly end up; another was crowded out altogether and landed high and dry on the mass.

Through all this, Philip Lamont never moved a muscle. His eyes watched every part of the drive at once.

Suddenly he cursed aloud and seized his pike-pole.

"Go on, y' big cowards!" he yelled at the men still on the bank, who were only awaiting his order.

Like forms shot from a catapult, the men leaped the expanse of water that had opened between them and the logs, going through the air as gracefully as bounding blacktail-bucks. They landed with sureness of feet, and sped on to their posts.

When the last had gone, Philip still stood motionless with his pole in his hands. He had meant to be the first to make the leap. He had done everything in his power to drive himself to it; but, instead, he stood there helpless, powerless to move. The great black thing, that was not fear of the drive but fear of something else, was possessing him again. It made him cringe and hesitate.

Brunner, from a position in the middle of the stream, watched his chief, surprised. He was about to sing out and ask if anything was wrong, but checked himself. Something in the attitude of the boss caused him to look more keenly. Becker, from another point on the drive, observed the actions of Brunner, and he, too, followed the direction the riverman was gazing. He was struck with the same wonderment.

Philip the Terrible, in the posture of one ready to spring, was staring mutely down the river to a point where the tall walls of the forest verged together. Others of the river crew hesitated in their work to watch.

"The boss's scairt!" one man said in an awed tone to another near him. Brunner heard the words.

"Y' liar! He ain't scairt of the devil himself," he retorted hotly. But his words were only half convincing to himself. Once he had seen in the face of a man who was caught under the boom the same look he now saw in the boss's face.

THE flotilla before Philip was moving rapidly now, and the men were mostly past him. He felt glad of that, for he did not longer have to see the questioning doubt in their faces.

"They think the drive's scairt me," he saidaloud,"an' they'llleteveryoneknow."

It hurt him most to know that those he had worked with should have cause to think that their daredevil leader had hesitated when danger faced him. He turned suddenly and hurried into the woods. Behind a large, yellow pine, screened from a view of the river, he paused. He was repeating over in his mind the words that had been thoughtlessly spoken to him an hour before by a prospector who was pushing upstream for an early start into the mountains. He had left Hammond the day before, with the expectation of meeting the drive which was to go to Hammond, there to be transformed into lumber in the vast Hammond-Mercer mills.

"They was a dude city-feller in town yesterday mornin', lookin' fer you, Phil. He said his name was Holter. Acted sorta queer and mysterious about it, he did, an' was gettin' ready to head up th' river this mornin'. Said it was urgent an' he had to get you right away."

That was what the friendly sourdough had said. Slowly Philip passed his hand over his face, as if to drive away a grewsome vision.

Before his eyes was the picture of a long line of men clad in dull gray overalls and jackets of a precise likeness. The faces of those men that he saw clearest in his mind were hard and cruel. Others less distinct were dull and listless as if everything worth while had gone out of their lives. A few still showed the eagerness of a possible future.

THAT line—that eternal damnation of marching in lock-step, between cell house and work shop, and of automatic mechanical toil, the rest of his life, was the picture Philip the Terrible saw before him. That was the great black cloud of fear that had enveloped his brain with the first hearing of those words. That was why he had let his men think that he who feared nothing, suddenly cowered at the river.

Philip loved life intently, passionately, but even above his life he had learned to love the freedom of the wild, untrammeled woods, where men meet men, and the leader is he who is most fearless. Giving that up was what Frederick Holter's appearance again in the life of Philip Lamont meant.

For three years, Philip had marched in that gray line. For three years, he had beat his arms against the hard stone walls and the chilled-steel bars. His name had not been Philip Lamont then. Names are plentiful to one who hides.

He was innocent of the murder for which he had been serving a life sentence in the penitentiary, and this fact made it harder to give up his freedom. There had only been circumstantial evidence against him. This alone had saved him from the electric chair. That was why he had taken the one chance in a thousand when it came, and had made his escape.

He had made his way to Canada and by devious routes had worked westward until he reached British Columbia. For a time his fear of the United States officers had kept him in this province. Then he had grown bolder and had gone south into the lumbering region of the Idaho panhandle.

His wife, who had believed in him and trusted him always, joined him there as quickly as she could, after a journey that had carried her around the world to throw the man hunters off the trail. For four years they had lived in perfect peace and happiness. Philip had worked hard, mastering the forest and the river. The great Hammond-Mercer concern had not been slow in recognizing him, either, as the woods leader they had often wished for but seldom encountered.

The giant worshiped his wife in his cumbersome way. She had fought night and day for him when it looked blackest and his courage was failing. She had planned his escape from the prison, and had aided him materially in carrying out the plan.

Holter was the chief of police who had sent Philip to the penitentiary. He had honestly believed that his prisoner was guilty. He had worked hard on this case and the conviction had been the one big feather in his cap. When Philip had escaped he had announced he never would rest until Philip was again behind the bars or his dead body lay a mute proof of his riddance from society. The murder of which he had been accused was an unusually revolting one.

The officer believed that Philip was a cold-blooded criminal who would shoot first. Therefore, Holter would take no chances. By some way known only to the detective mind, Holter had penetrated the disguise of the changed name, and had traced Philip to his hiding place where he awaited the victim with all the advantages in his favor. He would watch the river and take his man without warning as he came down on the log drive.

"I got no chanct in the world!" Philip said bitterly, now. "He's got me where he wants me, an' I gotta go north, or—back with him."

He went to the river's edge again and stood gazing out over the turbulent, muddy waters. He already knew which course he would choose, but he was thinking of his wife and wondering if Holter could bring any harm to her.

This led him to think again of the log drive, which had now passed out of sight around the bend below. The river was higher already than he had ever seen it before, and it was more dangerous to travel on the top of the logs. But it made him cringe inwardly to think that his men believed that he had been afraid to take the chance with them.

EVEN as he watched it seemed to him that the water raised higher on the bank. A warm chinook had blown steadily now for three days, loosening up all of the heavy fall of snow in the mountains. It was almost a sheet of water pouring off of the hillsides, into the gullies and then into the river.

"She's goin' to be th' highest water these parts have seen for a long time," he muttered aloud. "She's talkin' angry, like she was hungry for human lives."

The picture he had conjured in his mind was not a pleasant one, and he brushed it aside.

Presently he turned back into the woods, pushing his way through the underbrush until he came to the trail that led along the valley to the logging camp. The camp was now deserted by all save the cook and one or two of the teamsters, who had not yet started south, towards Hammond. The cook was preparing food for the rivermen who would come to the bank in relays when the grub wagon caught up with the drive.

"Hello, Louie!" Philip greeted the cook, a jabbering Frenchman. "'Bout ready to make th' start?"

"Eet ess now ready, meester," the Frenchman replied. "You are back—mebby eet ees you haf forgot sometheen?"

"I've got to go to the city, Louie," Philip answered shortly, turning away from the inquisitive eyes of the foreigner." "Fix me up light rations for a four days' journey—an' see how quick you can do it."

"Eet shall be but the meenute, messur!"

Philip went to his own cabin and changed his river garments for a lighter outfit that he kept there, so that his traveling might be easier. He kept on his long hobbed river boots though, as the ground under the snow slush was frozen and slippery.

When he reapperaed he found Louie waiting for him.

"Eet ees far messur is going?" the little man asked politely.

"Yep! Quite a ways. I'm packin' out to Wardner, an' then I'm goin' to take the train to Spokane. Got a deal on." Philip was elaborating falsely on his plans, so that when Holter discovered the trick that had been played on him and hurried to the camp, he would be misguided by the information he received.

Philip Lamont was ready to start the journey for freedom. Still he hesitated. He wished there was a telephone line from the camp into Hammond. He wanted his wife to assure him that she was in no danger, and would follow him later.

"Nothin' could happen to her," he muttered. "She'll make it out as quick as she can, an' I can meet her at Moose Jaw or Calgary. He—he wouldn't dare lay hands on her!"

Without so much as a backward look at the camp, he turned to the north trail. With long tireless strides that would carry him on almost day and night, he was soon lost to view.

"He ees a ver' gran' man, messur," Louie whispered, watching his boss. "So brave, so fearless, he knows not danger." With another sigh he resumed his preparations for leaving camp.

Five miles up the valley, the trail, worn deep by countless wild animals that had used it through the centuries, followed for a distance, close to the water's edge. The roar of the swollen stream had been in Philip's ears all the time, but coming suddenly into the opening it was deafening. It was lapping up among the roots of the shrubbery where the highest waters had never before gone. It was undermining the bank and already miniature slides of earth were falling into the torrent, making the trail in places perilous to travel.

"I NEVER seen anything like it," he said, talking to himself, as one is apt to do alone in the trackless woods. "She'll almost break over the walls at Hammond, an' flood th' town."

This gave him new cause for worry, and he traveled for a distance in silence, watching the trail carefully.

When night came he crawled into the gnarled branches of a hemlock that stood near the bank, and tried to sleep. He gained no rest at all, though, and at the break of day he climbed stiffly from his perch and headed north again. He ate his food ravenously while he walked.

During the night the flood had crawled higher, and there was no indication that it would cease. The ground was still heavy with the soggy mass of snow. Philip scanned the dull gray horizon for the sign of a break in the clouds that would encourage him to a hope that a freeze would come and check the water.

At noon he dragged himself wearily into one of the small outpost camps

He stood erect, balancing himself as unconsciously as a boat would balance on the waves. He had planned his revenge

of the Dangerfield Lumber Company, utterly exhausted from his battle with the floods and the slippery footing. Giant though he was, with steel muscles, the strain had been almost more than he could endure.

He sought out Frank Payne, the foreman, eager to learn if Holter had telephoned to the camp yet to have him headed off. The moment Payne realized who it was before him, he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Speakin' of the devil, Lamont," he said, "Not over half an hour ago, I got a telephone call from Hammond. They said your drive was on the river somewhere. The 'supe' down there to the mill was sendin' out a widespread call for help. The whole town's under water. Been a dozen persons drowned already, since the flood came down on them sudden like last night, an' broke the levee above the dam. Railroad bed washed away for miles, telephone wires south all gone, mill engine flooded an' dead, an' houses floatin' off with whole families in 'em."

"Wait! Wait!" Philip yelled. "People dead—women dead, you said?"

"Yes. Your family down there?"

"My—wife. Did you get any names? —My house was by the levee."

"I didn't get any details, Philip. I was just gettin' a crew of men ready to take down the trail. They were out in the woods when the call came, an' I only now got them all rounded up. They'll get into Hammond some time to-morrow night."

"Trail! Man, it will take them more'n two days to make it over the trail. I just came that way. Put them on the river. With this torrent a raft will get them there in a few hours."

"ARE you crazy? No one could go down that river in a submarine—let alone a raft. They'd be swept away and drowned before they got fair started; an' if they wasn't the rapids would sure get them."

"They got to go that way!" Philip was raging.

He had forgotten everything concerning himself. He had forgotten hunger, weary muscles, the black shadow that was dogging his steps—everything but that the one person he cared for most, and who had suffered to stick by him through thick and thin, was in danger and needed him. Even now she might be dead, or she might be calling for him to come and save her from the flood that was venting its anger on their home.

He was like a madman. He would talk no reason. But Payne understood and only sought to quiet him with the assurances that were only half assurances.

In his saner moments, Philip would have known that no raft could breast the river flood with its treacherous rapids. An hour before he would not have sent his own men to their death that way. But now he thought only of the delays of traveling over the trail.

"You're a coward—an' your whole camp is filled with cowards!" he blazed at Payne, who continued quietly changing his clothes for the trail.

Then the strong will which had made him the leader that he was, reasserted itself. He spoke quietly.

"I'm goin' down the river alone!"

There was determination in his eyes, and Payne saw it. He knew that it meant death. He was a smaller man than Philip. But he had yet to hesitate at danger. He jumped from where he stood, and landed on the back of the giant riverman, attempting to throw him to the floor. At the same time he called for help.

With one backward sweep of his arms,

Philip threw his antagonist into a corner of the room. Payne lay still, the wind crowded from his lungs for the moment.

Philip did not pause to see whether Payne would come to. He went through the door with two strides, seizing a pike-pole leaning against the building, as he went. Without a backward look he went to the river. He was calm, still, and he clearly heard the angry lashing of the water.

With the expertness of long practiced skill, he chose a yellow-pine log rolling and tossing among a large number in a whirlpool eddy, and with a vicious jab of his pole, sent it spinning to the channel that connected with the main current of the stream.

AS the log shot into the flood he made a flying leap and landed astride it. In the flash of an eyelash he was erect on the log, steadying it with his calked boots.

Payne, his breath recoverd, dashed into the open. Other men came running, but Philip heard none of their cries above the roar. His eyes were fastened on the river ahead, and his muscles were set and rigid. The woodsmen watched the lone figure out of sight around the bend, momentarily expecting to see it plunged beneath the icy current.

"Another good woodsman gone," Payne muttered with an oath. "Plumb stark, starin' mad!"

With that he turned to his crew and ordered them to take the trail south. He set the pace by leading them.

Of that ride down the river on a log, Philip remembered few of the details. It was more like a hideous nightmare to him. He did know that time after time he owed his life to a miracle.

At the end of two hours he passed the camp over which he had been boss during the winter, and from which it had taken him over a day to make his flight north. He gave it only a fleeting glance, noting that it stood deserted. He had so far forgotten Holter that he did not even wonder if he was trudging along the slippery river bank somewhere, ready to shoot him when he passed.

His first mishap came during the middle of the afternoon. His log shot suddenly into a rapid, and before he could control it he was plunged into the icy water. He owed his life then to the fact that the hook on his pole was firmly caught in the log in the fall. He held to the pole until he could scramble back to safety.

"I got to make it!" was all he said. He thought nothing of the death he had faced in the fall. His mind was on his woman—and Hammond, twenty miles further down the river. After that he strained his eyes harder for danger points.

Toward evening, while it was still full light, he approached a wide coulee in the river, below a bend. The water backed up there, and traveled more slowly than in the channel. Just ahead of him was an improvised raft, consisting of three logs tied roughly together. Stretched across them, face downward, was a human body.

He watched it closely, as he approached, for signs of life. There were none.

"Tain't none of the boys," he muttered, his quick eye noting the city clothing on the form, and the position of the body on the raft.

"None of them would tie logs together loose, like that, an' spraddle out on them."

He turned his head away. The deep blackness of the mountains was beginning to shove out over the water, and he had many miles to go yet to that woman who needed him.

"Ain't no use botherin' with him," he argued with himself. "Probably dead, anyway."

He would have drifted on. But something bigger than his empty words seized him and compelled him to check his progress against his will. As he came abreast of the raft, he leaped from his own log to its surface. He did not even look to see the log he had been riding shoot down the stream as it was pushed out into the current with the momentum of his leap.

HE bent over the unconscious man lying at his feet, and felt for a heart beat. There was none that he could detect. Then he turned the limp body face upward. The eyelids moved. He knew that there was still life.

The features, covered with a heavy beard were those of a stranger. The lips were blue with the chill of the water, and the forehead was wrinkled with pain. In spite of that, however, there was something about the man that was vaguely familiar to Philip.

It came to him. He involuntarily drew back.

"Holter! That's who it is. Only he's growed a beard now!" he exclaimed.

Repulsion slowly gave way to a feeling of gratification in Philip. The man he feared most and hated worst, lay there helpless before him. He gazed long into the upturned face.

"Y' dirty cur! Y' sent me to the 'pen' for the glory you'd get out of it!" he cursed. "Y' made a big name for yourself; an' now you'd put me back there for life, or you'd a shot me dead from ambush on the bank! I got you now, though, an' you're goin' to get just what I'd got. I'm goin' to push you over in th' current an' watch you sink to th' bottom!"

Philip was not a man of refined speech. He was a man of muscle. Once he had been a prize-fighter. He had never been a slave to conscience, although no one had ever accused him of striking below the belt in a fistic battle or a political fight. When he decided a thing was right, he went ahead and did it in spite of everything. He stood erect now balancing himself as unconsciously as a boat would balance on the waves. He had planned his revenge.

"It 'ud be murder!"

He did not mean to say that, but it slipped out.

"He'd a-killed me, the skunk!" he shot back savagely, aloud.

He did not know that his conscience was speaking. He thought he was showing weakness. Pity for his enemy enraged him, but he listened to the struggle within himself.

"He's dyin' now an can't help himself," he heard.

"He's same as dead now. I couldn't help him none."

He stood silent for a minute. He did not notice that the crude raft under his feet was drifting more rapidly into the main current again.

"He was fool enough to try the river, an' there ain't no one who knows anythin' else," he continued.

A series of rapids took his attention now. For fifteen minutes he strove desperately to keep the raft upright and headed down stream. When it grew quiet again he resumed the argument.

"Y' could save him yet!"

That strange new voice within him was still talking.

"Nurse him back to life—so's he can take me back to th' pen!" he raged.

FULL night had come, but a bright moon was edging over the trees along the skyline. Philip noted this particularly.

"It's clear in th' sky, an' turnin' cold. The chinook's checked," he muttered. "That'll stop th' water raisin' pretty quick."

He looked at the unconscious man at his feet. He was scantily clad for cold weather. Quickly he drew his own dry, wool-lined mackinaw from his back, and wrapped it around Holter.

"I'll put him on the bank somewhere when I find a dry place," he compromised with the demon within himself. "They'll find him, comin' down the trail from the Dangerfield camp. Effie'n me'll be safe out before they get to camp."

He felt easier. He must get to Effie with all speed. It was growing bitterly cold and she would need him worse than ever. Already a thin layer of ice was forming along the shore, and his wet clothes were hardening on him.

Minutes passed and he grew cramped. He was beyond feeling the cold, for every muscle in his sturdy frame was aching with a desire to rest. He might

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Best Servants

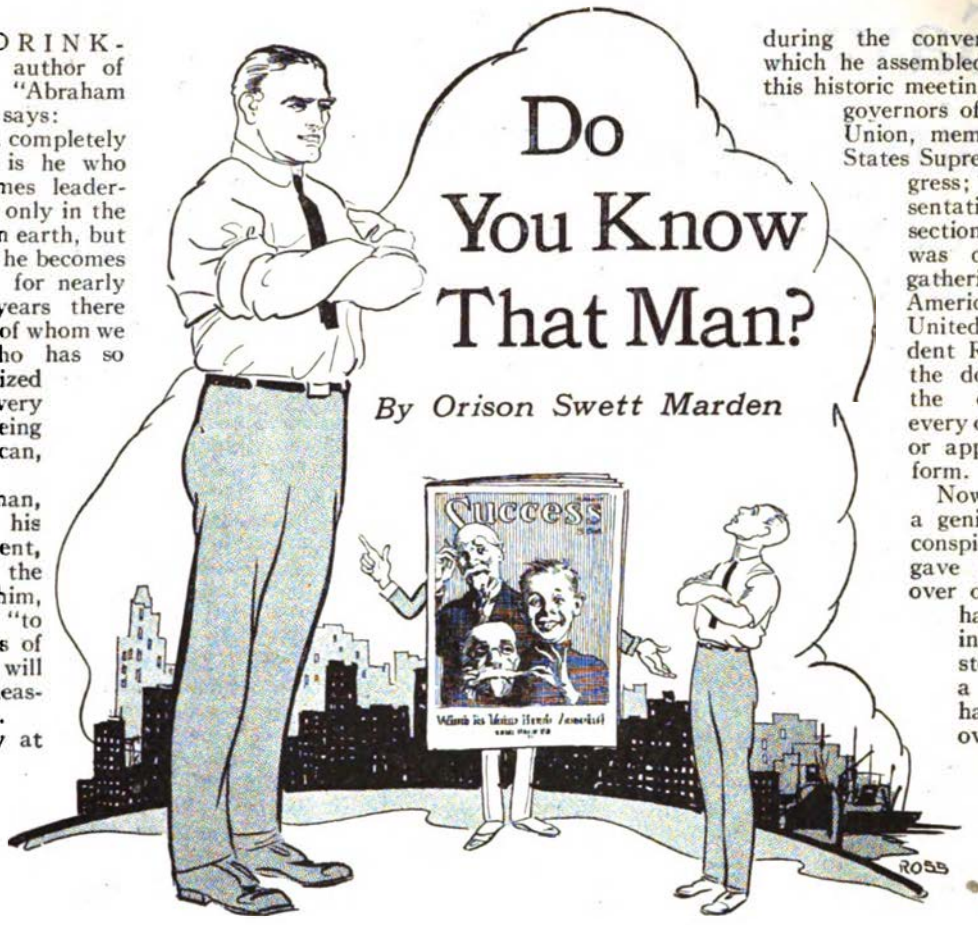
By RUDYARD KIPLING

I KEEP six honest serving men,
(They taught me all I know.)
Their names are What and Why and When,
And How and Where and Who. —Selected

WHEN YOU RUN IN DEBT YOU GIVE TO ANOTHER POWER OVER YOUR LIBERTY.

Do You Know That Man?

By Orison Swett Marden



Let SUCCESS show you the bigger man in you

JOHN DRINKWATER, author of the play, "Abraham Lincoln," says:

"He who most completely realizes himself is he who most fitly assumes leadership of men, not only in the days of his life on earth, but in the story that he becomes thereafter. And for nearly two thousand years there has been no man of whom we have record who has so supremely realized himself to the very recesses of his being as this American, Lincoln."

There is no man, however humble his birth or environment, who brings out the best that is in him, realizes himself "to the very recesses of his being," who will not be, in some measure, a great man.

But it is only at long intervals that anyone does this; that a man appears whose full power has been given anything like complete expression as in a Lincoln.

Yet there are just as many success possibilities and potencies, there is just as much success material, in many of those who do not succeed as in those who do. There are plenty of giants in the ranks everywhere; employees in inferior positions who have sufficient undiscovered ability hidden in them to make them leaders in their line.

The trouble with most of the failures in life is this: they never dig deep enough into themselves to bring out the bigger man that is hidden in them. They are like many of the prospectors in the early days of the West, who spent a large part of their lives prospecting for gold or silver—always working hard yet always poor, dying poor, because they never went far enough in their prospecting to find the treasure that was theirs. They prospected superficially, constanly trying new claims but not going deep enough in any one to strike ore. Those who followed after some of these perpetual prospectors became fabulously rich on what they had abandoned.

MANY of the richest mines in the United States were abandoned before their wealth was discovered by the more persistent prospectors, who were not content with superficial digging. I know of an instance where a man mortgaged everything he had in the world, borrowed all he could, and even sold his clothing, to raise money to enable him to sink a shaft a little deeper than a former prospector had done; and, going only a few yards beyond the point where his predecessor had quit, he struck one of the richest silver mines in the world.

Multitudes of human beings never discover their real selves because their self-investigations, self-examinations, are so superficial. They don't think deeply or work in the right way; they don't focus their effort with sufficient intensity to penetrate to the great within of themselves; to open the door to their larger possibilities. They don't realize the marvelous, the divine, powers latent in every human being.

Walt Whitman said, "I am larger, better than I thought." We are all larger, better than we think we are. There is not a man living, to-day, no matter how great his achievements, who has reached the limit of what is possible to him. Even men of genius, the most skillful, the ablest in their different lines, are but amateurs at living, at producing, compared with what they have it in them to be. We are all dawrfs of the men we might be.

There are few things that even the wisest and most learned among us know so little about as ourselves. If we should see our real self approaching, we probably would say, "I wonder who that strange figure is! No one I have ever seen before. Yet, there is something familiar about the general impression it makes, but I can't measure it up or weigh it." If you should be introduced to your other self, my friend, your bigger self, the man you can realize, I doubt if you would even then recognize yourself.

Of all the men I have ever met, Theodore Roosevelt was the one who impressed me as realizing, in a higher degree than any other, the presence of that bigger self. It was this that made him such a dominant forceful personality wherever he appeared.

I was present at the White House during the convention of governors which he assembled. Among those at this historic meeting were not only the governors of every State in the Union, members of the United States Supreme Court and Congress; but, also, representative men from every section of the country. It was called the greatest gathering of eminent Americans ever held in the United States, yet President Roosevelt was easily the dominating figure of the occasion, dwarfing every other man who spoke or appeared on the platform.

Now, Roosevelt was not a genius nor had he any conspicuous talents that gave him an advantage over other men. Neither had he the commanding presence of a Webster nor the wisdom of a Franklin; but he had something that overtopped all these—a vivid consciousness of Roosevelt's powers and possibilities. He was bigger than any difficulty that ever confronted him, because he was always conscious of the bigger man in him. He had developed his real self, with its limitless possibilities, to such an extent that he towered over men who had greater natural gifts than he had, as a giant towers over pigmies. One of the most heroic and dauntless figures in American history, during his public life of nearly forty years, our country, the whole world, felt the impress of his extraordinary personality.

You, too, can be a great success in your line—if you set about it in the right way. The power to do and to be what you desire is within you; all that is needed is the will, the energy, and the determination to be a giant instead of a dwarf.

NOT what you have done, but what you are capable of doing; not what you are but what you are capable of becoming—these are the important elements in your life. It doesn't matter so much what others think of you, what they believe is possible to you, it is what you think of yourself; what you believe you have the ability to do, that counts. This is of immense importance to you. Until you make the acquaintance of your real self, the bigger possible "me" in you, you will not begin to touch your possibilities.

Any man can do this, if he will. He can cultivate his self-confidence, his courage, his will, his initiative, his resourcefulness, his determination to make the most of whatever native ability he has—as Roosevelt did—and come, at least, as near as he did to realizing the giant in him.

Why can't you do it? Why can't you unlock the door to the great within of yourself and release your hidden powers, let out that possible "me," that giant in you that is masquerading as a dwarf?

He Saw a Future in Helping Silkworms

So Peter Van Vlaanderen benefited both himself and mankind

By Paul V. Barrett

MOST people are familiar with the story of Hans, the little hero of Haarlem, who saved his beloved Dutch town by placing his finger in a tiny hole in the dike, and preventing a great flood with attendant devastation and loss of life. All night long, Hans maintained his vigil, keeping the threatening hole effectively plugged. In the morning his friends found him cold and almost unconscious from exposure. But they realized that they owed their homes, their lives and the lives of their loved ones to the unselfish devotion of their little neighbor and nothing was too good for him. He became a national hero. He is held up to the children, not only of Holland, but of other lands, as a model youth whose example might well be emulated by those who seek to do that which is good and noble.

Peter Van Vlaanderen did not prevent a flood; but in his own way he is even more illustrious than his countryman, Hans. Peter Van Vlaanderen was born in Middleburg, Holland, forty-six years ago. He came to the United States at the age of twenty-three. He had no knowledge, whatever, of the language and customs of this land of opportunity; but he has succeeded beyond his fondest dreams and set a pace so fast that few could keep up with him. From nothing at all he has built up the largest business of its kind in the world. Wherever silk is manufactured, you will find products of Peter Van Vlaanderen's keen brain in the process.

PETER was the son of Cornelius Van Vlaanderen, a thrifty merchant of Middleburg, whose store was the mecca of those who appreciated good merchandise and valued honest practice and square treatment. Of course, he attended the little trade-school that is a part of the life of every Dutch town of sufficient size to support one. His father wanted Peter to become a machinist; and Peter, a dutiful son, followed the parental injunction. For four years, he attended this school. His school term was noteworthy for the thoroughness with which he prepared his lessons. In fact, this characteristic of thoroughness has punctuated his entire career and is largely responsible for the success he has achieved in business.

Now, the idea of going to school brings to the mind of the average American boy two sessions a day, covering, at the most, a period of five hours with a two-months' vacation in the summer and holidays during Christmas and Eastertide. In Holland, things were somewhat different. During those months when daylight was longest, the first school-bell rang at 8 o'clock in the morning and the closing bell at ten at night. A two-weeks' vacation during the warmest season was granted. In the winter, the hours were from 6 in the morning till 6 at night. At all times, brief intervals for breakfast, lunch and dinner were allowed.

At the age of twenty-three, Peter Van Vlaanderen came to America and settled in Paterson, New Jersey. He conldn't read or write English; nor could he understand a word of the language. The greatest problem that confronted him was to make himself understood and to understand others

After four years' regular attendance, Peter was graduated and was supposed to know sufficient about the machinist's trade to fill a position as apprentice. He heard of an opening in the marine works at Flushing, and soon convinced the boss that he would make a satisfactory worker. He performed faithfully and well the duties assigned to him, and for his services was paid three Dutch cents an hour, the equivalent of one cent in United States currency. His working hours were from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m. And so Peter, by sticking strictly to business and not loafing, was in a position to earn, in a day, the equivalent of fourteen cents in United States currency, or eighty-two cents a week. This, for seventy-six hours of hard work. On Saturdays the good-hearted employer dismissed his help at 6 p. m., to give them an opportunity to have their wooden shoes sandpapered or their balloon pantaloons blown up that they might make a respectable showing at the Sunday service on the morrow.

For one year, Peter attended strictly to duty. But distracting rumors had reached his ears of the great land of opportunity that lay beyond the protecting dikes and the rolling main. So, finally, he decided that he would see for himself whether or not it was all true. At the age of twenty-three, he came to America and settled in Paterson, New Jersey. He couldn't read or write English; nor could he understand a word of the language. The greatest problem that confronted him was to make himself understood and to understand others.

"This obstacle was quite as formidable to me as the great dikes of Holland are to the angry waters beyond," he said, during a recent interview. "But I kept hammering away, day after day, and soon my efforts were rewarded. My friends were good to me and helped me in many ways. In fact, the speed with which I mastered the English language was due largely to the kindly interest taken in me by those who knew me."

HIS earning power was decidedly limited during those first eventful days. But he was too proud to beg and wasn't willing to let the folks at home know of his struggles to secure a foothold in a land where everyone was expected to learn quickly the secret of the golden touch of Midas. Working at odd jobs and earning a few dollars here and a few dollars there, he managed to make ends meet. But that was about all. During all this time he was becoming truly Americanized. He had reached a point where he spoke English exceptionally well, and the ways of his American friends no longer caused him wonderment. Then, when he felt the time was ripe, he applied for a position as machinist in a small shop in Paterson and was accepted at a weekly wage of nine dollars. That was Peter Van Vlaanderen's first real position in the United States. But it was the beginning of his climb to a point high up on the ladder of success.

It wasn't long before he convinced the men for whom he worked that he was dependable. He took a great interest in everything he did, and refused to

(*Continued on page* 91)

Germany's New Emperor, Hugo Stinnes, Man of Business

He is working to merge all German industries into one gigantic trust that can never be paralyzed

By Jonas K. Walters

I HAVE just returned from Europe where all the talk is about Hugo Stinnes, the new superman of Germany. Unimpressive in appearance but a dynamo in action, he has taken a place in the world of industry that will give him a reputation in every country on earth. He is working twenty hours a day to make his native land survive. Close students declare that he is a Morgan, a Rockefeller and a Schwab rolled into one. In the entire world of commerce he is unique.

Secrecy has surrounded Stinnes. There are two kinds of people in Germany, those who admire and those who hate Stinnes. The world at large has seen him only when he was appearing at Brussels, at the invitation of Lloyd George, or when, as Lloyd George said later, he "swaggered before the Spa conference and told the statesmen of Europe what Germany would and would not do."

It was impossible for the world to judge of the man at such times. There he stood before the makers of history, himself only a business man and not an accredited representative of government; and, speaking not as a statesman, but as a simple business man who was in touch with the commerce of the world, he told the statesmen, untrained in business or commerce, what he thought the statesmen could or could not do.

He seemed to be expressing the opinion that statesmanship comes second in the list of human indispensables; that business vitality and international commerce comes first, and that without this nothing else can exist—even if wise statesmen do attempt to create such a thing and labor under the illusion that they have done so. Stinnes appeared either too sinister or too great.

You should see him in Berlin, on his workdays, when he is trying to establish the destiny of his nation, to discover, beneath his business ideals the sort of man he really is. You must talk to him. But he has very little time for talk. You must see him sitting day after day in the National Advisory Economic Council, which, as a law-making body, seems at times to be even more powerful than the Reichstag, or watch him sitting, silent and reserved, in his member's seat in the Reichstag itself.

And you must bear in mind that he is the man who, in Germany, is credited with clearing the factories of France and Belgium of their machinery during the World War and bringing that machinery to Germany. You must recall that he suggested the deportation of Belgians to German factories.

Hugo Stinnes has never expressed the slightest regret for anything that Germany tried to do in the World War. He is so powerful in Europe, that, since peace was established, he has twice entered Paris, at the invitation of French business men, to dine with them, a distinguished guest, and confer with them as to how the commerce and industrial activity of Europe can be again resumed.

He holds his head high—as if Germany had won the war. He stakes his fortune on the future of Germany with as much confidence as if that country were the greatest and most powerful nation on earth, instead of struggling out of the mire of defeat.

There is a new word in the language of the world's business. Stinnes has put this word and the idea it carries into the dictionary of the world's industry. You can measure Stinnes by this word. It indicates that he has business dreams that range beyond all dreams of the past. It is almost impossible to vision the things of which Stinnes dreams.

The word "trust" will not apply to the combination of businesses which Stinnes has taken under control in the last five years. It was too limited a word, though Stinnes had created many trusts. "A combination of trusts" was also too limited a phrase. Even "syndicates" did not fit the purpose and aim of the man.

Stinnes hopes to build a vast organization—the most massive organization of industries on earth—he plans to make a unit of all German business. He plans to put every possible German industry under one gigantic operative company or corporation, or whatever you choose to call it—that shall be known as "Roof trust." That is the word that describes the dream of Hugo Stinnes.

IN Stinnes's mind, "Roof trust" is a trust that takes in and covers all other trusts of any kind in Germany! A "hen's-wing" trust, the Germans say, might have suited Stinnes as well as the "roof-trust." The "roof-trust," as Stinnes seems to divine it, is a trust that takes under its shelter and its control all the trusts of every kind that can be formed in his country. Such a trust, Stinnes believes, will protect Germany in storms of commercial competition from all bad and dangerous trusts of the world. Who strikes at "Roof trust" will strike at the German citizen. That will call for something drastic.

The day may come, indeed, in the logic of Stinnes's dream, when Germany may be no longer a nation, as we now conceive nations to be, but a gigantic and all-powerful business combination that can never be paralyzed.

And, if all indications in Germany are to be believed, Stinnes expects to be the controller of this great trust which, in power, will exceed the government itself in power. He expects to be the head of a new kind of nation; a nation controlled

Chief facts about this superman

HE is fifty-one years old.

His father was a rich coal-miner, but the son worked as a laborer to learn the business.

While Germany was fighting he was establishing his power.

To-day he is Germany's coal king, iron king, shipping king, chemical king, hotel king, and newspaper king. He owns seventy publications.

He is ruler of all German exports and imports.

The new government takes its orders from him—the most silent member of the Reichstag.

Over a million and a half workmen are employed by him.

His dream is to organize Germany into a gigantic trust that competitors can never break. He plans to be the industrial power of Russia and to own big interests in France.

If his plans materialize, he will be the most powerful business factor in the world.

by one gigantic business unit—a nation comprising one gigantic business unit.

He is a man of Jewish origin, born fifty years ago. If you saw him at work at his desk, with his coat off, you would take him to be a clerk in a foundry office. He is always carelessly, shabbily dressed. His shoes are habitually down at the heel. With his close-cropped, dark hair and black beard and mustache, his pale features, his twisted nose and his large sharp eyes, he looks a sinister person. But to Stinnes, power is the breath of life.

"I BUILD on coal," he said in days before the World War. "From coal you go on to iron and steel, and then to various industries, to ships of commerce, and coal will lead you to wood and forests, to wood pulp and paper. Coal is King."

An industrial leader said recently: "So comprehensive a business has never been undertaken by one man. He has completed the circle; so far as Germany is concerned. He owns the mines, the factories, the ships. No other man has ever attempted to be everything from miner to exporter. And in addition to it all, he controls public opinion by the papers he owns."

In 1914 his fortune amounted to 30,000,000 marks (about $6,000,000) and he was a long way from being the richest person in his country. This distinction, at that time, was held by Frau Bertha Krupp, who possessed 250,000,000 marks more than anybody else in the country. The second richest person was August Thyssen, whom Stinnes quickly overtook. Finally he ousted Frau Krupp from the place which she had held for so long. His ambition is not money, however, but power.

He amassed millions out of Belgium between 1914 and 1918. His was the infamous idea to despoil the Belgian factories and deport Belgian workers. He could order Hindenburg and Ludendorff about. The former kaiser entertained a lively fear and sneaking admiration for him, and while Germany was being fought down he was piling up his financial fortunes and adding to the sources of his power. The exploits of American railway kings, oil magnates and steel barons are almost child's play when compared with his.

It is said that he must have a bank account of $400,000,000.

Germany will be run from the desk of Stinnes, and not Germany alone, if he has his way.

The hold he already has on the coal and iron industries makes it possible for him to create a despotism against which the authority of the State would be helpless."

Coal is his king and god. He owns sixteen groups of mines. He had his hand in France, where, lately, he has been spying out the land again, and in England. Luxembourg is practically his. He makes paper, celluloid and motor cars. Vast forests belong to him. He distributes practically all the coal of Germany. Nearly all the ships which are left to Germany can be moved only at his bidding. Certain it is that all the ships she will build for herself will be at his direct or indirect command.

He is negotiating with the Moscow Government for a concession to work the Briansk Iron and Steel Works, one of the greatest institutions in Russia. According to the report, he has offered to invest 3,000,000 gold rubles in the enterprise. He proposes to construct railway material and pay thirty-three per cent of the gross profits to the Soviet treasury.

Stinnes is a reactionary. He was close to the kaiser and to the old German government. During the World War he achieved vast results. Lately he launched several ships. One he named the *Hindenburg;* the other, *von Tirpitz.* His workmen struck at both plants. They refused to launch ships named after the war leaders. But Stinnes would not yield to them. He was determined to let his workmen starve rather than surrender to their radical opinions. If Stinnes has any new form of government in his mind, it will not be a government like the Lenine government. It will not be a dictatorship of the proletariat. Stinnes plans as great and novel a revolution as that of Lenine in Russia, but of much different purpose and result.

MAN was made for action. The mind must be employed, and when it is employed normally it gives a great sense of satisfaction, and increases health. The individual feels the exhilaration of constant growth, and there is no stimulant like that. It gives an uplift to the entire nature. There is no tonic, no stimulant, like that of the successful pursuit of one's highest ambition.

STINNES has gone further towards his goal than the outside world realizes; and, up to now, it has been a cinch. One school of business thought in Germany says that things have fallen into Stinnes's lap; this school is made up of Stinnes's friends and admirers. Another school says that Stinnes, working behind the scenes, hand and glove with whoever has been in power, has held the wheel and steered events in his own direction.

The first thing in his favor came at a conference of Socialists shortly after the armistice. Lead by Karl Kautsky, they decided that it would not be practicable or even possible to nationalize German industry. Although the Socialists were in power and to all appearances had the opportunity of carrying out the demands which they had been making ever since Karl Marx wrote his first word on socialism, they decided when they were shouldered with the responsibility of carrying out the task themselves that they could not do so.

GERMAN industry was shaky. Everybody in business was hunting for someone else on whom he could lean. Then came the "Plan Industry," now the law in Germany, by which business of various sorts was driven into combinations. Syndicates were made compulsory. A man who refused to enter the proper industry could be punished or driven out of business. Over these syndicates are boards of managers, made up equally of business men and employees. This syndication of German business has not yet been completed, but it is going forward very fast. The various industries send representatives to the Federal Economic Council, at Berlin, which is the business congress of Germany.

Other businesses are represented in this Economic Council, which is created by the "Plan Industry" law, and, gradually, according to the German scheme, all business and employees in all branches of industry the Council will have the final word. The government, which, it is planned, will control all industry through the Economic Council, will itself be more or less subservient to the Council or, at the very least, be ready and willing to receive its advice.

This plan puts all business, so far as law-making and law-execution is concerned, into the hands of business men and the employees of business men. Thus far it has worked out that the interests of the employees run neck and neck with the interests of the employers; the conferences of the Economic Council have never yet split up in a division between employers and employees.

All of which plays directly into the hands of Hugo Stinnes. If he had arranged these things himself, he could not have done any better for himself.

Under the government plan the trust idea is not entirely carried out. The ownership of a plant, or a company, remains in the hands of its possessors, together with all of the proceeds, under the government scheme, even after the company enters the compulsory syndicate.

But Stinnes is working along new lines. He is securing control of German industry in various lines and organizing them into trusts. Under these trusts, ownership and control passes into the hands of Stinnes—the boss of Germany.

Stinnes has only to continue in his organization of trusts until the government-controlled syndicates will consist entirely of a few super trusts which will control the government. Indeed, they will be more powerful than the government itself. There is nothing in the German law to stop him. The rest of the world can look on and watch him perfect his gigantic venture. To-day he controls twenty-eight huge companies capitalized at almost a billion dollars.

In Berlin they tell you that he will

buy anything that is offered him, provided the price is not too high. In a twenty-four hour deal, he purchased the Esplanade Hotel, Berlin. He buys German newspapers whenever a bargain presents itself. He has established a news-distributing agency. He has an intelligence department of his own which extends into every country of importance in the world.

STINNES controls the inland navigation of Germany; nineteen out of every twenty-four barges that pass along the Rhine River, under the noses of the American sentries, bear the name "Stinnes." He has helped to consolidate the German life-insurance companies. He is the master in German ocean navigation. In the shipyards which he controls, ships are being built at enormous cost; but Stinnes wants ships and he must have them.

He is gathering in everything of industrial value. And everything of industrial value means the completion of "Roof trust."

He is quiet, he is retiring, he seems to hate to talk.

"I never give statements for publication," he told me. And, in passing, he speaks very good, grammatical English. I was glad I did not have to air my very poor German.

"America is interested to know what you are doing," I said.

"And what am I doing?"

"You are interested in trusts."

"And so is America—interested in trusts." Stinnes spoke with a grim twinkle.

"But we have a law against trusts," I told him. "The Sherman anti-trust law."

"And still you have trusts?"

I was stumped. For a moment I hesitated, but I found expression in:

"Doesn't the German law make trusts compulsory? And if German laws are carried out, do you think that the country with trusts will have the advantage over the country without trusts?"

Herr Stinnes told me that I should not confound trusts with syndicates and explained that the German syndicate was formed with the assistance of the government; that no owner could lose his property or see it merge into another; that each property was kept intact. In other words, the government let the owner into the syndicate and he continued to control his property.

"And how does the German trust operate?" I asked, seeking light on the difference between a trust and a syndicate.

"A property is merged into a larger property. The owner gets an interest in the larger property; but he may lose all control of his own plant. At least he can not operate his plant as he pleases; he must follow the rules of the trust."

"In one case," I said, "the government controls the property, while the owner remains in possession. In the case of the trusts, the trust itself controls the property, and the owner loses possession? Is that the new German system?"

"Exactly," replied Stinnes.

"But aren't the trusts under control of the government, as well as the syndicates?"

"Surely," was the answer. "Because the trusts must join the syndicates. A trust is only a big business instead of a small one and the government makes no difference between trusts and other companies. The trusts of Germany are all in the government-controlled syndicates. The government controls the rules for buying and selling and the distribution of raw material. The syndicates themselves handle these matters and the government does not step in unless there is a disagreement."

"Who acts for the government in all such matters?" I asked.

"The Federal Economic Council," he replied.

The Economic Council consists of the masters of big business, sitting together, with their employees. These big business men, in a governmental capacity, are grouping together the industries of Germany, and, with governmental power, which they themselves direct, are controlling these industries and helping them keep their feet in the world's business storm.

"The control is not very severe," said Stinnes. "It has to do with the distribution of raw materials. One man in one part of Germany will need one kind of iron, another will need coal. The syndicate must see that they get these things, if possible. One man may get orders but may have no material. The order must be shifted to a man who can carry out the job, if the raw material can not be secured for the first firm."

Stinnes is original. He is considered old-fashioned. His clothes are unstylish. His views in regard to home life and the relation of the upper classes to the lower are old-fashioned. He leads an old-fashioned life on the family estate at Mulheim, in the Ruhr district.

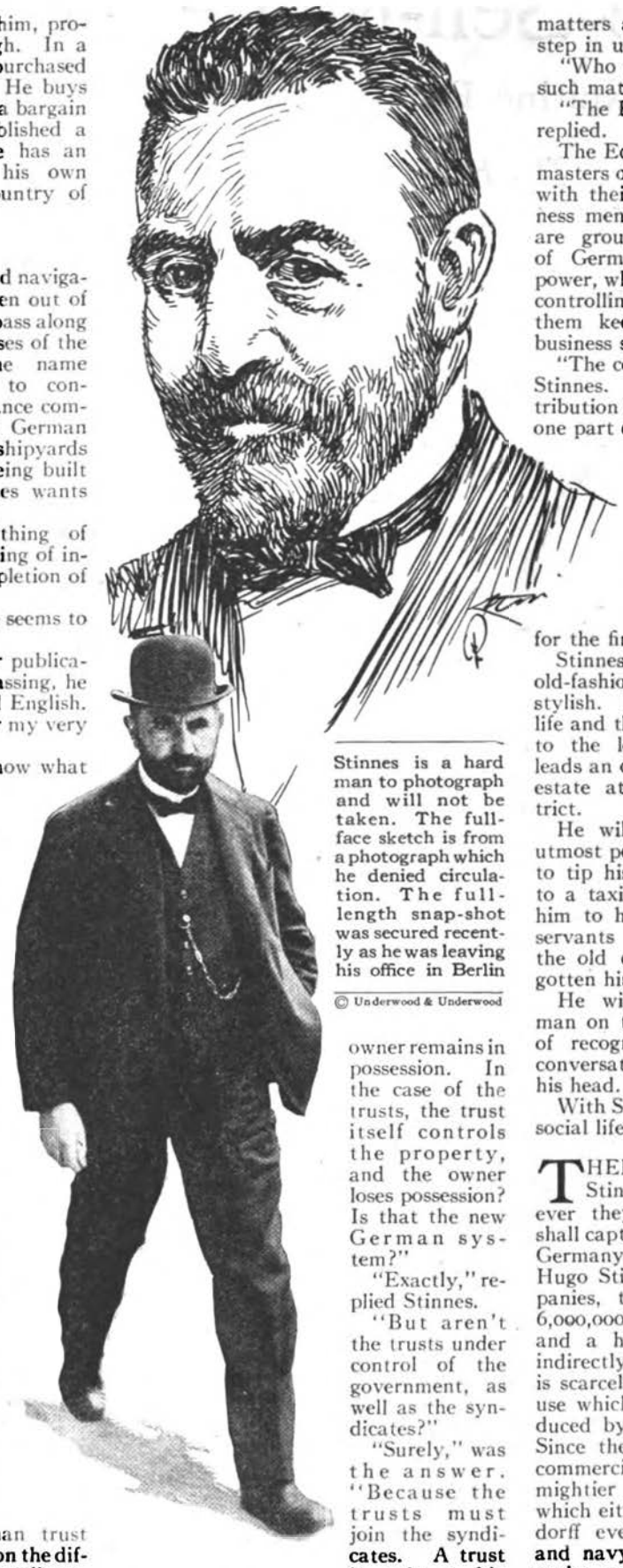
He will treat a servant with the utmost politeness. He has been known to tip his hat to an elevator man or to a taxi-driver who has just brought him to his destination. In Germany, servants were treated in this way in the old days and Stinnes has not forgotten his early teachings.

He will pass some great business man on the street without even a nod of recognition. If he does stop for conversation, his hat will never leave his head.

With Stinnes business is one thing and social life is another.

THERE is absolutely no doubt that Stinnes—and his associates, whoever they are—intend that Germany shall capture the world's trade and make Germany more powerful than ever. Hugo Stinnes now controls 1,340 companies, the capital of which exceeds 6,000,000,000 paper marks. A million and a half workmen are directly or indirectly employed by him, and there is scarcely a single article in every-day use which is not partly or wholly produced by one of the Stinnes factories. Since the armistice he has built up a commercial octopus far greater and mightier than any military monster of which either von Hindenburg or Ludendorff ever dreamed. With her army and navy practically gone, Germany's entire population is available for production.

If the dream of Hugo Stinnes comes true—and Germany becomes a gigantic and all-powerful business combination instead of a nation—the business conditions of the world will be changed. The Stinnes trust will exceed even the government itself.



Stinnes is a hard man to photograph and will not be taken. The full-face sketch is from a photograph which he denied circulation. The full-length snap-shot was secured recently as he was leaving his office in Berlin

The Self-Made Tortoise

And His Exciting Escapade with the Unblushing Hare

By Harry Irving Shumway

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

ONCE, in a humble branch office, two young men of differing temperaments worked daily. Oswald was one who loved to string out the details of business as if they were delectable bits and should be chewed like a cow meditates her cud. His idea was that the boss might see him slaving at 5:39 some evening and infer that he had a loyal whale at his beck and call.

George, the other young man, must have been born on a busy day. His equipment might be summed up by the word, "Snappy." The idea was to take a task by the tail, give it a snap and push it through before any cobwebs could take a liking to it. Fortunately he mixed his delivery with brains. Five o'clock usually found him slicked up, ready for home, entertainment, or anything the gods had to offer.

The branch office was but a small twig on a great tree whose roots thrived in a far-distant city. The destinies of this branch had been intrusted to a bird who thought the name J. Pettimore Riggs sent a shudder through the world of business every time the world saw his name in the directory. J. Pettimore's horizon was blocked by a number of things which persisted in getting in the way, one of them being Oswald.

J. Pettimore used to observe Oswald working after hours, and at such times a benevolent smile would spread over his features. He knew he had a faithful disciple of industry as a helper, and when the time came for rewards he would see that Oswald got two more chips per week. Now, George — well, George was all right, of course, a snappy workman and all that, but he never stayed to see how well the twilight blended with the office furniture and no young man who was forever listening for the pistol crack could have future greatness in mind. The trouble with J. Pettimore was this:

"This isn't a jail, you know!"

What kept Oswald after hours was something a human being could have done about 2:15 that afternoon

He was very feeble in checking up. He confused efficiency with ostentatious dawdling; and the two are vastly different. Lightning is efficient—but who ever heard of its needing any grease cups on it to speed it up?

Had J. Pettimore ever looked into the matter of what kept Oswald after hours he might have discovered it was something a human being could have done about 2:15 that afternoon.

George thought Oswald a queer fish, and to imply that he was not wise to teacher's pet would be casting a slur on George's mentality. It was a bet that little Ossie stayed after school when a lad and helped mark the other pupils' the papers, and so on.

J PETTIMORE had George on the carpet once, but the referee, had there been one, would have failed to see the young man's shoulders touch the mat.

"Er—George," said J. Pettimore, tapping his finger tips together. "How is it you always seem to be all ready to burst out at the stroke of five? This isn't a jail, you know."

"I guess I'm a born hare," laughed George. "Only reason I can think of."

"I don't understand," replied the puzzled J. P.

"Well, I believe in getting a strangle hold on a thing before it gets to me. The more you look a task in the face the bigger it sometimes seems. I have it done, wrapped up and ready to be delivered before it can make my head ache."

"Am I to understand that your work is so odious to you that you wish to get it out of sight as quickly as possible?" inquired the boss.

"Oh, no! I like the work—and I think it likes me. You wouldn't want me to spend two hours on a job that I can do in one, would you?"

"Er—well, no; of course not," answered the other. "Still I am afraid your work lacks polish. Now take Oswald, for instance, he takes plenty of time and I see him working after hours very frequently."

"You'd see me, too, if it ever was necessary," replied George. "However, I don't think I'll begin to slow down until I'm forty-five at least."

Shortly after this general business began to look as if somebody were trying to choke it to death. Buyers all over the land suffered paralysis of the spending hand and confidence flew high like a laughing loon over a pond. The weeds of business began to tremble and the scratch men took another hitch in their trousers.

To make this dark cloud more special and nasty, the Human Icicle who managed the parent company paid one of his visits to the branch office. This was always the signal for everybody to beat it for his own little cyclone cellar until the weather bureau reported it was safe to emerge.

The Icicle brought a new bark and bite with him, guaranteed to be more deadly than the new gas which would have killed the Germans in divisions if they hadn't signed the papers when the signing was good. Head waiters along the line of the Icicle's march wilted and passed into a shamed coma at his roar. Porters, hat boys, and telephone operators quit cold and lost the power of speech when he looked at them. Oh, the Icicle was

Oswald beat it for the fire escape

a human holocaust when he got started! It only took a quarter turn for him to let go; sometimes he went on mere compression.

J. Pettimore rubbed his hands together and got as far as a smile when the Icicle opened the cut-out and let fly. Oswald beat it for the fire escape and pushed angrily at the doves roosting out there.

"Well, well," exploded the Icicle. "Don't stand there grinning at me like a cat. Get busy. Gimme the monthly report for new business. Come! make it snappy."

"As—as for bew business—I mean new business—that is—" floundered J. Pettimore.

"Dash the blankety-blank! Say! what do you think I came all the way up here for—to answer conundrums? Want me to find it myself?"

A gentle hand touched him on the shoulder.

"Calm yourself, sir," said George, who had approached. "Here is the desired report."

The Icicle bored him through and through with his eyes but George smiled back without a tremor.

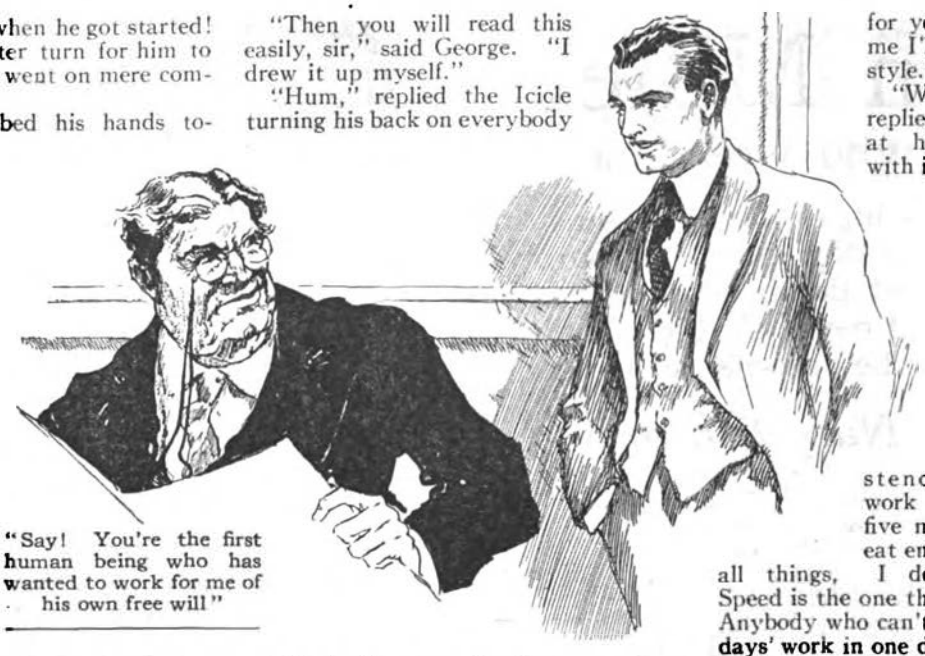
"Who are you?" snapped the great Bark.

"George by name, and I am stenographer and clerk here. Now, I'll go over this report with you if you need light in any—"

"Say! I can read a report, even if it is drawn up by a half-baked boob."

"Then you will read this easily, sir," said George. "I drew it up myself."

"Hum," replied the Icicle turning his back on everybody and beginning to read. He was perhaps five minutes going through it and everybody remained breathless.



"Say! You're the first human being who has wanted to work for me of his own free will"

"Well-drawn report—and rotten business—"

"Er—have you read it carefully?" asked J. Pettimore, who had got his second wind.

"Of course! D'you think I'd spend more than five minutes reading a report? I never waste any time! No use for anybody who does. 'Make it snappy' may be slang, but it's a great motto. Be sure you're right—then go into high speed."

George smiled and spoke quickly.

"Gee, I'd like to work for you."

The Icicle turned and stared at him.

"Say that again!" he snapped.

"I said I'd like to work with you and for you. If you'll pardon me I'll say you're just my style."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" replied the Icicle looking at his young employee with interest. "Say, you're the first human being who has wanted to work for me of his own free will; that is, who ever said it would give him any pleasure. Why, I'm the ugliest, hardest kind of a bird in this country. I've had stenographers come to work for me and quit in five minutes. They say I eat em' alive. And, above all things, I demand speed. Yes! Speed is the one thing I'm looking for! Anybody who can't do a couple of good days' work in one day, from nine to five, can't stay in my office a minute."

"Great!" said George. "That's my idea of real efficiency. To do the greatest amount of good work in the shortest possible time."

"You're either a liar or a wonder," rasped the Icicle. "Anyway, you're going to get a chance. You report to the main office in two weeks' time. Understand?"

"I do. And I thank you," replied George.

When the Icicle had gone and the atmosphere had cleared, Oswald came in from the fire escape, and J. Pettimore collapsed in his swivel chair.

"Where did he hit you?" asked Oswald.

George laughed.

"It was a draw," chirped J. Pettimore.

TO THE POINT

By Joseph Lehr

THE bigger the bubble, the louder the bang.

Concentration should be a part of the curriculum of every college.

The finest people in the world are those we know least about.

Be sure your bravery is not mere foolishness.

Man is like a fountain pen; useful as long as there is something in him.

If we always said what we meant, we wouldn't say anything.

Put yourself on a paying business-basis.

If you've just got over some sickness, give the details to the squirrels in the park and get it off your chest.

If your feet are not strong enough to carry you—ride.

Wishes wear out with your clothes.

Fame oftimes goes shabby.

The greatest faith is faith in yourself.

Feed your body, your soul will thrive on it.

Study character—your own first.

Before reforming the community, reform yourself.

Don't bury yourself before you are dead.

Lock yourself up when you swear, you won't be interrupted.

If you let the little things worry you, what are you going to do with the big things.

Tell your friend you haven't got it—you'll be doing him a good turn.

Put your troubles on the dumb waiter.

You can't win unless you take a chance.

Worry is a cloud that darkens your day; a bright thought is the sunshine that drives it away.

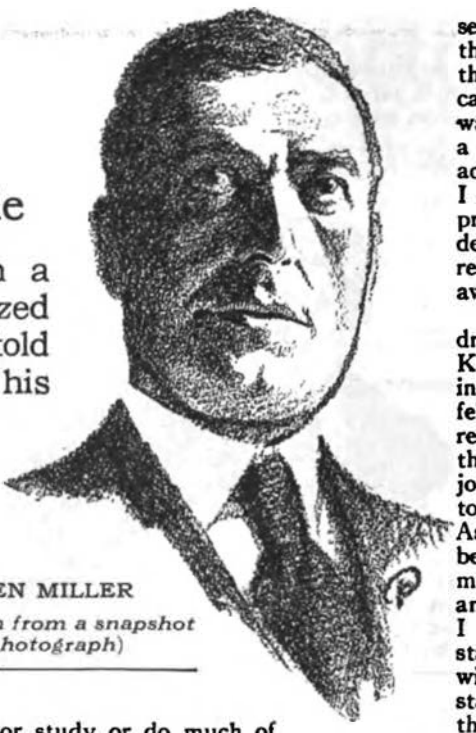
An interview with

Ben Miller

A man who would not die

He broke his back while working in a coal mine as a day laborer, is paralyzed from the waist down, and doctors told him he would never sit up. But by his own effort he became independent

By Nan Tempest



BEN MILLER
(*Drawn from a snapshot photograph*)

HAPPY and prosperous, Benjamin Miller is the owner of a growing business, owns a comfortable home in Hopewell, Pennsylvania, another in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and drives about in a limousine equipped with everything but a bath. And this despite he broke his back while working in a coal mine, is paralyzed from his waist down, and his physicians told him that it would be impossible for him ever to sit up.

Ben Miller was born in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the anthracite coal region, thirty-nine years ago. His father worked in the mines, and he put little Ben to work in the "breaker" when the boy was only eight years old. In those days, there were no compulsory education laws. Children were put to work as soon as they were big enough to hold a job.

"I had to be at the colliery at seven o'clock in the morning," Ben Miller told me when I called to interview him for SUCCESS. "My house was two miles away, and I had to get up at five o'clock every morning. I sat on a board astride a coal chute and picked slate until half-past five at night. Often my hands would bleed and my nails were worn down into the quick. When we were slow or shirked, the boss beat us."

For ten hours a day of this heart-breaking work, the boys, as beginners, were paid $2.75 a week; but when they became expert they collected about $5.50 a week. Mr. Miller said he experienced one of the big thrills of his life on the day that this "vast sum," as he described it, was first paid to him.

From this work he was graduated to door tender in the mines. The doors are built across the gangways of the mines to regulate air currents. Boys open them to let coal cars pass through, and must see that they are properly closed afterwards. It was the ambition of little Ben Miller, that, when he grew up, he would sit on the bumper of the first car, whip in hand, and drive five mules. In a few years he held the coveted position.

TIME changed the boy into a tall, athletic man. He was a full-fledged miner. He married, moved to Hopewell and became the father of a sturdy boy.

"Do you know," said Mr. Miller, "I was bubbling over with the sheer joy of living. It was glorious just to be alive. I didn't read or study or do much of anything mental. Life was a hilarious, material existence, and I lived to a full enjoyment of every moment. My one conceit was my strength. I reveled in its possession and boasted of my power. I'd fight at the drop of a hat! And how I could dance!

"A little incident that happened shortly before I was hurt will give you an idea of my strength. Sometimes when driving out to the foot of the shaft, the 'trip' ahead of you would lose a car. When this happened on a down grade, a driver had to work fast or the mules would be crushed. We always carried 'sprags,' which, in an emergency of this kind, were thrown into the wheels, acting as a brake. I was going out with a full load on down grade, when my lead mule stopped. I reached for a "sprag' which, I thought, was on the bumper beside me. But there was none there. I had to act quickly. I slid off the bumper, braced my feet on the sills of the track, put my back against the first car and my hands against the wheel mules' withers' and pushed. I felt my muscles stretch. For a second, I thought the pressure would crush me—but I stopped the 'trip.' This was a fair example of my strength.

"I wonder if you will laugh at me," continued Mr. Miller, "when I tell you that I realized, when I went to work on the morning of my accident, that something was to happen? I am not superstitious; yet, the night before I was hurt, I had a very peculiar dream. It seemed that I was walking through mountains, with the moon shining down. I came to a high peak that was suddenly flooded with a weird, green light, and across the face of the rock I saw these words; 'When pride cometh then cometh destruction.' Even as I read, the words faded away.

"The next morning the dream stood out vividly. Knowing my great pride in my bodily strength, I felt certain that I had received a warning. All that day as I worked, I joked and sang in an effort to throw off my depression. As the day progressed, I began to shed the morbid mood. Quitting time came and I breathed more easily. I drove my mules to the stable in the mine, and with two of my pals, started to walk out along the gangway to the foot of the dark shaft.

"We were singing and laughing, and I mentally kicked myself for allowing anything so silly as a dream to upset me. I wore heavy gloves when driving but had taken them off. When we were about half way out, I dropped one of the gloves. It had fallen into the ditch, and it took me a moment to locate it. The other boys had gone on ahead, and had become mere bobbing points of light in the distance. Just as my hand closed on the gauntlet, and before I could straighten up, there was a ripping crash and a piece of rock weighing over three hundred pounds fell from the roof of the gangway. It knocked me flat, broke in two pieces, and then rolled clear of me. My cap, to which my lamp was attached, fell into the water in the ditch—and the lamp was extinguished. Then, for what seemed an eternity, I lay in darkness, unable to move or speak.

"The mountain actually grumbled and creaked, and I feared the entire breast of the mine would cave in and crush out my life.

JUST as the awfulness of it all was sweeping over me, I saw the flash of lights. My friends were coming toward me. They had heard the crash and turned back to investigate. 'Ben, where are you?' they called. I was unable to answer. The silence frightened them. Sensing something wrong, they started to run toward me. They found me on the track. When they picked me up I screamed at first and then I laughed; for I realized that I was experiencing no pain. My lungs ached and my face was cut and bruised; but I exulted in the thought that I had not been badly hurt. As the first shock wore away, I regained speech and joked with them as they made a litter of their coats and tools. 'They didn't get me that time,' I boasted.

"How little I knew what really had happened. I was never to walk again. The smallest and weakest breaker boy had become a Hercules, compared to me. I was a full-grown man, but the

LOOK like a success! Don't apologize for taking up room on the earth, which might be filled to better advantage by some one else.

strength that had battered a living from the veins in the mines had slipped away for ever. However, the full realization of this was to come later—when I was to learn that my back had been broken.

"You have no idea what an uncanny sensation it is to be vitally conscious mentally but dead physically. I felt like a disembodied spirit. Then, as the full meaning of it began to dawn, I fainted.

"I was unconscious but a very short time; but, in the meanwhile, the boys had gone to the foot of the shaft for an empty car. They laid me in the bottom of the car and pushed it back to the foot of the shaft and onto the cage. I was hoisted to the surface. An ambulance was waiting. I was rushed to the Miners' Hospital and placed on the operating-table.

"I had suspected, while in the mine, that my back was broken, and the look of pity on the doctor's face, as he finished the examination confirmed my fears. They tried to deceive me, but it was no use.

"My wife came. Her pitying, cheerful smile was almost more than I could bear. She told me that I would be all right soon; but I knew she suspected that the end would only be a matter of hours. But I refused to die.

"An eminent surgeon was summoned. He said my case was a hopeless one—that if I should survive, I would be dead from the waist down. A living thing in a dead shell! For weeks, I was in a kind of apathy. I suffered no pain—but I prayed for death. At the end of four months, I still was alive, but the expenses had eaten up our savings. Something had to be done. My wife decided to take me home and teach school again.

"She obtained a position in the same town and this enabled her to run in and see me at noon. In this way we drifted along. This condition continued for two years; but hopeless as it was, it had never dawned on me that I could do anything to help matters.

"Then came a day when I seemed to realize that I was not playing the game squarely when I shifted my burden on someone else. The Lord helps only those who help themselves. From that moment, I focused every atom of mentality I possessed to make my body respond to my will. I formulated a definite plan. First, I determined to move my head. Every time I did so, stabbing pains pierced my neck and shoulders; but when the agony wore away, I would try again. It seemed that there was a fire inside me which would blaze up more fiercely every time I tried to move. But after weeks of effort and concentration, *I moved my head!*

"Oh, the thrill of that achievement! I knew it was only the beginning, that soon I would be able to make part of my body obedient to my will."

LITTLE by little, by the help of skilled physicians, but, as they admitted, more by Mr. Miller's increasing will-power, the broken man regained the use of his arms. At length, he sat up in a wheel-chair. He was dead from the waist down. But that did not matter to him. He no longer was absolutely helpless.

His irritability decreased; he put on weight, and the end of another year saw him well on the road to normality from his waist up. He felt that he had been reborn. His fighting spirit had flamed into maturity. With it was aroused a mighty ambition to succeed.

"My great problem," continued Ben Miller, "was work. I was a mental cripple in so far as brain work went. I had to figure a way to build the brains needed. My wife had done more than enough, and I decided to be a burden to her no longer. She never complained or stopped smiling. During the year that it had taken to get back the use of the upper part of my body, I read a great deal and felt that I had improved mentally, whereas, previous to my accident I had only developed physically. I had noticed so many cripples about the mines—poor wrecks of men living on the bounty of others—that I had a horror of being a burden all my life and resolved that I would find a way out. I had made numerous friends during my illness—one of them a big contractor—and when I remarked in his presence that I would wager I could handle a building job, wheel-chair and all, he said, 'Ben, you're on. I'll give you a chance.'

"The row of buildings he was putting up was not far from my house. I was trundled down there each morning to boss the job. I could read plans, knew material, and my sub boss could do the rest. It all seemed wonderful to me and I was too elated over having a paying position to notice much that went on about me. I also missed the curious stares of those who came to see a man with a broken back erect a string of buildings. That took away the self-consciousness that I had feared would interfere with my success.

"Since that effort, friends have said to me: 'Ben, you have no idea how amazing it is to see a man in a wheel-chair dashing about like a submarine-chaser and shouting directions to a bunch of workmen.'

"But this was only spasmodic work, and I wanted something steady that held out a future. I tried my hand at selling motor-cars. I would hear of a man who wanted to buy a car or a business friend who wanted to buy a motor truck. I would hire a machine and go out and visit him, and, very often, I would land a sale. A crippled man has much more time to think up convincing arguments. But all this was uncertain and fatiguing—and a hard trip would lay me up for days. I had to do something that would keep me at home.

"A friend of mine suggested, one day, that I go into the mail-order business. That sort of work would just suit me, I knew, but where was I to get my first customers? And what was I to sell? My union brothers solved that problem. They said that they would furnish me with a list of all of the United Mine Workers of America, and I could sell clothing, house furnishings and miners' equipment. I worked for days. Finally I turned out a fairly good circular, which was endorsed by the union and which was sent out to the members whose names had been given me. I enclosed a personal note with each circular, and these notes and the envelopes were personally written and addressed by my wife and myself. It is a peculiar example in psychology that, later, when I could afford a typewriter and sent out neatly typed letters, the returns were not so good.

"It was an anxious time while I was waiting for results. Slowly, but surely they came. When the miners learned that I could furnish the things they needed as cheaply and, in some cases, for less money than the local dealer, I was given their trade. One satisfied family told another and my business expanded. Soon I had to employ assistants. To-day I have a flourishing business and sufficient back of me to keep me from worrying about hard times. My wife is able to have the things in life that make it worth living and my son is going to have an education and a right start in life.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Look for your place. Don't give up!

By Ben Miller

I WANT to tell anyone who has met with a serious accident that there is a place for him in this world, and the same amount of success as any other man. Look for it, and don't give up. There is no such word as "fail." Don't wait for someone to build your success for you. Build it yourself. Success is erected upon the ability to enjoy, to enthuse, to play hard, to work hard, to strive after the seemingly impossible just for the thrill of striving. Some men have youth at seventy and some lack it at seventeen. Some are strong, some are weak; but it is the unconquerable spirit which refuses to acknowledge defeat.

To the man endowed with this unconquerable spirit, nothing is impossible. Cut off his hands, crush his limbs, disfigure his face, do anything to him you will; and so long as he retains his eagerness and his inextinguishable desire to go on and up, he cannot lose.

The Real Northcliffe

He has a hundred journalistic irons in the fire, and must make every moment count

By Samuel H. Hill

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As the proprietor of "the most famous paper in the world," the London *Times*, and a number of other influential journals, Northcliffe's hand in British politics has been as powerful as that of any living Englishman. His latest disagreement with Lloyd George, whose Irish policy in particular the journalist found wanting, arose over the disarmament conference in the United States

WHEN he started to work in London, forty-one years ago, Alfred Harmsworth, now Viscount Northcliffe, was a humble lad of Irish-Scottish parentage. He had no friends to speak of, no capital, and only a very limited education. Today, he controls over one hundred publications, including the famous London *Times*—known to journalism as "The Thunderer"—down to a comic publication for boys. His influence is incomparably greater than that of any other private citizen in the British Empire—perhaps in the world. The fact that he climbed to a high place in the peerage and attained wealth are only secondary considerations. These were certain to come to him.

He is what we Americans call "square-faced" in appearance. His mouth droops at the corners—when he isn't smiling—and a lock of tawny hair droops over his forehead. His eyes change quickly from sinister gloom to boyish enthusiasm—and it is far easier for him to bubble over with enthusiasm than to be harsh and dogmatic. He has a quick, sympathetic, youthful unreserve and a winning personality. He is, also—to use another Americanism—a "good mixer." He will talk as willingly and freely with the lowly as he will with one of his busy editors.

In fact, he keeps in very close touch with his journalists. Frequently he will visit them at night and, when the mood governs him, he will converse freely with the members of his staffs as they work at their desks. On one occasion he stopped at the desk of a young fellow fresh from college.

"Do you like the work?" asked Lord Northcliffe in a kindly way.

"Yes," was the reply. "I like it quite well."

"How much money are you getting?"

"Five pounds a week."

"And are you happy and contented?"

The young man made the only possible reply: "Thoroughly."

"You are!" snapped Northcliffe. "Well, remember, then, I want no man happy and contented in this firm at five pounds a week."

A reporter who had been but a short time with the *Daily Mail* died suddenly after an operation for appendicitis. He left a wife and child. Northcliffe called a board meeting, and within twenty-four hours after the man's death a thousand pounds had been invested for the wife.

ONE day Lord Northcliffe ascended from his own rooms on the main floor to the offices of one of his principal papers, bringing in his hand a clipping from an evening paper which set forth how, in a country village, an automobile had knocked down and killed a child and had sped on its way regardless. The car could not be traced. He gave instructions that every measure of publicity should be engaged in finding out the identity of the car. The story was written up in dramatic form. An offer of one hundred pounds was made for any one who could give facts as to the ownership of the car, and the best investigating journalist on the staff was sent down to the country to probe matters. The almost malicious glee of the other papers in Fleet Street may be imagined when it was found out through the instrumentality of Lord Northcliffe's papers that the car in question belonged to his brother, Hildebrand Harmsworth, having been taken out, unknown to its owner, by the chauffeur. Of course there was no more prominence in the Northcliffe papers about the matter although rival journals did not forget to emphasize the story, including the offer of a hundred pounds reward. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth, a very kindly man, was deeply shocked at the discovery and did all that a generous expenditure of money could do to meet the loss of the bereaved parents.

"THE years leave few marks on his handsome countenance," writes "A Gentleman with a Duster," whose book, "The Mirrors of Downing Street," (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is one of the literary mysteries of the year. "He loves to frown and depress his lips before the camera, for, like a child, he loves to play at being somebody else, and somebody else with him is Napoleon—I am sure that he chose the title of Northcliffe so that he might sign his notes with the initial N—but when he is walking in a garden, drest in white flannels, and looking as if he had just come from a Turkish bath, he has all the appearance of a youth. It is a tragedy that a smile so agreeable should give way at times to a frown as black as midnight: that the freshness of his complexion should yield to an almost jaundiced yellow; and that the fun and frolic of the spirit should flee away so suddenly and for such long periods before the witch of melancholy.

"Of his part in the history of the world no historian will be able to speak with unqualified approval. His political purpose from beginning to end, I am entirely convinced, has been to serve what he conceives to be the highest interests of his country. I regard him in the matter of intention as one of the most honorable and courageous men of the day.

"In many matters of great importance he has been right, so right that we are apt to forget the number of times he has been wrong. Whether he may not be charged, in some measure at least, with the guilt of the war, whether he is not responsible for the great bitterness of international feeling which characterized Europe during the last twenty years, is a question that must be left to the historian. But it is already apparent that for want of balance and moral continuity in his direction of policy Lord Northcliffe has done nothing to elevate the public mind and much to degrade it. He has jumped from sensation to sensation. The opportunity for a fight has pleased him more than the object of the fight has inspired him. He has never seen in the great body of English public opinion a spirit to be patiently and orderly educated toward noble ideals, but rather a herd to be

YOU will be surprised to find how well it will pay you to take time to put yourself in tune. No matter when you get out of tune, stop working, *refuse to do another thing until you are yourself,* until you are back on the throne of your mental kingdom.

stampeded in the direction which he himself has as suddenly conceived to be the direction of success.

"The true measure of his shortcomings may be best taken by seeing how a man exercising such enormous power, power repeated day by day, and almost at every hour of the day, might have prepared the way for disarmament and peace, might have modified the character of modern civilization, might have made ostentation look like a crime, might have brought capital and labor into a sensible partnership, and might have given to the moral ideals of the noblest sons of men if not an intellectual impulse at last a convincing advertisement."

When I called on Lord Northcliffe, during his recent visit to New York, for an interview for SUCCESS, I had the above extract from the mysterious book in mind; and I quote it because it seemed to me so directly opposite to what the man really is. That he is boyish—full of the greatest exuberance of youth I ever saw—nobody will deny. He seems to play with everything. When he changes from a smile to a frown, it does not mean that he is resorting to anger—it is simply the barometric phase of his countenance coming into play. He is thinking—that's all. That he may be wrong in some things, is not to be deplored. No man is right in everything. Theodore Roosevelt remarked, "Show me the man who never made a mistake and I will show you the man who has never accomplished anything." This is one of the truest statements ever uttered. I imagine that Northcliffe has taken it for his motto. That he has "done nothing to elevate the public mind and much to degrade it," is but the point of view of a man who cannot see straight. Northcliffe sees down to the level of the people. The two anecdotes regarding him, which I have used in the beginning of this article attest his democratic mind. Remember, he was poor—mighty poor—at one time, himself.

I ASKED him what quality he regarded as supreme in enabling a man to get out of the rut of mediocrity, and advance in life.

He replied very quickly, "Persistency." Then he added, "But one must always pay attention to one's health. Health is the basis of all good work. Sound health is absolutely indispensable if one is to be an absolute master of the thing he sets out to accomplish."

I quote him fully, because he stressed these words in slow and clear tones.

"Granted one has persistency and health?" I said.

"Next comes faith in one's self. A man must have faith in his purpose and in his plans. This is very necessary in order to keep him pegging away through all kinds of adversity. No matter what happens, one must never give up! Never give up!"

He brought his fist down with a bang.

"Do you know," he went on, "I believe that most people do not work enough—they do not accomplish enough. In America, I really believe that you do not work as much as you pretend to work. Let me ask, isn't there more talk than work?"

"What is your idea of a day's work, sir?" I asked.

"I begin my day at half-past six every morning. That does not mean six thirty-five. It means six-thirty on the dot. I have secretaries on hand at that hour. And they don't start *about* six-thirty; they start *at* six-thirty. I do this to have time for freedom—to think, to play golf, to create things. I want to read, enjoy life, and attend to business—and I want time for all these things.

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LORD NORTHCLIFFE AS HE LOOKED ON HIS RECENT ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK

"He is a boy, full of adventure, full of romance, and full of whims, seeing life as the finest fairy-tale in the world, and enjoying every incident that comes his way, whether it be the bitterest and most cruel of fights or the opportunity for doing a romantic kindness"

"One of the worst traits of the modern business man is his failure to be punctual. It is not only a bad habit, but discourteous. I notice this particularly in your country. Then you Americans also waste a great amount of valuable time. You waste time waiting for a barber, waiting for a shine, in idle, aimless talk during hours that could be put to more valuable effort."

"If you are at your office every morning at six-thirty, you must get to bed early," I flung at him.

"Before ten, every night, I am asleep. I could not give proper attention to my various duties and have the necessary time for relaxation and recreation, if I did not."

"You are on a journey around the world?"

"I am. I want to investigate what's in the Far East. Whenever a vitally important thing crops up in some part of the world, I like to look into the cause of it personally—make my own investigations on the spot. I believe that much could be done to prevent war if responsible citizens would travel abroad. And international travel should be followed up, so far as is possible, with international news. But—the world situation is headed toward improvement. The Irish trouble is nearing its end. We should all feel optimistic.

"HOW is it possible for a man to know the world without having seen it? I mean the globe and its inhabitants when I say that and not the ordinary acceptance: knowing the ways of the world. That is an astonishing thing in this country, the comparatively few who have been across the Atlantic. Why is it that so few Americans travel outside their own country? I cannot understand it.

"This is my thirteenth visit. The number has no terrors for me. I am not superstitious. I am here because I am going around the world to educate myself. I am a newspaper man. Have been since I was fifteen; that is, I began to work for a newspaper when I was a boy.

"Sometimes I wonder why I am a newspaper man, but then one has to work at something, I suppose. But that is getting outside the question. How can a newspaper man, or anybody else, know the world without traveling? Americans are not hermits as a nation, but as individuals they, in the great majority, seem to dislike to travel abroad. This is a great and glorious country.

"You have prohibition here. That is unfortunate, in my opinion. I am neither teetotaler nor a liberal drinker, but I do think a man is happier if he can obtain a pure stimulant when he needs it. I have passed fifty-six, and there are times when, because of exacting duties—and

I have them—I find a stimulant most reviving.

"However, I am not passing judgment on the question as relating to the people of the United States. I say that in passing, but I do think Americans should travel more, especially editors and writers."

I ASKED him if he would comment on progress in journalism.

"Progress in journalism? Well, other than the extension of daily comic and Sunday pictures and features, I don't see much change in newspaper methods in twenty years.

"Some of your national magazines seem to be increasing. The evening newspaper seems to be growing a great deal here. In England and in Europe the morning newspaper is developing more rapidly than the evening. But it is quite impossible to compare American and British newspapers. The United States consists, from a newspaper point of view, of a large number of more or less distant cities which seemingly take very little interest in one another. I don't see many New York newspapers in Kansas City, for example.

"Now, our little country, which is one-third the size of Texas, is so compact that by my system of printing newspapers in two places at the same time, I can reach every part of England, Scotland and Ireland early each day. Ours is ideal from the newspaper point of view. You might almost regard Great Britain as one huge town, a town of fifty millions of people.

"As for Ireland. She has everything at her finger tips already. I wasn't surprised to see it come to pass. Why shouldn't she have what she wants? And why should England be afraid of a practically independent Ireland?

"England and Scotland, owing to their close proximity, must necessarily be Ireland's best customer. People don't quarrel with their bread and butter, and now that Ireland has been offered and will accept eventually all that she has desired, I look forward with confidence to a happy and prosperous Irish nation.

"We want an air service between England and Ireland, and a tunnel. Our nearest points of contact are only thirteen miles, and there are tunnels nearly as long as that in Europe."

MY next question was: "What advice would you give the young man of to-day?"

"Specialize. Specialization will become more and more the keynote of success. If I were giving just one word of advice to a young man I should say—concentrate! The world will need great specialists. But—one *must* keep fit! The more difficult the task, the greater the need of keeping in trim."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOT long ago, while in London, a friend of mine showed me a file of *Young Folks*, for 1881. Turning the pages he casually pointed to an article, one of a series, headed "Amateur Photography."

"There," he said, "are the modest beginnings of a very great man. To-day the writer of that insignificant article is master of the *Times* and a power in the world. The name at the head of the article was Alfred C. Harmsworth. He was then a very humble worker who was interested in the prevailing fad of the day—amateur photography. That has been the keynote of his success—to be interested in the things that are attracting the attention of all up-to-date people."

The Northcliffe Principles in a Nutshell

BEGINS the day's work at 6:30 sharp, which invariably means thirty minutes before 7; believes an hour in the early morning is worth two in the afternoon in results.

Believes in figuratively clocking himself and those with whom he has appointments, so that there will not be a wasted minute. Calls unpunctuality in business or social affairs, discourteous.

Got his first job at the age of fifteen; been working with only brief holiday periods for forty-one years; thrives on work and believes that most people do not work enough.

Not superstitious. Has started several important undertakings on Fridays; enjoyed his thirteenth transatlantic voyage better than any of the others.

Doesn't indulge in idle talk and can't tolerate it. Amazed at the number of people who spend entire evenings and sometimes hours after midnight in verbal froth.

Avoids cutting in on his business days for such things as visiting the barber, or the manicure, or having his shoes polished. Has his personal grooming done before or after business.

Never takes the pessimistic point of view on anything; always the silver lining to the cloud for him.

His first consideration is for his health. Says only physically strong men may successfully undertake big things—and that is his line.

Holds that faith and persistence are mates in getting a man over the bumps. Faith in himself and in his plans keeps the heart in a man when the going is rough.

Takes off the tension when he has cleaned up his business day. Enjoys his freedom in rest, reading, recreation.

Believes in seeing things with his own eyes and in the broadening of one's perspective by travel; wonders why so few people go abroad; wonders how it is possible for a man to know the world without having seen it.

Likes golf because it is played in the open, finds that it prepares a man for the full benefits of sleep.

It makes no difference where you start; it's the finish that counts

Suppose you had to pay $1000 thirty days from date, and hadn't a cent to your name?

Where there's a Bill there's a Way

By Mary Singer

Author of "A Girl Dares Greatly," "Yea, bo! I've Lost My Job," and "The Best Little Tip"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH WYCKOFF

ON the day when Clifford & Ralston, Architects, closed their doors and went to the wall, Wallie Ditson's eight years of grinding toil came to a fruitless end. And, on the night of that day, the bitterness of his failure was branded into his soul with words of fire.

There was a letter under his door, a letter from Tubby Parker whose fat geniality glowed from the page with the same warmth that it had in the days when he and Wallie had shared the same room at college.

"HELLO, WALLIE!

It's me—Tubby Parker! Hello, old scout! How are you, anyway? Gee! But eight years's a long time! And you've gone some little pace! Hear you're with the biggest firm in the country, and on the way to becoming a partner, too. But, I expected it! We all knew you'd take this little old world by the horns.

Wallie, there's to be a reunion! The first in eight long years! And we're coming from all parts of the earth! Jim Barton, Terry Connors, Allie Minter, Bert Ketter, Scrimp Carter and the rest of the gang! So send the word along the wires!

And, Wallie—

Get a speech ready! You've probably got more to tell than the whole lot of us put together, since you're the only one who went to the big city and——"

Though her heart bled when she **looked** at his tired face, Eve **Ditson** put the little bank-book **back** in its hiding place

A laugh of bitter irony tore from Wallie Ditson's throat. Gone some little pace! Yes, he had. At the end of eight long, weary, wearing years, he was exactly where he had been at the beginning. It had all counted for nothing—all the drudging, all the nights filled with longing, all the holidays sacrificed to study and research. On the way to becoming a partner! What a dream that had been! What an empty, foolish dream!

He looked around the room where he had dreamed his dreams for eight years. How bare and meager it looked with its thread-worn rug, its two rickety bookcases, the round table where he had worked nights, and the easy-chair that shrieked its need of new stuffing. This was the house of his ambitions, those wonderful ambitions for which Eve Dunbar had followed him to the city. He had not even allowed himself the few luxuries that might have made his eight years easier; that might now have paid up a little for the pain of his great disappointment. And, tonight, he must tell her that it was all off; that she had placed a groundless confidence in him; that he was a failure; that after eight years of hoping and waiting, it would be best for her to forget him. She must marry someone else; there were any number of men who wanted her, for she was a pretty girl with a sensible little head on her shoulders and a heart that cried out for a home and children.

It was useless for her to wait any longer for him. It might be years and——

"Mister Dit—son!" The voice of his landlady floated up the stairs, and he went to the top of the long flight, peering down.

"What is it?"

"A lady to see you."

He bounded down to the parlor. It was Eve Dunbar, clad in a neatly tailored suit, a small, flowered, red turban setting off the jet blackness of her hair.

She held a newspaper in her hand; and as Wallie entered the room, she went to him with outstretched arms.

"I read of it in the paper, Wallie. Is it true? Have they really failed?"

"Yes," answered Wallie Ditson. "I—I guess they have."

"I—I suppose you've lost all you invested?"

He nodded. "Every cent, Eve."

"What are you going to do now?"

As she threw the question at him, Eve Dunbar's blue eyes held a watchful wariness that was almost filled with fear. There was a hesitant note in her voice, as if she was afraid of his answer. Notwithstanding her twenty-seven years, she was a remarkably young-looking girl with a lithe, slender form, and a soft, olive-tinted face. It was in her crystal blue eyes that the tale of eight years' waiting was written.

She had made a success of her life, financially. Yet, though she held an important position in a stocks-and-bonds house where she advised hundreds of women concerning investments and securities, she was not happy. The apartment that she had fitted up for herself was lonesome, dreary. There was a perpetual hunger in her heart for the things without which no woman's life is complete.

And Wallie Ditson knew of that hunger, knew it had eaten into her soul.

"I don't know," he said, "just what I'll do. But I've reached one conclusion. Eve, it's hard to say it, but I must. Maybe you'll think I don't love you any more. I tell you now that I love you just as deeply as I ever did. And that's why I'm going to say what—Eve! It hurts to say it! But—but you mustn't wait for me any more. It's no use. I'm a failure. It may be——"

"Wallie!"

Into Eve Dunbar's eyes there had leaped the look of an animal that is ruthlessly stabbed through the heart, and because Wallie Ditson could not face that pain, he dropped his head into his hands. Then she made a queer little sound, as if she was swallowing a sob. He jumped up and, going to her, held her shoulders between his hands until she was forced to lift her face to his.

"Eve! Eve, dear! Oh! I didn't mean to hurt you so. I didn't want to say it! I don't want to let you go! You're all I've ever had. Honey girl, I

love you so, that just to see you happy, I'd—I'd——"

"You'd let me go and marry someone else. That's it, isn't it, Wallie? You're tired of fighting for me. I'm not worth the—the—oh!"

She was crying now, crushed against Wallie's shoulder, muffling her sobs in his coat. And as he stood there holding her, Wallie Ditson suddenly wished that he, too, could cry. It might relieve the great ache in his heart.

"Eve," he pleaded. "Don't! You're worth the biggest fight that a man could ever put up! It's just that I can't bear to let you wait any more. It's just that I can't——"

"Then let's *not* wait, Wallie. Let's —marry n—now. Let's——"

"Now? When I'm down and out? When—when all I can bring you are the leavings of a man—a failure? Eve, I—don't you see I just couldn't? Here I had planned all these years to make something of myself, to come to you with a name, with——"

"But you're dearer to me now than you could ever be, Wallie. Oh, we've been fools, and I've been the greater fool! Wallie, I should never have agreed to wait until you had made your mark. I should have married you, started at the bottom with you, and fought every inch of the way side by side with you, instead of letting you battle alone. These have been eight weary years that have ended in nothing. And all the time we could have had each other—and—and we'd have been richer to-day. I mean richer in happiness, in contentment, in purpose. We've given our best years to waiting, while all the time we could have lived! Wallie, I love you, and you love me. That's a heritage of wealth in itself. Let's do now what we should have done eight years ago. Let's start your new fight together!"

"BUT, Eve! I haven't a cent to my name! And times are hard. It'll be weeks before I can even hope to land a new job. Such a thing would be dangerous!"

"No, it wouldn't. For you've nothing to lose and everything to gain. It's a big dare. I'm ready to take it. Are *you* game, Wallie?"

For a moment, Wallie Ditson looked at the girl whose love had kept aflame for eight years, and it came to him that it must, indeed, be a great love which could hold its purpose in the face of disaster.

"If—I— If you think I'm still worth it, Eve," he said humbly. "If you think I still have enough fight in me to make good after——"

"I'm sure of it! There's always more fight in us than we know is there."

"And you won't ever regret the trials we'll have to endure? And the——"

"Never, Wallie! Because we're going to come through all right! We'll keep right on fighting and pushing; we'll grin when it hurts to grin; and we'll have so much faith in the battle we put up that we'll be bound to come through on top! So let's heave to, Wallie!"

Wallie Ditson was ashamed to go to the reunion of his class. Knowing himself a failure, he felt that he could not face the men who thought him a success. It was Eve who urged him, Eve, who, in the two weeks of her wifehood, had brought a great measure of sweetness into his life.

"Go along, Wallie," she said. "It'll do you good. You'll get a new spurt of ambition. Run along and enjoy yourself."

So Wallie went, and was hailed by the boys; crossed the campus again and went through the rooms of the old college where he was coralled by the dean and pressed into the delivery of an address before the undergraduates.

"Come on, Ditson," urged the dean, putting his arm through Wallie's. "You've got to say a few words to the men. You've gone through fire and come out on top. Tell them some of your experiences. Show them that if they'll only work and——"

"But, I can't," pleaded Wallie.

"Of course you can. You're too modest. Come on along."

IT had seemed to Wallie Ditson that his heart was so full of bitterness that no encouraging word could come from his mouth. Yet, standing before those students on the threshold of life, with his old classmates listening to him, he suddenly shut out the picture of his burning failure and whipped himself into the utterance of a talk that sang with success. He told them all the things they wanted to hear and repeated verbatim some of the philosophies that Eve clung to. He insisted that success was only a matter of work and was within the reach of every man; that the world was each man's for the taking.

When he had finished, he was applauded and lauded. The dean declared him a credit to the old college and urged the students to set him up as a pattern. And though the irony of it all bit into his marrow and he would have liked to crawl into a corner and laugh hysterically, bitterly, at the whole pretense and sham, he set his jaw and played his part.

It was on the last night of the reunion, at the closing dinner, when a canvass was made for donations to erect a new research library for the college, that Wallie Ditson's poise almost suffered a collapse. Thirty thousand dollars ware needed, and Scrimp Carter, the most enterprising man of the class, suggested that each man pledge a sum in accordance with his earnings. When Wallie's assessment was reached, Scrimp seemed to be a bit hesitant.

"How about a thousand dollars, Wallie?" he asked. "That'll make it so your income won't feel the difference."

Wallie felt the impulse to rise and shout a protest. But the eyes of his classmates were on him. He sank back in his chair. What difference did it make how much they assessed him? For all he'd be able to pay up, they could ask for a million dollars while they were about it. He laughed; and this time he thought the laugh was on them, not on himself.

"Oh, go ahead!" he answered. "Suit yourself. You seem to know how much I can give."

His sarcasm was lost upon them.

"All right," said Scrimp. "A thousand for Wallie Ditson." And the secretary for the evening recorded it.

All the way back to the city, Wallie Ditson interrupted his thoughts every now and then to utter a peculiar, mirthless laugh. What a world this was! How little people really knew of each other! And how bitter the taste of an unearned glory in his mouth!

The hour of his prestige was over. He had been accorded the honor and applause that go to a successful man. When he had been able to forget the lie he was playing, the wine of praise had gone to his head. But now the prick of conscience turned the taste of his triumph to sourness. How every man at the reunion had envied him! And *they* were the successes, while he was the greatest failure in their midst! Well, the pledge came due in a year. They would know then the extent of his hypocrisy.

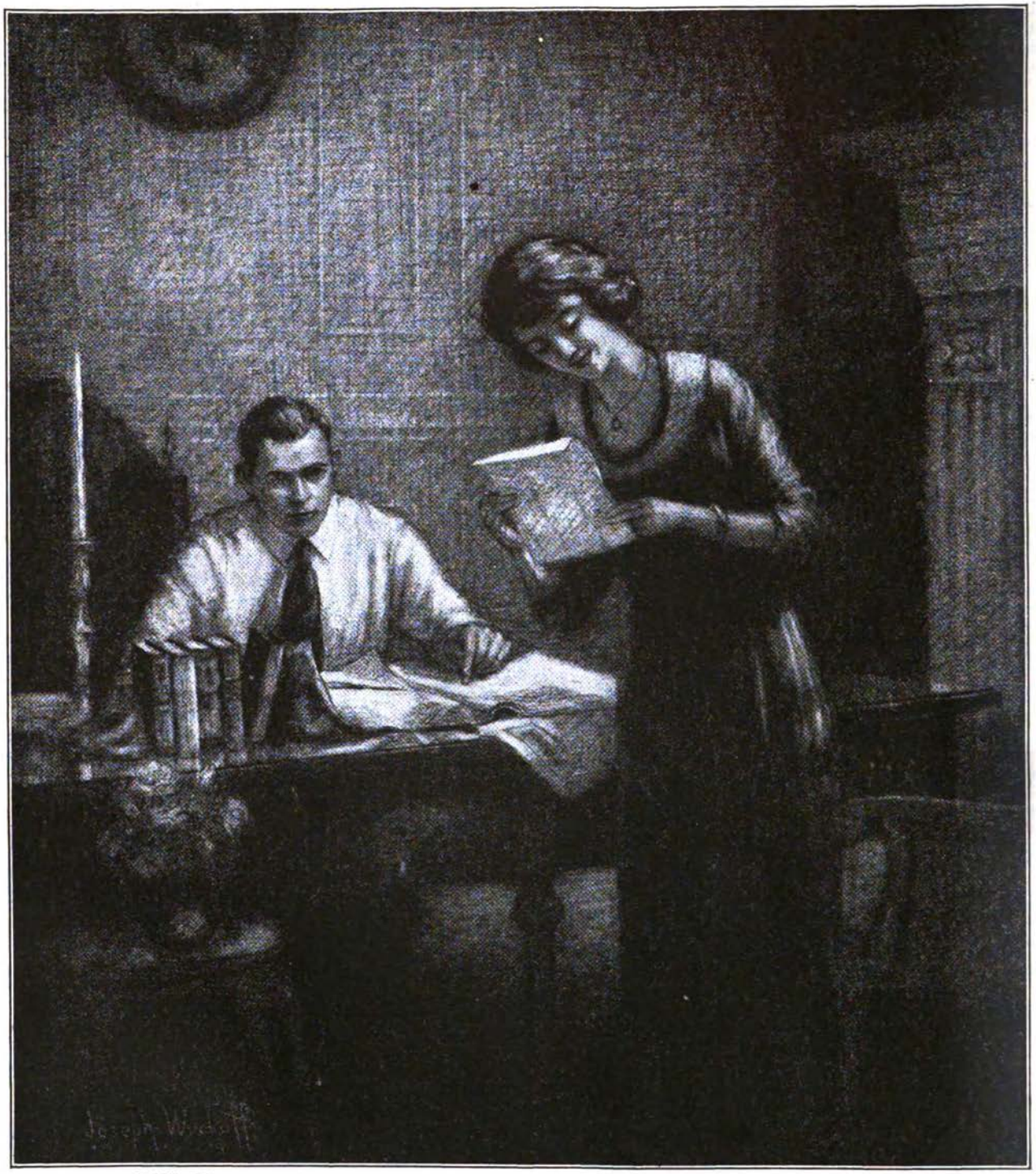
But when he told Eve the details of the reunion and mentioned the thousand-dollar pledge that had been foisted upon him, she took an unexpected stand in the matter.

"You'll have to make good on the pledge, Wallie," she announced. "It's one thing for a man to confess to himself that he has been a failure, but altogether another thing when he blazons his shame to the whole world. Without realizing it, Wallie, you've been given the greatest incentive to success that a man ever had. For if you fail, you'll have to eat the gall that comes from knowing that every man who looked up to you and whose friendship you cherished, will laugh at you, and scorn you as a liar and a fool. You gave an impassioned address on success and you can do no less than live up to your preachings. Wallie, that thousand-dollar pledge is your life raft! You've got to swim to it, or go under!"

ONCE again Wallie Ditson's long evenings were filled with work, for he had found another position, with a firm of architects, at a moderate salary. Only now, instead of sitting at a lonely table, there was Eve on the other side of the shaded lamp, to smile at him when he looked up, to listen to his half-uttered puzzling. In the six months since his marriage, he had come a long way and accomplished much more than he had thought possible. Eve had stopped her work at the office and was managing to come through on Wallie's earnings. He should have been contented; yet, back of everything, there stalked the specter of that thousand-dollar pledge. He had laughed about it then, but he knew now that he would have to make good on it.

Night after night, he lay awake wondering how he could make some money outside of his regular salary, which he could lay away toward the pledge. But the task was a hard one and the thousand dollars seemed a gigantic sum. And all the time the dream of a little home in a pretty suburb was burning in Eve's heart.

"It's a pitiful thing," she said to Wallie, one night, "to watch young folks who are married two or three years. When they start out they're so confident, so sure they'll get all the things they've planned for. But, some-



Wallie Ditson stared at his wife, with the look of a man who has just experienced a revelation

how, with the passage of time, those dreams seem less and less likely to become realities. You know, Wallie, how every young bride dreams of a little cottage with a rambler-covered porch, a garden, and a sun-filled kitchen. And what does she usually get but some dingy apartment where she's got to keep the gas going half the day?

"Take ourselves, Wallie. Just now the ache for a real home where there's a bit of green grass about, is very keen within us. But if we don't get it soon, if we don't act while the ache is still sharp, it'll become dulled and we'll slink into a half-apathetic state where it will be an effort even to *dream!* If somebody would only step in and set these young dreamers right at the beginning! Wallie, you're an architect. Isn't there some sort of cottage that an earnest young man can put up with his own hands, on a small patch of land, as his forefathers did when there were no professional builders and each man was his own architect?"

Wallie Ditson stared at his wife, with the look of a man who has just experienced a revelation.

"Why—" he said, "I—I believe there is. If there isn't—there ought to be. I wonder——"

For the next few weeks Walli Ditson's movements were a mystery t his wife. There were evenings when h sat and pored over thick catalogue that came in the mail, and there wer other evenings when he did not com home to dinner, and Sundays when h rushed off with the excuse that he ha work at the office. But there came night, when, his voice husky with sup pressed excitement, he cleared a space i the middle of the living room and bui for Eve what had taken him weeks t perfect.

It was a miniature home of four room with a great living room that had a

open fireplace, a large kitchen, and two bedrooms. There was a front porch and a back porch, and a tiny sun-parlor. It was a green house with sashes painted white and a colonial door with a bronze knocker.

"Wallie!" cried Eve. "What a dream of a house! Who is it for?"

"For us—if we can put it over! For any young man, if he's got the sentiment to build a home for his bride with his own hands! It's a sort of put-together proposition, Eve. All the parts are sent ready-made. The construction is of steel, covered with wall board. That makes it pretty nearly fireproof. It can be put up by two men and will wear like iron. Look at the floors. Parquet—you see. And there are arrangements for all sorts of conveniences. That's a tiled bathroom. Moreover, the house is constructed so that you can add parts—an upper floor—as you need it. And the best part of the whole thing, is that it can be built for less than twelve hundred dollars! A house for a lifetime for less than twelve hundred dollars! Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

"Never! But where are you going to get the money to put it up?"

"That's the hardest part of it all. You see, the reason why such a house could be put up so cheaply, is because the parts would be turned out in bulk. If I can get a corporation to back me in this venture, if I manage to convince some big real estate organization that——"

"But who'd undertake such a proposition, Wallie? Where could you possibly get——"

"Oh, I've got someone in mind. Ever hear of Mayer and Thompson? Well, they've bought a parcel of land right outside of the city, twenty-seven minutes out, and they're trying to interest the middle-class, respectable workingman who wants a comfortable home, in building. But despite the new tax-free inducement, the biggest snag they've struck is the cost of building. And my idea solves that! I'm going to see them first thing to-morrow morning, and I'm going to put this thing over with a bang!"

WHICH was more easily said than done. Mayer and Thompson were more than merely interested in Wallie Ditson's plan, but they were decided in their opinion that no city-bred man would care to be his own builder.

"You see," carefully explained Jacob Mayer who was a veteran in his field, "if we were selling this proposition to men who were brought up on a farm, where building is a part of the regular routine, it would go over. But I can't believe that any city fellow, a clerk who works in an office, or the ordinary small-business man, would care to build a home with his own hands. It isn't being done!"

"But that's where you're wrong," argued Wallie. "Who is it that dreams of a little country cottage, but the city fellow? Who is it that's sick of apartment incubators, but the city fellow? And isn't it the girl who never sees a bit

> *THERE is no freedom on earth or in any star for those who deny freedom to others.*
>
> —ELBERT HUBBARD

of green grass, whose only taste of the open comes when she visits the park on a holiday, who aches for a home of this sort? I believe that if the thing were properly explained, if it could be proved that an untrained man could, with a little patience, build a home of his own, he would do it! I'm sure of it!"

"Hm," said Jacob Mayer. "There's something in what you say. But I'll have to be shown before I invest good capital in the project. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you can bring me one hundred *bona fide* inquiries for such a house; if you can show me one hundred men who are ready to entertain the proposition of building their own home, I'll back you to the limit! Now is that fair?"

"Fair enough!" agreed Wallie Ditson.

But when he got out on the street, it came to him that it was no mean task to obtain a hundred prospective buyers. Such a thing could be gotten only in one of two ways. Either he would have to make a canvass of apartment-house dwellers, or else he would have to advertise. The first, he decided was impracticable. The second, needed money.

He put the question to Eve.

"Advertise, by all means," she advised. "I can't see any other way."

"But where'll we get the money? We haven't saved a penny."

"Couldn't you borrow it?"

"Where? I don't know anyone. And the rates in the daily newspapers are high. A single ad, if I wanted it to bring results, would cost between four and five hundred dollars."

In the days that followed, Wallie Ditson went about with a continual pucker between his eyes. He knew he had to strike fast if he meant to keep the ardor of Mayer and Thompson hot. And he knew, also, that the year was drawing to an end swiftly. The days went only too quickly. And every night the thought of that thousand-dollar pledge came to torment him anew.

But it wasn't until the morning when

> *EVERY day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music, and rings itself all the day through; and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge or a life march, as thou wilt.*—CARLYLE.

he received a neat bill from the secretary of the Research Library Fund, that a sense of absolute panic rode into his heart, and he knew that he was facing the crisis of his life, when he would either go under or survive. There it was, a slip of white paper with the college colors at the top, and below, a single item:

> *Pledge to Research Library Fund.....$1000.00*
> *Due Thirty Days from Date.*

"God!" prayed Wallie Ditson, fervently. "Help me to come through with it!"

That day he pawned his watch and his stick-pin. With the proceeds he inserted a small advertisement in the newspaper. Yet small as it was, it took him hours to compose, until, in its final form, it seemed like a sob from the heart:

DO you remember? Years ago you dreamed of a pretty little cottage set in a pretty country spot. There was to be a porch, and a garden in front, and hens in the back.

Have you got that cottage now? Have your dreams come true? Or has the price of building kept you choked up in a stuffy apartment?

I've got dreams just like yours! I want a country cottage—a dream home. And because I want it badly, I've designed a four-room house that you can put up with your own hands for twelve hundred dollars!

I'm an architect. I put my proposition before a wealthy realty man. He refused to back me because he doesn't believe there is a city man who would be willing to build his own home.

I say there are hundreds who would be eager to—if they were sure it would turn out right. My idea insures success.

You men who want that dream home so badly that you'd be willing to build it, write to me! Let me show this realty man that the spirit of our forefathers is still alive in the city man! Write to me! I want to put this thing over!

The morning mail brought Wallie Ditson twelve inquiries.

"Not so bad, Wallie," said Eve.

"No," returned Wallie. "It wouldn't be so bad if we had the money to put in eight 'ads' such as I inserted yesterday. Eve, that little ad cost fifty dollars. I pawned my watch and stick-pin to get the cash. But what can I pawn to-day?"

"The candlesticks the girls at the office gave me, Wallie. They cost about a hundred. I'm sure you could get another fifty on them."

"Maybe I could—but I—don't like to do it."

"Please, Wallie!"

"No. It goes against my grain.

(*Continued on page* 93)

How T. R. Would Have Settled the Mexican Situation

By W. Nephew King

OIL is now the burning question of the day in more ways than one. It is not only the cause of a world-wide search to replace the supplies that are gradually being exhausted, but a subject of diplomatic controversy with the new administration in Mexico and will, it is hoped, be the means of removing that "thorn" in our long suffering "side."

Even the mere rumor that the great wells of Mexico are doomed to destruction by salt water has made a violent break in an already declining security market, and in any but these abnormal times would have precipitated a severe panic. As the defeat of militarism and the elimination of autocracy have preserved our democratic institutions, so will the solution of this problem establish our commercial and economic supremacy.

Few of us realize how rapidly we are drifting into the "petroleum age," or that the quest for gold had been practically abandoned in the search for oil—that master power which drives the locomotive over mountains, the automobile across continents and the aeroplane through space. Next to ships, it was the nation's most vital war asset—in fact, without it, the greater part of our fighting and merchant fleets would have been useless; for not only was our coal supply threatened at the crucial moment, but many of our battleships and transports, and all of our destroyers, torpedo boats and submarine chasers, had been converted into "oil burners."

President Wilson, through his fuel administrator, recognized this fact by issuing the following historic appeal to the oil industry shortly after we entered the World War:

"Democracy is quite as much on trial in the case of the oil industry as in any other factor for the National Defense. It seems obvious if we are to win the war we must have, among other things, adequate supplies of crude oil for the manufacture of gasoline, lubricants, and fuel oil. It is of paramount importance, therefore, that there should be no interruption in the production of oil, and the producer should be encouraged and urged to produce. I appeal, therefore, to the oil industry to stand as a unit in taking its part in this great conflict. It has no inconspicuous or unimportant part to play. It must furnish products vitally necessary for the triumph of our armies; and it can do this only through the most efficient coöperation and united action."

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IT was this great American who said, even before Carranza issued his confiscatory decree, "Mexico is our Balkan question, and, some day, we must settle it." The writer of this article, W. Nephew King, an American journalist and author, who has held responsible positions on several important publications, is an Annapolis graduate and a former lieutenant in the United States Navy. Based on Mr. Roosevelt's prophecy, Lieutenant King presents a solution of the problem, now before Mr. Harding's administration, that, he feels assured, would have been Colonel Roosevelt's if he were alive and in power to-day.—THE EDITORS.

Even to the layman, it is clear that the German kaiser and not the Mexican president, dictated, for our turbulent little neighbor down by the Rio Grande, its new constitution—that elastic document which, garbed in legal phraseology, is not only retroactive in character but confiscatory in effect—taking away from American citizens property rights which they have enjoyed for twenty years and were deeded to them under titles that Mexico has recognized for three hundred years.

Carranza, at that time the incarnation of arrogance and deceit, was apparently an "easy mark" for the "Mad Mullah of Potsdam." None better could have been chosen to pull the imperial chestnuts out of the fire for his Teutonic majesty.

Had not the Allied Navies blockaded the kaiser's coast and encircled his empire with a band of steel?

Did not the fiasco of Jutland demonstrate the folly of attempting to meet the enemy in the open sea?

Ship for ship and man for man, he was doomed.

THE last act, in this "Tragedy of the Ages," was to resort to his old tactics of diplomatic intrigue; for the enemy ships had to be crippled at all hazards. Without fuel the great Allied Fleets would be as helpless as children's toys. In America, there was already an acute shortage of oil for the manufacture of gasoline and lubricants. Upon Mexico alone the Allies depended.

This was the situation when we entered the war and Carranza began to issue his intermittent decrees of neutrality. These were followed by the proposed changes in the Mexican constitution, by which all deposits of petroleum in the republic were to be nationalized—in other words, taken away from individual owners and placed under government control. Anyone could have seen, at a glance, the result of this. Mexico had declared absolute neutrality. As long as the oil wells were owned and operated by private parties, no objection could be raised to supplying the belligerent nations—provided they admitted the right of search and seizure as contraband of war.

Under government control, however, it was another story. Mexico having announced her position could not, under international law, trade with either belligerent. Carranza would, naturally, have then issued another official decree forbidding the shipment of oil out of Mexico. As Germany had not been able to import a single barrel after the establishment of the blockade, the in-

tended decree would not have affected her in any way. The Allied Fleets, however, would have suffered irreparably.

This little diplomatic camouflage was promptly "nipped in the bud" by the United States, and on April 2, 1918, Secretary Lansing instructed Ambassador Fletcher to make the following protest to the Mexican government. Owing to limited space, I quote only three important paragraphs which give the substance of the long State paper.

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Mexico, April 2, 1918.
No. 290.

Your Excellency:—

The decree of February 19, 1918, published in "El Diario Official" of the 27th of the same month, establishing a tax on petroleum lands and on petroleum contracts entered into before the first of May, 1917, has been submitted to the consideration of my government and I have instructions to state to Your Excellency that my government has given its most careful attention to the results which this decree, put into effect, might have on interests and rights of American properties in Mexico. . . .

The Government of the United States does not pretend to ask that its citizens be exempted from ordinary and just payment in the imposition of taxes so long as these are uniform and show no partiality in their imposition, and can with justice be considered taxes and not confiscations or unjust impositions. The Government of the United States is not inclined to intervene in favor of its citizens in case of condemnation of their private properties for reasons of public utility on the payment of just compensation and thorough legal proceedings before the courts, if they are granted the just and legal right of being heard and if they are given the consideration due to American rights. Nevertheless the United States cannot consent to any proceedings which ostensibly or nominally has the form of taxation or the exercise of the right of eminent domain but which, in reality, amounts to confiscation of private property and in the arbitrary loss of rights of possession. . . .

Proceeding in accordance with instructions which I have received, I have the honor to request Your Excellency to see fit to present to His Excellency, the President of the Republic, this solemn and formal protest of the Government of the United States against the violation or infringement of American private property rights, legally acquired, which are jeopardized by the issuance of said decree.

Accept, Your Excellency, the repeated assurances of my high consideration.

(Signed) HENRY P. FLETCHER.

It is evident, from the above, that Washington had at least been awakened —not so much from a desire to safeguard the property rights of American citizens as from the knowledge that our oil supply was endangered. Under no circumstances could this be allowed, and the veiled threat conveyed by our diplomatic reminder was followed by the despatch of the United States monitor *Ozark* and the cruiser *Annapolis* to the scene of trouble at Tampico. An English gunboat was also on the ground throughout the war, and, it is said, that her commander's orders were to see that nothing should interfere with the shipment of fuel oil.

GERMANY'S plans were thus blocked, and Carranza, realizing that discretion was the better part of valor, abandoned, for a while, his confiscatory project and contented himself with annoying the oil producers by increasing their taxes and royalties over 100 per cent. In addition, Mexican officials picked innumerable quarrels with the men in the fields and murder after murder terrorized the locality.

A few months later, after five oil men had been killed in one week by bandits, the situation became so desperate that many of the employees took the first steamer home. Others held an indignation meeting in Tampico and refused to return to work unless they were guaranteed protection. The matter was then brought to the attention of the Mexican government which, fearing American and British intervention, sent General Lopez de Lara to Tampico for a conference with the oil operators. This officer pledged immediate action and ample protection; but, even after that, government soldiers, disguised as bandits, were caught red-handed looting the very properties they were sent to protect. The situation was again brought to the attention of the Mexican government, and, this time, Carranza agreed to modify his petroleum code. This promise, however, amounted to nothing more than taking away from them 80 per cent of their vested rights instead of the whole. The proposed legislation practically reaffirmed the nationalization program in Article 27 of the new Constitution and subjected to denouncement all oil lands in which exploration and exploitation had not been begun prior of May, 1917, despite the fact that they had been bought and paid for by individuals.

WHAT you allow to live in your heart, harbor in your mind, dwell upon in your thoughts, are seeds which will develop in your life and produce things like themselves. Hate seed in the heart can not produce a love flower in the life. A sinister thought will produce a sinister harvest. The revenge seed will produce a bloody harvest.

This breach of faith brought the issue to a head, and the Mexican Petroleum Producers' Association, consisting of American, British, and Dutch interests, acting, it is said, on the advice of their respective governments, broke off all negotiations with the Mexican authorities, and their representative, Nelson Rhodes, returned to the United States. The foreign oil interests have steadfastly refused to recognize Mexico's right to change the laws under which they acquired their properties and have always maintained a firm stand against confiscatory statutes. For this reason, they refused to file manifestations and make denouncements on their own properties as this would amount to a recognition of the new law, and decided not to pay the rental and royalty taxes which were demanded by the Mexican government.

Knowing that the nationalization program would be approved by the Mexican congress at its next session, several native lawyers, acting under Carranza's instruction, filed denouncements on the British Pearson interests in the great Potrero del Llano properties, containing the largest oil wells in the world, and Mexican oil producers denounced the properties of two American Companies—the Gulf Oil Corporation and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

It looked as if the great Mexican fields—which produced fuel oil in quantities so vast that there were not ships enough to transport it—were to be lost to the commerce of the world at a time when it was most needed.

THERE is something almost prophetic in the late Theodore Roosevelt's remark that "Mexico is our Balkan question and some day we shall have to settle it," when one recalls the fact that it was under his administration that the United States practically seized the strip of territory in Colombia now known as the Panama Canal Zone. Though this was accomplished under the mask of revolution, and our Naval forces did not openly support the rebels, we promptly informed the Colombian government that it would not be allowed to land troops on the Isthmus of Panama.

It will be remembered that, for many years, the United States had endeavored to negotiate a satisfactory treaty with the Republic of Columbia by which it would be granted certain sovereign rights to construct and maintain a canal across the Isthmus. It will also be remembered that the Republic of Colombia persistently refused to give up these sovereign rights—in fact, attempted to "hold us up" with impossible conditions after we had acquired the property of the Old French Canal Company.

The commerce of the world demanded a waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Nature had placed impossible barriers at every point on the American Isthmus except at Panama. It was useless to treat with Colombia. A canal was an economic necessity and the terriroty through which it would flow must be American—hence, the revolution.

Though we must all agree that "the end justified the means," in the treaty recently ratified by the United States Senate, we practically admitted our violation of international law and endeavored to right the wrong done Colombia by paying her twenty-five millions. The treaty, however, said

nothing about returning to Colombia the territory seized.

I have always believed the only mistake made was that we had not openly announced to the world the fact that the United States had taken a strip of territory from Colombia in the interest of civilization and for the benefit of mankind. An international tribunal could then have been convened, the value of the territory appraised and Colombia remunerated.

The present crisis presents a parallel situation, as no mind can fathom the vast wealth that lies beneath the soil in Mexico. Edward S. Hurley, formerly chairman of the United States Shipping Board, said in a recent article: "Under the earth in the Tampico District alone there are resources capable of influencing the history of the world." and every barrel of that oil is needed now to rebuild civilization. The Mexicans alone could never exploit a millionth part of their oil deposits. They are entirely dependent on outside capital; and yet, after a thousand million dollars have been invested by foreigners, they not only are without protection of any kind, but their vested rights are now threatened, their safety menaced, and their life work endangered. If there ever was a dog-in-the-manger international policy, Mexico is now pursuing it. The world is in urgent need of its product; money is there to develop it. Mexico cannot do so herself and will not allow anyone else to do it for her.

WHY could not the proposed Association of Nations, which, it seems, may replace the present League, and in which the United States will have a dominant position, settle this question? Tell Mexico her confiscatory statutes must be rescinded. If she refuses, establish a neutral zone containing all of her petroleum deposits. Seize it in the name of civilization and for the benefit of mankind. Appraise it by an international tribunal—pay her for it, and hold the territory in trust for the commerce of the world.

This seems to me a simple solution of a vexed problem, one that would save us a long diplomatic controversy—perhaps intervention and a bitter war. After having demonstrated to the world that we are not "too proud to fight" for a just cause, it would be a hollow mockery not to put an immediate end to conditions which have existed since the day that Porfirio Diaz was driven out of power.

One might say that the Republic of Mexico exists only in name; for, without a stable administration, there can be no government and it would be difficult to give more than an idea of the conditions existing there to-day. No president seems strong enough to hold the entire country. Bandits galore, masquerading as soldiers, and calling themselves Constitutionalists, Conventionists, Carranzistas, or anything else that might suit their purpose, are in control of certain sections despite the era of peace and prosperity that President Obregon proclaims.

In Mexico, the president of to-day is invited to step down and out to-morrow,

MEN succeed in proportion to the fixity of their vision and the invincibility of their purpose. If you can find out a man's quitting point, the place where he gives up, you can measure him pretty easily.

and his successor driven into exile the day after to-morrow—not by the people who are supposed to have elected him but by a handful of militant politicians. It is pathetic to witness the gradual disintegration of this—the richest and most productive country of its size in the world. No nation was ever so blessed by nature or so cursed by man. As the late Jack London once said, "The Mexicans are child-minded men, incapable of government and playing with the weapons of giants. They create nothing. They produce nothing. They are professional trouble makers. They represent neither the working classes nor the property owners. Their sole object in life is to shake down, under the mask of revolution, the people who work and the people who develop."

FILED away among the archives in the State Department, Washington, there are, to-day, a number of affidavits from men of unquestioned integrity, telling of the atrocities and outrages in Mexico against American women and children, that are unbelievable and unprintable but which would rival even the German occupation of Belgium.

Nations, like men, are great only as they are kind. Whatever mistakes we may have made in handling the Mexican situation, history will certainly give us credit for having exhibited a degree of patience and forbearance that "surpasseth all understanding." Now is the time, however, to settle the question forever and to stamp fear instead of *contempt* into the heart of Mexico's ruler—to demand from him guarantees for the protection of our citizens and reparation for past insults and injuries.

It was a great mistake to have demobilized our victorious army until the fiasco of Vera Cruz had been redeemed, and Pershing's little band of heroes, hamstrung by red tape from Washington, avenged. There was ample precedent for this at that time, had the State Department looked up old files and studied the action that Secretary Seward took in 1865 against Napoleon III., during his attempt to establish an empire on the American continent.

During the year 1859, Mexico was in the throes of one of her many revolutions. General Juarez had established his government at Vera Cruz. Two years later, the "War of Reform," as the revolution was known, was successful, and Juarez entered the City of Mexico, proclaiming himself president with the recognition of the United States.

The country was then in the same condition that it is in to-day. Atrocious outrages against women and children and massacres of foreigners had aroused the indigantion of the United States and Europe. The financial condition of the country was such that interest on the foreign debt had to be suspended for two years. In addition to all these troubles, a Swiss banker, named Jecker, had advanced $750,000.00 to former President Miramar, receiving in return $15,000,000 in Mexican government bonds. A prominent statesman of France, for 30 per cent of the profits, agreed to secure his government's aid in backing Jecker's claim. The creditor, however, was not a French citizen; but this little obstacle was soon overcome by an imperial decree, making Jecker a subject of Napoleon III.; and an agreement for joint intervention, on the plea of Mexico's suspension of her foreign debt, was, therefore, made by Great Britain, France, and Spain.

Spain occupied Vera Cruz on December 14, 1861, and, a few days later, France despatched a number of transports with a large military force and Great Britain landed 700 marines. The intervening powers soon quarreled among themselves, however, and Great Britain and Spain withdrew—leaving France to fight it out alone. After the defeat of the French at Puebla, May 5, 1862, Marshal Bazaine asked for reinforcements and General Forey with a large army was sent to support him. These combined forces easily recaptured Puebla and entered Mexico City on June 7, 1863.

As soon as she was in possession of the capital, France threw aside her mask and proclaimed an empire with the Austrian archduke, Maximilian, on the throne. The new emperor and his consort, Charlotte, did not reach Mexico until June 12, 1864, when he was finally inaugurated. The Mexicans were not inclined to accept the new situation, however, and civil war again broke out with Juarez, in the North, and Diaz, in the South, fighting gallantly against the French armies.

(*Continued on page* 66)

NO matter how unfortunate your environment, or how unpromising your present condition, if you cling to your vision and keep struggling with all your might toward its realization, you are mentally building, enlarging your ideal, increasing the power of your mental magnet to attract your own.

What Changed His Face?

By Orison Swett Marden

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

IN early times, smallpox was one of the most dreaded of all diseases, because it not only carried off its victims by the thousands, but it hopelessly marred the faces of most of those whose lives it spared.

Modern science has conquered this dread disease, but it has not conquered certain other diseases not so fatal to life, but which mar the face even more frightfully than smallpox used to mar it.

Anger, revenge, hatred, jealousy, envy, spite, the desire for retaliation, all of the ill-will passions, are mental diseases which have a more disastrous effect on mind and body than any physical disease.

If you want to get a clear idea of the awful change that hatred, the spirit of revenge, nursed for years in the mind, will bring about in a man's appearance, just take a good look at the two pictures on this page.

One can hardly believe that the two represent the same face; that the cheerful, amiable, good-looking man on the one side can really be one and the same with the owner of the evil, hideously distorted, fiendish looking face on the other.

Yet Mr. Ross has not exaggerated; he has not given us a cartoon of the effects of hatred, but a literally true picture. Any evil emotion, a fit of anger or jealousy, in an instant transforms the face of an angel into that of a demon.

I know a man in whom the virus of revenge has been working like a leaven for years, and although he has not been conscious, perhaps, of the devastation, the wreckage it was causing in his health, in his life, yet he is an old man in what should be his prime. He is prematurely gray and wrinkled. His face is drawn, anxious, harassed, with a lowering look in his eyes which changes his whole expression. He has carried in his heart, all these years, a bitter grudge, a determination to get square with a man who injured him in his younger days—came near ruining him in business—until it has pretty nearly spoiled his life. This grudge, this hatred leaven, has been working like a slow poison, permeating his whole being, body, and mind, sapping his vitality, killing his spontaneity and enthusiasm, taking the edge off his happiness, his peace of mind, devitalizing and deteriorating the whole man.

We hear a great deal, nowadays, about self-poisoning by food that is improperly digested, by eating foods which do not harmonize, which fight one another and keep up a chronic poisoning in the system. But the worst self-poisoning is mental. Worry, fear, spite, envy, malice, jealousy, hatred, and other exhausting emotions are the cause of chronic poisoning with many people, who are never entirely free from mental trouble of one sort or another.

IF we could keep out of our minds all the fear thoughts, worry thoughts, jealousy thoughts, the selfish, grasping greedy thoughts, the thoughts of malice and revenge, all grudges, great and small, we could make something worth while of our lives. As it is, we neutralize a large part of our good efforts by our destructive mental attitude.

Think, for example, of the chemical changes that take place in the brain during a fit of passion, which in an instant will transform an ordinarily peaceful, quiet, amiable man into a wild-eyed gesticulating fiend! Or of the disintegrating force that causes the jealousy explosion in the brain of a gentle, loving nature and immediately transforms its possessor into a raving maniac! And picture to yourself, if you can, what the effect on body and mind would be if this mental condition of anger, of hatred, of jealousy, were to become chronic. It is well known that a violent fit of anger has caused apoplexy, even death. In fact, it has wrecked many a life in a few minutes. It is true, also, that jaundice, kidney troubles and other ailments have been seriously aggravated by occasional outbursts of the explosive passions, such as anger and jealousy. Imagine what the result would be if bitter, angry thoughts were constantly held in the mind!

Every time you get angry, every time you are jealous or bitter or try to get "square" with someone, as long as you hold a grudge against another, you are poisoning yourself and making it impossible to do your best work. All your standards will go down, your health and your appearance will suffer as long as this poison is vitiating your blood and paralyzing your faculties.

The time will come when all of us will realize that we cannot afford to harbor, in our minds, enemies so disastrous to our mental operations, so fatal to our wellbeing, to our efficiency and happiness as are bitter, revengeful thoughts. They will be as much dreaded by us as a tornado or a cyclone by the dwellers in a cyclone or tornado district. We will know that we can't afford to have anything to do with those destructive thoughts and emotions; that they take too much out of our lives, out of our success; out of our happiness; that they disgrace us, humiliate us too much. We will not be so foolish as to cause the terrible waste of power, the waste of energy, of precious life force, that wrong thinking entails, and we will stop this self-poisoning.

We will deal with anything that tends to mental self-poisoning as we would with a sliver in one of our fingers. If the sliver is not removed, it will fester and be a con-

(*Continued on page 74*)

"IF this life is not a real fight in which something is eternallly gained for the Universe," says Professor William James, "it is no better than a game of private theatricals. But it *feels* like a real fight, as if there were something really wild in the Universe, which we, with our idealities and faithfulness, are needed to reform."

THE THREE L'S

By Edwin Markham

(Author of "The Man with the Hoe," and other poems)

THREE things I cry into the world of men—
The golden trine: Love, Labor, Loyalty.
These are the circle of the perfect life:
On these three swing all heavens eternally.
Bereft of them, you have not anything
Tho you possess the world. But having them,
You have all things whatever else you lack.

Think on this trine. The gods have only these:
Love that makes glad the brother and the bride—
Labor that builds their safety in the world—
And Loyalty that holds the world in tune.

EDWIN MARKHAM
Sketched from life, 1921, by F. Soule Campbell

Inventions Worth Millions That Are Used Free of Charge

By Everett Spring

HIDDEN away in the dusty files of the United States Patent Office, with no mark to differentiate them from the hundreds of thousands of other devices on which the government has issued letters patent, are hundreds of public-service patents, the gifts of government scientists and inventors to the American people.

Between these public service patents and the general run of devices on which the government has granted the exclusive right to manufacture and market, there exist two great distinguishing differences. In the first place, any one is at liberty to use a public-service patent and not pay royalty. Secondly, every one of the patents taken out in the name of the public are of value, while it has been estimated that not more than forty per cent of the ordinary patents are of commercial importance.

The discoveries and inventions of the scientists of the Department of Agriculture are numerous and important. They range all the way from new and valuable processes of making sirup from sugar beets and commercial flax-tow from the ordinary "waste" flax straw of the northwestern prairies to machines for cutting and eviscerating fish, a new stamping punch, a poultry picking frame, and a portable telephone.

The Department of Agriculture is not alone in its contribution to the sum total of public service patents, for the majority of other governmental branches have added their quota to the mine of public information and dedicated to the people of the United States the right to make use of their discoveries, free of charge.

Notwithstanding the fact that all the discoveries of government experts have been made on "government time," and, therefore, paid for by the people of the country, there is no law which compels any one of Uncle Sam's scientists to take out a public-service patent on his discovery.

There is nothing to prevent one of the scientists employed by the government from resigning his position and then patenting his invention privately. The instances in which this has been done are very rare, however, in spite of the immense value of the discoveries.

One of the chemists of the bureau of animal industry, a few years ago, took out a public service patent on a hog-cholera antitoxin, which, if patented by the ordinary citizen and marketed, would have been worth, approximately, a million dollars a year. That figure is not an overestimate. Statistics show that previous to the discovery of the serum every year hog-cholera levied a tax of at least $15,000,000 on the farmers of the country.

It is easily seen that figuring on the basis of a loss of $15,000,000 a year, through hog cholera, the inventor of a serum which would nullify this great loss would be able to command almost any price for his discovery.

But this scientist, drawing only $4,000 a year from the government, preferred to dedicate his discovery to the people rather than personally realize on its immense possibilities. As a consequence, any American citizen can not only receive the formula for this serum free of charge, but, also, the government will supply the men and instruments needed to inoculate the hogs with the antitoxin.

One of the earliest public-service patents—one for which no use has ever been made, apart from Uncle Sam's own utilization of it—was granted to an employee of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, for a tide-predicting machine. This machine, which is extremely complicated and costs $40,000 to manufacture, does the work of the thirty men formerly employed to figure the time and degree of the maximum and minimum tides at any moment of the day or night.

The apparatus, which is formed of almost innumerable cogs, levers, and

wheels, has been in constant use for the past thirty years. In that time, it has saved the government approximately $100,000,000 in salaries. In addition, the apparatus is infallible. It is the work of only a few minutes to produce an absolutely accurate statement of the condition of the tide at any known point along the American coasts—a vital matter to all interested in shipping.

Inasmuch as one of these machines is sufficient for the entire country, this invention could not be regarded in the light of a commercial success or necessity; but it should be remembered that the government inventor freely dedicated to the nation the result of many years' work, and never received any compensation for the money which he saved, and is still saving, the government.

THE discovery of oil-mixed Portland cement concrete made by a member of the office of public roads and rural engineering of the Department of Agriculture, was of great commercial importance. The principal feature of this cement concrete, which has been used in the building of the Treasury vaults and a number of other important governmental and private constructions, is the fact that it is waterproof.

The government issued a bulletin containing minute directions concerning its mixture and utilization. The amount of this waterproof cement concrete already used by the government, and by many private concerns, indicates that there would have been millions of dollars in it for the inventor had he wished to take out an ordinary patent; but this inventor, drawing a salary of $4,500 preferred to dedicate the process, to the public.

NOT very many years ago the problem of grain standardization caused the government and all persons interested in the raising or handling of grain considerable trouble and anxiety. The weight of grain was found to vary anywhere from five to twenty-five per cent, due to the amount of moisture it contained.

The importance of this is apparent from the fact that grain grown in a moist climate would naturally have an advantage in weight, of some twenty per cent, over the same grain grown in a dry atmosphere. The problem of standardizing this crop seemed impossible of solution, as all processes for removing moisture were found to be either impracticable, on account of the huge masses to be handled, or because they injured the grain in eliminating the moisture.

But a chemist earning $3,240 a year, connected with the bureau of grain standardization, finally solved the problem by inventing a moisture tester by which the percentage of humidity in grain can be found in a very few minutes. This invention is now in use in practically every grain elevator in the United States, and the amount it saves the government and the grain handlers runs up into hundreds of thousands of dollars every year.

But the inventor received no royalty on this apparatus because he preferred to take out a public service patent and, thereby, give the American people the benefit of his discovery.

Printing establishments, particularly those turning out stocks, bonds, or other valuable papers, at one time or another have met with difficulty in keeping an accurate count of the sheets of paper used, or of the work turned out, by the valuable plates. The invention, by a government employee, of a "press register" which records every impression made by the many hundred presses of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, is now in use by a large number of private printing-establishments which turn out valuable paper; but no one has to pay anything for its use because a public-service patent has been granted on the invention.

Another device, which saves the government about $15,000 a year, is the machine for filling the 7,000,000 packets of seeds which Uncle Sam distributes annually all over the country. Before the invention of this device, it cost the government about $1.32 a thousand to fill these packets; but an employe of the Bureau of Plant Industry devised an apparatus which would cut the cost of this work about twenty-five per cent. As a result, the government saves about five times the inventor's salary, which is $2,760 a year, through the use of this device, on which a public-service patent has been issued. The machine is free to anyone who desires to make use of it.

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Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

HENRY FORD THOMAS A. EDISON PRESIDENT HARDING

THREE GREAT AMERICANS ENJOYING A VACATION

Photographed at Mr. Ford's camp in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Hagerstown, Maryland

Why Can't I Do It?

Find the answer in the stories of these women who have won in the face of heavy odds

By Selma Lowen

Women as News Seekers

MISS Janet Stewart, assistant managing-editor of the Philadelphia *North-American*, has risen to that position, from a cub reporter, in five years. In addition to this distinction she is the only woman in America to hold such a position. Though her official title is assistant managing-editor, she is an editorial executive, and is as familiar with the technical and mechanical side of publishing as she is with editorial matters.

Janet Stewart

Miss Stewart reached her position by merit. She began as a reporter. Her first stories attracted such favorable attention that she was made a special writer. She studied every phase of the newspaper business, and when the assistant managing-editor went to war, Miss Stewart was asked to take his place. Her coworkers say that she was given no special consideration because of her sex, but that she won her way by hard work.

Miss Stewart believes that journalism is a great field for the educated woman seeking a profession; but that it is becoming less and less of an opening for those whose education is limited.

"I know of no other field, aside from certain government positions or diplomatic posts, which demand for success quite such a wide and varied acquaintance with all the thousandfold interests and activities of the human mind," said Miss Stewart. "But, given such an acquaintance, it is almost useless unless it is directed by that very rare gift—a nose for news." That, I think, is born, not acquired, and, I think, it is only found among those to whom news, as news, is always of the most intense interest—those who are so interested in all that is going on, all that touches and changes our changeful humanity, that their sense of what will interest others is almost as keen as an animal's sense of smell.

"One must also be qualified to make quick decisions and to have the strength to abide by decisions once made. The newspaper office is rarely the place for pondered and mature decisions. There must be the trained mind that can take the jump when there isn't a moment to lose—and no opportunity of a reversal of judgment."

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Her Way to Sell Insurance

MISS Mary Z. Shapiro is not "a woman who sells insurance." She is an insurance salesman. That statement embodies the secret of her great success in selling $2,000,000 in life insurance—a record amount—in one year.

Mary Z. Shapiro

Miss Shapiro's entrance into the field of life insurance dates back about eighteen months; but, during that time, she has accomplished what others have taken years to achieve, because she brought sincerity and enthusiasm to her work and studied her business.

Ten years ago, Miss Shapiro began as a stenographer. It was then she made up her mind that if she was to make good and be more than just an ordinary stenographer she would have to learn her business thoroughly. She lost no time in putting her decision into action and her reward came. She was promoted from one position to another until she became a private secretary and learned the inside of big business. From private secretary she was graduated to confidential secretary and became acquainted with every variety of insurance. She found this necessary, in order to be able to determine what kind of insurance is most beneficial to her employer. But her interest did not stop with her decision. She became so interested in insurance that she found herself selling a little here and there.

ENERGY will do anything that can be done in this world; no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.—GOETHE.

Miss Shapiro deliberately avoided selling life insurance to her friends and relatives, because, she realized, that that is what many women do who earn money this way. She observed, however, that men engaged in selling life insurance negotiated with strangers. Miss Shapiro has always fought against the idea of preference in business because of her sex and has demanded an equal chance with her male competitors. That was her first big fight. She asked only for equality and wanted no favors.

First, she studied her business thoroughly. There was not an angle of insurance that she did not study diligently.

"Most women will tell you that selling life insurance is easy," said Miss Shapiro. "That isn't true. It might be easy for them because they sell to friends and relatives. But once that source is exhausted, they are 'dead' so far as selling insurance is concerned—unless they awaken to the fact that they must know their business. You can't tackle a stranger and not know what you're talking about."

Before Miss Shapiro makes an appointment for an interview, she has studied her prospect carefully. She knows what kind of insurance that man should have and why he should have it. She knows, too, how much he can afford. She refuses to be put off with a small policy, merely because she is a woman, when she knows a larger one may be secured.

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On Civil Service Duty

MRS. Helen Hamilton Gardener is in the highest government position ever held by any woman. This position, a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, was once held by Theodore Roosevelt. There are approximately 700,000 persons in the United States directly under the supervision of the Civil Service Commission and of these, a goodly number are women.

© Harris & Ewing

Mrs. Gardener

When Mrs. Gardener was appointed by President Wilson, in her letter of acceptance she said:

"When I was notified that you had nominated me for this position, my first impulse was to ask you to withdraw my name. But upon reflection, I realize that since women are now for the first time to enter fully into the benefits of American citizenship, they must not refuse to take up such duties as are laid upon them by those who appoint and confirm officials as they believe best fitted to deal with the new problems which face us in this vital period of reconstruction."

For years, Mrs. Gardener has been a public figure, for she was one of the first women interested in obtaining higher education for women. Her next important work was to enter the contest for the age of protection for children. Later, Mrs. Gardener became a member and worker in the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and has been one of its vice-.residents for a number of years. She is at present on its board of management.

About ten years of Mrs. Gardener's life was spent in travel all over the world lecturing at universities in Japan, France, England, and Italy. Japan and France have decorated her for her public work.

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Fights for Working Women

© Underwood & Underwood

Amy Wren

TWELVE years ago, Miss Amy Wren graduated from the Brooklyn Law School at the head of a class of two hundred, nearly all of whom were men. She has practiced law ever since. For seven years, Miss Wren was in the office of the United States District Attorney, Brooklyn, but now she has her own practice. She is honorary president of the Brooklyn Women's Bar Association, the only women's bar association in the State of New York. Last year, she held a temporary appointment as deputy attorney general. As attorney for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Women's Equal Opportunity League, an organization of over one thousand employees, Miss Wren has been fighting for equal pay for equal work.

"We do not believe in legislation," she says, "that takes care of the health and morals of women only and that classes women with children. If women cannot work in fair competition with men, it results in their losing their jobs."

It addition to this, Miss Wren is also counsel for the Women's Opportunity League of New York, which is an organization of several thousand working women fighting for equal pay for equal work.

How an Invalid Won

A PALE-FACED woman sat in an invalid's chair in a Portland, Oregon, hospital, seven years ago, fingering her crutches and brooding over the doctor's verdict that she would never walk again. From the door across the corridor came the distracting sound of childish pain, stabbing the invalid with pity.

She dressed a little doll and sent it to the children's ward and was gratified by the oral evidence of delight which followed her handiwork.

To-day, Mrs. Georgene Hendren Averill, is a successful designer of dolls, creator of "Betty Girl" and "Billy Boy," the baby dolls that look, walk and talk exactly like a real baby. She became so interested in making and dressing dolls that, one day, her sick room was transformed into a miniature doll-factory, and she forgot to reach for her crutches and found that she could get along very well without them.

Mrs. Averill decided that she would make dolls her business. She invested in two undressed dolls, which she dressed to represent Indian Princesses, and displayed them in a hotel lobby. They sold immediately and brought many orders. Then Mrs. Averill made samples of cowboys and cowgirls and other figures familiar throughout the West and gave them to a traveling salesman as a side line.

Mrs. Averill took her success calmly, and organized her resources to meet her ever growing business. She contracted no debts, accepted no favors, and paid as she went along. Her growing business necessitated her removal to Seattle, then to Los Angeles, and finally to New York, where she and her husband now control a successful doll factory.

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Helps Women in Banking

Martha C. Sears

TO the average woman, nothing is more forbidding than a great banking institution. It seems austere, majestic, cold—devoid of all humanizing qualities. But now a new note has been struck that is slowly eradicating these negative associations. The business woman and the business of women have been made a new banking-department advisable.

Just inside the main entrance of a Fifth Avenue bank, you will find an attractive room, decorated in subdued tones of blue and furnished in mahogany. This is the reception room of the ladies' department, the manager of which is Miss Martha C. Sears.

As secretary of the Hotel Martha Washington, a New York hostelry conducted exclusively for women, and, later as confidential secretary to a Wall Street banker Miss Sears acquired a comprehensive knowledge of feminine psychology. As the result, she was called to manage the woman's department of the Bank of United States, New York City. Miss Sears is the first to concretely recognize and serve the business woman. Shopkeeper, executive, and wage earner are her specialty in the interest of big business. Her most important effort is to provide facilities that will meet her clients' individual needs. Miss Sears is at her post daily to receive women's confidences and simplify their difficulties She does not limit her field to the mechanism of banking, for she realizes to the utmost her opportunities for practical work.

◆ ◆ ◆

An Artist in Photography

Mrs. Beals

"THE great artist who holds the mirror up to nature so that homeliness becomes lovable and beauty irresistible." That is what a well-known New York attorney wrote of Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, for Mrs. Beals is not just a photographer who takes pictures; she goes deeper than that and plumbs the furthermost reaches of the soul.

Mrs. Beals believes that there is goodness in everyone and it is that goodness shining out that is the real beauty of a human being. It is this kind of beauty that is illusive and especially when a person wishes to be photographed. The stereotyped "Look pleasant, please!" is so cold that it usually brings forth a frigid smile. Mrs. Beals doesn't want that sort of a smile. She wants to catch the real beauty of her subject—the stuff of which the soul is made. That is her art.

Mrs. Beals has not always been a photographer. She began as a school teacher, at $7 a week. A year later, she was raised to $10 a week, which, at that time, was considered a fair income for a young woman. This was in a small Massachusetts town. The money didn't bother Mrs. Beals, but the work did. She was not happy in it. Then she recklessly invested in a kodak, began taking pictures, and, before she realized it, she was earning almost as much as at teaching. But, most important of all, she found the work much more to her liking.

She represented several magazines at the Chicago Exposition, photographing everything and everybody. She was official photographer at the St. Louis Exposition. Theodore Roosevelt was one of her best subjects. She had taken pictures from the tops of houses, from trees, and fences.

How Would You Like to Earn $83 a Day?

The true story of J. F. James, the shipping clerk who became president of a great manufacturing company. What was the secret of his success?

By Richard W. Samson

THE other day I spent a few precious hours with Mr. J. F. James, President of the Mascot Stove Manufacturing Company, of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Fifteen years ago he was working as a shipping clerk in a stove foundry for $9 a week. Today he is making $25,000 a year, or $83 a day. As Mike Murphy, the famous college trainer, used to say—"You just can't beat a man who refuses to be beaten."

Somehow, whenever I meet a man like this, and learn the story of his life, I am doubly glad that I am an American.

For this is truly The Golden Land of Opportunity. "The barriers are not yet erected which shall say to aspiring talent—'Thus far and no farther.'"

Few men have started life with as barren prospects as J. F. James. Born in the mountains of East Tennessee, forced to go to work before he had completed his education, he might easily have fallen into the rut of mediocrity and stayed there.

But one day, glancing through a magazine, he came across an advertisement which appealed to him so strongly that he read it twice and then tore it out of the magazine to read again.

It told how thousands of other men had won promotion through spare time study. How they had trained themselves to do bigger things! How they were ready and waiting when Opportunity came!

THAT day J. F. James made a resolution. He said that what others were doing, he could do! So he tore out that familiar coupon, marked it, signed it, and mailed it to Scranton. Though he did not fully realize it at the time, he had taken the first step along the Up-road to Success.

So it came about that J. F. James studied while other men wasted their time shooting pool or playing pinochle or watching the clock. They are still doing it today—worn, discouraged men who cry out that Fate is against them and that "they never had a chance."

Doomed forever to small wages, fighting a losing fight against poverty, missing the really good things of life, they cannot understand how "Jimmy" James got ahead.

J. F. JAMES

Just 40 years old and earning $25,000 a year. To young men he says:—"Stop killing time. Study the theory of your work. Then you're bound to succeed."

"I didn't make a drudge of myself," said Mr. James the other day. "I had time for baseball and everything that seemed worth while. I had just as much fun as the other fellows, but instead of wasting time, I turned it into gold through my I. C. S. course.

"Every hour I invested in study has paid me better than any other investment I ever made.

"It has brought me a large income—the satisfaction that goes with success—the money to buy anything I want—a good home and an automobile for my wife and children—the esteem of all my friends. I feel that I owe the I. C. S. a debt that I can never repay. They made my success possible."

WHAT about you? Are you satisfied to stand just where you are? Or do you really want to be somebody? It all depends on what you do in your spare time.

"There is not a man in power at the Bethlehem Steel Works today," says Charles M. Schwab, "who did not begin at the bottom and work his way up. They won by using their normal brains to think beyond their manifest daily duty."

And one of these executives earns a million dollars a year!

The difference between a successful man and a failure is almost always a matter of training.

As Andrew Carnegie said:—"Although my whole works were to be burned down, it wouldn't be a fatal blow—if I still had my organization, my trained men."

You can be one of these trained men. You can get the training you need right at home in spare time.

For thirty years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men out of routine drudgery into work they like—helping them to win advancement, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

In offices, mills, shops, stores, factories—in every line of endeavor—I. C. S. men are "the first to be hired and the last to be fired."

How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the position you want.

Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail the coupon. It takes but a moment of your time, but it is the most important single thing you can do today! ***Do it right now!***

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 7399 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X in the list below:—

☐ ELEC. ENGINEER	☐ BUSINESS MANAG'M'T
☐ Electric Lighting & Rys.	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Telephone Work	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ MECHANICAL ENGR.	☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Private Secretary
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Business Correspondent
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Stenographer & Typist
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ MINE FOR'N or ENGR.	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ STATIONARY ENGR.	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Com. School Subjects
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ PLUMBING & HEAT'G	☐ Mathematics
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation
☐ Text. Overseer or Supt.	☐ Agriculture
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry ☐ Spanish
☐ Pharmacy	☐ Banking ☐ Teacher

Name _____

Street and No. _____ 7-1-21

City _____ State _____

Occupation _____

A Close-Range Study of

Andrew J. Volstead

Author of the Prohibition Enforcement Law

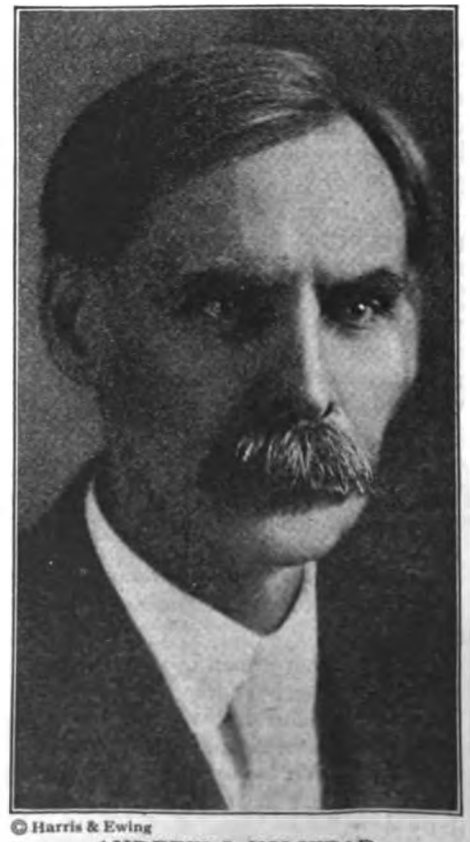
By Arthur Wallace Dunn

WHO is Volstead? What does he look like? These questions have been sent to the editors of SUCCESS so many times that we asked our Washington correspondent, Arthur Wallace Dunn, to contribute an intimate study of the man whom the people hold responsible for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, and Mr. Dunn has photographed in words the Minnesota congressman. He says that the name of Volstead will go "thundering down the ages—that, for many years to come, the Volstead law will be the subject of litigation." And Dunn should know. For years he has been a keen observer of public affairs in Washington, and he has an unusually close acqaintance with men of note.—*The Editors*.

ANDREW JOSEPH VOLSTEAD is a mild-mannered man, slight and spare, whose appearance would not attract attention in any gathering of men. His lean face is overhung by a shock of very dark hair, which, at the age of sixty-one years, is turning to an iron-gray. A large black mustache conceals a part of his face. Then there are deep-set blue eyes—a strange feature in so dark a man. Volstead is of the dark Scandinavian type, an exception among those whose forbears came from the Norseland. He is of Norwegian descent though a native of Minnesota. No doubt, one reason why he was elected to Congress and continued to be elected for nine successive times, was on account of his nativity. The Scandinavians are clannish and, in Minnesota, which has a large Scandinavian population, they seek and secure political recognition.

Congressman Volstead, whose name is attached to a law better known than any other law enacted in half a century, is a country lawyer. He resides at Granite Falls, Minnesota, a town lying partly in the counties of Chippewa and Yellow Medicine, and divided by the sky-tinted Minnesota river. He has been mayor of Granite Falls and county attorney of Yellow Medicine County. He never had an extended law practice. In the nature of things, a man living in a town of 1,611 population could not become a lawyer of note. And yet, this country lawyer has written the most important law—perhaps the most unpopular and disregarded law—ever placed on the statutes of the United States since the Civil War.

FOR sixteen years, Volstead was a member of Congress and remained unknown so far as the world and the nation were concerned. He helped, with hundreds of others, to make a quorum. For eight years, he helped to make up the Republican majority; for eight years he was one of the minority. Great events occurred during this period. Roosevelt was elected President and took Panama. Then there was the Republican failure in 1909-1910 to measure up to expectations; the signal Democratic victory of 1910; the Republican split in 1912; the defeat of Champ Clark in the Baltimore convention; the triumph of Woodrow Wilson in 1912. Then came the greatest war in history; Mr. Wilson was elected President a second time and during this term the Eighteenth Amendment—prohibition of alcoholic liquors—was ratified; the Nineteenth Amendment, for equal suffrage followed. And, as yet, Volstead was not known beyond the boundaries of the 7th Congressional District of Minnesota except to the politicians of that State. So far as the nation was concerned, he was in total eclipse.



© Harris & Ewing

ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD

For whom the law enforcing the Anti-Liquor Act was named

HOW did he emerge from this national obscurity? Well, by reason of his popularity at home which kept him in Congress and "seniority." The greatest credit must be given to "seniority"—a legislative fetish which is as potent as "precedent" in forwarding or hindering legislation. Volstead was elected to Congress in 1902, taking his seat in November, 1903. He served ten years, and his length of service entitled him to recognition. Every lawyer, whether a brilliant legal light in a large city or an unknown attorney from a small town, wants to be on the Judiciary Committee. The recognition of Volstead came after the Democratic sweep of 1910 had turned out the Republicans. A Democratic majority of sixty-five held sway in the House of Representatives. James R. Mann, the minority leader, selected the members of the committees. For one of the vacancies on the Judiciary Committee his choice fell on Volstead of Minnesota. Mann did not know—probably did not then dream—that the time would come when Volstead would become the senior Republican member of the Judiciary Committee and in line for chairman when the Republicans regained control of the House. However that may be, it did happen; and when that time arrived, Mann, defeated in his ambition to be elected Speaker, engineered a scheme to keep from the Speaker the power that officer had in the days of Congressman Cannon, by withholding from him the right to appoint the committees, thus perpetuating the ancient seniority rule. Many men have held, and are holding, important committee chairmanships on account of this seniority fetish.

SO, in the Sixty-sixth Congress, Volstead became, chairman of the Judiciary Committee. That Congress assembled in May, 1919. The Eighteenth Amendment had been ratified, but it did not go into effect until January 16, 1920. By its terms, Congress was authorized to enact legislation to carry national prohibition into effect. Volstead prepared and introduced a bill. In due time it was amended and reported by him from the Judiciary Committee. It became the "Volstead Bill," and was discussed far and wide. Volstead fought it through the House and it became the "Volstead Act." In due course, it was amended and passed the Senate. Then it went to conference, and Andrew J. Volstead was conspicuous as one of the conferees who put it into final shape to be adopted by both Houses. The bill was sent to the President and signed, becoming the "Volstead Law," thus immortalizing the country lawyer from Minnesota.

"The Volstead Law!" remarked its author, with a deprecating smile. "Oh yes, I have the credit for it, but it is almost wholly taken from State laws

(*Continued on page* 89)

NOTE—This announcement answers two questions that big employers repeatedly ask; viz: (1) What makes LaSalle men so practical? (2) Why don't more men train with LaSalle for the high pay positions in business?

The LaSalle Problem Method

—and how it successfully condenses a lifetime of experience into a few months of study

A question has blocked action on the part of many thoughtful men who were and are sincere in their desire to qualify in high salary fields. They have asked themselves whether training gained at home by correspondence might not prove to be mere "book-learning"—impractical—unmarketable.

We have no fault to find with this question—it is a natural one. The burden of our criticism rests on the man who permits the question to be its own answer, and to block and stop him in his upward climb without seeking further enlightenment.

For, when nearly a quarter of million men have trained with LaSalle and found bigger, better things through this training there must be sound reasons for their success.

There *are* reasons. They lie in the LaSalle Problem Method of imparting—not "book-learning"—but real, practical, usable business experience.

A knowledge of principles is one thing. The ability to apply and use principles—actually do the work at hand, is another—and the gap between the two is bridged by one factor and one only—*experience.*

That's why business men place such a premium on experience—it safeguards them against costly experiments.

Suppose you decided to take up as your life work—accountancy, say.

Now stretch your imagination a trifle.

Suppose that through the offices of an influential friend, arrangements were made for you to step in and immediately occupy the position you intended training to fill—right in the organization of a big corporation—with a complete department under your orders.

Say that by your side were placed, as your instructors and guides, several high grade accountants — men of national reputation—their sole duty being to train and equip you.

The LaSalle Problem Method places you in the position you are training for. Big executives coach you in your exercise of judgment and initiative in the actual handling of real business problems. Self-confidence—practical, usable knowledge—all the things born of experience come to you from and thru the LaSalle Problem Method because it makes you an experienced man

With these men instructing you in proper principles—then, you yourself exercising your own judgment in handling transactions and solving problems as they arose in your daily work—do you get the idea? You would be acquiring *experience* right along with the bed-rock fundamentals of the profession.

Sitting in the chair of authority—dealing with actual business—learning by applying what you learned—with experts correcting your errors, commending good work, guiding you aright through the ramifications, routine and emergency situations of the entire accounting field and making you make good every step of the way—mind—not in a classroom, but right in a business office where you would be actually doing the work you were training for—

—wouldn't you, at the end of a year or so in *this* situation be much farther ahead than men who had spent years seeking the same knowledge in the old, hard, "find-out-for-yourself" way?

You can answer these questions—your good sense tells you that the situation described would make you a practical man—sure, certain and confident—able and capable of holding down any situation the accounting field offered.

And that is why the LaSalle Problem Method makes practical men. Simply because the procedure outlined above is followed—exactly.

True, you do your work at home. True, the experts who help you are located here in Chicago,

Nevertheless, under the LaSalle Problem Method you are actually occupying the position you are training to fill, whether it be in the accountancy field, or traffic, or business management, or law, or correspondence—irrespective of what you are studying, you are acquiring principles and applying them in actual business under the watchful eyes and helpful guidance of men big in your chosen field.

And when you have completed your LaSalle work, you can truthfully say that you are not only a thoroly trained man, but an *experienced* man—you know the bed-rock principles and you have *used* them all—they are familiar tools in your hands.

A LaSalle man can walk in anywhere with confidence. He does not feel the uncertainty and fear that arise when one faces the new and unknown. Under the Problem Method he has explored his chosen field on his own feet—the questions, the problems, the difficulties—he has met, faced and conquered them all.

His experience makes him know that altho he may be assuming a new position at higher pay, the duties of that position are an old, familiar story.

Experience is cash capital in business. There are only two ways to get it.

One is the old, slow, uncertain way. The man who chooses to learn a branch of business by picking it up bit by bit as he goes along, finds the years slip by faster than he thought and sometimes his progress not as sure as he had anticipated. For, all the "bits of knowledge" he sought may not have come his way.

The other road is short, sure and certain. It lies thru the Problem Method, exclusive with LaSalle Extension University. This way condenses into the months experience which it takes most men a lifetime to gain.

There is food for serious thought in the literature that comes when you send the coupon at the bottom of this page.

President LaSalle Extension University, of Chicago, Illinois

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

If you are in earnest when you say to yourself that you must do something to permanently increase your earning capacity—then—check the coupon below in the square opposite that training which appeals most to you. It is a step you will never regret. And it is a step that is one hundred times as hard to make tomorrow as it is to take today. Where is that pen—never mind—a pencil will do just as well.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY **Dept. 1034-R** **CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your booklet, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Law: Training for Bar: LL. B. Degree.**
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for Production Managers, Department Heads and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ **Business Letter-Writing:** Training for positions as Correspondent, Mail Sales Director, and all Executive Letter-Writing Positions.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants:** Prepares for State Board and Institute Examinations.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship:** Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish speaking countries.
- ☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

Does Pay Day Find You Broke?

General Otto Herbert Falk, President of the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, tells how to save wisely and invest safely

By John Kidder Rhodes

"IF there is any deep, dark secret about becoming well-to-do or even rich, I have never happened to hear of it. The well-to-do men I know have followed only two rules, and they are quite simple:

"*First—They saved wisely.*

"*Second—They invested suitably.*

"Certainly there can be no secret about saving money. All that a man needs to do is to decide to save, and then stick to his decision. Neither is there any secret about successful investing. A man must find out what kinds of investments are best suited to his circumstances. The same investments will not do for everybody."

These are the words of General Otto Herbert Falk of Milwaukee, who has earned the right to speak with assurance on matters of this kind. He is a business man of the first rank, the active head of a large corporation, vice-president of another, and a director in many other companies and banks.

GENERAL FALK believes that many people who would like to have money but have never established a real start toward a competence, look forward to possessing wealth some time as a sort of final achievement, which will result in freeing them from the duty to scrimp and save. In other words, they regard saving as nothing but drudgery —a habit that they hope to discard as soon as they have reached some rather nebulous goal of wealth.

But saving, General Falk insists, is not that at all; it is nothing more nor less than common sense applied to the handling of funds.

Any man who spends less than he earns is practising only what every business that succeeds has to practise. For if a business spends more than it earns, and keeps it up, it soon finds itself in the hands of a receiver. Business profits are the difference between what comes into the business and what goes out; they measure the ability of the business to save.

IT is the same with individuals. People who do not save are always bankrupt. If foreclosure proceedings were started against them, they could seldom pay all their outstanding bills. They usually have brief periods of solvency around pay day, and then almost at once they lapse into insolvency again. Those who save and invest wisely, however, are never insolvent.

General Falk has always had funds to invest, and he has had an illuminating experience with insolvency. When the Allis-Chalmers Company got into financial trouble, in 1912, General Falk was appointed receiver. Within one year, under his guidance, the receivership was ended and he was chosen president of the new Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, a position which he has held ever since.

Last year the profits of the company were over $3,500,000. Falk taught that business how to save.

General Falk started well-to-do, but by his own efforts he has greatly increased his fortune. I asked him about his experiences in saving money and investing, and he brought forward the important principle already mentioned: *The same investments will not do for everybody.*

"Without doubt the best investment I ever made," he said "was the purchase of a life-insurance policy when I was just starting in business. Life insurance is not to be regarded as a good investment from the point of view of the financial return, but as necessary protection. If you outlive an insurance policy, your investment brings a small return compared with other investments.

"That is not an argument against insurance, of course, for you may not outlive the policy, and, in that case, the return on the investment may be very large.

"In my case, I did outlive that early policy. It was a fifteen-year endowment policy for twenty thousand dollars. But the value of this investment for me lay in the fact that I had to get enough money together regularly to meet the premiums as they fell due. I took particular pride in never sliding over a due-date. That compelled saving. A man who meets all his bills and has something left over for investment is doing in principle all that any man who builds or increases a fortune ever

(*Continued on page 66*)

The Only One

By Robert Mackay

AFTER all is said and done,
Mother is the only one,—
The only one in all th' land
To give a chap a helpin' hand,
To cheer him in the daily work
That he's a-dyin' just t' shirk;
Who says, whenever things go wrong,
"Keep up, boy, 't will be done 'fore long."

SOMETIMES, when crops refuse to grow,
No matter how I hoe 'n hoe;
'N plow, 'n rake, 'n sow, 'n weed,
Jest so's th' stock ken hev some feed,—
Well, pa comes roun' an' says, "Say, Si,
I reck' thet crop's 'bout goin' t' die;"
An' brother Jim, who's citified,
Says, "Really, has the fodder died?"
An' Sue, who reads them romance things,
Says, "Back to earth what old earth brings."
And then she hol's her hands 'n looks
Jes like the gals in novel books.
But ma! Ah, mother comes along
Softly hummin' an ol' sweet song.
I drop th' hoe, I mop my brow,—
Ain't got no use for sunshine, now.—
An' life is filled with sudden bliss,
Fer ma has asked me for a kiss,—
An' after that,—well, I jest swear
I would n't change with a millionaire!

SOME time ago, when Higgins' gal
Was lookin' fer a life-time pal,
An' when I went to church, why she
Wuz there, too, an' she winked at me.
An' at one meetin', by her side,
I says, "Liz, will yer be my bride?"
'Fore I had time to make a guess,
She squeezed my hand an' whispered, "Yes."
We talked 'bout flowers an' weddin' rings,
'N cottage love, 'n all them things,
'N how we'd live on honey drops
On a farm that did n't need no crops,—
But,—something 'neath my Sunday vest
Told me that I loved mother best.

BUT mother's gettin' old and gray;
Some day she'll be laid away
Down in th' field by th' old mill stream,
Where the roses love to dream.
And when thet happens, like 'ez not,
The old farm 'll jest 'bout go to pot.
We'd lose all hope, ef ma was gone,
Fer she most runs the farm alone.
Up with th' sparrers every morn,
Callin' the chickens to their corn;
She cooks a meal I would n't trade
Fer the finest farmhouse ever made;
She cleans th' house an' sets the hen,
An' shoos the pigs back to their pen;
She feeds the cow, an' then she goes
Inter th' house, an' sews, an' sews,
An' bakes a cake, an' runs th' churn,
An' gathers in th' wood t' burn;
An' ef you say, "Ma, rest a while!"
She'll answer, with her old sweet smile,
"Child, I ain't tired a bit. Are you?
We can't rest when there's work to do."
An', supper o'er, the chores all done,
She hears our lessons, one by one,
An' then she sees th' cat is fed,
An' puts the children all t' bed,
An' when th' family's tucked away,
Then she, alone, kneels down to pray.

AFTER all is said and done,
Mother is the only one.

New Easy Way to Become An Artist

THIS wonderful new method makes it possible for *any one* to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never *touched* a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive *personal* instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists—Will H. Chandlee. Get into this fascinating game NOW. You can easily qualify. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Crying Demand for Trained Artists

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. There are hundreds of vacancies right this minute! A trained commercial artist can command almost any salary he wants. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! YOU—with a little spare-time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

No Talent Needed

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art. Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $50 to $500 or more! Many artists get as high as $1000 for a single drawing!

Write for Interesting Free Book

Mail coupon now for this interesting free book "How to Become an Artist." Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Also tells of our free artist's outfit to new students and special low offer to a limited number of new students. Mail coupon NOW!

Washington School of Art

Room 1686, Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

[redacted]

does. But different people need different kinds of investments. Take a few cases.

"A woman, say, has inherited a sum of money—call it fifty thousand dollars. She has no prospect of ever again receiving any such sum. Suppose she has to support a child or two, as well as herself, out of the income from her money.

"It would be possible for this woman to invest her fifty thousand dollars today, in fairly safe securities, for a return of, perhaps, ten per cent. But that would not be a wise investment for her. In her circumstances she should place the safety of the principal above every other consideration.

"Another woman might similarly receive a considerable sum of money, but her circumstances from an investment standpoint would be quite different because she expected to receive additional sums in a few years. This second woman might wisely invest her money in securities promising the larger return, but not offering quite the same assurance of security. An investment can be measures either by the degree of safety afforded for the principal, or by the income yield.

"Take a third case: a young man, we will say, who is supporting a family. He is able to save something for investment purposes. If he is energetic, and has his health, and is not too easily discouraged by reverses, he can afford to invest for the higher returns, because he has a fair chance to make good any losses that he might incur. He has a long prospective period of earning, and the income from labor is greater, in the aggregate, than from any other single source.

General Otto Herbert Falk

"If this young man were not supporting a family he could probably afford to make investments involving a still greater degree of risk, if they offered the prospect of correspondingly greater returns. I do not mean gambling; nobody can afford that. But, at the present time, for example, he might buy listed stocks of the better class, aiming to get the dividend income and also to take a profit of ten, fifteen, or twenty points on the probable and uncertain rise in the market in the course of months.

"Other cases might be given, but these are sufficient to show what I mean when I say that there can be no *general* rule for investing applicable to all cases. The circumstances of the investor must be measured against the two considerations: safety of the principal, and income yield. One or the other must govern more largely."

GENERAL FALK'S training was military, and his title was won by service. For twenty-five years, he served in the State troops, being on active duty for six of those years. He saw service in the Spanish-American War.

He is the type of business man for whom service holds a larger meaning than profit. Perhaps for that very reason his activities have been unusually profitable.

It can be truly said of him that he has exercised a notable degree of common sense in the care and use of his funds; which means spending less than he earned, and investing the balance in sound and profitable enterprises. He insists that every man who acquires a competence does essentially what he has done; and that it is rather simple, if common sense and a measure of good judgment are combined.

How T. R. Would Have Settled the Mexican Situation

(*Continued from page* 55)

IN the meanwhile, the United States was so busy with its own Civil War that we could do little more than look on. General Lee's surrender, in November 1865, however, changed the situation and found us with an army of veterans trained by four years of hard campaigning. It did not take Secretary Seward long to decide on a plan of action, for public opinion was thoroughly aroused over what had been going on while our hands were tied. He demanded the immediate withdrawal of all French troops from the American continent. Napoleon III. asked for time to talk it over. Seward was insistent, however, and backed up his demand by moving a large body of [illegible] General

in 1904; but President Roosevelt promptly blocked the kaiser's plan by ordering Admiral Dewey, with the entire North Atlantic fleet, for a winter's cruise and drill in the Caribbean Sea. Our warships chanced to spend Christmas at Trinidad, the nearest port to the Venezuela coast, as five German battleships were on their way to Venezuela—but strange to say they never reached their destination.

Mexico though not now in danger of invasion by any European power, is, nevertheless, ripe for intervention on the part of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Belgium. The citizens of these countries have been outraged and murdered, millions of dollars rendered unproductive, properties destroyed and [illegible] ned with seizure. If [illegible] once and settle the [illegible] orever, any one of the [illegible] y do so. They are [illegible] by a new friendship [illegible] and fire. Even such [illegible] e not so strong that [illegible] oroken for a good and [illegible]. We have said to [illegible] off—this is our quarrel!" [illegible] fore, take up the "white [illegible] and now, when we are so [illegible] y a firm stand is needed exert such a *friendly* pressure upon President Obregon that he will realize the days of "watchful waiting" are over.

◆ ◆

A habit all should cultivate,
Is to read and ruminate.
Next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one.—*Longfellow*.

◆ ◆

Who seeks to save himself alone
Seeks what has never yet been done—
For all are one.

◆ ◆

Feeling fit is the only way you can make good, for feeling good and making good go together.

◆ ◆

America is suffering from the *bad* citizenship of a lot of *good* citizens.

◆ ◆

Knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom.—*Plato*.

◆ ◆

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be overcome.
—*Dr. Johnson*.

◆ ◆

There are persons going about whose souls are as an orchestra to everybody who is near them.

"Personality Supreme"

The Magic Watchword of SUCCESS!

This Free Book points the way to methods used by successful men and women of all time—and now placed within YOUR reach!

EVERY MAN OR WOMAN, young or old, rich or poor, who wants a greater and truer success in life, will profit by reading this book. It deals with Personality—the magic watchword of success.

WITH PERSONALITY, men and women born in direst poverty with every obstacle to overcome, with no help from any one, have risen to success. to power, to prosperity, to fame, to fortune, to recognition as world figures.

WITHOUT PERSONALITY, men and women born to luxury, with help from friends, with the finest education, have failed to grasp opportunities before them, fallen victims to circumstance, and ended as failures or the most mediocre of successes. We all know it is true—but why?

Personality is truly the miracle of modern business. It transforms a backward young man into a Roosevelt—a stake driver into a Schwab, the giant of the steel industry—a desperately poor country boy into a Woolworth, the world's greatest merchant. Personality wins over the toughest obstacles, the hardest conditions, the keenest competition. A well-balanced personality is the surest road to success.

You Can Develop Personality

In either case, this book, "Personality Supreme," has a message for you so big, so broad, so inspiring,—it will be as a breath of life to your very being. No matter who or where you are, what you are doing, have done or want to do, this book brings you the startling news that Personality can be consciously acquired and developed by any one.

This book sheds the clear light of science on your problems. It strips Personality of its mystery, its vagueness. It shows you why the uneducated poor boy often wins the highest rewards of life, and why the college graduate may fail miserably to make any real mark.

It brings the startling facts about a new type of education,—to develop personal power. It takes you to the very fountain head of progress,—the scientific training of your hidden, unused, neglected powers.

The Power of Great Men

The biggest thing in life is the power to make others like you, believe in you, and place supreme confidence in your ability. Develop this power and no person, circumstance, or condition can hold you down.

How often in a social gathering do you see graduates of leading universities who are diffident, self-conscious, and lack that electric spark of life—Personality? Others without even a grammar school education, because of having developed even a few of their hidden talents, are able to hold attention, make friends, and are always welcome in social or business circles. They are building in themselves supreme personality.

The hidden powers you possess are like the gold in the mountain, the seed unplanted, the unborn invention—wasted and useless until you bring them to light and put them into action. You cannot afford to let them lie idle a moment longer!

Open the Way to Your Future

Successful men and women have always developed one or more of these qualities consciously or unconsciously. It has remained for Dr. Stanley L. Krebs, internationally recognized as a psychologist, philosopher and lecturer, to place before you these principles and methods in "The Science of Personal Success," a home study course of absorbing interest. It is written in such clear and simple language that any one able to read magazines and newspapers can grasp and apply its teachings. You will find it the most fascinating thing that ever came into your life.

A Remarkable Man to Guide You

Dr. Krebs has devoted his lifetime to helping men and women to greater personal success. He has received the highest praise and endorsement for the wonderful work he is doing. John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, said: "The education of our sales force in their work with him has been of great benefit to us all." (For three years he gave daily lectures to over 3,000 Wanamaker employees.)

The Commercial and Financial World, New York, said editorially: "It is no more than the exact truth to say that Dr. Krebs is one of the great master minds of the age." Platt R. Lawton, Educational Director Dayton Y. M. C. A., said: "The much needed, for no man can listen to his lecture without being a bigger and a better man. We want him here again." These are but samples of hundreds of enthusiastic endorsements.

Send Today for "Personality Supreme"

Develop your own personality! Nowhere in the world is there an opportunity as great for you as YOURSELF! Read this book, "Personality Supreme," which describes in detail this fascinating home-study training, and shows how in your spare moments it teaches you, step by step, the success principles and methods you can apply in your own life. This book really serves as an introductory lesson to the course. Sign and mail the coupon NOW, stating your age and occupation.

To read this book is a step on the Success pathway

COUPON

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
809 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen: I want the help of the principles and methods set forth in your book, "Personality Supreme." Please send it free of charge or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Think It Over!

INTELLIGENT persistent advertising would do a lot to clear up the financial situation of this country. The few concerns that have kept up their advertising during all these depressed months have won out.

◆ ◆ ◆

Liberty bonds in the United States are quoted at $87.50; slavery bonds in Santo Domingo at $112.50.

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A cigarette started a fire on the giant ocean liner, *Mauretania*, that did $500,000 damage. It may be eighteen months before the steamship is in commission again.

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George W. Norris, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, Philadelphia, says the world "must disarm or bust." As an illustration, he claims, that, in the United States, the average family of five, before the World War, was taxed $33; to-day, such a family is taxed $214.80.

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In disposing of 200 divorce cases in his court, last year, a Chicago judge is advocating that a course in matrimony be given in the public schools. In most of the cases that came before him, he states, the principals, when they were married, had not the faintest idea of their responsibilities and duties.

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The United States dollar is the only unit of currency in the world commanding a premium in every market—and this situation will continue for years.

When you read Mr. Bacon's article about Charles P. Steinmetz in this issue of SUCCESS, remember that 25,000 human beings work in the plant of the General Electric Company; and that Arthur Brisbane has said, "In one corner of the brain of such a man as Steinmetz there is more power than in all the work of a million ordinary men."

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There are 25,000,000 Russians starving in the richest agricultural district under bolshevist control.

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Of the 1,500,000 houses destroyed in Poland during the World War, nearly 500,000 have been rebuilt.

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The researches of a Columbia professor on the relative standing of country and city schools, show that the country child has just about half as much chance for education as his city cousin. In the country, school is kept for 137 days a year, in a square wooden building where, too often, the instruction is given by a teacher who failed to get a position in town. The city child with 185 days' schooling, under a better teacher in a fine building, does eight years elementary work to the country child's six. These figures are representative of the whole country.

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The last will and testament of Edward D. White, late Chief Justice of the United States, one of the greatest lawyers this country ever produced, consisted of two sentences comprising fifty-one words.

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The railroads, by forced extortionate freight rates, take for their share one half of the cattle shipped. A farmer ships four steers. At the end of the journey, two belong to him and two to the railroad.

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Lord Bryce is pessimistic concerning the present international situation, because he is unable to admit that it has produced men capable of coping with it. He denies that great crises always produce the men needed. Indeed, he insists, they never do.

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As a result of prohibition, it is estimated that the people of the United States are consuming a billion dollars worth of candy a year; also, that the drug addicts admitted to Sing Sing prison have increased 800 per cent.

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New York is the largest Negro city, the largest Jewish city, the largest Italian city, the largest Irish city, and the third largest German city in the world.

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The editor of *The Musical World* says, "A Caruso is born but once in a thousand years."

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There are 1,998,000 drug addicts in this country, according to Congressman Rainey of Illinois.

Tabloid Thoughts of Busy Editors

The man who gets busy is the man who gets business.—*New York World.*

* * *

The annoying part of the labor situation is the lack of situations.—*Hartford Times.*

* * *

Some farmers are beginning to remark that they are receiving less rain under the Republican Administration than they did under Wilson.—*Chicago News.*

* * *

The world is becoming safer in some respects: you never hear now of a lady catching her heel in the ruffle of her dress and falling downstairs.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

* * *

For a long time the Government offered thrift stamps with one hand and threw away the people's money with the other.—*Atchison Globe.*

* * *

The difficult part of the task is to make peace with Germany without seeming to admit that Wilson was right about anything.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The country has been dried and found wanting.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

* * *

Every normal man has two great ambitions. First, to own his home. Second, to own a car to get away from his home.—*Life.*

* * *

Probably Smuts could give satisfaction as a big-league umpire.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

* * *

A vacation would be much more satisfactory if the old pocketbook could enjoy the rest also.—*Pasadena Evening Post.*

* * *

John Barleycorn may not be dead, but Congress gives the country to understand that it has taken a last look at his beer.—*Detroit News.*

* * *

Nobody hits taxes when they're down.—*Toledo Blade.*

* * *

To the tariff enthusiasts a thing of duty is a joy forever.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

Sign on disarmament conference mat should read: "All ye who enter here abandon politics."—*Wall Street Journal.*

* * *

Around Valdivostok it seems the yellow forces are combining with the whites to make it blue for the reds.—*Manilla Bulletin.*

* * *

A taxi-driver drove off with $70,000 in gems and was arrested, probably on a charge of exceeding the legal fare.—*New York World.*

* * *

Cheer up. Business could be a heap worse. Just suppose you were a Russian soap importer.—*Dallas News.*

* * *

As we understand Lord Northcliffe, you can't disarm nations till you have disarmed suspicion.—*New York World.*

* * *

The thought of a national debt second to none isn't quite so thrilling as the thought of a navy second to none.—*New Britain Herald.*

* * *

Prosperity will return in the sweet buy and buy.—*Lincoln Star.*

A sunny disposition is the very soul of success.

My New Way of Selling

How I Learned the One Great Secret of Salesmanship in Twelve Hours

"YOUNG man, my advice is, to get into the selling end of the game!"

"But——"

"No buts about it, if you want to go ahead—*sell*. It is salesmen we want today—Salesmen. If you can sell things you will never have to worry about securing a position, or demanding a good salary."

"But, Mr. Cranshaw, I have had no experience—know nothing about it, why—"

"Then learn, sir—you've asked my advice and help, and there it is."

Deeply puzzled, I left his office. Like so many other young fellows looking for their first job, I had no very definite aim. I didn't mind hard work or small pay, as long as I felt that the future held some opportunity. I had called upon my father's old friend, Mr. Cranshaw, to help me decide what calling he thought promised the most. The above conversation was the result.

Mr. Cranshaw is an experienced business man and I respected his opinions. With his aid I found a job—and a fairly good one as jobs go—with a large farm-machine manufacturing company.

As soon as I learned something about my product I went out on the road. The optimism of youth was with me. I had a tremendous amount of self-confidence. My product was a good one.

But I ran into a snag when I came in contact with the hard-headed men who till the soil.

They were of all types, keen, and shrewd progressive men, who wanted to see an actual gain—return for every penny spent; old-fashioned men who didn't take to new-fangled methods; big business men who ran immense farms as a side issue. Every one presented a knotty problem. It seemed to me in my early days, that each man had to be "sold" in a different way. I kept a separate "method of attack" for each individual.

But, I was not a success. I made few sales. Every now and then, I put over a fairly big order, but I was not a consistent seller. The firm was not satisfied and they said so. I was costing them more than my work was bringing in. In a very frank talk one morning, they told me that if something didn't happen at once, I would be called in from the road.

Well, needless to say, I was discouraged. I thought things over. The success of my brother salesmen and competitors puzzled me. I observed them closely and tried to learn what it was that brought them their big sales. I noticed, to my surprise, that the men whose totals were the largest were the ones who seemed to work the least. But I could find no one trick that any of them possessed which I had not tried.

One day I met a hardware salesman in the smoking room of a train. We talked about the usual things for a while then we branched into selling methods. In the course of his conversation he told me how, after many years of mediocre success, he finally learned the one great secret of selling, and what that secret is. It was simple as A. B. C.

It almost bowled me over. The simplicity and practicality of this great basic rule of success dazzled me. My guardian-angel must have been watching over when I met that salesman.

"In the last nine weeks my sales have topped the list."

With impatient eagerness I started to put into practice my new-found knowledge. The startling suddenness of the results was almost uncanny. After my next turn on the road the senior member of the firm personally congratulated me. My sales on that one trip were larger than the total of my three previous efforts. In four short months I became the best salesman on the firm's roster. I was leading even the old-timers. And from that time to this I have never once relinquished that lead.

Mr. Cranshaw's promise had come true—"Get into the selling game, if you want to go ahead," he had said—and I had.

But before I had found the all-comprising fundamental secret of salesmanship, I had been as near a failure as a man can be. The rapidity of my sensational rise seems almost unbelievable—even to myself.

Don't misunderstand me, I am not trying to pat myself on the back. I am not an unusual man in any way and do not claim to be. What I am driving at is this: If I, a young fellow who almost missed my chance, could, in the short space of four months, become a top-notch salesman, merely by the mastery of *this one principle*, —*others can do the same.* And I must add my opinion to Mr. Cranshaw's, the selling game *does* hold the greatest promise of all for the future success.

This thing which so quickly placed me in my present highly-paid position of master-salesman, was a knowledge of the One Great Secret in Selling, and its 100 Devices as told in *Arthur Newcomb's* astonishing 7-lessons course in Super-Salesmanship. This course, I firmly believe is the nearest existing thing to a Royal Road to Success in Selling.

It is not, like so many other salesmanship courses, a theoretical treatise. It is old-fashioned common-sense brass-tacks. Like all other sciences, selling has for its foundation a certain bed-rock law. Ignorance of this is the reason so many salesmen fail.

Mr. Newcomb takes this law, shows it to you, explains it, and then shows you how to use it. It is your weapon. And it is worth more than all the tricks and stunts, and theories of selling put together.

Mr. Newcomb does not teach or preach. From his years of experience as salesman, sales-manager and student of selling-science he had condensed into this remarkable book, the one great selling secret—and its one hundred simple devices which all successful salesmen must have. He gives you this secret—that is all there is to it. No matter what you are selling the rule applies. Mr. Newcomb says, "This is the way to do it. Now go ahead." And it works. It always has worked. It has been tested and approved by every man who ever sold anything. Consciously or unconsciously *every sale that has ever been made, was made by the application of this one tremendous truth.*

But do not take anybody's word for it. You can be the judge yourself. It will not cost you one penny. Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once, so that you may take advantage of the special price and save $2. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $3 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

Independent Corporation
Dept. S-5810, 319 Sixth Avenue, New York City
(FREE EXAMINATION COUPON)

Special Short Time Offer

REDUCED PRICE $3

(REGULAR PRICE $5.00)

In order to bring the great benefits of the course "Super-Salesmanship" within the easy reach of as many people as possible, we are offering it, for a limited time, at the special reduced price of $3.00.

You should not miss this splendid opportunity to secure such an amazing work at such a big saving. Our five-day FREE trial offer still holds good—simply fill in and mail the coupon. Then, after you have seen the course, send only $3 in complete payment.

But you must act quickly—we can hold this price open only for a few weeks.

Independent Corporation
Dept. S-5810, 319 Sixth Avenue, New York

Gentlemen:—Please mail me the Course "Super-Salesmanship" for 5 days' free trial. If I decide to keep it I will remit $3, the Special Short Time Offer Price. Otherwise I will return it to you. It is understood that this coupon puts me under no obligation whatsoever.

Name.....

Address.....

..... New Success 10-21

Little Stories of Big Men in Washington

By William Atherton Du Puy

An Up-to-date Fable

HAD Mr. Aesop lived to-day and had he talked with Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, Republican whip, as I have done, he might have written a fable something like this:

A man whose business was swapping horses, one day met on the streets of North Topeka a youngster named Charley Curtis, and said to him:

"Let me sell you this fine mare for twenty-five dollars. She is broken to ride and drive, is sound of wind and limb, safe for the women and children, sure to pull when the load is heavy."

"It seems too good to be true," said Curtis. "What is the matter with her that you are willing to sell so cheaply?"

"Not a thing," was the response. "I simply need the money."

So Curtis bought the mare and took her to his stable. There he placed hay and corn before her but she ate not. In fact, it became evident that there was something wrong with her. She could not eat naturally.

The purchaser examined her mouth. He found that she had lost her tongue. Because of this, she could eat only a liquid diet of bran, or grits, and water.

Curtis took the mare to a miller who was a family man.

"Here is a good mare," he said, "but she has no tongue. She will be safe for your family and will breed many colts. But you will have to feed her grits. You have plenty of grits, and your boy can do the feeding. You try her and buy her from me for fifty dollars, if she proves worth it."

So the miller tried the mare and found her as represented. He bought her, paying twice the figure the unfair dealer had been able to get.

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Mr. Hoover, Guardian of Wild Bears

WHEN Herbert Hoover became Secretary of Commerce, he soon found himself being consulted on problems of reorganization that confront the government.

His attention was directed to the administration of the wild bears that are wards of the government. He was surprised to find that the polar bears of Alaska are under the care of the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce. The grizzly bears are administered through the national-park service of the Department of Interior. The brown bears, however, are looked after by the forest service which is in the Department of Agriculture.

"No wonder," he says, "the bears are wild."

The Thrill that Came Once in a Lifetime

JOHN W. WEEKS, Secretary of War, says he didn't feel nervous even the first time he made a speech. He just walked out, talked common sense, and never got a thrill out of it. Forty years later, he was defeated for the United States Senate, after having served one term. He received the returns at his home in Newton, Massachusetts, and the result was evident by ten o'clock. It was the first time he had ever been beaten in all his career. Yet he went to bed after receiving the news, and was sound asleep in five minutes.

The nearest he ever came to getting a thrill was when, just after graduating from Annapolis, he went down the Florida coast with a surveying party. There were only sand wastes at Miami and Palm Beach in those days, but at Orlando there was a settlement. A friend there who wished him to stake out some lots, asked him to come over for breakfast so they could get an early start at the job. At that breakfast, he met Martha A. Sinclair, just back from boarding school, and before long they were married.

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It Still Came In

AN ever-present desire of the man in public life, says Representative Julius Kahn, of San Francisco, is that his constituents be kept thinking as straight as may be on matters of public interest. They do not always think so and are particularly prone to believe that public funds are always misspent. Mr. Kahn tells a story illustrating just this point:

One Sunday afternoon, on the beach by the Golden Gate, a group of San Francisco's humbler citizens had gathered to discuss those issues which affected the well-being of their own city, of the State and the nation. As the day waned, the crowd dispersed and there remained but a handful of the more ardent spirits. Finally, as an evening fog trailed in from the ocean, a lone Italian spellbinder remained to denounce the demon, extravagance.

"Whatta you tink they do?" he cried passionately. "They taka de mon of the people and buya de bigga fog horn for de Golden Gate. They fix heem up and put heem on de rock. Listen! You hear heem now maka de bigga de noise? You see de fog? Heem still come in."

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The Heritage of Huston Thompson

THE chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, Huston Thompson, has a line of ancestry so unwavering that it is not unnatural that his friends should look for peculiar traits that may be due to it.

His father preached the gospel for fifty years in a little church in Pennsylvania, where his grandfather had preceded him with fifty-five years of service. Mr. Thompson's great-grandfather also ministered to a flock for fifty years.

What, do you suppose, is the strongest individual trait of a descendent of all this preaching? Well, his greatest hobby is mountain climbing. He visits the bathing beach for a plunge every day during the season. At college he made a record as a football player. Ahead of that was much stern service as a stoker. He was probably the best stoker on the campus, and paid his way through college by starting furnace fires in the cottages of the faculty. A strong back, it would seem, is, in his case, the heritage of ministerial forebears.

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Why He Became a Publisher

HENRY C. WALLACE was a publisher before he became Secretary of Agriculture. The secretary's father had been a minister but had given it up for farming, because of ill health. He had grown strong, and sought an outlet for an active mind in publishing a small weekly paper. One difficulty stood in the way. He wrote such a poor hand that it was difficult to find a printer who could set his copy.

But there was one young woman in the shop who did fairly well with it. Whenever she found a word she could not decipher, she set in its place the word "damfino," left room for the correction and went on.

That word was very disconcerting to the former minister. He pressed his son, who could read his writing, to learn to set type. This the younger Wallace did and, probably because of the fact, he eventually chose publishing as his calling.

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Loans Without Security

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER, of Kansas, has loaned over $200,000 to boys under twenty, without security, and has never lost a cent. He will loan money to such boys for but one purpose, the purchase of pure-bred pigs. A loan bears results in two ways: It puts the boy in the way of earning money by getting him interested in thoroughbred stock, and it serves Kansas by sending broadcast a better breed of hogs.

That he may not be accused of favoring boys over girls, Senator Capper has loaned $50,000 to the latter to

(*Continued on page 72*)

finance the raising of pure-blooded chickens. In the end the money all comes back.

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The Carpenter and the Senator

REPRESENTATIVE S. E. WINSLOW, of Massachusetts, likes to poke fun at the senators and never misses a chance to tell a story at their expense.

There was a certain senator, he said, who, between sessions, went back home, hired a carpenter, and set about building a house. This man was particularly stupid and the senator had a hard time getting him to understand what was to be done. Finally, he said to the carpenter:

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Sure," was the response. "Either poke out his eyes or elect him to the United States Senate."

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Three Boys from Windsor

FIFTY years ago, in Windsor, England, there dwelt a lad by the name of Willie Spry, the son of a tailor who sewed seams for the youngsters who went to Eton Preparatory School. Ten miles away, there lived another boy, George Sutherland, but the two were not acquainted. Inside the walls at Windsor Castle, at the same time, was another youngster of about the same age whom the boys outside never met socially but who often rode abroad on his pony, much attended.

Four decades elapsed. William Spry, the tailor's son, was the governor of the State of Utah. George Sutherland was United States Senator from the same State. And the little aristocrat whom they used to see riding his pony is King George of England.

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Twenty-five Years Later

THE expressman brought to the office of Senator Patrick Harrison, of Mississippi, a package that turned the spot light of time back to the early life of this active young Democrat.

It was a large, cylindrical package and emitted the musty odor of ancient paper. When the wrapping was entirely removed, there was a roll of New Orleans newspapers dated twenty-five years ago.

A note explained that the old railroad station at Crystal Springs, Mississippi, had been torn down and that under its floor had been found this roll of papers addressed to "Pat Harrison."

The senator visualized a day when, as a newsboy with a reputation for never failing his customers, the train had come and gone and, apparently, had failed to leave his package of newspapers. There was much complaint along his route. As a matter of fact, the expressman had hurled these papers —not carefully but too hard—under the station where they remained until the boy for whom they were intended had climbed to a seat in the United States Senate.

◆ ◆

Operating on the Desert

SENATOR TASKER L. ODDIE, of Nevada, who, with Jim Butler, his prospector "buddy," and one other man, opened up the town of Tonapah on their nerve and $25, tells how a near miracle saved the life of a hardy old desert-rat in his part of the world.

A party was making a trip to the Southern part of the State to examine a copper prospect. In the party were Charles M. Schwab and Dr. James Brown, of Pittsburg. They met two old prospectors making for civilization in a rickety, one-horse wagon. One of them was suffering with blood poisoning, and his pal was attempting the impossible—to get him to a doctor before he died.

So there in the great waste lands, Dr. Brown performed a wonderful operation and the prospector's life was saved.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is a triumph of enthusiasm. Nothing great was ever achieved without it.—*Emerson*

WHEN BRANN DISCOVERED THE SHAME OF THE WORLD

Society was shocked at his merciless exposures. The guilty, branded with their infamy, hung their heads in dishonor. They cried out to stop him—they invoked the powers of earth to silence him. Alone he defied the world. Was he master of the passions of men that he could craze with hatred and hypnotize with love? What was this strange magic that held hundreds of thousands spellbound? Why did one man give his own life to take the life of Brann, the Iconoclast?

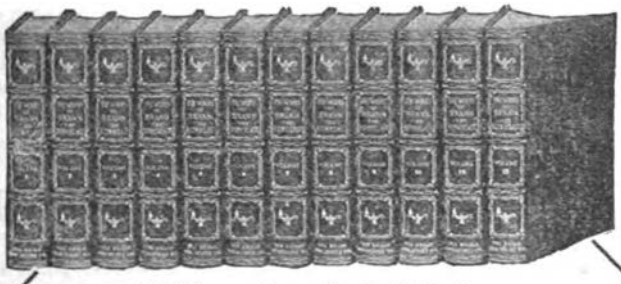
BRANN, *the* Iconoclast

He tore off the sham draperies of Virtue—snatched away the purple cloak of Hypocrisy—threw aside the mock mantle of Modesty—laid bare the blinding nakedness of Truth. With the fury of an avenging angel he hurled himself upon every fake and fraud of Christendom. With a boldness that outraged convention, struck terror to the hearts of the timid, blasted the lives of the guilty, he revealed the shame of the great and mighty, the rich, the titled, the powerful.

BRANN, the Iconoclast

SEND NO MONEY

No influence was strong enough to encompass Brann's downfall. For he wielded the power of words. He wove a pattern of words, and it breathed with life, shone with beauty, scintillated with satire. At his touch cold type kindled into fire, glowed with the red heat of wrath, blinded with the white flare of passion. With the genius of his pen he ruled the emotions of men, played upon the heartstrings of humanity. Under his inspiration his pen became an instrument of destruction that wrought the crashing havoc of a cyclone—again it became as a scourge of scorpions that flayed into the raw—or again it was a gleaming rapier that pierced swiftly, cleanly, fatally. And now you may have this beautiful twelve-volume set for five days' free examination. If, at the end of that time, you decide that you do not want to keep the set, you are at liberty to return it and the trial will not have cost you a cent. If you keep the set, as you doubtless will, pay for it on the amazingly easy terms shown on the coupon.



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The American Middle Man
A Disgrace to Civilization
Some Cheerful Liars
From the Gods to the Gutter
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Balaam's Ass
The Woman Thou Gavest Me
Evolution or Revolution
The Cat
Driven to the Devil
The Seven Vials of Wrath
Adam and Eve
The Professional Reformer
Her Beautiful Eyes
The Locomotive Engineer
A Sister's Shame
Fake Journalism
Rainbow Chasers
The Social Swim
"The Perfumes of Passion"
The Law of Love
A Prize Idiot of the Earth
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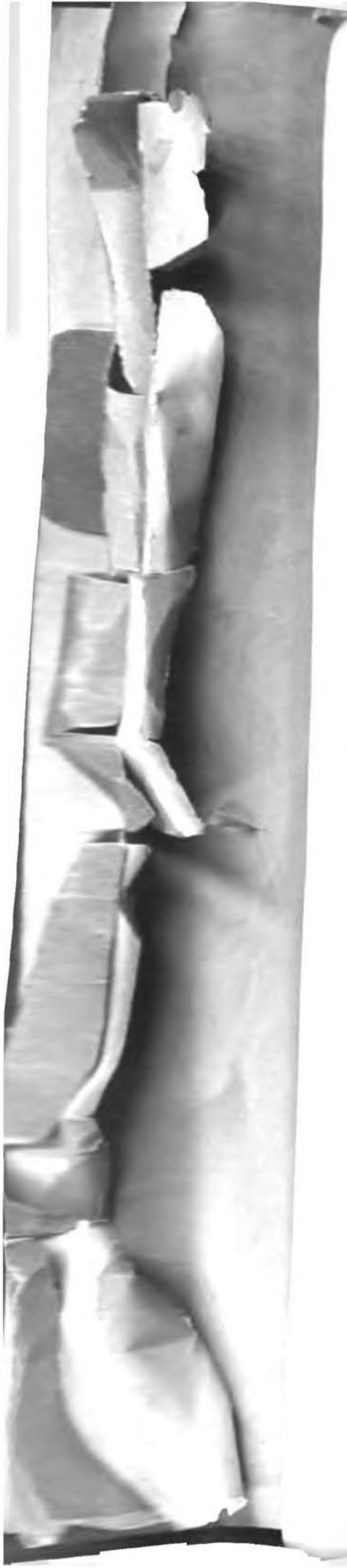

The Revenge of Philip the Terrible

(*Continued from page* 36)

have been a statue, for all the movement he made to spoil the grotesque tableau reflecting a blacker shadow on the black water.

How long he went on that way he could not tell, for his mind ceased to think and, like his body, became cramped and aching. Emblazoned on his mind, though, was the fact that he must find a place to leave Holter.

The river widened and its surface grew calm. It seemed as if his raft was standing still and he grew frantic. His rage burst out against the man whose life he was saving.

"Y' cur! If it hadn't a been fer you in the first place, I'd a been to Hammond with the drive."

Sometime in the night lights came into view ahead. His deadened senses told him that they were the lights of a town. As they grew brighter, he realized dully that he was at Hammond.

He had lost interest in Hammond, however, and he felt a sense of irritation that he must exert himself, and cease that endless journey he had started. He felt a touch of warmth stealing over his body and he no longer minded the slow drifting.

"Hammond!" he mumbled incoherently.

The lights of the mill blazed across the water. A distance below him, along the river, was where his own house stood—or had stood.

"Effie!" he yelled as loud as his aching lungs would let him. "I'm here!"

A dead echo returned his voice. It was dark and silent down where his house had stood. His great loss came to him. He forgot the man who lay at his feet. He forgot everything but his own passionate sorrow. A sob escaped his throat.

The logs beneath his feet halted with a sudden jerk that almost cost him his balance.

"The levee! The levee!" he cried. "It was the other side that busted!"

He jumped towards safety, but stumbled and sprawled on the logs.

"Holter!" he screamed. "Him that ought to be dead; an' me with him, here."

He sprang to his feet. There was still time to throw his enemy into the water that would seal the tragedy. He stooped and lifted the man to his shoulders as he would a sack of flour. He staggered under the weight, and the raft tilted dangerously; but there was no hesitancy in his movements.

"Effie!" he called. "Effie!"

He was struggling for the levee and safety. But there was slippery ice on the logs and on the levee, and his burden was great. With an arm clenched tightly about the body of Holter, he plunged head first into the black, frigid water.

He struggled desperately to keep his head above. Once he got his free hand on the edge of the log raft. He felt it freezing fast, though, and jerked loose. Down, down he went. When he felt that his lungs and ears must burst, the air crowded in again.

His hand went out and found an iron hold on a small piling in the levee. He rested there for a time, gaining his strength. Then he began to struggle upward.

Time after time he almost placed his feet on a ledge at his waistline, only to slip back. He still forcefully kept Holter's head above the water.

"I can't hold him no longer," he moaned. "There ain't no one can say I ain't done my best."

Slowly, as the seconds passed, his hold slipped, and he slid back into the water inch by inch. But yet he held onto the burden that was dragging him down. Down, down he went until all was black and silent and cold about him.

Suddenly out of the blackness there appeared an arm. It was not the strong arm of a man, but the arm of a woman made muscle-tense by the determination back of it.

"Philip," a soft voice spoke—and Philip recognized the voice of the woman he was seeking.

"Effie! Effie! Don't you hear me calling—"

"Yes, Phil, I hear—but—I—I didn't answer because—I was afraid."

"Effie—I can't last much longer. My strength is going. Are you strong enough—"

"Strong enough to save you—my husband. Yes."

He could hardly see her face, but the hand that had appeared so mysteriously from the darkness grabbed his shoulder. Her strength was sufficient to keep him up a little longer—to keep him and his burden from going to death beneath the waters. Her touch gave the man new strength. It enabled him to grip the wall of the levee and pull himself and his burden to safety.

"Philip—Philip!" she was crooning in his ears.

"The flood, Effie? Where is the flood?" the man whispered.

"It tore out the other side and carried the Italian colony away. But who—who is this man?" she asked pointing to the body of the stranger.

"It's—it's Holter. He was drownin' up there in th' river somewhere. I—I—brought him down."

He laid the injured man on the bed where the woman worked over him. No words were spoken. The old black picture was before Philip again—the endless line of sullen forms, marching, marching, always marching in lock-step.

His wife did not notice the hopelessness of his face. She thought only of the man who might be dying. Presently the eyelashes flickered slightly and the lips moved.

"Philip!" she cried. "He's comin'. He's comin'. He's goin' to live!"

"Yes, yes," he answered dully. "I could a-killed him an' nobody 'ud a-knowed."

The stranger sat suddenly up in bed with wide staring eyes that pierced Philip through.

"You are Philip Lamont!" he said. "I brought the confession of the real murderer, and the pardon the governor signed for you!"

He fell back exhausted on the bed again, unconscious. The clock in the little cabin clicked away loudly, for fifteen long minutes, and still the deep intense silence held the two watchers. They heard the sick man moan.

Philip's woman had stood by him through the darkest periods, with dry, fighting eyes. She was weeping uncontrollably now.

Somehow, her tears seemed to reach down into his soul and touch the hard, dry flood gates of bitterness that had so long held him imprisoned. With their release understanding came to Philip. He put out his hand clumsily to her shoulder. He placed his other hand on the blanketed form before him.

He wanted to say something, but what he said wasn't at all like Philip the Terrible.

"What you cryin' about, Effie?" he choked.

By Mending Broken English Elizabeth Conley Won Success

(*Continued from page* 29)

SIX years of work, with over a thousand pupils behind her, she teaches without a book—teaches men of might, as she would little children.

She begins with, "My name is Miss Conley. What is your name?" The name, being familiar, follows. "My address is West Sixty-seventh Street. What is yours?" The address, too, is familiar. So easily she leads them from the known to the unknown. In three months, a pupil is glib and easily understood — practically guaranteed against ludicrous pronunciation and ludicrous errors.

A family from the republic immediately south of us returned home purged of hatred and misunderstanding —a lasting friend of America because of Miss Conley's lessons. "I taught them English three quarters of an hour and preached Americanism the other fifteen minutes," she said.

What Changed His Face?

(*Continued from page* 56)

stant source of pain and irritation; may cause blood poisoning. If a jealous or hatred thought gets into the mind, and we brood over it, it festers and its virus will cause us bitter anguish until it is removed.

You can remove it more quickly than you can remove a sliver from the finger. All you have to do is to practise a little mental chemistry. Antidote this poisonous thought with the love thought, the healing good-will thought, and it will immediately be driven out. The evil thought cannot exist in the presence of the good thought.

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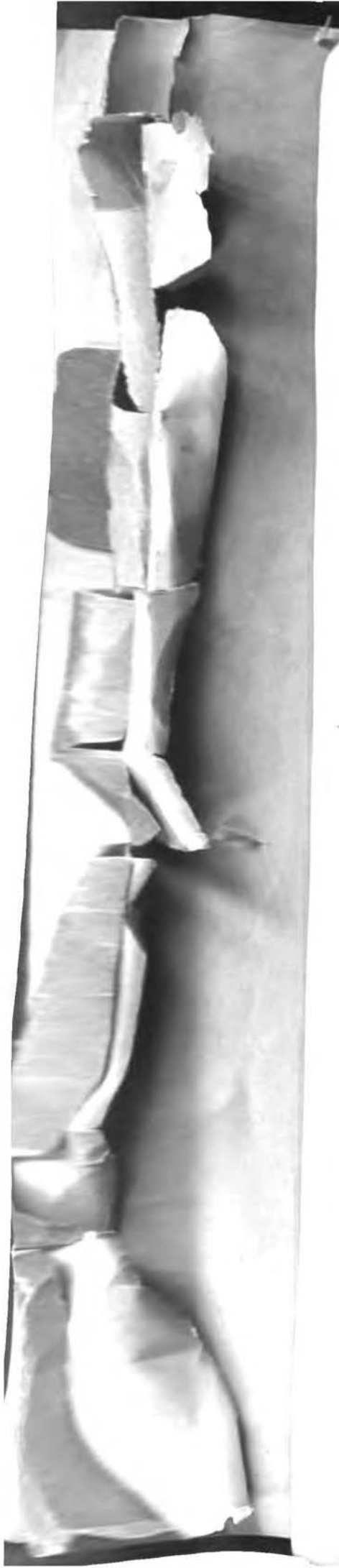

The Editor's Chat

Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of SUCCESS, Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice

You Are the Shadow

YOU yourself, my friend, are the shadow which shuts out your own happiness. All the shadows in your past years are collected into this big one which is barred across your happiness. This is the shadow which shuts out so much of the sunshine with which you expected to warm and cheer your career. There are no real shadows across our life path except those which we cast ourselves; no matter how badly, how cruelly, others may treat us they cast no shadows across our life path. We cast our own shadows.

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His Best Contract

A PROMINENT business man says that the best contract he ever got was one he lost. It was the lost contract that set him to thinking, to investigating the cause of the loss, to investigating himself, to finding the weak places in himself and in his business methods. It was the lost contract that taught him the lesson of caution, of carefulness in his procedure, a lesson that he could have gained in no other way.

Frequently our successes, especially when they come easily, make us careless, over-confident. It takes a loss, a failure, to force us back into carefulness and right methods. We often learn more from our mistakes than from our successes, from our failures than our triumphs. Experience is a severe, bitter school, but it teaches the needed lesson as nothing else can.

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The Only Path

THE habit of half doing things, of doing things in a sloppy, slovenly way; the habit of aimless, purposeless working, has ruined more careers than almost anything else. System, order and concentration, coupled with industry, will make a success of a one-talent man, while the habit of half doing things will ruin the biggest-brained man in the world. Efficiency is the only path to success.

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What Does the Presence of the Boss Put Into You?

DID you ever realize, my dissatisfied young friends who complain of your slow business progress, how much more ability you have; how much more alert you are; how much more attentive; how much more courteous, and how much better you concentrate upon your job when the boss is around? And have you ever noticed how your ability and your efficiency wane when he is out of sight and hearing? His presence has a magic effect on the ability of many employees, especially on that of the clock-watcher, the eye-server, who is always looking for the boss, and gauging his work accordingly. This is not the employee, however, who finds the longed-for increase in his pay envelope, or who finally reaches the top in his business or profession.

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Expecting Help from Outside

I KNOW of no other one thing which is more demoralizing to self-help and self-reliance than always to be waiting for some one to help us, expecting somebody to boost us, to use their influence for us, to help us get a start in the world. The effective men are self-starters; they not only begin but they begin right away. The waiters and the wishers are always left behind.

Everywhere we see young people waiting to be cranked, so to speak, waiting for some one else to come along and give them a start; but the self-starter does not wait for outside help. He starts out alone, and he goes ahead and gets there without assistance.

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The Safe Test

WHEN in doubt as to whether a certain thing is good for you, make this the test: "Will it tend to make a stronger man of me, so that I will be in better condition to fight life's battles, or will it weaken me and tend to demoralize my purpose?" No matter how unpleasant or disagreeable the thing may be, everything considered, if it will make you a stronger man or woman, do it.

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The Law of Thought

THE relation between our mental attitude and our achievement is one of the most marvelous things in the universe. The fact that a positive mental attitude, creative thinking, can produce things by the law of attraction should interest every human being. It is an unseen process, but no more so than the arranging of atoms in solution into different kinds of crystals. We cannot see the law that operates in this process, but we know that any particular kind of crystal may be dissolved a million times, and, if the right conditions are present, it will rearrange itself a million times, without a particle of variation, into exactly the kind of crystal which was dissolved. Thus accurate, unalterable, is law everywhere. The law of thought cannot be seen, but it produces that which corresponds to the initial mental attitude, as exactly as the law which rearranges the particles of the dissolved crystals in their original form.

The laws of success, of prosperity, of plenty, are just as accurate, as sure. We cannot see the process which produces a corn harvest from corn planting, or a wheat harvest from wheat planting, but it is absolutely certain, absolutely unalterable. And just as certain is it that every thought, every emotion, every mental attitude will produce a harvest exactly like itself.

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One Unwavering Aim

WHAT a tremendous satisfaction there is in the consciousness of being an expert in your line, in being looked up to as an authority in your calling! This is more than compensation for the price you have paid for it, for all the pains you suffered and the sacrifices you made in becoming an expert.

Golf and chess players know how fatal, in these games, is a wandering mind or indifference. A troubled mind, a worried mind, cannot play a good game of golf any more than a wandering mind can play a good game of chess. When I see a chess player gazing all about the room, looking at everybody around him; when he is listless, indifferent, as the play goes on, I know he is not an expert, and that he has no chance whatever with the man on the opposite side of the board who sees nothing else and is interested in nothing else, at the time, but the game in front of him.

If you desire to be an expert in the game of life you must concentrate on your aim as the expert golf or chess player concentrates on his play.

Napoleon's tremendous power lay in his ability to sacrifice everything which conflicted with his one unwavering aim. Nothing must stand in his way. Society, friends, amusements, everything must give way to his mighty ambition. Now, this concentration of effort wins in business and professions also, but the trouble with most of us is that we cannot bear to sacrifice any of the things which we like or wish to do. We cannot sacrifice our little pleasures, our little comforts; we cannot sacrifice anything whatever to our main purpose; we want to take everything along with us. The result is, we don't pay the price for the thing we are after, and we don't get it.

The law of success is inexorable. He who would succeed must learn to sacrifice a great many pleasures, to-day, for the bigger thing he hopes to win tomorrow; he must sacrifice a great many things he is very fond of to the one great aim of his life.

Health Is a Magnet

WHAT a sorry picture is a weak, puny, half-developed youth starting in the race for success! Few, indeed, are his chances compared with those of the robust youth who radiates vitality from every pore. How unfortunate it is to be thus handicapped on the threshold of active life! A healthy man is a magnetic man; an unhealthy man is often repellent. Thus health is a success-factor which cannot be overestimated.

A half-developed youth, with his puny muscle, must put forth a strong effort of will and mental energy to overcome his deficiency, that he may do the things which a hardy, robust youth does easily; and it is the thing easily done, not the thing achieved by excessive effort, that attracts the most attention and gives the greatest pleasure.

An appearance of strength gives an impression of ability to achieve things, and is of great help in securing a position. There is a strong, involuntary prejudice against weakness of any kind.

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Headed in the Right Direction

THERE is one success sign that is never lacking in the man who is made of the stuff that wins. He is always headed in the right direction, always moving forward. He may not be always going at a rapid pace but he is always facing toward his goal. No matter in what way you consider this man, his appearance, his dress, his manner of doing things, his initiative, his letters, everything about him bears the stamp of progress, shows that he is a man with a definite aim who is headed towards a definite goal.

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Fool Graduates

WE see them everywhere. They have gotten their degree from college, but a diploma is about all they have brought away. They are conceited, self-contained, snobby, highbrow; they think they know it all because they have been to college; they feel above those who have worked their way to the top without their advantages; they haven't any use for the man who began by sweeping out the store and has worked his way up. They have no idea of beginning there themselves. They think their diploma is a sort of life insurance against failure, a guarantee of their success. And they think wrong.

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Affirmation

"I AM one with the all good." This is a splendid thing to keep in your mind constantly. Say it every day of your life, "I am one with the all good, one with the infinite life, one with omnipotence, one with omniscience, one with omnipresence—and if I am, I partake of all these qualities. I am perfect and immortal because I am created by perfection, by immortality.

"I am love because I am the product of love's creation."

◆ ◆ ◆

Any man who has a job has a chance.

It Is to Laugh!

MOTHER—"Why do you wish to be a great general like Sherman?"

Willie—"So's I can say things like him and not get licked."

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THE son of a butcher experienced great difficulty in comprehending fractions, although his teacher did his best to make him understand their intricacies.

"Now let us suppose," said the teacher, "that a customer came to your father to buy five pounds of meat, and he only had four to sell—what would he do?"

"Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it, and then it would weigh more than five pounds," was the candid response.

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"WHAT do you work at, my poor man?"

"At intervals, lady."—*Non-Partizan Leader.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"BUT suppose," said one of the spectators, "that the parachute should fail to open after you had jumped—what then?"

"That wouldn't stop me," answered the parachutist, "I'd come right down."—*Boston Transcript.*

A HARDWARE dealer in great need of extra hands finally asked Bill Smith, who was accounted the town fool, if he would help him out.

"Wha'll ye pay?" asked Bill.

"I'll pay you all you're worth," answered the dealer.

Bill scratched his head a minute, then announced decisively:

"I'll be darned if I'll work for that."

◆ ◆ ◆

MAGISTRATE—"Can't this case be settled out of court?"

Mulligan—"Sure, sure; that's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interfered."—*United Presbyterian.*

◆ ◆ ◆

IT is remarked that the number of deaths of celebrated men this year has been exceptionally low. This suggests to us also that not a single birth of any famous person has been recorded during the last twelve months.—*London Opinion.*

THE minister, just before the service began, was called to the vestibule to meet a couple that wanted to marry. He explained that there was not time for the ceremony then.

"But," said he, "if you will be seated, I will have a chance, at the end of the service, for you to come forward, and then I will perform the ceremony."

The couple agreed, and, at the proper moment, the clergyman said: "Will those who wish to be united in holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?" Thirteen women and one man proceeded to the altar.

◆ ◆ ◆

"LOOK here, waiter. We've been waiting over half-an-hour."

"Can't help it, mum; this isn't the divorce court."—*Punch.*

◆ ◆ ◆

DO you share your husband's sorrows?"

"Yes, he blames me for everything."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

◆ ◆ ◆

MIKE (to his son)—"Now, you've been fighting again. You've lost yer two front tathe."

Finn—"Naw, I ain't lost 'em; I got 'em in me pocket."

◆ ◆ ◆

FATHER is glad he has finished working his son's way through college.—*Reno Gazette.*

◆ ◆ ◆

LADY—"Aren't you ashamed to beg? You are so ragged that I am ashamed of you myself."

Hobo—"Yes, it is kind of a reflection on the generosity of the neighborhood, mum."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

◆ ◆ ◆

JUDGE—"Your sentence will be one year and ten days."

Victim—"What's the ten days ior?"

Judge—"War tax."

◆ ◆ ◆

AN applicant for a place as teacher in one of the colored schools at Louisville was being examined touching his fitness for the position.

"What is your definition of the word 'jeopardized'?" asked the examiner.

The candidate's brow wri..kled.

"Which?" he inquired.

"What do you understand the word 'jeopardized' to mean?"

For just one half-minute he hesitated. Then he answered sonorously:

"In reply to yo' question I would state that that would refer to any act committed by a jeopard."

◆ ◆ ◆

THE Sunday-school teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked.

One small girl, who evidently had experience in such matters, replied promptly: "'Ow much d'yer want for the lot?"—*Evening News* (London).

JOHNNY—"Say, paw, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said somethin' 'bout findin' the great common divisor."

Paw (in disgust)—"Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were huntin' for it when I was a boy."

◆ ◆ ◆

BOBBY'S mother took him to the park the other day, and as they stood watching the birds in their enormous cage the little fellow observed a stork gazing at him. "Oh, look, mother," said Bobby. "The stork is trying to see if he remembers me still."

◆ ◆ ◆

THE goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I evah see, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, pahson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reluctance, "when you preaches a speshul good sermon I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show de same consideration."

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"NOW, friends and comrades," said the street-corner politician, after a long speech made in the pouring rain, "any questions?"

"Yes," piped all that remained of his audience, an urchin. "Can I have the box you're standing on to make a go-cart with?"

RITZ—"Spent two most delightful hours this afternoon, old thing, pawssing the Latin quarter."

Carlton—"Congratulations, old chap, I've been trying all day to pawss a Canadian dime and haven't got rid of it yet."

BIX—"Getting into debt is as easy as falling out of an airship."

Dix—"Yes, and getting out of debt is about as easy as falling into it again."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A SMALL girl was "afraid of the dark." Her mother, anxious to overcome this weakness, said as she was leaving her, "Remember, darling, that an angel will still be with you when I take the candle away."

"Mummy," pleaded a small voice, "I'd much rather you took the angel and left the candle."—*Boston Globe.*

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"I'M afraid I can't use this kind of stuff," said the editor loftily as he handed back the manuscript.

"All right! You needn't be so condescending about it!" retorted the contributor. "You're not the only one who's refused that story, you know!"—*Stray Stories.*

◆ ◆ ◆

FIRST UNDERGRAD—"What shall we do?"

Second Undergrad.—"I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies, tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

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"SAGES tell us that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a great problem or a beautiful woman."

"Why not choose the latter and get both?"

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A TEACHER said to his class in English composition:

"Now, I wish every member of the class would write out a conversation between a grocer and one of his customers, introducing some pathetic incident or reference."

Among the compositions handed in was the following:

"What do you want?" asked the merchant.

The woman replied: "A pound of tea."

"Green or black?" asked the merchant.

"I think I'll take black," said she; "it's for a funeral."—*Tit-Bits.*

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FOR SALE—One Spuzz car with piston ring; two rear wheels, one front spring. Has no fenders, seat or plank; burns lots of gas. Hard to crank. Carburetor busted, half way through. Engine missing; hits on two. Three years old, four in the spring. Has shock absorbers and everything. Radiator busted, sure does leak. Differential's dry; you can hear it squeak. Ten spokes missing. Front all bent. Tires blowed out. Ain't worth a cent. Got lots of speed; will run like the deuce; burns either gas or tobacco juice. Tires all off; been run on the rim. A darn good car for the shape it's in.—*Free Press*, Winfield, Kansas.

◆ ◆ ◆

People think religion is confined in an edifice, to be worshipped at an altar. In reality it is an attitude toward divinity which is reflected through life.—*David Starr Jordan.*

Keeping Fit

Do You Want to Take Off Weight?

WE hear a good deal about food speculation and food hoarders. How about the fat hoarders?

E. W. Howe, philosopher and humorist, writes, "*You probably eat a third more than is good for you. Give the surpuls to the poor and you have made a start in philanthropy to say nothing of common sense.*" When we take into consideration that the people of this country are carrying around some 200,000,000 pounds of excess flesh, there is something to ponder over in the genial Mr. Howe's statement. There is no doubt about it. Fat is dangerous and if you are overweight you might as well understand that you are overburdening your heart; for the heart must pump blood through all this excess weight. And as soon as the heart gives out—good-by!

It is not difficult to reduce to a normal weight. There is only one way in which to do it, that is by dieting. A man or woman who is 40 pounds overweight is carrying in the body the equivalent, in fuel value, of 135 loaves of bread.

IF you cut down your food consumption you begin to burn your own fat. It is a simple method and requires no drugs and no hunger whatsoever. By following the appended dietary you will have all you want to eat, and you will eliminate the things that produce fat:

YOU MAY TAKE

FISH.—Fresh fish, boiled, broiled, or baked.

MEATS.—Lean beef, mutton or lamb, chicken, game, lean ham.

EGGS.—Boiled or poached on toast.

BREADS.—Stale bread, dry toast or crusts sparingly. But two slices of whole-wheat bread at each meal is sufficient.

VEGETABLES.—Spinach, lettuce, celery, cresses, asparagus, cauliflower, onions, white cabbage, tomatoes, olives, turnips.

DESSERTS.—Ripe fruit only, acid varieties preferable. No cured or dried fruits. No berries. Avoid sweets in general.

DRINKS.—Tea or coffee without milk, cream, or sugar; or one glass of pure water, sipped at the end of the meal. Buttermilk. If you cannot take tea or coffee plain, cut your supply of cream and sugar to two teaspoonfuls of the former and one lump of the latter to each cup.

YOU MUST NOT TAKE

Soups, salmon, bluefish, eels, salt fish, pork, veal, sausage, made dishes, fats, potatoes, macaroni, oatmeal, hominy, spices, rice, beets, carrots, parsnips, puddings, pies, pastry, cakes, sugars, sweets, milk, cream, malt or spiritous liquors, beers, wines.

THE writer of this article weighed 248 pounds last January. At the request of his physician, he began to reduce. The above dietary was selected, but, the physician said, it was not necessary to follow it rigidly. The writer was told that it was not necessary for him to starve himself or to feel that he must absolve from any of the forbidden foods when it was impossible to get those prescribed. However, he went at it with a will, but he took his physician's further advice to eat only what is necessary—not to feel that an overabundance of food is necessary to keep one alive. So he cut down his food supply one-third.

Result: In three weeks he lost 17 pounds; in one month, 22 pounds. To-day, he weighs exactly 200 pounds. When he tips the scale at 190, he will have reached a satisfactory weight.

Of course he feels better, sleeps better, is more sprightly and active, and, above all, thinks more quickly. And, what is most important, he does not crave food as he did—he is perfectly satisfied with fifty per cent less food than he devoured, daily, eight months ago. This is one of the most marvelous changes that comes to the man who masters gluttony: large quantities of food do *not* appeal to him.

In addition, it may be interesting to know that the writer reduced his waistline from 48 to 38 inches and can wear comfortably a 16-collar instead of struggling to get a 17¼ article around his neck. There are no wrinkles on his face—his treble chin just disappeared in the same mysterious way as did his abdominal "bay window." He is a man approaching his 50th year, and his friends tell him that he looks 15 years younger.

He does not go in for regular exercise—simply puts in a hearty day's work, walks as much as possible, and keeps on the sunny side of everything.

If you are overweight, try this dietary; but make up your mind that you are going to cut down your food supply at least one third and—don't cheat!—R. M.

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She Wanted to Be a Teacher

THE limit of scholastic ignorance seems to have been reached by a young lady who underwent examination with the idea of becoming a teacher. The following are answers given to the questions, which will suggest themselves:—

The properties of nouns are kinds, whether it is relative or personal, etc.

A pronoun is a word used instead of some person or thing.

The possessive plural is formed by adding an apostrophe to the past tense.

A preposition is a word used as a noun from an adjective.

An adjective is a word used to aid in devolving more exactly what is the equivalent of a noun.

Person is that part of the noun that denotes the person.

Sentences are classed according to structure, as prime and composite; as, Jane's hat, Charles' books.

Possessive case is formed by "ed," —as, "he passed by."

A regular verb is always used; an irregular verb is not used very often.

A regular verb has its past tense already formed.

What Ambition Means to You

AMBITION means the desire for something better and finer in your life.

Ambition means that you are always trying to better your best.

Ambition means aspiration; that you are visioning the heights and intend to climb them.

Ambition means that you are dissatisfied with cramping, limiting conditions—that you want to grow.

Ambition means that there is a prod in your blood that has ever spurred men on to great achievement.

Ambition means that you have forethought; that you are not afraid of planting a tree although you know you may never eat its fruit or sit in its shade.

Ambition means that you are not lazy; that you will push on and up, when you are inclined to lie down, take it easy, or to quit work.

Ambition finds time for self-improvement in the spare hours.

Ambition makes you leave your comfortable bed in the morning when you would like to turn over and take another nap.

Ambition encourages you to chose good friends and companions.

Ambition knows no discouragement.

◆ ◆

He Played to Win

THE crookedest baseball finger in the United States Senate is worn by Senator Patton Harrison of Mississippi. He got it in the seventh inning of a historic contest between the University of Louisiana and Tulane University.

He was pitching and the game was a close one, so he said nothing about the broken finger, but played it out and was largely responsible for the success of his team.

Senator Harrison paid his way through college by waiting on table. He holds that the fact of the existence of democracy, even in Southern universities, is proved by his having been invited to join each of the four Greek letter fraternities of the University of Louisiana, despite his servitude at meal times.

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A Nation of Home Owners

OVER 6,000,000 American families own their homes. There are more home owners in the United States than in any other country. Here we find the reason for the inability of bolshevik agitators to make any headway in this country and for the general detestation in which communist doctrines are held. The man who owns his home, or hopes or expects to own one, does not take kindly to dangerous experiments in government and economics. He is not willing to take the risk of losing his property.—*The Star*, Marion, Ohio.

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"If you employ a man, don't suspect him. If you suspect a man, don't employ him."

◆ ◆

No entertainment is so cheap as reading nor any pleasure so lasting.

◆ ◆

A good face is a good letter of recommendation.—*Aristotle.*

Six Vital Success Principles Everyone Should Know

Their Use May Make Your Fortune

**You Can Learn Them in One Hour—
You Can Apply Them in Your Present Business—They Require No Capital, No Special Training, No Unusual Ability**

THERE are six vital success principles that you can apply to your business, or to your personal affairs, with *startling results* from the first day you put them into practice.

For there is a science of success, just as there is a science of mathematics. There is a science of achievement, just as there is a science of chemistry. There is a science of realization, just as there is a science of physics.

When you understand the six vital success principles, when you know how to use the six vital success principles, when you recognize the effect that the application of the six vital success principles must have upon the people with whom you come in contact, when you learn to utilize the six vital success principles to your own advantage in every transaction and in every situation, you will then appreciate fully that the six vital success principles are more valuable to you than gold, more indispensable to you than position, and more precious to you than power.

For with the aid of the six vital success principles you can always accumulate money. With the help of the six vital success principles you can always place yourself in a position of authority and honor. With the assistance of the six vital success principles you can always acquire power.

But *without* the six vital success principles you may lose your money and be unable to accumulate more. You may lose your position and be unable to get another. You may lose your power and fail ever to regain more power.

Intelligent application of the six vital success principles makes failure impossible. No one can possibly fail who uses them. Nor can anyone conceivably succeed without them. Every successful person of necessity must employ one or more of the six vital success principles in every deal that turns out favorably. To disregard the six vital success principles upon which all successes are founded means sure, swift, unqualified failure.

There is no mystery, no metaphysics, no religion, no mysticism, no mental training, no memory training; no physical culture, no psychoanalysis, no psychology, no vocational training, and no complicated system of mental gymnastics about the six vital success principles. You can understand them easily, you can learn them quickly, and you can apply them positively to the conditions and circumstances that now confront you.

For the six vital success principles are based upon positive knowledge, upon positive experience. They are not negative, not impractical, not visionary. They are the sum total of the *know how* equipment everyone needs to be a *somebody* worth *something*, instead of a *nobody* worth *nothing*.

The six vital success principles have been put into six short, simple lessons and the whole embodied in a single volume written by Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey and called "The Magic Story," because of the power which the six vital success principles possess to change one's fortunes as though by magic.

Tens of thousands of people have been benefited by the six vital success principles. Clergymen have told their congregations about them from the pulpit. Executive heads of great corporations have placed them in the hands of their workers. Sales managers have called them to the attention of their salesmen, with the result that their sales have been greatly increased.

The six vital success principles act as a stimulant, an incentive, an inspiration. They grip you, they hold you, they show you how to be a *producer*, a *go-getter*, to *top-notcher* in your line.

The six vital success principles may be secured through SUCCESS Magazine for only $2.00 postpaid, with the understanding and agreement that if you are not satisfied with them they may be returned any time within 30 days and your money will be refunded in full and without question.

Use the coupon now, or write a letter if you do not wish to cut your magazine.

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Have You the Courage—

TO undauntedly meet failure and obstacles on every hand?

To meet your enemies with love for hate, good for evil?

To move steadily toward your goal with a serene mind when you know others ridicule and consider you a failure?

To remain in obscurity to support a parent, or a helpless sister or brother, when you have the consciousness of the ability to do big things?

To bear the blame which belongs to another because you do not want to bring pain to others?

To speak the truth when a lie would help you out of a difficulty?

To forego extravagance so that you may provide for the future welfare of those dependent upon you?

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Service Measures Success

IT isn't the cut of the clothes that you wear,
Nor the stuff out of which they are made
Though chosen with taste and fastidious care,
And it isn't the price that you paid;
It isn't the size of your pile in the bank,
Nor the number of acres you own,
It isn't a question of prestige or rank,
Nor of sinew, and muscle and bone;
It isn't the servants that come at your call,
It isn't the things you possess,
Whether many, or little—or nothing at all,
It's service that measures success.

It isn't a question of name, or of length
Of an ancestral pedigree,
Nor a question of mental vigor and strength,
Nor a question of social degree;
It isn't a question of city or town,
Nor a question of doctrine or creed
It isn't a question of fame or renown,
Nor a question of valorous deed;
But he who makes somebody happy each day,
And he who gives heed to distress,
Will find satisfaction the richest of pay,
For it's service that measures success.

—*The Cave Scout in Boy's Life.*

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Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong purpose, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies upon chance; labor upon capital.
—*Cobden.*

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A grindstone that had no grit in it—how long would it take to sharpen an ax? And affairs that had no grit in them—how long would they take to make a man?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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No man can ever win fame without the inspiration of a woman.—*Mrs. Warren G. Harding.*

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He who will not answer to the rudder, must answer to the rocks.—*Herve.*

What the Old Man Was Thinking

DOWN in Virginia a farmer had an ox and a mule that he hitched together to a plow. One night, after several days of continuous plowing, and after the ox and mule had been stabled and provendered for the night, the ox said to the mule: "We've been working pretty hard; let's play off sick to-morrow and lie here in the stalls all day."

"You can if you want to," returned the mule, "but I'll go to work."

So the next morning when the farmer came out the ox pretended that he was sick. The farmer bedded him down with clean straw, gave him fresh hay, a bucket of oats and bran mixed, left him for the day and went out with the mule to plow.

All that day the ox lay in his stall, chewed his cud and nodded, slowly blinked his eyes, and gently swished his tail.

That night when the mule came in, the ox asked him how they got along plowing alone all day. "Well," said the mule, "it was hard and we didn't get much done, and——"

"Did the old man have anything to say about me?" asked the ox.

"No," replied the mule.

"Well—then," went on the ox, "I believe I'll play off again to-morrow; it was certainly fine lying here all day and resting."

"That's up to you," said the mule, "but I'll go out and plow."

So the next day the ox played off again, was bedded down with clean straw, provendered with hay, bran and oats, and lay all day nodding, blinking, chewing his cud and gently swishing his tail.

When the mule came in at night the ox asked him again how they had made out.

"About the same as yesterday," replied the mule coldly.

"Did the old man have anything to say to you about me?" again inquired the ox.

"No," replied the mule, "not to me, but he did have a darn long talk with the butcher on the way home."

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Some Advantage!

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON tells of the atonishment and chagrin with which a certain well-known citizen of Louisville, named Jenkins, read a long obituary of himself printed in a morning paper of that city. He at once proceeded to the editorial office of the paper, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining audience of the busy city editor. Laying a copy of the paper before him, he observed, in a mild, almost humble way, that he had come to see if the city editor could "tell" him "anything about it."

With a snort of impatience, the busy editor grasped the paper and hastily read the article. "It appears to be an obituary of one Jenkins," he growled. "What is there to 'tell' about it? What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing especially," responded the mild Jenkins, "only I thought I'd like to know how the obituary came to be printed,—that's all."

"Came to be printed?" repeated the editor, in irritated tones; "why, the man died, of course. My paper doesn't print obituary notices of living men."

"Perhaps not, as a rule," gently replied the visitor; "but, in this case, I happen to be the Jenkins referred to."

Thereupon the city editor began a profuse apology.

"We'll print a correction, at once," he said.

"Well, after all," observed the mild Jenkins, "perhaps 't would be better to let it stand: I'll show it to my friends when they try to borrow money of me."

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Why They Were Fired

ONE of the largest department stores in New York recently tabulated their "firing records" for the past twelve months, with the following results:

30 per cent of employees were dismissed for lack of industry.

20 per cent failed to follow instructions.

12 per cent were lacking in tact and courtesy.

8 per cent failed in sticking qualities.

7 per cent lacked confidence.

7 per cent would not, or could not, learn their goods.

7 per cent could not cope with customers' objections.

4 per cent went stale.

5 per cent failed because of miscellaneous causes.—*Retail Public Ledger.*

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Mutual Interest

WE say to the members of our organization—"Give us your best, your most loyal and efficient service, give us continuous and uninterrupted operation, take that sort of an interest in your individual task as you would if the business were all your own, and in return we will give you the fairest and most generous treatment and the best compensation that the result of our common effort makes possible.

"We will do anything and everything we can to make life and a place in our organization worth while."

That is what we call "Mutual Interest Work"—a real fifty-fifty contribution with no place or need for anything that smacks of so-called "Welfare Work" or "Philanthropy."—*George M. Verity, president, American Rolling Mill Company.*

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How Some Diplomas Should Read

THIS certifies that the holder has performed the marvelous feat of going through the four years' course in ——— College without getting education enough to enable him to get a decent living. He has mistaken knowledge for power; a stuffed mind for an educated one.

◆ ◆ ◆

Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness,—to make some nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God, to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier,—more blessed, less accursed.—*Carlyle.*

How to Write and Speak Masterful English

The World's Highest-Paid Letter Writer Teaches you How to Express Your Thoughts in the Clear, Forceful, Magnetic English That Makes People Do Things

NO matter who you are, nor what your occupation is, there are times when ability to express yourself in correct, persuasive, compelling English will enable you to put across big deals, to explain embarrassing situations, to collect money that is due you, to get a better job, to win the regard and admiration of your friends, and to accomplish countless other purposes that might otherwise result in failure.

It's a big advantage to wield a ready pen, to be able to put down on paper the thoughts you feel, to be confident that you can express yourself concisely, to know that you need never be ashamed of yourself because of slips of speech or of faulty diction.

E. B. DAVISON

Famous as Ad-Man Davison, the highest-paid letter writer in the world, whom Elbert Hubbard called "the Scribe Supreme of Advertisingdom."

The ability to use correct English is *not* a gift. It is *not* something you are born with. It must be acquired. And it may be acquired easily and quickly by any one of ordinary intelligence who is given the proper instruction.

A CHIEF EXECUTIVE SAYS—I have examined The Master Letter Writer by Ad-Man Davison, and would unhesitatingly advise every executive in America to buy a copy, and to recommend it as a sound investment for everyone of his staff who is expected to write letters that get results.—*E. Virgil Neal, President, International Consolidated Chemical Corporation, N. Y.*

A STENOGRAPHER SAYS—Five minutes after I opened your book I would not have parted with it for one hundred times its price. Every person who seeks advancement needs The Master Letter Writer. It is a practical help to success.—*Josephine Capek, Stenographer, New York, N. Y.*

A COLLECTION MAN SAYS—The book just arrived, and it is fair to say that every business and professional man can easily derive big benefits by investing in a copy.—*Claud King, President Beacon Adjustment Co., Springfield, Massachusetts.*

In a few weeks' time—yes, sometimes in a single evening's reading—any average person by following a few simple instructions can learn to write and dictate better letters than the ordinary $200-a-week executive signs and sends out of his office each night. There is no trick about it either. It is just plain, common, horse-sense applied to letter writing by E. B. Davison, the world's master letter writer, who has discovered a simple method of teaching others in a short time his own wonderful knack of writing that it took him years to learn. Single letters of his have brought in thousands upon thousands of dollars in orders, and he has been paid astounding fees for his services by some of the biggest firms in the country.

All this vast knowledge and experience is now placed at your disposal. Mr. Davison has developed a new science of successful letter writing and has reduced it to a simple, self-teaching system, which he has embodied in a single volume called "The Master Letter Writer."

This new wonder book takes the guesswork out of letter writing. It leaves behind a world of old ideas and provides new ones that Get Action. A revelation both to experienced and inexperienced letter writers. Startling in its simplicity and clearness, with new and direct methods that are quickly mastered. No tedious instruction, but the keen, live, productive ideas of Today and Tomorrow—all tested stuff that makes the reader write "enclosed find check."

Part I of this book fulfills your expectations right from the opening page. It gets down to the meat and marrow of letter writing. Gives you a sure, intimate understanding of how to appeal to every class of reader, with 125 live, definite examples that clearly show How it's done. Every point of view, every emotion, ambition, need, and the surest ways to reach it, are explained.

How to help your reader make up his mind; how to attract, interest and convince him; how to write all kinds of Sales, Advertising, Merchandising, Investment, Soliciting, Follow-up, Collection and Routine Letters, including order, complaint, adjustment, inquiry, contract and credit letters; how to write Collection Letters that bring the money; how to secure and enthuse Agents; how to stimulate Salesmen and encourage Dealers; how to prepare Mailing Campaigns, form letters, lists of names. Special chapters on Typography of Letters, Business English, Grammar, Rhetoric and Punctuation for correspondents, secretaries, stenographers, typists, students and teachers. How to sell your own services for the highest prices; How to apply for a position, with letters that Get The Job. A section of 100 Collection Letters for individuals, firms, collection agencies and lawyers.

Part II of this book contains The 500 Master Business Letters, a remarkable collection of successful letters of every type, for many lines of business and professions—ready for instant use—with endless new word pictures that enrich your vocabulary. Warm, winning, human arguments adaptable to any subject. Straight-to-the-mark sentences that compel action. New-coined Websterian as unique as it is convincing. Epigrammatic gems that sparkle with sellability. A rich fund of ideas that bring to life *the buying thought*—that produce a rain of results—answers, inquiries, orders, remittances!

SUCCESS Magazine has secured a limited edition of this wonderful book which it is able to offer to its subscribers with the understanding that, if after thirty days' use it is not found satisfactory, the book may be returned and your money will be refunded in full and without question.

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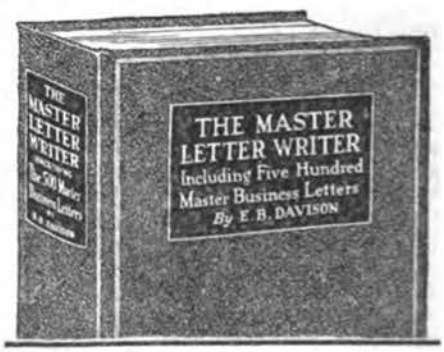

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Address.....

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Get Out—And Walk

By Theodore Roosevelt

THERE is no better tonic in the wide, wide world than a good walk in the open air. If your work keeps you inside most of the day, get up a little earlier and walk to work. It will make you feel better, make you better able to do your work.

As an old hunter once said, "The good Lord must have wanted everybody to get lots of fresh air and sunshine, that's why He made so much of it."

When you walk, walk briskly, breathe deeply. You will find that it beats any amount of medicine, and it doesn't cost a cent.

When you play, play hard; when you work, don't play at all.—*Selected*

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Why We Need Free Speech

By George Bernard Shaw

OUR whole theory of freedom of speech and opinion for all citizens rests, not on the assumption that everybody is right, but on the certainty that everybody is wrong on some point on which somebody else is right, so there is public danger in allowing anybody to go unheard.—*Selected*

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Horse Sense

By Elbert Hubbard

IF you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents. I think if I worked for a man, I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time. I would give an undivided service or none. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself. And don't forget. "I forgot" won't do in business.

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Good Cheer From the Sick

IS there anything quite so beautiful as a radiant, happy soul in a deformed body? Many of the happiest people I have ever known were crippled; but how they spread sunshine and cheer over the whole house!

I know a woman who has spent the largest part of twenty years in bed with a hopeless spinal malady who writes, "I am anxious to give sunny thoughts to people, to help my complaining, fault-finding, pessimistic friends." This brave woman is trying to give sunny thoughts to people when she has been a semi-invalid for twenty years. One would think that if anyone had a right to be pessimistic, gloomy, sad, and discouraged, it would be such a woman. But no! She cheers people up. This ought to make those of us who are sound and well ashamed of our fault-finding, complaining, and pessimism.

If there is a blessed quality in the universe it is found in those who express sunshine, who radiate happiness and good cheer under great suffering.

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Realizing His Father's Ambition

IN 1896, a lawyer of Sullivan, Indiana, went down to St. Louis to attend a national convention which was to select a candidate for President. Accompanying him was his son—a slender boy wearing short pants. The convention named William McKinley.

Not long ago that boy, grown to manhood, while turning over a package of ancient papers, ran into a yellowed envelope filled with clippings from the St. Louis press of that convention date. Written across the back of it, in the hand of his father, now departed, were the words: "To Willie Hays, from his father, with the wish that he may play a citizen's part in politics."

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Look to This Day!

LOOK to this Day:
For it is Life:—the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties and realities of your existence.
The Bliss of Growth
The joy of Motion
The splendor of Beauty.
For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well-lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day.
Such is the salutation of the Dawn!
—*From the Persian.*

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Origin of Fruits

THE strawberry comes from a cross between the native strawberry of Virginia and that of Chile. The raspberry is native in temperate Europe and Asia. The apricot originated in China. The peach was originally a Chinese fruit. The cherry originated around the Caspian Sea. The plum comes from the Caucasus and Turkey. The pear is native in temperate Europe and Western Asia. The quince comes from Southeastern Europe, the Caucasus and the Caspian region. The apple, one of the oldest fruits, originated in Persia, it is generally believed. The almond comes from Persia. The fig originated in Syria. The grape is native in southern Europe.

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Order is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness, and Activity; her abode is the valley of happiness; she is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent, Disorder.—*Johnson.*

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Anything to survive must serve; that is a fundamental law of life—and of business.

◆ ◆ ◆

The fellow who isn't fired with enthusiasm is apt to be fired.

The Best Page in the Senate

DOCTOR SHAW, a well-known divine of Philadelphia, had occasion, recently, to visit the United States Senate. His gallery pass gave him an opportunity to sit and watch proceedings to the best advantage.

The alertness of one of the little pages caught his eye. The boy seemed to be *looking* for an opportunity to be of service. The slightest snap of a finger, uplifting of a palm, forward motion, or nod of a chin, brought the boy to attention. He seemed to be everywhere. Neat, clean, quick, he stood out among the pages like the proverbial sore thumb on a one-armed man.

Later, Doctor Shaw, in conversation with Senator Smoot, drew the senator's attention to this particular page who was at the very moment answering a call from Senator Penrose just as alertly as he had been answering calls for several hours.

"That boy should be rewarded," remarked the divine. "He is a wonderful lad. I have been watching him as much as I have your august body."

Senator Smoot smiled. "That boy!" he said meaningly. "No stone will be left unturned to give that boy the very best in our power to give. Many of us are determined that he shall have every chance in the world. Do you know why that boy is so successful. The height of his ambition is to be *the best page in the senate.* He likes his work."

The writer of this little sketch has never seen this lad—who wanted to be the best page in the United States Senate—does not know his name even; but he knows now that somewhere near the seats of Senators Penrose and Smoot darts an alert little man who loves his work and is bound to succeed.

◆ ◆

Success

IT'S doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellowman;
It's making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward despite the defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow, and work, and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress;
It's doing your noblest—that's Success.

—The Rambler.

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Blessed are the happiness-makers; blessed are they who know how to shine on one's gloom with their cheer.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Magician of America's Wonderland

(*Continued from page 24*)

chine has traveled, in those twenty-one years, thirty-three times the distance from the earth to the moon. He can do more complicated problems than that in his head. He is the one engineer in Schenectady who never uses a slide rule for his computations. He is a lightning calculator who seldom finds it necessary to jot down figures. When he was president of the Common Council of Schenectady, the other members of that body very often would pull out their pencils to figure the cost of some projected undertaking. But the doctor would give them the result almost before their pencils had touched the paper.

Very latest of the miracles in this wonderland is the bewildering alternator which is to supply the power to send wireless messages farther and more rapidly than ever before. It was not invented by the doctor but by his former assistant E. F. W. Alexanderson; but it is safe to say that there is never an invention of any importance developed in the General Electric Company's works in which the genius of Steinmetz has not played some part, has not been enlisted to help in the solution of some problem.

The Alexanderson alternator makes it possible to send radio signals through space by continuous wave trains instead of by the interrupted or discontinuous waves generated by systems using the old-time spark-discharge apparatus. It is a generator of high-frequency electrical oscillations constructed along the lines of the ordinary power-house dynamo. The alternator is to be installed in the world's greatest radio station, being built at Rocky Point, Long Island, by the Radio Corporation of America, where 1000 words a minute—500 words in and 500 words out simultaneously—will be a feat that Marconi probably never dreamed of.

It will be possible to signal around the world from this Long Island station, which will be five times as powerful as the one at Nauen, Germany, or the one at Bordeaux. The station is to cost $10,000,000 and will cover ten square miles of land. There will be five complete transmitters, each one a duplex unit with a corresponding receiving-station located nearby. All five transmitters and the five receivers will operate simultaneously and will transmit and receive messages over thousands of miles continuously during day and night. Like the ripples that race in circles over a pond when a stone is dropped in, the electro-magnetic waves from this station will soon encompass practically the whole of the civilized globe.

It will be a wireless station that will dwarf all others into insignificance. A single unit will have the power and range of the largest wireless station in the world. From the central power-house, six spans of aërial wire will radiate, in a star pattern, to a distance of more than one mile from the center. The wires of this huge antenna will be supported on steel towers, each 400 feet in height, with the wires suspended at the top between 150-foot cross-arms. Each of the six antennæ will have twelve towers, forming the spokes of a giant wheel fashioned out of seventy-two miniature replicas of the Eiffel Tower. In the wires forming each spoke of this gigantic wheel will be generated a power equal to that of the greatest of present-day transoceanic wireless stations, and, if necessary, all five of these powers can be combined into one for signaling. Newly designed apparatus for high-speed transmission and reception at this station is now being perfected at the General Electric Company's factories.

Surely, science has made giant strides since the young man in Yonkers laid down the laws for the electrical transmission of energy. But of all the marvels in the wonderland at Schenectady, this same man continues to be the most wonderful. His was the genius that made possible the motors and generators that supply the power to run the world's electric trains, to light its cities, to drive its newest battleships, to throw wireless messages across the seas, to turn the wheels of hundreds of thousands of factories. He knows that in the Himalaya Mountains his engineers are harnessing the power of waterfalls to run steel mills in India; that in the Andes they are bringing electrical machinery to the mines on the backs of mules and burros over almost impassible trails, and to the mines in Alaska on dog sleds; that in thousands of cities the machines that were built on the methods that he formulated are revolutionizing industry.

Charles P. Steinmetz has never married. Science has brought the only romance in his life. He lives in extreme simplicity; there is no sign of wealth or luxury in his home. He rides to his office in a trolley car, and never uses an automobile except when he goes away from the city. His work is the one absorbing passion of his life. Outside of it he has few interests and, apparently, scarcely any pleasures. To save himself from loneliness, he adopted a family. One of the doctor's hobbies is the growing of cactuses and orchids. Attached to his house he has a conservatory filled with hundreds of varieties of cactuses and orchids.

In winter, he spends most of his time in his home laboratory; but, in summer, he goes to his camp on the Mohawk River, a short distance from the city. It was there that the writer of this article, wishing to get some idea of the personality of Schenectady's great man, discovered him. The doctor was out on the river, at the time, paddling a canoe, which seems to be his only form of exercise. It was on a day steeped in humidity, and he wore only a pair of very short tights. He presented a sight that one is not likely to forget—a big, impressive head with short, bristling, brown hair; a short, gray beard, high shoulders and a body no larger than that of the average fourteen-year-old boy. As he came ashore, he slipped on a pink sweater. Then he climbed up the steep slope to the ramshackle camp-house, where there were two army cots and some dilapi-

dated pieces of furniture. There he sat down and talked in a simple, unassuming way about his work.

Although he has been in this country thirty-two years, he still speaks with a German accent, often using the German "yah," instead of "yes." He began by telling about an electric automobile he has invented. This machine has what is called a regenerative braking-system. Whenever the brake is applied the electric supply is regenerated, so the car is expected to run a good many more miles than any other electric automobile. Then the conversation turned to his books and his lectures. He was asked how he would sum up briefly the work of his life. He replied:

"First, the investigation of magnetic phenomena, the defining of its laws, and the discovery of the loss of energy by alternating magnetism, which made it possible to improve electrical apparatus.

"Second, the investigation and calculation of alternating current phenomena. In other words, those currents by which all useful work in electrical engineering in done.

"Third, the investigation of transient phenomena, or, to put it more simply, the search for ways of removing trouble. The interference of lightning with our machinery, for example, comes under the class of transient phenomena. The interference of lightning and the damage done by it has always been a very serious problem; but it is gradually being solved, and it is much less serious to-day than it was."

"You speak of your investigations, doctor, but how would you sum up the results?" I asked.

The doctor glanced in the direction of the General Electric Company's miles of factories, and the faintest shadow of a smile hovered over his face. "I developed the methods in the first half of the nineties on which the motors and generators are being designed to-day," he answered. "Twenty-five years ago, it was possible to send only two thousand volts of electric pressure by wire. To-day it is possible to send 220,000 volts, which means ten thousand times as much power. This is the result of the development of the transformer which followed my investigations of magnetic phenomena and of alternating current phenomena."

ONE of Dr. Steinmetz's favorite topics is the enormous loss that results from failure to utilize coal to the greatest possible extent.

"One of the wonders of the world," he says, "is the Chinese Wall, crossing China for hundreds of miles, by which that country unsuccessfully tried to protect its northern border from invasion. Using the coal produced in the United States in one year, as building material, we could build with it, around this country, a wall like the Chinese Wall, not for hundreds of miles but for thousands. And the coal produced the next year would represent chemical energy sufficient to lift this entire wall into space for a height of two hundred miles.

"Our present method of utilizing coal is inefficient. In converting it into electricity we throw away as heat,

eighty per cent of the chemical energy. At the same time, we burn many millions of tons of coal for heat energy; and, in this process, waste the twenty-per-cent high-potential energy. It seems an economical crime to burn coal for mere heating without first taking out as much high-grade energy, mechanical or electrical, as is economically feasible."

This man, who has seen so many fantastic dreams come true, now predicts a day when electricity will be so cheap that it will be used by everybody—a day when the government will not allow fires of any kind within city limits because they are dangerous, dirty, and unsanitary—a day when electricity will be so cheap that it will be apportioned on the basis of a tax not much larger than the tax for water, and every man will have his electric automobile, electric bicycle, or electric tricycle.

"Entertainment in our homes," he says, "will also be improved. There will be no need to go to some crowded, poorly ventilated hall for a musical concert. We will just push a plug into a base receptacle and have the concert brought into our home. Music will be supplied by a central station and distributed to subscribers by wire, or, perhaps, by wireless. While sitting in our libraries at home, we may hear grand opera stars while they sing in European capitals."

But there are still persons in Schenectady who shake their heads and smile over the latest dreams of the man who, when he was a poor factory-worker in Yonkers, dreamed of an electric age for industry and who has lived to see the day when the electric generators in use in the United States supply a power equal to that of 470,000,000 men.

Back Numbers

(*Continued from page 20*)

you'd been sandbagged or something horrible. He'd even reached the conclusion that he'd married an unnatural woman, just because I refused to get stirred up."

"Stirred up?" said William G., calmly, as he removed the overalls. "What for? Didn't I leave word not to worry?"

Then his eyes met Nan's in a glance of such amusement and understanding that Bill, on whom light was slowly dawning, exploded: "Nan! you miserable fraud! You knew all the time he was at Rose-acres! I bet you framed this up and worked me. But why—why——"

Then suddenly Bill knew why. His face crimsoned, even as his father said, "Don't you care, son. She's some little schemer, this wife of yours; and she's saved two old men from feeling that their work was done. We're not back numbers, yet, eh, Jerry?"

Jerry's lined face broke into a broad and beaming smile.

"As for me, sir, I feel like life was just beginning."

"And I, to judge from my emotions," said William G., "might be about to cast my first vote for President."

Nan laughed, then with a glance at Bill's grim face she went to him, throwing a protecting arm about his shoulders, so tenderly that his hurt was healed.

"Dear old boy," she said gently, "when you think things over you'll forgive me. Besides,"—her eyes suddenly gleamed with mischief—"have you forgotten the day? It's April first. I had to fool *someone*, now didn't I?"

Bill stared at her.

"It's time," he observed sternly, "that you *grew up*."

Andrew J. Volstead

(*Continued from page 62*)

for the enforcement of prohibition. I picked out of each what I thought was needed, and pieced them together, and made a bill. That is about all there is to the Volstead Law."

For a man who has sent his name whirling around this old world, whom many persons regard as the real proponent of prohibition and responsible for the difficulty which most people encounter when they undertake to obtain alcoholic beverages, he shows genuine modesty. The Eighteenth Amendment has been smothered by the Volstead Law. And it is the irony of fate that all those who long and loudly fought for prohibition, who were responsible for the Eighteenth Amendment and for a "dry" nation, are now forgotten. The people think, yes, the world thinks, that Volstead made the United States "dry." And that will continue to be the impression for many years to come, unless the people of the United States decide that they want a change.

Our trouble is this: "We want the pretense of a thing rather than the thing itself; we want a show of petty luxury if we are unrich and a show of insulting stupidity if we are rich; we want to get something that looks as if it cost twice as much as it really did."—*William Morris.*

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Great minds have purposes; others have wishes.

No matter how depressed you feel, look cheerful.
Nobody cares about your woes,
Each has his sorrows—goodness knows.

◆ ◆

Doubt is the most potent paralyzer of efficiency.

◆ ◆

Self-esteem is wasted steam.

High Blood Pressure—the Body's Danger Signal

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

Every Man and Woman Over 30 Should Read and Heed This Article on the Cause and Cure of Hardened Arteries

IF you become dizzy when you stoop over or strain; if you have headaches without apparent cause; if the veins over your temples are becoming prominent and firm to the touch—you had better "stop, look and listen," for Nature is waving a danger signal at you.

Feel your pulse for a moment.

Does it beat with a clearly defined but soft "blow," or is there a sort of "wave" in the wrist artery? If the latter, you will do well to give the question of high blood pressure some serious thought, for you probably have hardening arteries.

Your body is signalling, "Danger Ahead!"

And even if none of these conditions are present you may still have a dangerously high blood pressure. It is no exaggeration to predict that a man whose pulse shows a pressure of 185 or more stands a very good chance of eventually dying of apoplexy, Bright's disease or diabetes—even if he appears to be entirely vigorous and in perfect health—unless the cause of this condition is corrected.

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder and Director
The Alsaker Way

Life insurance companies know this, of course, and are now applying the blood-pressure test to applicants for policies.

You may be "sound in wind and limb," but if your blood pressure is much above normal you will probably be rejected, temporarily at least.

Experience has shown the insurance examiners the wisdom of their course too, for out of 365 applicants rejected by one company, because of excessive blood-pressure, 80 developed kidney trouble, 7 developed diseased arteries, 10 heart murmurs, 4 heart enlargement, 6 nervous diseases, and 16 various other organic troubles, 123, over a third, developed serious disease within two years!

At intervals you should find out what your blood pressure is, for dangerously high pressure is common among men over 45 and frequent in younger ones. An examination nearly always shows more or less Bright's disease, caused by the excessive pressure, which forces the albumin through the kidneys.

Here is a part of a letter I received recently:

"Last week I had two severe shocks. One of my friends had a stroke of apoplexy and is now in a very serious condition; another one dropped dead. Both of them are a little past fifty, and both of them have suffered from high blood pressure for some time. I am anxious, because I, too, am past fifty, and my blood pressure runs from 190 to over 200. From time to time I have discomfort in the region of the heart and pains in the head.

"A third friend tells me that he followed your directions, and recovered. He is active and looks healthy, but I can hardly believe this, for my physicians—and they are good ones—have informed me that high blood pressure cannot be reduced. Please write me frankly by return mail. I want to linger here a while longer." F. R. M.

This man has a case of hardening of the arteries (arterio-sclerosis) with high blood pressure.

The condition described is dangerous because if allowed to continue the patient will usually expire from apoplexy of the brain, or heart failure; sometimes death comes through Bright's disease, with its accompanying uremia.

Is the condition curable? It is in the majority of cases. Nearly everybody believes that hardened arteries with high blood pressure is a fatal affliction. And it is, if it is treated in the old way. If it is treated correctly, that is, in accordance with the laws of Nature, at least four out of five will recover so completely that they can live to be old—far older than three score years and ten—and they can be so healthy that they can't feel anything wrong. And what more can they ask?

In most of these cases correct treatment will reduce the blood pressure from twenty to thirty points the first month. After that the reduction is slower.

If this is true, why don't most doctors and many laymen know it? Because both physicians and lay individuals are looking for cures from pills, powders and potions, aided by serums and operations. And these means will not work in cases of high blood pressure.

The correct way, which is Nature's way, is so simple and reasonable that very few have discovered it to date. It consists of living so that the hardening process stops immediately, and then the blood pressure begins to decrease. Usually the patient is out of danger in a few weeks.

I have had patrons who were continually dizzy; who had surging of the blood to the head; who had daily headaches; who had oppression in the region of the heart (pericardial pain); who were so short of breath that they could not walk upstairs, nor could they walk as much as a block without resting—yes, individuals with as bad symptoms as that have recovered very good health, after they had been told by competent physicians that nothing could be done for their hardened arteries and high blood pressure.

Mr. L. H. C. of Wichita, Kansas, writes, "A few months ago I ordered Dr. Alsaker's 'Curing Diseases of the Heart and Arteries.' Have followed its directions and have reduced my blood pressure from 200 to 150."

Mrs. W. B. O. of Zanesville, Ohio, says, "We were well pleased with results obtained from book on 'Curing Diseases of Heart and Arteries.' Mr. O's blood pressure was reduced from 184 to 168 in 29 days."

* * * * *

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this disease, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the cause, prevention and cure of hardened arteries, high blood pressure and apoplexy. This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a common-sense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to get well and how to keep well. The name of this book is "Curing Diseases of the Heart and Arteries." It tells the true cause of this condition and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own home and **without the expenditure of an additional penny.** There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so **easy to understand and so simple to follow** that any one, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

Nature's Laws Alone Cure

If you or any member of your family suffer from heart trouble in any form, send only $3 to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 740, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this valuable instruction book. Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with the results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if you are not satisfied that you have made the best $3 investment you ever made—simply remail the book and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to get well you can do so. Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it costs nothing to follow, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called patent medicines that do not cure, soon eat a big hole in any man's income.

Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.

He Saw a Future in Helping Silkworms

(*Continued from page 38*)

leave a job unfinished, at quitting time, no matter how hard his fellow workers urged him to join them in a game of pool or ten pins. The old habit of thoroughness that characterized his school days back in Middleburg, stuck to Peter Van Vlaanderen and soon won for him the best position his employer had to offer.

All this happened eighteen years ago. Van Vlaanderen's success prompted him to venture into business, and, in 1903, the Johnson-Van Vlaanderen Machine Company was formed. Its chief assets were ambition and energy. The physical equipment consisted of a small foot-lathe and an old steam-engine secured from a scrap yard. The building in which it was housed was but a little larger than a private garage built for one car, and was constructed of nothing but rough boards carelessly put together. The monthly rental was $1. The first product manufactured was a small instrument for measuring the fabric on the loom.

"That was a very small beginning," Mr. Van Vlaanderen told me, "but it was a start in the right direction. It broke the ice, as it were. Fear to take a chance is one of the chief reasons why many otherwise capable and ambitious young men fail to get beyond a certain point. I always went along on the theory, 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained.' That is one of my outstanding characteristics. Not that I am imbued in any way with the spirit of the gambler. I don't mean that. But when I recognize what might be considered a good risk, so far as my own business is concerned, I don't let any grass grow under my feet, but go right out and make an effort to control it."

The tenacity of purpose in the face of severe trial, shown by the young firm at the outset, is worthy of more than passing mention. Shortly after they started, the Passaic River, New Jersey, went on a wild rampage, overflowed, and practically wiped them out. But the young partners did not despair. With enthusiasm born of youth and ambition, they started anew in a better location with a much better plant. But before another twelve months had passed, a devastating fire reduced to ashes everything they owned. Here, indeed, was a sad state of affairs. Not a cent of insurance was carried. Everything was a total loss. In his own characteristic way, Mr. Van Vlaanderen says, "It was much easier to start the third time than the first two." It was optimism personified. The mistakes of the first two ventures were profited by, and, out of the ruins of the second, there rose, Phœnixlike, a bigger, better, greater Johnson-Van Vlaanderen Machine Company.

The company flourished. There was a ready market for everything made. The reputation for integrity and good workmanship acquired by the young partners became known. Naturally, in a great silk-manufacturing city, like Paterson, the chief need was for machines and parts that enter some way into the manufacture of silk. With the growth of the silk industry there sprang up an urgent need for time- and labor-saving machinery. Peter Van Vlaanderen recognized this as his great opportunity and decided that specialty silk-machinery should be his aim. This decision has enabled his plant to grow from one of very humble proportions to the greatest plant manufacturing silk-machinery in the world. In the beginning, but two small minor articles were manufactured. To-day, fully 300 different kinds of delicate mechanism are specialized on, ranging in price for a single machine from $10,000 to $100,000. And where the demand is urgent, entire silk-mills, involving every kind of machine used in the manufacture and finish of the fabric, are equipped.

"I firmly believe," Mr. Van Vlaanderen told me, "that there is not a piece of silk manufactured in this country but goes through some of our machinery during the process. Fully eighty-five per cent of the machinery used in this country in dyeing, printing flowers on the fabric, and moraying, are Van Vlaanderen made. Our weighting machines are used everywhere." And then Mr. Van Vlaanderen went on to explain that the function of the weighting machine was to increase the thickness of each individual thread through a special process, thus adding heft to the fabric. Five years ago, Mr. Van Vlaanderen acquired, by purchase, the interest of Mr. Johnson, his partner, and the company was reorganized as the Van Vlaanderen Machine Company.

There was a time when most of the silk dyeing and finishing machinery used in this country was imported from abroad. To-day, thanks to such far-sighted experts as Peter Van Vlaanderen, European manufacturers have been compelled to take a back seat. "Made in U.S.A.," means as much to the purchaser of the highest quality silk-machinery as "Sterling" does to the lover of fine silverware.

There has been an industrial slump during the last twelve months. But you'd never know it at the Van Vlaanderen Machine Company. Full time and big pay has been the order of things right through it all. The day I was in his office, arrangements were made to purchase a plot of ground on which will be erected, as Mr. Van Vlaanderen himself puts it, "the finest plant of its kind to be found anywhere." "We have not outgrown our present quarters, nor do we aim to," he said. "What we are striving for principally, is increased efficiency. What we do now can be done, I am convinced, with a lesser expenditure of energy. Thus our new plant will increase our output without materially increasing our floor space." And that has been a characteristic of the man throughout his busy career, ever striving for perfection by the shortest, most practical route.

◆ ◆

Now I wake me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk;
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.

Don't miss Arthur Frederick McCarty's new story ".303 Caliber" in SUCCESS for November.

Ben Miller

(*Continued from page 45*)

"I want to tell anyone who has met with a serious accident that there is a place for him in this world and the same amount of success as for any other man. Look for it and don't give up. If there is no such word as fail—don't wait for some one to build your success for you, build it yourself. Success is erected on the ability to enjoy, to enthuse, to play hard and work hard and to strive after the seemingly impossible just for the thrill of striving. Some men have youth at seventy and others lack it at seventeen. Some are strong, others weak; but it is the unconquerable spirit which refuses to acknowledge the defeat. To the zealo twho is endowed with this unconquerable spirit, nothing is impossible.

"Cut off his hands, crush his limbs, disfigure his face, do any physical thing you will to him—so long as he retains his eagerness and his inextinguishable desire to go on and up, he can't lose.

"Many possess the germ of success, but are unconscious of it. They have worked and lived in an environment wherein there arises no compelling need or desire. But let misfortune strike them down and the seed of success will surely germinate. At least, I have found this to be true."

MR. MILLER is a familiar figure in the business life of Pottsville and a welcome guest at many social affairs. The casual observer would be sure to pick him as the happiest man in the crowd. But to have been able to scale such apparently insurmountable barriers, to have accumulated a fortune in nine years, above all, to have retained a happy, joyous disposition is something to make those people think who carp and rant about the inequalities of life and its opportunities.

If ever you feel that life has been unfair to you go to Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and call on Ben Miller. See him seated in his bed, for that is where he works most of the time, swamped with mail, and hear his infectious laugh as he says: "Sit down a minute, brother, while I finish this letter," and you will go back home with renewed strength and inspiration.

W'en the clouds look dark with thunder,
An' yer feelin's make ye wonder;
W'en ye feel as 'ow yer luck 'ad got the sack:
Then's th' time to stop an' ponder
On that streak o' silver yonder,—
'Twill push th' gloomy clouds a long way back.

◆ ◆

Choose not the book that thinks for you, but the one that makes you think. The books which help you most are those which make you think the most.—*Theodore Parker.*

◆ ◆

The men who try to do something and fail, are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.—*Lloyd Jones.*

◆ ◆

A man with nothing but money is a beggar in the scales of civilization.

"Where there's a Bill there's a Way"

(*Continued from page 52*)

Got to find some other way. I'm thinking that, perhaps, if I went around to see these people who wrote me, they could give me the names of a dozen others who'd be interested. I—think I'll try that."

It was past midnight when Wallie Ditson returned home, dusty, tired, dejected. A whole day's tramping had netted him six names. He didn't care to eat, and after he had gone to bed, Eve went out to the living room and pored over a bank-book which showed a tidy little sum to her credit.

"I—wonder if I—ought to do it?" she kept asking herself over and over again. For Eve had been thrifty in the days when she worked for the stocks-and-bonds house. If she had chosen to do so, she could have given Wallie the money he needed to advertise his house. But something told her to hold off, to let him fight this thing out himself.

"He'll be the better for it," she told herself. "For his own sake, he's got to get this thing over himself."

And so, though her heart bled when she looked at his tired face, Eve Ditson put the little bank-book back in its hiding place. And, the next morning, Wallie made a pile of all his books on architecture and took them off to a secondhand bookstore where he sold them for thirty dollars. He hated to do it. The books had sort of grown into his heart, and when he saw the book dealer line them up on his shelves he felt as if his dearest friends had suddenly gone out of his life.

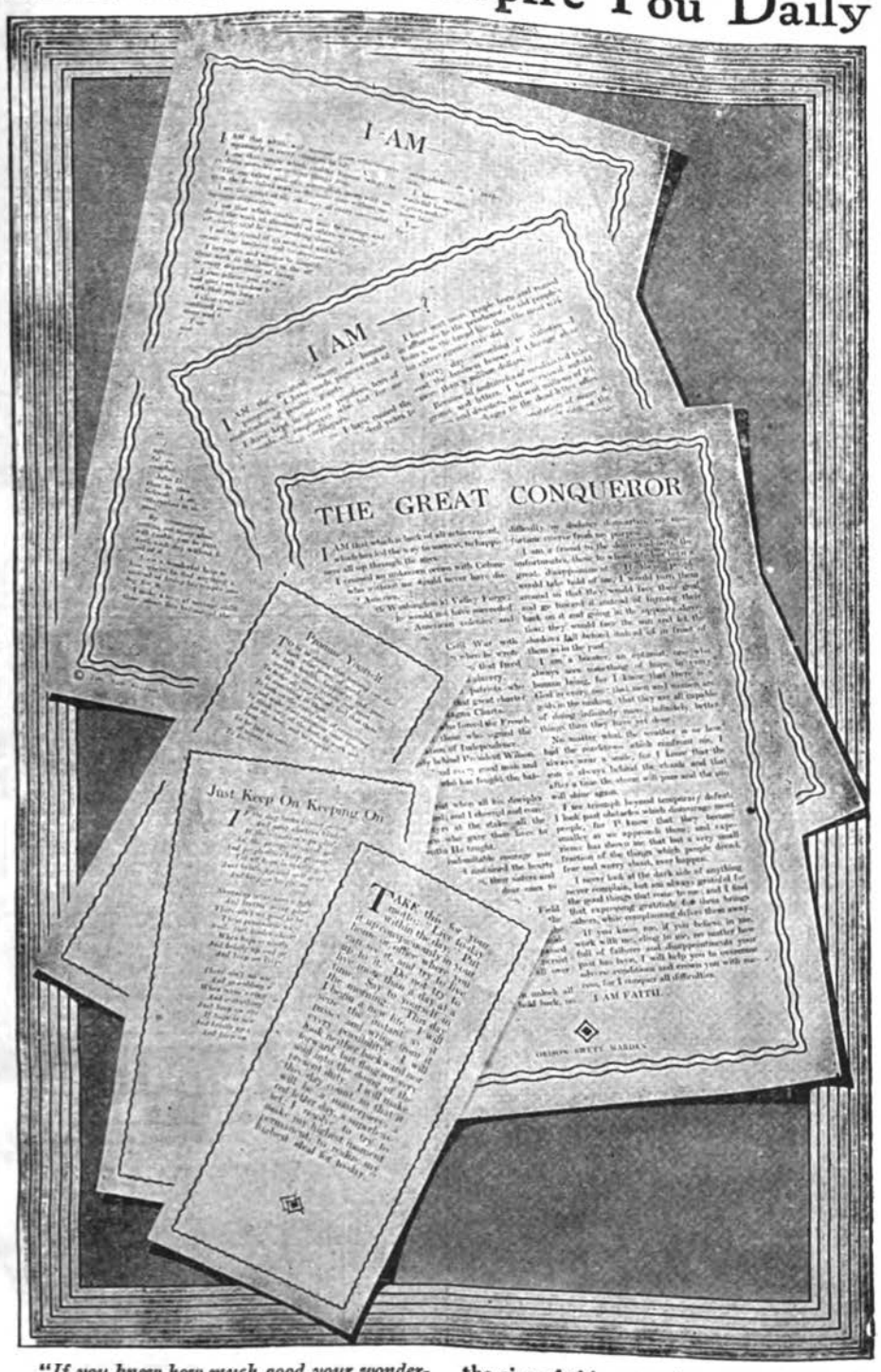
"Well," he said to himself, "I never believed I'd go so far."

That night he battled with another advertisement that had an urge which no red-blooded man could resist:

If you're a red-blooded American—
If you want to live in a home of your own—
If you aren't afraid to pitch in and build that home—
If you want the blessing of fresh air and sunshine—
Write to me!
I've designed a house for you! You can put it up yourself and point to it with pride and say:
"I built that—for my wife and my kiddies!"
I'm one of you. I want a home myself. I've designed this cottage out of my own dreams and yearnings. And I'm a red-blooded American who believes he has struck upon a good thing and wants to get it over!
All I want you to do is to write and tell me you're interested. That's all!"

Thirty inquiries rewarded this effort. Wallie put them all into an envelope and started out for Mayer and Thompson. But halfway there, he turned about and retraced his steps. He had meant to see if he couldn't argue these realty men

PUT THESE SIX CARDS UP
And Let Them Inspire You Daily



"If you knew how much good your wonderful article 'I am Faith' in 'Success' has done for me in an hour of crisis, you would feel repaid for writing it. If you had never written another line, that one page alone would make you immortal, and would make the magazine of inestimable value."

CORA WILSON STEWART,
President, Kentucky Illiteracy Commission, Frankfort, Kentucky.

This wonderful article is included in the three large posters by Orison Swett Marden devoted to "Faith," "System" and "Carelessness." The poem, "Just Keep On Keeping On," will help you through the gloomiest day. The talks on "System" and "Carelessness" should be in every factory and office. The three large posters are each 12½ by 19 inches in size—more than twice the size of this magazine. All of them are printed on India Tint Regal Antique Paper, in Sepia Brown Ink, and are handsome examples of the printing art.

Order Your Set Now

Put up in sets of six—mailed in substantial tube—price, postpaid, 50 cents per set; six sets for $2.50. A year's subscription to SUCCESS and one set for $2.50 (Foreign, $3.50).

SUCCESS MAGAZINE,
1133 Broadway, New York City

Enclosed find $..... for sets of Marden Motto Posters and..... year's subscription to SUCCESS.

Name.....

Address.....

S. 10-21

into accepting the inquiries he now had, instead of waiting until he had the full hundred. He didn't have the money for further advertising; there was nothing of his own which he could cash in; and the thirty days in which his pledge was due for payment were coming to an end. Yet, at the last moment an idea had flashed into his head.

Mayer and Thompson's real objection had consisted in the fact that they didn't believe a city man would care to build his own home, no matter how easy it was made for him. Well, that question had a community appeal. He would take it to a newspaper. It ought to make a good feature story. A wide-awake editor ought to see the possibilities in it.

Yet, four editors turned him down, one right after the other. The fifth, a young man with clear eyes and a firm mouth, became interested in the question. He sat down and talked to Wallie at leisure; and, before long, Wallie told him the whole story of his dream cottage.

"That ought to make a good human-interest story for our home page," he said, at length. "I shall certainly use it. I like that build-your-own-home idea. And I think many more would favor it, if they were shown that there's nothing so difficult about it."

And the evening edition of his paper bore out his promise, for across three full columns there stretched the question:

Would You Build Your Own Home?

Two of the city's leading real estate men declare that the city man has no desire to build his own home, even if the work were made easy.

Is this true? If you could be assured, through the purchase of scientifically constructed materials, that your home would be not only habitable, but beautiful, and at a truly small cost, would you be willing to attempt the project?

This afternoon, a young architect dropped into our office and told—"

The story continued on. The young editor had put a clever rewrite man at the task, and the interview was recorded with a deft touch that made a direct appeal. It had a message for the young man who was contemplating marriage, for the husband who had sort of lost his wind, and for the father who had become submerged by the tide of necessity.

And it created a discussion that was copied by the other papers. If Wallie Ditson had spent thousands on his advertising campaign, he could not have roused the enthusiasm that followed the publishing of that article. Letters poured into the newspapers by the hundreds, letters from citizens who declared not only a willingness, but an eagerness to engage in such a movement. They were tired of paying rents; they longed for space and sunlight; and they were ready to entertain any sensible means of relief.

Wallie clipped all the letters from the

columns of the newspaper and prepared to take them to Mayer and Thompson. But in this he was forestalled by a letter from them. He opened it feverishly, almost afraid to read its contents. And so Eve took it from his hands and read it to him:

DEAR MR. DITSON:

Will you please call at our office as soon as is convenient for you, to discuss your plan of the Dream Cottage.

We read the two advertisements which you ran, and while we were quite impressed with their appeal, it wasn't until the *Chronicle* took the question up, that we really became interested. The editor told us of your call, and we want to congratulate you on your resourcefulness. It's one thing to put a thing over with money, but quite another to get it over as you did.

That stunt showed us that you are the man for us, and we are quite ready to back you to the limit in your project.

Very respectfully yours,
MAYER AND THOMPSON.

Wallie Ditson dropped into his chair and reached a shakey hand for the letter.

"Let—let me see it, Eve," he said.

But instead, Eve Ditson went to her husband and held his face between her small hands.

"Wallie," she declared, "I—I just knew it! I knew you'd come out on top! Where there's a will there's a way, and——"

"No," interrupted Wallie Ditson. "Where there's a *bill* there's a way." From his vest pocket he drew forth the neat white bill that listed his pledge to the college. "See that?" he asked. And as Eve nodded: "That's going to be paid—paid in full!"

SUCCESS NUGGETS

We scatter seeds with a careless hand
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land.
—*John Keble.*

◆ ◆

No one truly lives until he conquers the devil of fear and worry and arrives at the mental poise which will not allow his life to be marred or even annoyed by the things which have never happened or things which do happen.

◆ ◆

That only which we have within, can we see without.

If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none.

If there is grandeur in you, you will find grandeur in porters and sweeps. He only is rightly immortal to whom all things are immortal.—*Emerson.*

◆ ◆

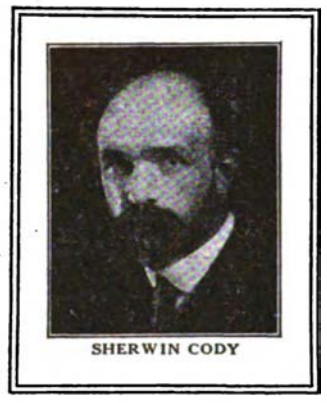
In battle or business, whatever the game—
In law, or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, "Rely on yourself."
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can go it alone.
—*Saxe*

Astonishing facts about your English

How Sherwin Cody, by means of a remarkable invention, has improved the speech and writing of thousands of people in fifteen minutes a day.

By M. B. SACKHEIM

A CERTAIN young man in New York is today at the head of a flourishing business. Fifteen years ago he was a newsboy hawking papers around the Loop in Chicago. Now he sits writing at his desk, and every day literally thousands of people do what he wills them to do. What lifted him out of the crowd of millions of other people who have had only grammar school training? *Nothing but a remarkable command of the English language, which he managed by constant practice to obtain.*



SHERWIN CODY

This is not an unusual instance of the enormous *monetary value* of a command of language. Stories no less inspiring can probably be gathered everywhere. For not one person in a thousand rises to eminence in his chosen field unless he is able to express his thoughts in clear, crisp, idiomatic English.

All the many recipes for success can be summed up in this simple principle: *You must be able to make other people do what you want.* How is that possible if you are handicapped in your power of expression? How can you move others by inspiration, how can you persuade and convince—when your vocabulary is sadly limited and you cannot speak either fluently or correctly? In every field the outstanding men are those who speak and write with clarity and force. They may be known as "silent men." But when they *must* talk, they can do so! Their words bite like chisels into the brains of other people, *and their will is carried out!*

It is not so difficult to attain this mastery of our mother-tongue. Sherwin Cody discovered, in scientific tests, which he personally gave to tens of thousands of people, the reason why most of us cannot express ourselves correctly and forcefully. *Most people do not write and speak good English, simply because they never formed the habit of doing so.* In fact, they formed the habit of using a *loose* and *incorrect* English.

Mr. Cody solved the problem by inventing a device, upon which the Government granted him a patent, and which is called "The Sherwin Cody Self-Correcting Device."

100% Self-Correcting

The basic principle of Mr. Cody's new method is habit forming. *Anyone can learn to write and speak fluently by constantly using the correct forms. But* how is one to know in each case what is correct?

Suppose Mr. Cody himself were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express what you meant, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus-and-so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time patiently he would tell you what was right. The 100% Self-Correcting Device does exactly this thing. It is Mr. Cody's silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates on them.

15 minutes a day

Nor is there very much to learn. In Mr. Cody's years of experience he brought to light some highly astonishing facts about English.

He has spent years *tabulating common errors* and he found, for instance, that a list of one hundred words (with their repetitions) *make up more than half of all our speech and letter writing.* Similarly he proved that there were no more than one dozen fundamental principles of punctuation. Finally, he discovered that twenty-five typical errors in grammar constituted nine-tenths of our everyday mistakes.

When one has learned to avoid these comparatively few common errors, how readily one can obtain that facility of speech which stamps the person of breeding and education!

When the study of English is made so simple, it becomes clear that progress can be made in a very short time. *No more than fifteen minutes a day is required.* Fifteen minutes, not of study, but of fascinating practice!

Send for this free book

There is a detailed description of Mr. Cody's new invention, in a fascinating little book called, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." This is published by the Sherwin Cody School of English, in Rochester. It can be had by anyone, free, upon request. The book is more than a prospectus. Unquestionably it tells one of the most interesting stories about education in English that has ever been written. Sherwin Cody has really placed an excellent command of the English language within the grasp of everyone. If you are interested in hearing more in detail what his new invention can do for you, send for this book, "How to speak and Write Masterly English." Tear out the coupon now, so that you will not forget to write, or send a letter or postal card now.

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