

November 1921

Success

25 Cents



How Would You Spend Forty
Million Dollars?

See

page 15

Digitized by Google

How to Get What You Want

A Remarkable System of Personal Efficiency

Taught by Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the world's greatest inspirational writer who has helped thousands of discouraged men and women to brilliant success

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

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

What Great Men Say About Dr. Marden's Teachings

Theodore Roosevelt said: "I am so deeply touched and pleased by your editorial in 'Success' that I must write and tell you so."

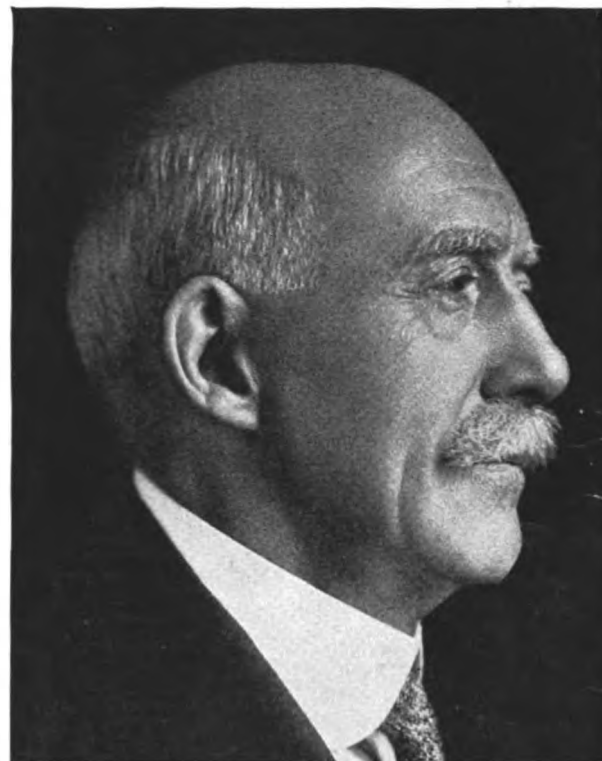
Charles M. Schwab says: "Dr. Marden's writings have had much to do with my success."

John Wanamaker says: "I would, if it had been necessary, have been willing to have gone without at least one meal a day to buy one of the Marden books."

Lord Northcliffe says: "I believe Dr. Marden's writings will be of immense assistance to all young men."

Judge Ben B. Lindsey says: "Dr. Marden is one of the wonders of our time. I personally feel under a debt of obligation to him for his marvelous inspiration and help."

When such men as these, and a host of others too



Dr. Orison Swett Marden

numerous to mention, have felt so strongly the debt of gratitude they owe this man that they have not hesitated to acknowledge it in writing, surely you also can be helped to develop your latent powers, to fill a larger place in the world, to make a new success of your life.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about Dr. Marden's teachings. They are clear, direct, personal. You will recognize their truth and their value to you as soon as you read them. And that they may have wide distribution throughout the world they have been put into a book, called **"How to Get What You Want"** (instead of into an expensive mail-order course costing from \$20 to \$50) so that they are within easy reach of everyone who reads this announcement. By special arrangement both the book and a year's subscription to **SUCCESS Magazine** can now be secured for

only \$3.50. Nor is it necessary that you risk a single penny to secure them, as Dr. Marden has stipulated that this book and magazine shall be sent on five days' free examination to every reader of this announcement who asks for them.

Send No Money

All you need do to secure Dr. Marden's help is to fill out and mail the coupon below and you will receive immediately "How to Get What You Want," a book of 350 pages handsomely bound in cloth. Keep the book for 5 days, read and re-read it, and if you are fully satisfied remit only \$3.50, which will pay in full for the book and a year's subscription to **SUCCESS**. If for any reason you should not be fully satisfied, just return the book within five days and you will owe nothing. This offer may open the door for you to wonderful new success. So mail the coupon NOW, thus making sure of getting your copy of the book before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

Free Examination Coupon

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

1524 St. James Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me "How to Get What You Want" and enter my name for a year's subscription to **SUCCESS** starting with _____ issue. I will either return the book within 5 days after its receipt or send you \$3.50. (Foreign price \$4.50 cash in advance.)

Name
Address
..... S. Nov. '21

AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Friend:

I hold the degree of A. B. and A. M. from the University of Missouri, the degree of D. D. from the University of Kentucky, the degree of L. B. from the Washington University. I was editor of the Harriman Lines Railroad Educational Bureau, was attorney for the White Pass R. R., and practiced law in six states.

It was my privilege to have the personal friendship of Judge Hanna and Mrs. Eddy, of Christian Science fame, of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and of John E. Richardson, better known as T. K., founder of the Great School of Philosophy.

I organized the Law and Commercial Company of Snow, Church and Company, with offices in many large cities and the Lyceum League of America, with Theodore Roosevelt as its first President and Edward Everett Hale, William Dean Howells, Frances Willard and Senator Lodge on the Board of Trustees.

I recently came to St. Louis from my home in Long Beach, California, for the purpose of studying the Master Key System at close range and getting into personal touch with the Author, Charles F. Haanel.

I have been here long enough to find that while all other systems of thought are concerned chiefly with the manipulation of things, the Master Key System is interested in the causes whereby conditions are created. For this reason it is Universal and unlimited.

It is the key to every system of thought in existence, either ancient or modern, religious or philosophical, occidental or oriental. Let me demonstrate this by sending you a few sample papers, without cost or obligation of any kind. The busier you are, the bigger things you have in view, the less you can afford to be without the Master Key System.

Walt Le Noir Church, 202 Howard Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Success

Vol. V.

For November, 1921

No. 11

COVER DESIGN	FREDERIC STANLEY	
HOW I INTEND TO SPEND THE MILLIONS MY FATHER LEFT ME	WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD	15
George W. Perkins, jr., tells what he will do with about \$40,000,000 that he inherited		
JANE O'NEILL—BUSINESS WOMAN. A story	WILL C. BEALE	17
Illustrated by J. Henry		
DOES IT PAY?	ORISON SWETT MARDEN	21
Cartoon by Gordon Ross		
FIGHTING CRIME WITH A CARD-INDEX	ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG	22
How the brainy up-to-date criminal is being put out of business		
CUTTING LOOSE FROM THE PAY ENVELOPE AT MIDDLE AGE	GEORGE R. CULLEN	26
That's what Fred M. Utley did after he had been a postman for thirty-three years		
HAVE YOU HABITS?	THOMAS L. MASSON	29
Cartoons by Alton E. Porter		
THE DIVINE SPARK. A poem	PERCY W. REYNOLDS	32
THE CREED OF THE SEA. A story	CHART PITT	33
Illustrated by Charles Sarka		
FAILURE ON FAILURE. A poem	KATHARINE LEE BATES	33
SMUTS, THE GENIUS OF PEACE	JOHN T. DRAYTON	37
Great Britain's reliance on a former foe		
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL!	ORISON SWETT MARDEN	39
HOW TO BUY THE RIGHT THING	WILLIAM H. HAMBY	40
An article which shows you how to see all the way to the end of a good deal		
THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE A FOOL. A Poem	RICHARD WIGHTMAN	41
CLOSED STORE SUNDAYS—MADE MORE MONEY	ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF	43
The surprise that came to a Massachusetts druggist		
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "YELLOW" AND "WHITE" JOURNALISM	ADA PATTERSON	44
An interview with Edward Page Mitchell, dean of Park Row		
HOUNDED BY FATE	A. F. HARLOW	46
The confession of a man who inherited a fortune. Illustrated by Glenn Pierce		
.303 CALIBER. A story	ARTHUR FREDERICK McCARTY	48
Illustrated by Arthur Little		
THE MAN IS KING	ORISON SWETT MARDEN	51
Cartoon by Gordon Ross		
"I'LL MAKE EVERY AMERICAN PROUD OF THE SECRET SERVICE"	ALVIN F. HARLOW	53
An interview with William J. Burns		
"EVERYBODY THOUGHT I WAS OF NO PARTICULAR USE"	EARLE HOOKER EATON	56
Edward W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, talks about thrift		
THE NEW NEIGHBORS. A story	CONRAD RICHTER	57
Illustrated by Donald S. Ross		
ARE MINISTERS LOSING THEIR GRIP ON THE PEOPLE?	LOUIS M. NOTKIN	62
Rabbi Richmond says they are. That's why he gave up his position		
LINCOLN'S FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION	HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH	72

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION

1133 Broadway, New York City, New York

Orison Swett Marden, Editor and President; Robert Mackay, Managing Editor and Secretary; J. W. D. Grant, Treasurer and General Manager; Charles H. Desgrey, Advertising Director.

Advertising rates on application

Subscription rates: \$2.50 per year; Foreign, \$1 extra; 25 cents per copy. Entered as Second-class Matter, December 30, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered at Stationer's Hall and Copyright, 1921, in Great Britain.
Copyright, 1921, by The Lowrey-Marden Corporation. All rights reserved.



How I Intend to Spend the Millions My Father Left Me

An interview with George W. Perkins, jr., son of the late millionaire partner of J. P. Morgan, who has some \$40,000,000 to do with as he pleases

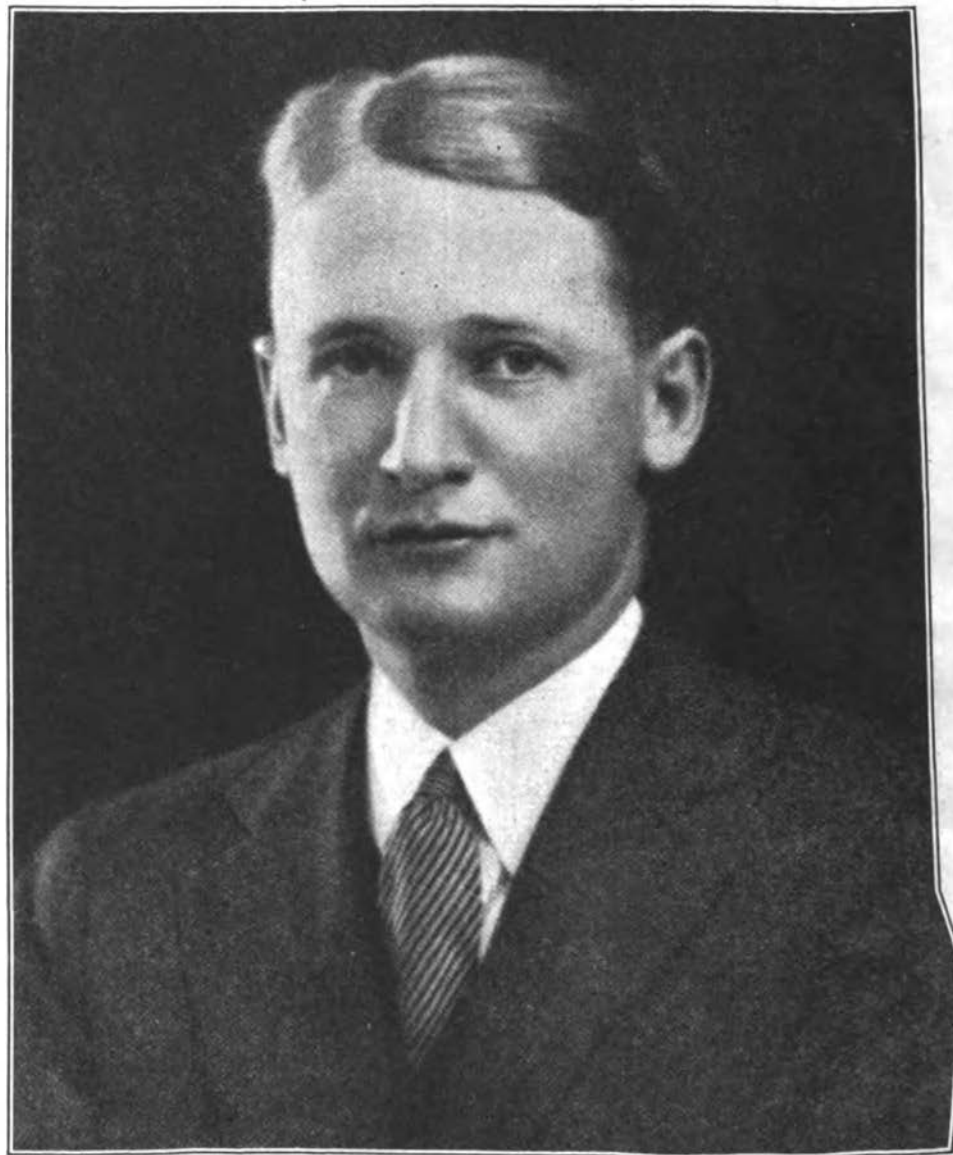
By William H. Crawford

SELFISHNESS is a predominating human characteristic. So many men strive to grasp all the power and wealth within their reach, that it is refreshing to find a young man who is not struggling to add more dollars to his fortune, to gain more of the power that dollars bring; but who is devoting twelve to fourteen hours a day learning how to spend the many millions that were left to him by his father. That is exactly what George W. Perkins, jr., is doing. George W. Perkins, jr., is the son of the late George W. Perkins who will be remembered as a partner of J. P. Morgan.

You need not begin sending begging letters to Mr. Perkins asking him to contribute to your pet charity or finance some pet scheme, while he is distributing his wealth, for that is not the way that he is going to dispose of it. His father, you may remember, subscribed large sums of money to advance progressive legislation. He believed that he could be of more service to humanity by helping to establish honest government than by giving to individuals or charities. G. W. P., jr., is a chip of the old block. He believes as his father did that there are many injustices and inequalities both in the law, and in its enforcement. He believes that the rights of the poor man and the worker should be protected by legislation.

"The rich man," he told me, when I called on him to secure this interview for SUCCESS, "is able to demand and secure his personal rights. The poor man is impotent, and I am determined to devote my time and money to secure for him those rights which, by himself, he cannot obtain."

There is this difference between the money-distributing plans of the father and the son. The father was a middle-aged man of business when he retired to champion the cause of the people. He was fully acquainted with the political game. He knew its wiles, its cross-roads, its crooked turnings. His power and prestige, gained in the business world, gave him a natural and prominent



Pach Bros., N. Y.

GEORGE W. PERKINS, JR.

Twenty-six years old, inherited the vast fortune of his father, George W. Perkins. He has so much money that he could not spend it on himself if he tried, so, after deliberating the matter for months, he has hit on a plan which, he believes, will prove of the greatest value to all the people of the United States.

place in the counsels of his party. On the other hand, his son has had no experience in politics. Stepping directly from the university to the overseas service, he has had no opportunity to study politics. He is inspired by the same ideals of service as his father, and has the same determination to devote his time and money to the cause; but he is shrewd enough to realize that he must know the game before he can play it effectively. Therefore, he has associated himself with a past master of the art of politics—Will H. Hays, President Harding's Postmaster General, in whose office I first met him.

When I entered Mr. Hays's office, I noticed a clean-cut young fellow who seemed to be "on the job" every minute. He was courteous, intelligent, polite. He found the business of each visitor and aided him with expedition and dispatch. He seemed so entirely different from the average secretary, so free from feeling his own importance, and yet, had such an intelligent grasp of his duties, that he immediately attracted my attention. "Who is that young secretary of yours? He appears to be particularly bright." I asked the Postmaster General.

"Don't you know?" replied Hays. "He is the son of George W. Perkins; he is a hustler, too. Works under full steam twelve to fourteen hours a day. Mark me, he is going to make a name for himself."

I knew his father well, and I was keen to learn why the heir to the Perkins millions should be working from twelve to fourteen hours a day for the munificent sum of \$1900 a year! I found young Perkins most agreeable, entirely free from affectation and false pride, and working with grim determination to accomplish his aim. It was difficult to get him to talk about himself, to tell his reasons for forsaking his natural place in the business world for the drudgery of a secretarial position.

"Some years before my father's death," he said, "he decided that it was his duty to repay America for the opportunities and blessings it had showered upon him. This he attempted to do, by devoting his time and money to civic betterment, which he hoped to accomplish by advancing progressive government. I went with him, as a boy, to most of his conferences. He never treated me as a child. He thought that I should understand these matters; so, after the big men with whom he dealt had departed, he would explain carefully to me, subjects he had discussed with them. I was told all of his hopes and aspirations. I became very much interested in his plans; so, after his death, I decided to continue his work."

"In order to do so intelligently, it is necessary for me to know something about politics, because it is through the political field that improvement must advance. Therefore, I decided to come to Mr. Hays and learn politics from him. Of course, the place I have now is a comparatively humble one; but I feel that I am doing real service for the country while I am learning. I certainly am earning my pay. Every one around Mr. Hays must do that," he

Would You Spend a Fortune of Forty Millions Like This?

GEORGE W. PERKINS died over a year ago. He was one of the most successful financiers this country had ever produced. Rising from humble life, by sheer force of his will, honesty, and determination, he was finally chosen by the late J. Pierpont Morgan as one of the partners of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Mr. Perkins left a fortune of some forty millions. Some time before his death, he decided to spend the greater part of his vast wealth in civic betterment. His son, George W. Perkins, jr., who inherited his fortune—after setting aside sufficient for the support of himself and his mother—will carry out to a finish the work his father started.

In order to learn politics, he has taken a small position under Postmaster-general Hays.

"This work will be a great advantage to me in carrying out my future plans," says Mr. Perkins. "I am not interested in making any more money. What I am interested in is spending the vast fortune my father left me so it will be of real service to humanity."

added whimsically. "This work will be of great advantage to me in carrying out my future plans. Here I learn to know, personally, all the prominent politicians in America. They all seem to find their way to Mr. Hays's office. I am studying men. You may say, I am taking a post-graduate course in the college of politics. I am working my way through college."

"Are your business interests suffering by your absence?"

"Naturally. I am not making any money while absenting myself from business affairs. My mother, however, is entirely in sympathy with my plans. We have invested our capital, so that it does not require much of my time to look after it. Incidentally, I am not interested in making any more money. After a man has a competency for himself and his family, additional fortune is of no particular value to him. What I am interested in is spending the vast fortune my father left me so it will be of real service to humanity. I feel, as my father did, that my wealth is a stewardship to be administered for the people. Except for my own simple needs, it is to be devoted to their benefit."

"Do you intend to enter the political

field after you have been graduated from your school of politics?"

"If you mean, by entering the political field, that I am going to seek political office—I am not. I have not gone into the work for personal preferment, political power, or pecuniary gain. I am here solely for the purpose of learning politics and to become acquainted with the men with whom I must work in the future. I hope to occupy a position in the progressive wing of our party, similar to the one filled by my father. My chance to do so, should be greatly augmented by the fact that the men with whom I come in contact will know that I am not actuated by any political ambitions of my own."

"You spoke of spending your fortune to benefit humanity. How do you intend to spend it?"

"There are many ways in which money can be spent legitimately in political campaigns. In fact, its expenditure is necessary to successfully carry them on. But not a cent will be spent in purchasing influence or to sway elections."

"Do you believe that one man fighting in the interest of honest and just government can overthrow the evils that have surrounded the political world for so many years?"

"No, I do not; nor do I wish to pose as the sole champion of justice. I am not alone in this work. Maybe I have more time and money to devote to it than thousands of straightforward, intelligent young men. We are all fighting in the same cause. I would be greatly disheartened if I thought that I was fighting a single-handed combat."

"Mr. Hays tells me that you are working from twelve to fourteen hours a day. Will not your other interests suffer by neglect?"

"I am not interested in so-called society. At least, I do not select my friends because of their social position. I recognize that there are many excellent people who are not socially elect, and, conversely, many of high social standing who are true blue. In selecting my friends and coworkers, their social position does not count one way or the other. I am too busily engaged in the work that the Master has given me to do, to be inveigled into so-called social life. By the way, I wish you would not make so much of the long hours that I spend in working. I stay here until I have finished my work, and no man with a sense of self-respect is satisfied to do less."

"Do you not hanker after the flesh pots of Egypt—the pleasures and frivolities that you could enjoy?"

"No, I do not. But do not put me down as an anchorite or recluse. I am fond of the theater; I like to dance; I am not a tin angel; but I am not satisfied to permit material allurements to interfere with my work."

What was the early training and environment that would engender such high ideals in a young man whose wealth and position would give him every opportunity to develop a selfish, self-indulgent spirit, or cause him to forsake opportunities to become a power in the

(Continued on page 80)

LESTER BALDWIN catalogued all women into but two classes, zoölogical only: to him they were either butterflies or—cows. Jane O'Neill puzzled him but the briefest instant. She was obviously no cow.

Jane O'Neill—Business Woman

By Will C. Beale

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HENRY

THE bank wanted—the manager. Three frantic typewriters and an overwrought adding-machine in the office of the A. L. Britt Printing Company, went suddenly dead—to listen. The occurrence always meant things. At the office phone, soft and clear in the barefaced silence, Patsy Doyle cooed her most dulcet accents,—the manager was not in. In the private office one could hear that A. L. himself had cut in. The bank did not want A. L.—courteously, of course—but he flung up the receiver, appeared in his door and shouted at Patsy a corrosive command.

Patsy patted the puffs of hair over her ears with the supreme hauteur of twenty-one. "Is he some joy-assassin?" she argued with herself. "Ask me."

A door from the pressroom flapped suddenly open on the sonorous hum of overrushed machinery. A persecuted-looking foreman shot through with booklet proofs and asked for the manager.

But the typewriters had picked up again on every cylinder, and no one paid attention. The foreman groaned impotently. "This shack ain't a print shop! It's a quarry!" He bolted out.

For the 'nth time, Patsy Doyle hurried to an inquiring man at the office rail. This one loomed.

"Is the manager in?"

"No. She's not."

"She?" annihilatingly. "I asked for the manager. Can't you get me?"

Patsy's eyes took time to appraise, scorn—alas! insult him, exhaustively and efficiently. Then, "Try me in Esperanto," she advocated, sweetly. The door slammed like an oath and Patsy chortled victoriously.

With that, from the corridor entrance, calmly, unhurriedly: "Good morning, everyone!" The manager came in.

Jane O'Neill was twenty-nine. I suppose, if you were a man, you first warmed to her quiet, interested smile: then, I know, you speculated as to the mysterious things behind her calm gray eyes. If you were a woman, you probably hesitated before Jane O'Neill, perhaps to grope hurriedly for a different introductory remark or something.

Things changed as she came in. Of course, it wasn't possible for the Britt office to confidently relax—that is, audibly—but it did seem the hum in things softened to a more confident note at her advent. For it had been eight years now, that she had smiled her way through a steady progress of ups and an uncounted array of downs with the Britt Printing Company.

She paused before Patsy Doyle's rush. "Oh, Miss O'Neill! the bank wants you." Patsy's eyes were nibbling rapturously at the new fall-suit of businesslike efficiency that wandered into artistry, and she choked on too greedy eagerness.

"Hatch wants you out in the pressroom, and there's been a coupla salesmen, and some strange guy—"

"What sort of a guy, Patsy?"

"Search me, Miss O'Neill! Big—check suit—yella diamond in negligee shirt—looks like 'Who's Who Among the Wets'—and Mr. Britt wants you—right away!"

Jane O'Neill smiled her slow smile as she turned to her desk. "Life may be just one thing after another, Patsy," she observed, "but they don't always seem to wait their turn." The exotic little Patsy's eyes followed her adoringly. She watched the artfully tailored hat come off, disclosing simply arranged coils of quite wonderful brown, and consulted herself fervently and sapiently: "Is that some head of hair, Marcelle? I'll say it is!"

Jane O'Neill called the bank. Finishing, she hung up in sudden abstraction and studied more closely some slips left by the cashier. She laughed softly to herself. How true it was that men never grew up! She picked up the slips and went into Britt's office.

BRITT hid a brisk little corn-cob pipe under a blotter. He was an undersized man—galvanic, intense, with aggressive gray hair that never would learn gentility. Perhaps it was because the world had not been very kind to Ansel Britt, that made him a belligerent little fighter, even before first, long after last, and all the rest of the time. He braced back and began to speak—petulantly. "Honest, Miss O'Neill, sometimes I have to stop and think as to whether I'm boss around here, or you."

Jane O'Neill laughed a deprecating little laugh. "Oh, there's no uncertainty in that direction, A. L. I wouldn't let that worry you."

"I can't help it," impatiently, "when everybody we do business with, passes me up to talk with you. I'm beginnin' to think I don't know anything about the printing business."

"That's not so, A. L.," quietly. "You're the best printer in the city." There was just a suspicion of accent on the word "printer."

"Is that what you wanted to talk over?"

"No. Something else. But first, what did the bank want?"

"Those loans. The one for two thousand, due the first, they'd like taken up." Jane O'Neill's gaze wandered out over the busy street.

Britt glared. "Did you tell them the new equipment had strapped us?"

"I didn't like to do that, A. L. I didn't like to say anything. I had to say we'd take them up."

"You did! How are you going to do it?" Ansel Britt's eyes were scornfully wide. "We've got every dollar trained to do double duty now, until the convention business helps us out. What's the matter with them, anyhow? Don't they know we're in healthy shape?"

Jane O'Neill still gazed out the window. "Perhaps they think we're growing too fast lately, for our resources," she remarked thoughtfully. "Listen, A. L." She held out the slips—lodge dues—in her hand. "When did you join the Ancient Order of Caribou and"—she consulted the slips—"the United Draymen?"

"Last month," brusquely. "Why?"

There was smiling indulgence in Jane O'Neill's gray eyes. "You must belong to everything now but the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Boy Scouts." Although Britt was over fifty, her regard grew almost maternal. "Do you think that just a square move to make, to get business, A. L.?"

"They all must have printing, don't they?" Britt jumped up and started walking the room. "You don't seem to realize how I'm planning always, night and day, to get business! Lodges put you next to things. It was through a brother lodge-member, Moran, who also happens to be secretary of the Boiler Makers' Union, that I got that order yesterday, over to Foundrytown—fifty thousand union buttons—three colors."

"Why did he want to see you personally?" Jane O'Neill was regarding him closely.

"I'm telling you. Lodge member. And now," his attempt to look suddenly casual was a ponderous thing, "now, I want to tell you about a new scheme. You'll knock the idea, of course, but with the bank holding a stop watch on us, it's time we got away from them for good." He swallowed, then: "I'm going to put a salesman on the road. I've had the idea a long time. Yesterday, I run across the very man, and—"

"Where?" quietly.

OVER to Foundrytown. Moran introduced him to me."

"I see." To a sensitive ear there was conviction, resignation, preparation in it.

"And he's just the man for the job!" The little man rubbed his hands and waxed exuberant. "Impresses you right off, good talker, classy dresser, looks like real money—"

"Wait a minute." Some vagrant association seemed tugging at Jane O'Neill's consciousness. "Big man—check suit—diamond in negligee shirt?"

The little man wheeled. "Yes," surprisedly. "Seen him?" His associate shook her head and he ran on. "Well, he's a real find. I know it." He paused abruptly—his face half defiant. "All right. How does it strike you?"

"Why, I don't know, A. L. You may be right. But, to me, when a business arrives at its first salesman, it's an awe-inspiring crisis, like coming of age, or"—she achieved the stupendous—"the first 'flivver.' I can't tell much until I've seen your man. Meanwhile, it isn't expansion that's bothering me to-day. It's the pay roll. Somehow, lately, Saturday noon looks like the way of the transgressor—and although the convention business may be cash, it will make things worse till it's over. I was wondering if you could not make some collections." She held out a list. "You ought to be able to get that Fuller County Agricultural Association check from their secretary here in the city. The account's twelve hundred."

Britt snatched at it. "I'll get it or I'll get the secretary's scalp. It's two days overdue." He flung it on his desk. "But I'm getting tired going out and passing the hat. This business should be at a place, now, where I don't have to. I won't, either, when Baldwin gets broke in."

At her desk, a few moments later, Jane O'Neill was listening to a man who had been waiting for her—was listening half abstractedly, her mind confronting the problem rolled up by growing pay rolls, an unquiet bank-loan, and, now, a new salesman. The man was unctuously enlarging upon his prowess in the field. Lester Baldwin catalogued all women into but two classes, zoological only: to him they were either butterflies or—cows. Jane O'Neill puzzled him but the briefest instant. She was obviously no cow, so—his speech had trickled treacle.

"When Brother Britt told me to talk things over with the office manager, I didn't expect to find—" he drew down his vest and screwed down his cuffs—"to find a girl in charge." He swallowed blandly. The treacle lay thick over everything.

Jane O'Neill smiled at him almost too disarmingly. "You're not selling me a crayon portrait, Mr. Baldwin," she said. Already she had reached decision in regard to this salesman. "What house have you been with?" perfunctorily.

"Brown and Patterson, lighting specialties. Say, when I took hold of that business, their growth, up to then, looked like infantile paralysis; and, in two years' time—"



There was smiling indulgence in Jane O'Neill's gray eyes. "You must belong to everything now but the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Boy Scouts." Although Britt was over fifty, her regard grew almost maternal

"When was that?" evenly. Jane O'Neill knew Brown and Patterson, a quietly progressive concern fast making a praiseworthy place.

"Five years ago."

"I see." Jane O'Neill was wondering absently just what kind of a lodge it was that permitted member Moran to hand member Britt an order that carried a live traveling salesman pinned to it, a salesman such as—

"THEN," reminiscently, "I was with a patent-razor concern—a punk little outfit; and a new nut-butter house. Stuff was all right but didn't have backing enough to suit me." Baldwin pinched up his trousers at the knees so that his corn-colored socks showed sociably in wrinkled amplitude. "Say, Miss O'Neill they tell me your name is—you people've got a nice little plant here, and, from what neighbor Britt tells me, you're on the right little end of a coming concern, if you had the right party to get behind and push you along a bit. Now, Britt tells me—"

"Do you think you are that man?" Jane O'Neill was thinking fast.

Baldwin grinned confidently. "Well, I'll tell you this about Lester Baldwin:

when he goes after business it's got to be some salesman that trails him without starving by the wayside. Now, when we get a little more up-to-date methods running in the little old place, I'm goin' to tell you, girlie—"

He paused to expectorate in the wastebasket.

Jane O'Neill was standing. The business woman had retired behind impregnable walls of femininity. Her wastebasket! "It won't be necessary, Mr. Baldwin." She was looking at him squarely, with eyes that were quite unsmiling. "I'm afraid we won't be putting on a salesman just now."

"But listen here—" he began rather loudly.

There came a slamming of the outer door, a slatting of the office-rail gate. Ansel Britt, with face black and angry, plunged along into his office and summoned Miss O'Neill.

"It's time we played the game!" he exploded, when she stood before him. "If that agricultural outfit thinks they're playing me for a boob, they got another think!"

II

JANE O'NEILL came in hurriedly from the street. It was the middle of the forenoon. Her eyes were strangely bright and alive as she passed obliviously on into Britt's office.

She laid a slip on his desk. "Here's the Fuller County check."

Britt glanced up quickly, his face holding rather childish chagrin. "I knew I had him scared. But, I suppose he made—er—er chivalry to a woman the excuse for paying."

Jane O'Neill seemed strangely engrossed still. She shook her head slowly, with an odd look. Her smile was gone. "Chivalry wasn't *exactly* his manner, A. L."

She passed out quickly to her own secluded corner. She wanted to think the interview over. In all her business life she had never experienced so nearly the treatment accorded a man. McWade, the association secretary, turned out to be a fabrics man of standing. When she said she represented the A. L. Britt Company, he had risen angrily to his feet, and, his eyes icily vindictive, had launched into brief but intimately scathing estimate of one A. L. Britt, his business, his methods, and his personality. "I said the first A. L. Britt representative that ever showed up in here, I'd do myself the honor to throw into the street!"

In sudden loyalty she had halted him. "I can understand how you feel, but—" Here her smile penetrated the man's wrath, dispelling, like a streak of sunlight. "Truly, there're good things about him."

McWade was regarding her closely. "I can see you're a *business* woman all right. What I can't see is how you stand for that man Britt."

She was still smiling. "Business women are successful, perhaps, because they can handle men better than men—so long as they stick to business."

When she was leaving, McWade had said: "Well, *you're* a white man, anyhow. Your boss bragged a good deal about himself and his concern. I'm beginning to see it, if he picks employees like you. I'm retracting—to *you*. But, if ever I get the chance, I'll put a crimp in A. L. Britt that—"

Jane O'Neill turned from the window. Things were getting acute. In his frenzy to do business, A. L. saw to it that never a dollar rested at ease, and these undignified collections were becoming rather common. The convention of National Canners took possession of the city the twenty-ninth of that month. Britt had already campaigned for the convention printing

—they *must* land it, and landing it would tax them further until it was over. Then, there was Baldwin.

She looked over the slips on her desk and laughed dryly. Among the items to be paid was a statement of office rent for the new salesman, established across in the retail section, and a bill for office furniture, amounting to \$200. She picked up a couple of orders from unknown concerns which the salesman had mailed in. One was a trial order for office stationery, the other, a small order for club cards. Both had been taken at cut prices, and to these was pinned a fortnight's expense account of \$100.

Jane O'Neill stared at them and gave herself assiduously to the problem of first shaking off this salesman, fattening on their harried resources, and, at the same time, doing it in some way redounding to the good of Britt's soul. Britt simply must be made to see—

"Good morning, sister." Baldwin dropped into the chair by Jane O'Neill's desk, crossed his legs, and dragged comfortably on his cigar. "I've had a good trip." Jane O'Neill glanced at the heavy expense sheet and paltry orders, and agreed bitterly. "Saw a lot of old-time friends that gimme the glad—Made the north country—They told me up there—"

IT was some moments later, he was handing her some letters.

Jane O'Neill rose. "I'm sorry. I haven't time to look at them. What I *would* like to see is orders." She stopped short. This openly opposing attitude was wrong. Long ago, Britt's wife, with the wisdom of ages behind her smooth little face, had given her the cue: "If Ansel wants the earth and all that's in it, I let him think he's getting it and pray God he doesn't ask for the moon!" Jane O'Neill's manner relaxed. She was listening and thinking.

Baldwin was saying: "These are 'folksy' letters from about half the Chambers of Commerce in this section. They're the people to get after—"

Something leaped in Jane O'Neill's mind. It was like glimpsing a sudden opening out of dark woods. Britt had told her only that morning that the handling of the convention had been turned over to the Chamber of Commerce. And, but an hour ago, in McWade's office—

"—and the sooner you people shed your piker ideas and give me a chance to cut loose—"

Jane O'Neill raised her hand. "I think I've got your chance." Now, her smile was warmth, and shelter, and welcome. She was back in McWade's office. The sheet he had given her to write a receipt on, was a Chamber of Commerce letterhead. His name headed the Executive Committee. Far from opposing Britt, she was going to help. For instance, it would be grand if Baldwin could be sent to solicit the convention printing from McWade. She had thrilling premonitions of catastrophe, of a Baldwin failure that would invite battle, murder, and sudden death in the Britt office. In any case, she trusted to the gods of war for a clean clean-up; and, later, she trusted to clear up the situation herself with McWade.



"Didn't you get the check?"

"No. And it was all ready to sign! That confounded numskull down there said he didn't like my manner! Now, what do you think of that?"

"What did you say to him?"

"I said good and plenty. Now, I'm going to sue." He stopped in his gyrations to fling himself into a chair. "Has Baldwin called?"

"Yes."

"Well," surlily. "what do you think of him?"

"I think you can, perhaps, find a better man, A. L." She took the plunge. "I've just told him we're not putting on a salesman just now."

His chair went over as A. L. Britt jumped up. "You have? Well, you can just go out and un-tell him! He's already put on. He's come for an advance on salary. Fifty dollars for expenses and a mileage book! I had him all hired yesterday!"

Jane O'Neill passed out rather slowly. The last few years had taught her that, in business, there is a demand for woman's subtlety and finesse fully as exacting as in running a home. The rest was a *man's* creed: lay low and play the game.

She turned to the waiting salesman and said: "Let's talk with Mr. Britt." Inside, she said to Britt, meekly: "Don't you think we ought to be getting after the convention business to-day? I thought at first perhaps I might—"

"You won't have to." Britt rubbed his hands gleefully and beamed on Baldwin who beamed back. "Soliciting business never *was* a woman's job, and now we've got just the man."

"Mr. Baldwin's mention of the Chamber of Commerce—" Jane O'Neill's tone was humility, abasement, servitude.

BRITT bristled. "Of course. Baldwin's right onto his job. You needn't bother, Miss O'Neill." Britt was actually waving her out. "Baldwin and I'll tend to it."

"Very well. I'll just look up the right committee." Outside, she had a tiny, humane feeling—she was seeing McWade when Baldwin mentioned Ansel Britt. She passed to Patsy Doyle's catchall desk. "Take this letter, Patsy." Slowly, she dictated:

Chairman, Executive Committee,
Chamber of Commerce,
City.

This will introduce our salesman, Mr. Leslie F. Baldwin. We are sending him for a man-to-man interview. We are after the convention printing, or a slice of it. We feel sure Mr. Baldwin will interest you, and we will back up anything you may do with him, honestly and unreservedly. When you have listened to his story may we have your action?

Thanks.

BRITT PRINTING CO.,
Per

It simplified matters that McWade had never asked her name. She signed: "J. G. O'Neill," and went to meet Baldwin coming exaltedly out of the inner office. "The chairman you want to see is John McWade, McWade and Company, fifty Water Street. Here's a letter of introduction to him."

"I don't need it—but—" He nodded at her graciously. "Here's where I show you what's in the little old bean of Leslie F. Baldwin!"

Jane O'Neill's smile was a beautiful thing. "I hope so, truly."

It was the next morning's mail that halted Jane O'Neill uncomfortably. Something had missed,—something had gone wrong with the gods of war. A letter, addressed to J. G. O'Neill, read:

J. G. O'Neill,
Britt Printing Co.,
City.

Dear Sir: Your manly letter introducing Mr. L. F. Baldwin impressed me very much. I listened to Mr. Baldwin throughout the forenoon with much interest. I have met your Mr. Britt—his business methods made a deep impression on me. I have felt indebted to him, and trust the contract I have signed with your Mr. Baldwin will please him as much to fulfill as it pleased me to sign it.

Most sincerely,

She had but meant to have Baldwin lose out with Britt. She felt sure she could win the business from McWade, herself, later. But this letter—"Throughout the forenoon." Knowing

McWade's kind of man, that reference struck her ominously, also his reference to Britt, and—

"Oh, Miss O'Neill!" It was lilted genially from Britt's office door, loud enough for all the office to look up. "Come in here. We've got a convention order that'll keep us up nights." Inside, he thrust a printed contract-blank into her hands. "Baldwin is some winner! Look!"

Jane O'Neill looked. After eight years the business of being a business woman was making the business of being a mere woman look like powder puffs, and blossoms, and gossamer. The mere woman was frightened; the business woman wanted to laugh—hysterically.

In a moment she looked up. "It seems that Baldwin has shown us what's in his 'little old bean,' all right. Did you notice who signed it, A. L.?"

"No. I just noted the amount." He looked up darkly from the boldly written, "John McWade." "Funny Baldwin should run into him; but he's got nothing on me," he said hostilely. "Anyhow, what about it?"

"Nothing much, only—" The irony of it got her. "This calls for convention printing, A. L., at a price that will hardly buy the stock; also, for buttons enough to give one to every man, woman, and child in the city, also at five-and-ten-cent-store prices. But the worst is this: the badges call for a two-color ribbon, a combination that, as a dry-goods man, McWade knows is not woven and couldn't be procured short of two months; and he's stipulated delivery at twelve days or we discount two per cent for each day. Aside from these little points, it's a perfectly good contract." She was dazed, but there was a tiny admiration for McWade.

Britt's frown was black; his wrath contemptuous. "But we *can't*! How're we going to do all that?"

"You've contracted to, A. L."

THAT isn't a contract—it's a shroud." He turned, in sudden inspiration. "Say, Miss O'Neill—I phoned Baldwin away for a few days, last night. You go call this man off!" As he looked at the sheet, Britt's eagerness grew. "You had good luck with him before—Tell him Baldwin didn't know our prices—our stock—"

The girl shook her head. "Oh, no, A. L. I can't do that."

"But you've got to!" Britt's eyes grew steely. "With the bank wantin' two thousand on the first, I'm not going to turn this shop loose on that, believe me!"

She was feeling sorry for him now. "I'm afraid you can't help yourself, A. L. If you fall down on the convention stuff, the Chamber of Commerce will remember it to the pearly gates. It looks like McWade's got you, but—I think I'll write him he wants to be ready with the cash."

III

TENSENESS; concentration; never-lagging speed!

The Britt plant hummed. Throughout, a determined force seemed driving it like a spinning top urged by a lash.

The celluloid-button machines never cooled. A night shift sweated at the presses.

At her desk, Jane O'Neill pressed her face tight into hot palms and tried to pierce gloomy obscurity. "Blue and gold. Blue and gold." She had said fervently to Miss Bryant in the celluloid room that, for three mornings, she had eaten blue-and-gold flapjacks and three nights she had slept on a blue-and-gold bed.

A driven young designer halted sullenly at her desk. "Britt wants to know what you're going to do about the badges."

"I only know we contracted for them—we've got to turn them out." Blue and gold—blue and gold.

The young man flared excitedly. "Yes, but how? Britt sent me down to that bird, McWade, to beg off. He laughed at me. Said from his letters we must have *one* real man up here in J. G. O'Neill, and it was up to him. I suppose he meant you." He turned. "Here comes Britt now."

Stoically, Jane O'Neill listened to the volcanic Britt. "You were crazy to ever tackle this job!" he raged. "We could have got out of it all right, then. Just because a salesman isn't quite up in his prices and stock—"

"Wait!" Her smile was tired. "There're some things I'd rather not hear to-day, A. L., if you don't mind. Baldwin is one of them."

"Baldwin's all right—it's *you*! You, or anyone else, can't fill an order for stuff not made, with only six days to do it in. I knew you'd fizzle on it, from the start, and," triumphantly, "I've been planning for Baldwin to fill the gap by the first. When the time comes, I'll show you—"

"A. L." It came quietly, pleadingly, firmly. "Please leave it to me." Then, "You can help a lot by keeping a more careful eye on the whole plant. I notice you've put two of the new boys up in the celluloid room. I wish you'd get them out of there, A. L. They're green and careless and liable to cause trouble. Put them, to help Marie, in the finishing room."

Blue and gold. Blue and gold! "They're all right. I'll tend to my end of things, if—"

"Blue and gold. Blue and—" Jane O'Neill sprang to her feet, her face lit to sudden rapture, her eyes aglow. "I'll talk to you later, A. L. I've got an idea. I'm going down into the dungeons!"

THE dungeons" were rambling stock-rooms below the sidewalk. They were in charge of Hendrik Dekker, an elderly Dutchman of phlegmatic wisdom, who represented a never-failing safety gauge for Jane O'Neill. And now, down in the quiet gloom of the dungeon, the "idea" bore fruit. Old Hendrik knew fabrics, colors, printing, and inks. "So-o-o-o," he brayed, in his hoarse bass voice, "dose ribbons haf not peen wove? But you are right! Why not take white vuns and *print* dem mit ink!"

Conviction mounted in Jane O'Neill to dazzling certainty. "Hendrick," she

(Continued on page 81)

Does It Pay?

Affectionately Dedicated to all Persons Who Are Slaves to Business

By Orison Swett Marden

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

IN the boat races of our universities, the crews often come to their goal in such an exhausted condition that they completely collapse, some of them falling unconscious in the boat. In running contests in ancient Greece, the winning athletes, frequently, barely reached the goal and then fell dead.

Some men are like such athletes in the pursuit of their ambition. While they may not literally drop dead when they reach their goal, they are only half alive. They are not only half dead physically; but they are shriveled up and played out mentally. They have attained their ambition, but they are not winners in the true sense.

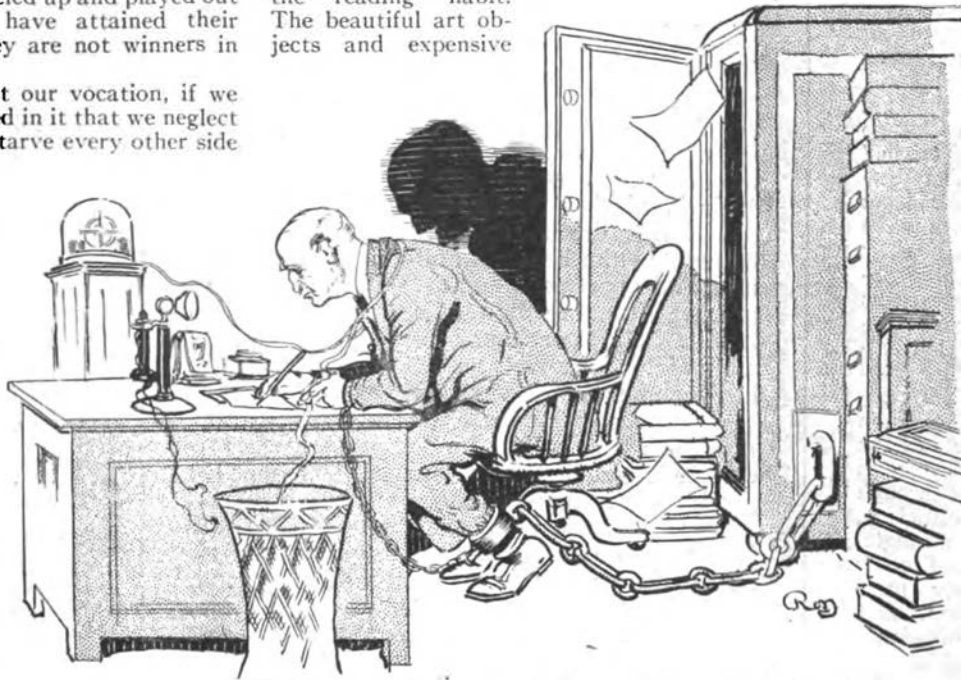
No matter what our vocation, if we become so absorbed in it that we neglect everything else; starve every other side of our nature in catering to it alone, the whole man suffers. He becomes lopsided, overdeveloped in one direction and underdeveloped or shriveled from neglect or disuse in others.

Even a man like Darwin, who did so much for science, lamented bitterly, before he died, that he had allowed his absorption in scientific investigation to crowd out many of the finer things of life. He said that he was shocked when he returned to his Shakespeare and his music, which he had loved so dearly, to find that he was almost a stranger to them, that he had lost his love for, his interest in them. He was grieved to find that many other of his brain cells, which had not been used for so many years, had gone out of business, atrophied—that he was not the all-round man he once had been.

WHEN we hear of the great success of a business man, we want to know what he has lost on the way to his fortune; we want to know whether he has been a success as a husband, as a father, a success in his home; whether he has been a success in his friendships, in his social life; for the piling up of money is a small part of real success.

A New York millionaire recently admitted to me that his life had been largely a failure because of the lack of continued self-investment, the cultivation of his finer nature, the broadening

of his mind by reading, travel and self-improvement generally. He had totally neglected all the things which build a fine, desirable personality, the things that would have made him an educated, cultivated man. He had paid no attention to music or art, or even books. He had a fine library; but he said that it meant almost nothing to him, because he had not cultivated the reading habit. The beautiful art objects and expensive



Chained to your safe, you are a monstrous money-gland, a slave to the "ticker" and the fear of business

paintings of the masters in his great mansion made no appeal to him. He simply bought such things because other rich men did, because they were considered valuable, the symbol of a cultivated taste.

It is amazing to see the great number of men in this country who are struggling for success, and yet are missing the very object at which they aim. The very fierceness of their pursuit, the unnatural methods they employ, and the tremendous strain they put on their faculties, wreck their lives and make the success at which they aim an absolute impossibility. They become so absorbed in the fierce competition of business, in the great American game of fortune building, that repose, harmony, leisure, and a quiet mind—the very things necessary for real growth, for higher attainment—are unknown to them. No matter what they are doing, their minds are always on the game.

I have watched some of these men at

the opera and other theatrical shows, and have seen them leave their seats and go to the smoking room, pace up and down the corridors, or talk about business. Nothing else seems to interest them. Their brains are so active, and they have formed such a habit of pushing and driving everything and everybody about them, that they really do not know what poise, real refreshment, or rest means. They don't know how to relax. They do not even take time to get acquainted with their

children, to know them, to keep pace with their growth, to sympathize with their aspirations, to guide them, to help them to solve their little problems. They sacrifice their friendships, their homes, their families, everything for business.

A man can have no greater delusion than that he should spend the best years of his life coining all his energies into dollars, neglecting his home, his friendships, his natural affections—every-

thing really worth while for money, and yet find happiness at the end.

What he will find—if breakdown or premature death from overstrain doesn't overtake him—is slavery. The capacity to enjoy anything outside of the game which has shriveled his soul will have died in him. Like the man that Gordon Ross has pictured in his cartoon, he will be fettered to his safe by the iron chain of habit. The "ticker" and the market quotations are the only things that will interest him. He will not be a man but a monstrous money-gland, a slave to his business.

IN their mad chase for wealth, many men show no more intelligence than that private soldier of whom the historian, Gibbon, tells us. When the Roman emperor, Galerius, sacked the camp of the Persians, there fell into the hands of this man "a bag of shining leather filled with pearls. He carefully preserved the bag but threw away the contents."

The money chasers throw away the finest things of life, real success, to grasp a base imitation.

Fighting Crime with a Card-Index

How the Crime Commission of Chicago is slowly but surely putting the modern brainy criminal out of business

"CRIME is a business and must be fought with business methods."

In that one sentence Colonel Henry Barrett Chamberlin, of Chicago, summed up the crime situation for the entire United States.

Colonel Chamberlin is the operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, an organization which is doing much to bring about enforcement of the criminal laws in that city.

"It is estimated that ten thousand people in Chicago make a business of crime," continued Colonel Chamberlin. "They have their places of conference, they study the 'market,' and plan their operations. There are specialists among them just as there are in legitimate business. Pickpockets, confidence men, gamblers, robbers, forgers, swindlers, common thieves, and gunmen make up the experts of the criminal underworld. It is this group, operating through vice interests and politicians, that has long had a stranglehold on the police and courts of Chicago. They have money, organization, and influence. No professional criminal would think of operating without knowing in advance just how he would be 'cared for' in the event of capture. After the Crime Commission got under way, it began to develop that the machinery of justice was not working properly at several points. It was easy to obtain frequent continuances in cases of men charged with major crimes, and bail bonds were a joke. Among other things, we discovered that forfeited bonds aggregating five billion dollars had not been collected. A bail bond to the professional criminal is a return ticket to crime. Cases have been continued as many as twenty or thirty times, aggregating from three to five years, during which time the defendant has been out on bail and free to pursue the same activities which first caused his arrest. Within the last two years much of this has been changed, through the efforts of the Crime Commission. We believe we have found a way by which a community may get a

By Albert Sidney Gregg

Brains Must Be Used to Suppress the Brainy Criminal of To-day

MORE brains must be used in the detection and suppression of crime. A new type of criminal has evolved. He is younger, smaller, and more cunning than the big burly burglar and highwayman of a generation ago. The up-to-date, sharp-featured, well-dressed young chap, with his handy "gun" and unlimited nerve, was practically unknown then.

Extinguishing "red lights" and closing bar-rooms has driven criminals from their old hangouts—the brothels and the saloons—into flats and apartment houses. They sometimes operate from regular offices and first-class hotels. The "gentleman burglar" is no longer a character for novels and the "movies." He has become a reality.

The motor-car thief has taken the place of the horse thief. The highwayman of yesterday no longer rides a fast horse, but makes his getaway in a high-powered car or an airplane.

The safe-cracker is being crowded out by the forger, who obtains bigger results with less risk, with a pen and ink and a blank check, than he could with a drill and nitro-glycerine.

Killing by proxy has become a fine art. Gunmen are available in any large city who will kill a man or a woman for a price—and not leave a trace! There is an element of uncanny cleverness among the crooks of the present that can be met only by superior cleverness.

Therefore, brawn must be supplemented by brains, in dealing with criminals. More attention must be given to the intelligence and training of policemen, constables, and sheriffs. These officers of the law must know how to match their wits, courage, and resourcefulness against the brains and skill of modern criminals, and beat them at their own game.

grip on crime and reduce it to a minimum."

This modest claim is well supported by the records. The Crime Commission began operations on January 1, 1919. Since that time, robberies have been reduced 6 per cent, burglaries 10 per cent, and murders 51 per cent. A ring of professional bondsmen has been exposed and put out of business. Numerous robbers were sent to the penitentiary, under sentence of from ten

years to life. Action was taken also to exclude professional criminals from parole and probation. The criminal docket was cleared by public-spirited judges, who worked overtime for that purpose, in response to an appeal by the commission. Six murderers were executed, which is double the totals for 1918 and 1919, and only one less than the entire number of executions during the five years prior to 1920.

At the time the Crime Commission came into existence, the police department had lost its efficiency to a greater degree than ever before in its history. No man's life was safe in his home, his place of business, or on the streets. The crime of murder, while curbed somewhat, was still so commonplace in all sections of the city that a killing caused but little stir on the part of a crime-ridden and long-suffering public.

Street robberies by armed highwaymen were so frequent as to attract but little attention. Chains of establishments throughout the city were raided repeatedly by bands of criminals operating with automobiles. In one instance, the robbers, posing as investigators from the State attorney's office, forced two policemen, loafing at a gasoline station, to leave the place, under threat of being reported, and then robbed the station.

Burglaries increased to such an extent that some insurance companies would not underwrite stocks of merchandise where the merchant depended solely on the Chicago police department for protection. The burglary insurance rate was generally higher than in any

other city of the United States. Ten police officers were murdered during the year, while in the discharge of their duties, a majority of them by professional criminals. Even some policemen were guilty of crimes of violence—the slaying of a citizen by a detective sergeant, at a South Side café, being one spectacular instance. Three policemen were involved in charges of burglary, one being convicted of that crime. More than a score were mixed up in whiskey



Walinger, Chicago



Moffet Studio, Chicago

THESE LIVE-WIRE YOUNG MEN DIRECT THE CHICAGO CRIME COMMISSION, THE MOST ACTIVE ORGANIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES ENGAGED IN ROUNDING UP LAW BREAKERS

Colonel Chamberlin, the managing director, was formerly active in newspaper work in Chicago. He was editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Record-Herald*. A residence of thirty years in Chicago has given Colonel Chamberlin a very extensive acquaintance among men who hold official positions as well as among some who are recognized as leaders in the political underworld. This intimate knowledge is of great value to him in dealing with the crime situation.

Edward S. Sims is president of the Crime Commission. He is a leading attorney, and has long been prominent in the desperate war that a small group of public-spirited citizens has been waging on crime. As United States district attorney, he fought the white-slave traffic both before and after the Mann Act became a law. He was secretary of the vice commission which, under the authority of a city ordinance, made a survey of vice conditions in Chicago, and set the standard for all other surveys.

activities. A federal grand jury disclosed that a number of them had been engaged in liquor thefts on a wholesale scale. Two policemen were murdered by a municipal court bailiff, in connection with illegal liquor transactions at a notorious café. One officer was involved in an attempted automobile hold-up. Scores were charged with intoxication and other misdemeanors. Insubordination and other infractions of departmental rules indicated a chaotic state of discipline throughout the force.

IN many sections of the city crowds of toughs and hoodlums congregated in public without fear of police interference. A spirit of lawlessness was rife all over the city. On one day, members of the choirs of two churches, in widely separated sections of the city, were

viciously attacked by bands of gangsters, who shot and seriously wounded one of the young women singers. Everywhere there was an increasing disposition on the part of otherwise law-abiding citizens to go armed in defiance of law, on the theory that if they could not obtain adequate police protection they "must take care of themselves."

This impossible situation came to a head in a glaring piece of police inefficiency in connection with the robbery of a bank messenger, in which the robbers got away with \$250,000 in checks and Liberty Bonds within 200 feet of the Hyde Park police station. Although personally informed as to the identity of the robbers, the captain of the precinct failed to do anything to apprehend them. The upheaval following this revelation of incompetency, which was

brought about by the Crime Commission, led to the appointment of Charles C. Fitzmorris, a civilian, as superintendent of police, late in 1920.

Criminal activities in Chicago are the outgrowth of conditions that have existed for many years unchallenged, and which some had come to regard as hopeless. The downtown wards, in particular, have been controlled by the "plug uglies," simply because the so-called "good citizens" had moved to the suburbs and left the business sections to the mercy of lodging-house voters.

One day, the writer sat in a room in a leading Chicago hotel and talked with two men who had long been identified with the criminal underworld of that city. They were what is known as "go betweens." They collected graft money from lawbreakers and paid it to the

police and politicians, for protection. They levied tribute on gamblers, saloon keepers, vice promoters, pickpockets and others who were operating as professional criminals. There was a regular scale of prices: so much for gambling houses, vice joints, and so on down the line.

By means of the graft money, which they passed to the officials, these fellows helped to pull the wires that made policemen deaf, dumb, and blind, and caused judges to dance, when favorites of the political bosses were accidentally haled into court. They were cunning, unscrupulous master minds, who conjured with lesser men in working out their own sinister purposes. But they were too clever to do anything overt that might enable a traitor in their own ranks to land them in the penitentiary.

For instance, in talking with the writer, they were careful to exclude any witnesses. It was impossible actually to prove anything on them, and they knew they were safe. So they talked.

Their method of "passing" graft money was interesting. One of them would back up to another man at a certain corner, the two standing back to back, and the cash would be passed from one to another. Neither one knew exactly with whom he was dealing; but each was satisfied that it was somebody on the inside, for the details had been fixed up in advance over the telephone. This precaution was taken so that, in the event of arrest, the recipient could not testify as to the identity of the man who had given him the money, and *vice versa*. Another plan was to slip the money under a door between two rooms in a hotel. Still another was to poke it through a slit in the intervening wall, the object always being to conceal the person who actually passed the cash.

The reason these men talked so freely was that there was a fight on between rival factions of gamblers. One side was "exposing" the other, and, incidentally, revealing a great deal about general conditions. One group used press publicity, while others shook the city with dynamite. The prize for which they were fighting was political control of the city and immunity from interference by the police.

A NOTORIOUS gambler and swindler once used the entire floor of a well-known Chicago hotel as a gambling house, under protection of the police. Hundreds of men crowded into his place each night, and thousands of dollars changed hands. This fellow paid the police \$50,000 in one year to "let him alone." Who got the money or how it passed is a secret, but the big fact is that he was not molested. Then came a civic upheaval, and the officials had to do something. They could not wink at open gambling any longer. So one morning, at nine o'clock, a policeman notified this gambling-house keeper that his place would be raided at three in the afternoon. When the officers arrived, at the appointed hour, the resort was deserted, with the exception of the proprietor. He was arrested, taken before a friendly judge, released on nominal bail, "jumped" his bail, reimbursed his bondsman out of one night's winnings at poker, and then turned around and

robbed the public of \$600,000 in a few months by offering to accept bets on horse races by mail. Later the government ended that scheme by issuing a fraud order. He is still at large.

Tim O'Brien slipped out of a "side-door Pullman," in the yards on the edge of Chicago. O'Brien was a typical hobo. He worked on farms in the South and West during the summer, lived economically, and traveled on fast freights most of the time. It was the latter part of October, and he was planning for easy money in Chicago, on election day. When the day came he voted many times, under different names. For each vote he cast in harmony with instructions he received \$2. False registrations made this possible.

Previous to the arrival of O'Brien and the horde of hungry bums of which he is a type, the "gang" had carefully looked after the preliminaries. In one shady hotel, there were sixty women who were under deep obligations to the police and the politicians for not being taken to the lock-up. They were eager to do anything that their protectors demanded. Mary Jones was registered in the precinct as "M. Jones;" residence, "The Jinx Hotel." Susan Brown appeared on the record as "S. Brown," and so on through the list.

When the election officials looked the matter up they were correctly informed that "M. Jones," "S. Brown" and the rest, had legal residence at the hotel named. It was all perfectly correct. Nobody had seen them, but that did not seem to make any difference. The actual registering had been done by an individual who would be quickly "forgotten" by the election judges. Then when O'Brien gave his name and address as "M. Jones, The Jinx Hotel," he voted without any questions being asked. And he voted right along all day in different precincts. And so did the several thousand other bums who had assembled in Chicago to earn some easy money by helping to make a joke of popular government by electing grafters to public office. It was election methods of this kind that enabled saloonkeepers and gamblers to control the downtown wards of Chicago for so many years. And their power is still strong.

THE foregoing is a brief glimpse of the situation that existed when the matter was taken up by the Association of Commerce, an organization of representative business men. A committee was appointed to consider the matter. After spending a year in making a preliminary investigation, the committee evolved the Crime Commission which was duly organized and began operations two years ago. Quarters were secured at 179 West Washington Street, and a staff of experts organized under the direction of Colonel Chamberlin. It was decided that the first move would be to build up a system for obtaining exact information, and that is where the card-index file comes into action. A replica of the criminal-court docket is maintained, and this, with the 50,000 cards on file, enables the experts in charge to know exactly what is being done.

When a major crime is committed, the

name, age, and residence of the victim, and nature of the offence are recorded on a card 5 by 8 inches in size—blue for burglary, pink for homicide, and buff for robbery. Later the name of the person who committed the crime is put on this card with the information regarding his arrest.

Each person arrested on a criminal charge is given a yellow card on which is written the full history of the case. If he is an old offender, all his offences are put down in black type. Then his record is traced down to his first arrest. If he is sent to the penitentiary, "tabs" are kept on him while he is "doing time," in order to see that he does not gain his liberty through influence.

Each day additions are made to the docket and the card records. Besides the names of the victims of crimes, and the criminals, the names of lawyers, judges, witnesses, and bondsmen in each case are filed with cross references, so that the relation of any particular individual to one or all of the cases can be quickly ascertained.

THIS system fixes responsibility day by day, so the Crime Commission knows exactly what is going on all the time.

In addition to the files, there are two large maps in Colonel Chamberlin's private office which show the "hang-outs" of the people accused of crime and the places where crimes have been committed. The maps are mounted on soft wood and tacks are used as markers. A number on the head of a tack shows where to look in the card file for the details. No salesmanager ever kept closer track of prospective buyers than the Crime Commission keeps of criminals and their victims, and the officials who handle the cases.

Bonds and continuances are watched closely. A continuance is a clever device by which a court hearing is postponed from one date to another. It is employed by the attorney for the defence to wear out the witnesses for the prosecution so they will get disgusted and fail to appear. Every time the case is put over, the witnesses must all come back, which is sometimes quite a hardship. Frequently they are obliged to sit around the court room for half a day or more before the case is reached. After they have done this several times, the day is sure to come when they will be absent. On that day, the lawyer who has been playing the game, asks for a dismissal "for want of prosecution." And the judge usually discharges the prisoner, who must be arrested again in order to get the case back into court.

There are instances where all the parties had agreed on a date for the trial; and then, after the witnesses for the prosecution had left the court room, the attorney for the defendant would suddenly recall that he had another engagement on that day. He would ask the judge for a change, on a promise to notify the prosecution. But he always forgot that part of the deal. The next time the case came up, a different judge would be on the bench. Of course he did not know anything about the promise. Of course he would discharge the prisoner. In Chicago courts, continuances

were so common that, in one instance, a man charged with murder managed to postpone his trial for nine years!

NOW it is practically impossible for a prisoner to obtain a continuance except for the best of reasons.

Suppose the judge does want to be easy. He is approached by a politician who wishes to keep the accused at liberty so he can be used, perchance, in a coming election. Maybe the politician owes a political debt to the prisoner, and has promised to pay it by getting him off. Or, perhaps, the defendant knows too much about friends of the judge and threatens to squeal.

With a shake of his head the judge replies: "It can't be done, Jim. This case has been continued half a dozen times already, and I dare not let it run any longer. Sorry, but I will have to turn you down."

And the case is set for trial. There is no alternative.

Jim understands. He knows the judge is right. He is compelled to fall in with the new order.

Now, what is the significance of this incident? It means that, by means of its exact knowledge of court conditions day by day, the Crime Commission has made it impossible for a friendly judge to play politics without instant exposure. It also breaks the power of "Jim, the Politician," for he can no longer guarantee protection to his henchmen in the underworld. Once he loses that power he cannot control the votes of the criminal element. Thus the arm of the Crime Commission has a long reach.

One of the first things the commission did was to put a "time clock" in the court rooms to learn how long the judges worked each day. This was done by making a daily record showing when each judge arrived and departed, and how many cases he heard. All that the clerk of the court was required to do was to show whether the judges were "present" or "absent" each day, without making note of their actual time in court.

"We did this," says a tactful committee man, "to increase public respect for the work of the courts, by showing the vast amount of work that was actually being done by the judges."

It is a little difficult to understand the exact nature of the Crime Commission at first. It is not a reform organization, a police agency, a prosecuting office, or an agency of the courts. It does not apprehend criminals, perform police work, prosecute cases, interfere with other agencies charged under the law with its enforcement, usurp any of the prerogatives of constituted authority, or do any of the work which the law

assigns to public officials. It is a service bureau, a co-ordinator, an assembler of facts, and a constructive force that co-operates with the officials and the public in fighting crime and criminals.

A very big point is that the Crime Commission believes that public officials really want the co-operation that the commission is giving. It sometimes happens that a man is chosen by gang votes who, in his heart, recoils from playing into such hands after he has taken the oath of office, but who is defenceless when such an element makes its demands. The Crime Commission has

Commission is serving as eyes, ears, and voice for the public in keeping in touch with the city, county, and State governments. Records of such value have been compiled that all classes of officials are glad to make use of them.

MR. FITZMORRIS, superintendent of police, is in sympathy with the commission and co-operates in every way. He is 37 years of age and was a newspaperman. He has "been the rounds," as the saying is, as a reporter, special writer, and city editor. In 1911, Fitzmorris handled the publicity for Carter Harrison, when that gentleman ran for mayor. Harrison was elected, and Fitzmorris was appointed private secretary to the mayor, a position to which he has been reappointed through successive administrations, regardless of politics, until he was put in charge of the police department by Mayor Thompson. Within three days after his appointment, Fitzmorris personally captured two bandits who had robbed the Hyde Park bank messenger, and had recovered the stolen bonds and all the money that was taken. This is the robbery referred to which crystallized public indignation about the time the Crime Commission was beginning to do business.

Fitzmorris is a big blonde, genial, and six feet tall. He has a quick, friendly smile, and a real honest-to-goodness handshake. But he does not permit geniality to interfere with discipline. He has shaken up the police department from one end to the other—which means that a lot of men have been discharged, new ones put on, and others told where to "head in." His theory of breaking up crime is to chase the known criminals out of their hiding places. Once he locates a "hang-out," he has it raided. Sometimes he will lead the raid himself. He aims to keep the crooks out from under cover, so they can be watched by the police.

Another important Chicago official is Judge Robert E. Crowe, formerly chief justice of the criminal court, now State's attorney. Judge Crowe has declared war on lawlessness, and has kept the grand jury working overtime. Soon after he was elected, he set about correcting the bonding evil. He wisely decided to put a high-grade business man in charge of the bond department, and he found one who was willing to serve on the dollar-a-year basis. C. F. Wiehe is the man. He is treasurer of the Edward Hines Lumber Company and president of the West Park Board. Mr. Wiehe has worked out a system by which professional bondsmen can no longer get favorites out on straw bail. The result

(Continued on page 84)

Is Your Daughter Safe?

FROM all over the nation come stories of missing girls. Every town, village, and city has its mysteries and tragedies revolving about "somebody's daughter" who has disappeared. A few return; many do not.

An estimate computed by the police department of New York City places the number of missing girls at 65,000 a year! They vanish from the homes of the rich and poor alike—from offices, shops, and schools. Many of them are the victims of men who are utterly lost to all sense of honor or chivalry. These men are beasts in human form, but they often look and act like gentlemen. They are experts in deception. They succeed because parents are blind and girls uninstructed.

Albert Sidney Gregg, author of "Fighting Crime with a Card-Index," and other important articles that have appeared in SUCCESS, is the author of "Is Your Daughter Safe?"

He will tell just how your daughter may be trapped by some unprincipled scoundrel who is on the alert to take advantage of her need or inexperience. "First steps" will be clearly indicated.

Mr. Gregg has made a study of this subject for years, and is able to present first-hand facts that every father, mother and young woman should know.

His article will appear in SUCCESS for December.

given him a weapon which enables him to serve the public without interference from those who expect protection. With this idea in mind, the commission, whenever possible, makes it a point to write a letter of commendation to an official.

If an officer does something that the commission does not approve, a note is sent to him merely stating that the commission knows what he has done. Such letters do not contain warnings or suggestions. If a condition arises in which public sentiment must be invoked, a statement is compiled from the records and given to the reporters. The newspapers do the rest. An attack is not made by the commission. As a matter of news, the papers lay the facts before the people—and public sentiment is swift, and sure to act.

In a very striking sense, the Crime

Cutting Loose from the Pay Envelope at Middle Age

That's what Fred M. Utley did when his hair was white and he had been a postman for thirty-three years. To-day his income is so large that he will not permit the amount to be published

FEW government employees die and none resign," is an old saying in Washington, D. C.; the reason why so few resign is not hard to find. Nothing is easier than to get into the rut of lifelong service as a Federal civil-service employee. The longer one serves, in no matter what branch of government work, the greater is the likelihood of sticking to the end.

There are few laurels, especially in the lower grades. The salaries, certainly, are not inviting. But it is axiomatic that Federal employees cling to their jobs. It has always been so, except during the World War when resignations were numerous. And it is the general belief that a long period of service in any governmental capacity—particularly in the smaller-paid routine positions—unfits men for the battle of life in other fields.

But—now and then there is an exception.

Fred M. Utley, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is an exception—and a notable one!

Until April, 1920, he had been a letter carrier in the furniture city for thirty years. Many say that he was the best letter carrier in town. Anyhow, he delivered mail on the best route, right in the heart of the city, distributing his heavy packs to the leading business men in the big office-buildings and stores.

When a big, broad-shouldered man—Mr. Utley is well over six feet tall and weighs considerably more than 200 pounds—walks into your office several times a day for a long period of years, you get to know him. For many years prominent citizens of Grand Rapids called him "Fred." Reciprocally, for a long time he has greeted the city's foremost citizens by their given names.

FRED UTLEY began his life as a mail carrier back in 1888, when he was a lad of nineteen. At that time, the pay was \$600 a year—a fairly good income for a young man in Grand Rapids, thirty years ago. It was doubled and had become the munificent sum of \$1200 a year, just before the advent of the World War. But, by then, Fred Utley had a grown son, and

By George R. Cullen

a daughter at Simmons College, Boston. The son was old enough to captain a gun crew in the merchant marine, during the World War, and see service in France. The letter carrier's pay was barely more than the cost of his daughter's college

Service First!

FRED M. UTLEY, the Grand Rapids, Michigan, postman, cut loose from his pay envelope and decided to shift for himself; he faced the biggest problem of his life. In relating this important experience, he says:

"My bridges burned behind me, I took stock of myself. I was fifty-two. My hair was white. But I had unlimited faith in myself. I was as strong as an ox. My outdoor life had rewarded me with an unusual store of health. I knew practically everybody in town. Was I going to be able to cash in on it? That was the question I asked myself. And I answered by saying, 'Utley, you have got to and you will.'"

"I was a success as an insurance man from the start. I made more money on commissions during my first month than half my year's pay had been as a letter carrier. Of course there was extraordinary fortune. For instance, a certain man called me to his office my first week in the new work, and had me write him a fifty-thousand-dollar policy. Why, it almost staggered me; I have scarcely gotten over it yet.

"My creed in life has been service first. I have followed it not just for business reasons only but I have found that it does pay. And a man better serves who does so for the sake of service itself rather than for hope of profit."

education in the East. His fortunate investment in an insurance policy, at the age of twenty-nine, was the only thing that enabled him to carry on. At that, it was hard scraping to meet the requirements of the family budget. It took grinding thrift and sacrifice on the part of the letter carrier and his wife.

The mounting cost of living and the accretion of years made the letter carrier desperate. His pay envelope had been somewhat fattened to meet war-time living expenses, but, as yet, was not heavy enough to meet the demands on it. As he says:

"I was tramping over my beat, wearing out expensive shoes and always wondering if there might not be some way out. Deep down in me I felt some kind of a call. That call surged, and a voice kept telling me that I had remained too long in the postal service. I was not dissatisfied with my work. I was well treated by the postal officials and had the respect and good will of my mates in the gray uniform. But I gradually became conscious that it was a hopeless business for a man with ambition. A voice whispered to me, when I was beset by urgings, to think about doing something else. 'Utley, you are fifty-two years old,' it said. 'What do you think you can do at your age, after thirty years' service as a mail carrier?' To that voice my mind always answered back—sometimes a bit savagely, with jaws locked: 'I am going to do something!' But what that something was, I had not the least idea. All the same, I was constantly thinking, thinking, thinking."

"One morning, I made my customary call with mail at the office of one of the leading insurance companies. I knew its officials well. It was their custom, whenever I dropped by, to hold me for just a moment's pleasant chat. This particular morning, as I was about to leave, I said to one of the firm—unpremeditatedly—'Do you know, L. G., I actually believe I can sell insurance!'"

"'Of course you can, Fred,' was his instant comeback. 'And, what is more, any time you are ready to try your

hand, there's a desk for you in this office.'

I WAS amazed at my own boldness and, even more so, at the reception given my chance remark. So I simply mumbled that I would think it over and let him know later.

"The thing sifted through my mind with lightning speed. Why not? Here was my chance. Then I thought of what it meant—what the folks at home would say—the office—everybody. It would be an awful plunge.

"I took it. I resigned my mail

carrying job that very day. As I anticipated, it created a mild sensation at the post office, and was the subject of gossip all over the route I had traveled for so many years. I tried not to hear what they were saying. But, somehow, I could not help hearing—especially outside of the post office—encouraging remarks. Felicitations poured in on me. 'Good boy, Utley!' was said to me by hundreds, accompanied by sincere handclaps.

"I was on the brink of discoveries. My bridges burned behind me, I took stock of myself. I was fifty-two. My hair was white. But I had unlimited faith in myself. I was as strong as an ox. My outdoor life had rewarded me with an unusual store of health. I knew practically everybody in town. Was I going to be able to cash in on it? That was the question I asked myself. And I answered it by saying, 'Utley, you've got to, and you will!'"

"Well, that insurance firm heartily welcomed me to its office and gave me the finest desk I had ever seen, and told me that I could put my name on it. With the caution of long attachment to a pay roll, I suggested that, perhaps, it would be best for me to start in on a salary basis. 'Absolutely no!' was the firm dictum. 'Commission basis only, for you.' I thank the man who gave me my chance, every day, for that decision.

"Of course, I felt myself to be a fish in strange waters. I could not help but feel odd in civilian garb after my three decades in the postal gray. But the long discipline of getting out on the job, rain or shine, every day, stood me in good stead.

"The responsibility was now mine to master the intricacies of all kinds of insurance problems, to find ways and means of getting business. It was a large responsibility. Immediately, I faced the necessity of putting into practice what I had so often preached to my boy: 'Assume responsibility, son; heaps of it. Then fight hard to meet it. You'll make the grade.'

"MY first big discovery in the business world was that it is a mistaken idea that men of middle age cannot strike out in a new business, be well received and win. I also found out that it is all wrong to think that there is any spirit of selfishness among 'big business men.' My experience has been that the very men who did the most to encourage me and contribute to my success—who showed the most genuine feeling, the most brotherhood and friendship—were the men who were known to be independently wealthy and in big business. It has been said so often that these men are so bound up in their own interests that they have no time to consider the ups and downs of the under dog. It was just this class of men who promptly held out to me the hand of warm friendship. They showed a personal interest in me. They evidently thought it was a nervy thing for me to quit my little government job, at my

age, and embark on the uncertain sea of insurance selling. Many openly expressed so much admiration for my courage that I was positively blushing and embarrassed. But, what is more to the point, these men gave proof of their good will, from the very start, by placing with me a substantial part of their varied lines of insurance business.

"This is why I have had to reconstruct my point of view concerning the so-called big business men. They are regular human beings with good hearts and fine sentiments. It seems to me that they are the very men who are first to want to help any man who evinces a disposition to help himself.

"From the first day on which I began to carry rate books and insurance forms,



He is Fred Utley. He began as a mail carrier, in 1888, at \$600 a year. Then he was nineteen years of age. To-day he is fifty-two. After thirty-three years of working for a pay envelope, he threw his job to the winds and launched out on a new career. It took courage to make the step. Read his story of how he won out

I found the men into whose offices I had walked, for years, in the humble guise of a mail carrier, were just waiting to give me a good send-off in business—business that meant more money to me in commissions than I had ever dreamed of possessing.

"One of the biggest clients I now have, listened to my thanks for a large line of business he had given me. I was trying to tell him how much I appreciated it. For answer he only said, 'Fred, you've been coming into my office for twenty-seven years. Perhaps you have not realized it, but all that time you were making a friend who believed in you. I am just as happy to give you this business as you are to get it.'

"Can you imagine anything more satisfactory than that? Wouldn't that forever clinch a man's faith in human nature?"

"I am only telling these things because, in a way, any man who spends most of his life in the government service is more or less cloistered so far as outside business is concerned. What he knows of the outer world is rather academic than otherwise. Here, I was getting a practical example of the fellowship among men. Does it exist? Is it general? I cannot but believe that it is.

"I was a success as an insurance man from the start. I surely must have proved some ability at it. Maybe, it was my destiny—the calling that only awaited the psychological hour for me to take it up. On the whole, though, I must credit the greater part of my success to the kindness of the men whose business I solicited. I made more money in commissions during my first month than half my year's pay had been as a letter carrier. Of course, there was extraordinary fortune. For instance, a certain man called me to his office my first week in the new work, and had me write him a fifty-thousand-dollar policy. Why, it almost staggered me. I've scarcely recovered from it.

"I SOON discovered that in selling insurance—and, of course, it must be in all other selling—the elements of truth, service, and fair dealing always make for ultimate success. From the outset, I made it a rule to put service to my prospects first. I made my commission the secondary consideration. I sold every policy buyer the most protection for the price he could pay. It is often possible to sell a policy that will pay a higher commission; but there may be another kind of policy—one that gives the best protection and on which the commission is less. In dealing with people in ordinary walks of life, to whom every dollar means much, I have studied to serve them, to help them through the insurance they let me sell them. And I have made it a rule, too, not to sell such people any more coverage than their earning possibilities enabled them to comfortably carry. I have figured that no policy I sold was rightly and properly sold if it did not carry with it the lasting good will of the buyer. Of course, these things are fundamentals. But I was and am having my first actual experience with many of the fundamentals. I get happier every day seeing them work out as they should.

"Among my new discoveries is the one, old as the world, but new to me, that a man's chances of success are multiplied a hundredfold when he is privileged to work at something he enjoys doing. I have been absolutely, enthusiastically happy in my new work from the very day I turned in my mail sack. I do not mean that I am happier just because I am making more money—even if that does help a lot—but I take a real pleasure in

selling insurance to people. Somehow, I have a feeling that I am doing a real service to every policy buyer. So I never know when to stop.

"Last summer, I went on a motoring trip to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, with the member of a firm which has extensive lumber interests up that way. I never thought of combining business with pleasure. Yet, almost unconsciously, I slipped a rate book and a bunch of applications for life insurance into my pocket before starting. The second day after our arrival, we went to visit the superintendent of the lumber camp. My companion mentioned to him that I was a life-insurance man and jokingly remarked that he'd better look out or I would write him for a policy. I never broached the subject to the superintendent, but he brought it up to me. In fact, he wanted some insurance, and I took care of his requirements. He seemed so pleased with the transaction that he picked out a number of the crew of younger lumberjacks and invited them into his office and storeroom. When they came in, he asked me if I would not say to them what I had said to him relative to life insurance.

"I said to them, 'Men, I did not come here to sell you insurance. I could sell more to one man in my home town than it would be possible to sell to your whole crew. But I am asking you boys to take out life insurance for your own good. I know how it is. Most of you are young and spend just about all you make. Why not save some of your hard-won earnings? You see all about you the derelicts of men who are penniless. And yet they were once young and husky like yourselves and good earners. Do any of you want to find yourselves like them twenty-five or thirty years from now?'"

"I LOOKED those lads right in the eye. I talked to them like the proverbial 'Dutch Uncle.' I was not figuring on the profits on their policies.

I was all enthused over the game itself? Maybe I was enjoying the pleasure of testing my own powers to influence. Anyhow, I was perfectly sure that I was doing those young men a good turn they'd live to be thankful for. I eventually sold policies to every one of those young fellows.

"You see how it is. After spending thirty years of my life in uncongenial work, I am tasting the sweets, for the first time, that come with congenial employment—the kind, it seems to me more and more as the days go by, that destiny charted out for me.

"Sometimes I think there are, after all, advantages in being a middle-aged man. I am certain that I could not have done so well in this work had I left the postal service earlier. It took the years I spent as a steady mail-carrier to make the friendships which have so helped me in this great venture. Another thing: I doubt very much if a younger man could, with equal success and confidence, approach the mature business men with whom I have done business. On the other hand, I know very well that younger men have proved and are proving, every day, that they have wonderful gifts in all kinds of selling. Yet, my own experience tells me that the older man may still have his day.

"When I talk about success, I mean it in terms of business accomplishment more than terms of money. I am past the time when mere money and the things it can buy mean so much to me. The stern necessities of three decades of strict living and sacrifices have reduced my cravings for the luxuries. But there is a real joy in being able to provide some of these luxuries for the wife who has fought the battle with me—patiently, industriously, courageously. The little house is being fixed up fine. This is my daughter's finishing year at college. She is going to be made happy with a fine graduating outfit. Long ago, she offered to give up her college

course if the strain was too great for me to give it to her.

"Here's something I particularly want to say: I am glad I was a poor man when I was bringing up my boy and girl. I honestly believe they are better for it. Had I been as good an earner as I am to-day, it is possible that their whole perspective of life would have been different. As it is, they are as genuine and true and unpretentious as it is possible to be. I know it. Others say it. I must believe them.

"And so I want to repeat what I said at the outset: My creed in life is service first. I followed it, not just 'for business reasons only,' but because I have found that it *does* pay."

THERE is a lot of philosophy and rugged human-nature in this story of success, told by Mr. Utley in the course of a long Sunday afternoon. He was reluctant to tell it. His objection to being interviewed was only overcome when he was assured that such articles in *SUCCESS* invariably act as an inspiration to others.

The chances are that many men could not have changed their occupation and done so well. Mr. Utley happens to be a striking figure. He is big in physique, big in his mental compass. He has brilliant, piercing, dark eyes. He is a convincing talker. He has a genial, kindly smile and plenty of magnetism. He is so genuine and sincere in his own belief in what he has to sell, that he convinces others. It is said that he can sell an insurance policy to anybody, man or woman, who gives him the chance to tell his story. That's salesmanship. But it is more than that. It is personality. Fred Utley is, to-day, earning such a large income that he won't permit the sum to be printed. That he is going to be a rich man is a certainty. But the chief reason for it will not be selling necromancy or science, but the homely integrity and force of Fred M. Utley himself.

The Divine Spark

By Percy W. Reynolds

HAVE you ever dug down in the heart of a man,
Deep down through his coating of clay,
In the way that a surgeon of souls only can,
When he seeks for the God-given ray;
When he probes for the fire that never goes out,
Though it seems to the world, all is dark;
How with patience he works, with never a doubt
He'll discover the infinite spark?

THERE are men who present to their brothers at large,
Hearts that are cold to the touch.
There are men who can justly line up to this charge
Without an excuse for a crutch.
But don't you dare doubt that the surgeon with pluck
Can call these men out from the game,
And with wonderful skill dig down through the muck,
To the seat of the infinite flame.

THERE isn't a man, no matter how vile,
No matter how rotten with sin,
Who if put to the test, isn't really worth while
When you come to the furnace within.
So why not reserve our judgment of those
Whom, in truth, we never have known,
And with surgical knack dig down and expose,
That bright, living spark of our own!

Tom Masson is touchingly truthful again
in his own particularly humorous way

Have You Habits?

Most of us have. We have habits we think we should like to get rid of, but really cannot bear to part with, and we have other habits that we would not part with for a Rockefeller fortune

By Thomas L. Masson

Managing editor of "Life"

CARTOONS BY ALTON E. PORTER

YOU remember about the two Scotsmen who were on a raft in mid-ocean, in a storm? One of them, after recalling vividly all of his bad habits, began to pray earnestly.

"I ken I've broken maist of the commandments," he said. And here he was interrupted by the other Scotsman, who said, "I widna commit yoursel' ower far, Angus. I think I see land."

Habits are a good deal stronger than life itself. Strachey tells, in his "Queen Victoria," that for forty years after her husband, Prince Albert, died, his clothes were regularly laid out in his bedroom, every day. The late Walter H. Page, ambassador to Great Britain, in his absorbing letters about England, speaks of the conservative national habits.

"Nothing is ever abolished, ever changed," he declares. "Everywhere they say a second grace at dinner—not at the end—but before the dessert, because two hundred years ago they dared not wait longer lest the parson be under the table."

Big national habits, or even habits that go beyond race and become practically universal, are almost always the result of some incident. For example, the universal habit of wearing neckties came from one of the early European wars. A royal officer was wounded in the neck; he wore a silk covering to conceal it, and thus the habit grew.

IT is a great thing to have a lot of habits that you have trained to sit up and take notice, and eat out of your hand, and follow you around, and, perhaps, run errands for you: we are all kept pretty busy trying to get the best of our habits, doing what they demand of us or enjoying ourselves with them. Professor G. Stanley Hall tells us, in one of his books, about a Frenchman who had acquired the habit of studying a certain muscle in the leg of a frog; he was a scientist by training. When he got a tired and restless feeling, nothing else would satisfy him but to bring out a couple of frog-leg muscles and just play with them. Getting up in the morning and dressing himself was a sorrowful business, eating his meals was as bad,

because these things took away his time from those muscles. That man became entirely dependent upon frogs. If the frogs had given out, or if there had been government prohibition of frogs, he would have been lost. I suppose, however, that, in the beginning, he must have reasoned that there was nothing so permanent as frogs. The stock market might rise and fall, kings come and go, elephants and buffaloes and, possibly, lions and tigers and hyenas might become obsolete, but the frog would still be doing business at the old stagnant stand in the near pool, as long as he lived. No matter what happened, he could always go out and snare a frog, and in every frog's leg he could absolutely bank on the fact that the particular muscle he was so passionately attached to would be there to greet him and say, "How are you, old Top! Here I am again! Look me right in the eye, and tell me all you have discovered about me since you last saw my duplicate."

And it isn't always the man who has habits like this that cling to him through thick and thin. Even the frogs themselves are guilty. You will recall the story of the frog "who would awooing go." You may think he was an exception. I assure you he wasn't. A long time before this particular frog was practicing his serenade, some other frog who had succeeded, owing to a tremendous burst of enthusiasm, in throwing off the tadpole habit, started to make love to another lady frog who was sitting on an adjacent lily pad. Other frogs saw him. They listened in, so to speak. Frogs are very curious. They want to know everything that is going on, and they want to get it right. That is why, I presume, they have never contracted the habit of reading newspapers. But, however that may be, this frog was an originator. Although entirely new at the wooing business, for a beginner, he

did first rate. He blushed a bright green and the thing spread all over his body and settled there. It was a sort of a permanent-green wave that went over him, and, after that, no frog thought he could woo unless he turned green in that manner; so the habit became fixed with the whole race of frogs. This pioneer frog stammered and got so panic-stricken that he called for rum a few times, and then his ladylove came to his rescue and told him she liked the way he had made an idiot of himself and that if he had done any better she would have turned him down. And so the habit of wooing became fixed among frogs.

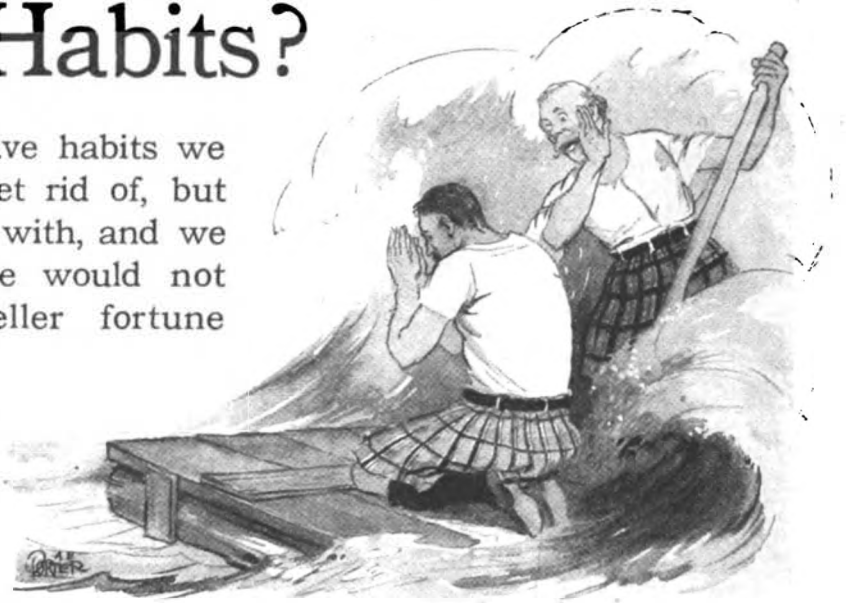
NOW, we all have a lot of habits like that, that we don't even know about. We cannot tell they are there, because they have been there so long, before we were born. And we jump to conclusions about ourselves, and think we know a lot about one another. We misunderstand one another's motives.

A baby was born in a certain household, one day, and two of the elder children were talking about him and, perhaps, rather resenting his coming.

"Well, anyway," said one of the girls with a toss of her head, "I don't believe he will stay."

"Sure he'll stay," said the other. "He's got his clothes off!"

Yet they didn't understand about that baby at all. He didn't come to take his clothes off, but to get more clothes. He came to acquire all the clothes he could; he came to grow up and have all the candy he could eat and autos and houses and yachts and other things that he could not take away with him afterwards. That is what most of us are doing: contracting habits that will not be of the slightest use to us afterwards. I have heard recently that, among musical instruments, the harp is coming back. If this is true, maybe the habit of playing harps will become



"I widna commit yoursel' ower far, Angus. I think I see land"



When you get into the habit of gossiping, you can keep it up as long as your tongue will wag

universal. Well, that may be useful to us later on. Who knows?

HERE are a few of the habits we have contracted that we shall not be able to use afterwards: Making war, profiteering with other people's money, smoking, drinking, overeating, and gossiping. Have you ever considered how universal is the gossip habit? And have you ever considered just what the formula for gossiping is: that is, the one thing about it that it cannot do without? This is it: that you cannot gossip about anybody when he is present. The condition of gossip is that the party you are gossiping about must be absent.

Then there's another condition: you must know the person you are gossiping about. I haven't the slightest doubt that at this very moment, way off in Patagonia, there is a family scandal going on that would make your hair curl. But I am not interested in it, in the least, because I don't know the parties. Therefore, if you want to become a first-class all-around gossip you must know a lot of people, and must keep on knowing more and more of 'em all the time. Just the same as that Frenchman banked on frogs, so you must bank on people if you are a gossip. There are plenty of people on hand; and so, when you get into the habit of gossiping, you can keep it up as long as your tongue will wag.

And so you can almost always tell what people are just by looking at them. If they are gossips, their tongues will wag. If they are lazy, they will walk lazy. If their minds are hunched, they will stoop. You can tell a great deal by their shapes what folks are. A fish that swims habitually in shallow water has

to grow fat; otherwise, he would be continually getting his back sunburned.

And yet, in spite of all our fixed habits, which you would think would make us so fixed that you could tell invariably and exactly just what a person is by measuring him, it is still a fact that one of the most universal habits among us is the habit of wanting a change. If you doubt this, watch people get into a crowded car. No matter how crowded the car is, if they get on at the rear entrance they will insist on pushing themselves up in front; and if they get on in front, they will insist on pushing themselves to the rear.

And so, people in a crowd are always pushing past one another—always looking for something that isn't there.

THAT is the reason why, as the first of every year approaches, everybody says to himself, "Now I am going to turn over a new leaf." You see, the days come too often for that. You can't be continually waking up every morning and saying to yourself, "Now I'll change myself all over for to-day." By the time you would have thought out a plan for doing this, it would be long past breakfast time and your day would be wasted. The result is that most people let their days go, let the habits of their days control them, and then, once a year, just before January 1st, they resolve to fix things this time.

They never do, of course. But it helps some, nevertheless. You would be astonished if you knew the fortunes made in diaries that are never filled. Indeed, you would be equally astonished, if not more so, if you could know the enormous profits made out of good intentions.

Here is a true story:

A YOUNG man who had a great ambition to become a first-class piano-salesman, determined to do the right thing. So he spent a year in the factory learning how to make pianos, and, after that, a couple of years more learning how to play on them. He became a fine pianist, working night and day for perfection. Then he went out and tried to sell pianos.

He didn't succeed. In despair, he finally applied to the best salesman in the factory, one who always sold more pianos in a year than any other.

"I have spent years in learning the use of the piano,

but nobody I play for will buy. What is the matter?"

"When I enter a house to sell a piano," said the other, "I first look about to see where one of our pianos will look well. Then I produce a beautiful colored photo of my piano, and when the lady comes down I say to her: 'Here, madam, is the place to put one of our beautiful pianos. So much better than the old one. Merely by having it here on display, you and your daughters will acquire the reputation not only for culture in general, but for being great musicians'. I do not say this to the lady loudly. I say it intimately, confidentially. But even if I could play, I should never think of doing so. That would discourage her."

In short, it is upon the good intentions of others that vast enterprises depend.

WHAT is the reason that sermons are so hard to listen to? Because the preachers, as a rule, are short on facts and long on advice. My idea of the right kind of a sermon is just to give the facts and let people judge for themselves. All I am doing now is to lead you up to some of your habits and letting it go at that.

I'll bet you a little red apple you don't know what your habits really are. You know how it is with your favorite minister. The first time you heard him you thought he was great. The second time you heard him you thought he was great. The third time you heard him you still thought he was great; but you wished he wouldn't say, "Ah." That little habit of saying "Ah" has crept into his speech and he doesn't even know it. By and by you can hear him say nothing but "Ah!" You would give anything to take him aside and tell him about it. It would be a real service to him. You talk about it with all the others. But nobody dares tell him. And so, by and by, the vestry meets and decides that they want somebody else. They draw up

a beautiful set of resolutions, stating how much



With him, evidently, there was keen competition and he was one of the prize winners in profanity

they will miss him—and they really will, in a way—for he is an excellent man. And the newcomers will wonder why he has been allowed to depart, but the old comers will stand by the vestry, although nobody will even hint at the real reason, which is only because this good man acquired the habit of saying "Ah."

And, sometimes, we cannot even break ourselves of our own bad habits. Here is a story of a splendid workman, but who had acquired the habit of coming late. He determined that he would get over it. So he set himself to wake up very early in the morning.

He overtrained. When he awoke, it was 6:30. That was too early, so he turned over. Pretty soon he woke up again. It was then 7:30. He still had another half hour, so he turned over again. The third time he woke up it was 9 o'clock, so he rushed into his clothes and sprinted to the gates.

"I'm sorry I'm half an hour late," he said to the boss.

"Oh! that's all right," said the boss; "but where were you on Monday and Tuesday?"

DON'T worry, madam," said the man to the lady who was getting seasick and said she didn't know what to do, "you'll do it all right."

THE fact is that we are all controlled absolutely by our habits, good, bad and indifferent, and don't know it. Before we get into the interior of the House of Habits, we take out our will and check it. The man in front doesn't hand us with the check a copy of the house rules. We know what they are pretty well. We say to ourselves, "This is the house of freedom." But it isn't. And every once in a while we take out the check and look at it and think it is the power of decision. But no matter what room of the House of Habits we are in, we do exactly as all the others in the room do. We whisper when they whisper; and if they begin to jump over the tables, we follow them.

As for the habits themselves, they are often extremely unreliable. They form themselves often with ease, and then of their own accord suddenly get up and leave you. A man who has just been married, forms the habit of kissing his wife night and morning. In a short time, this habit is so firmly established that the idea of its ever being broken would be greeted with suppressed jeers. But it breaks itself, and thus furnishes a large body of humorists with a proper subject for jesting.

Long before all this happens, however, consider how suddenly another habit may be formed. A young man meets a pretty girl he has never seen before, and

almost in a jiffy he has formed a habit of calling on her. The sun may be turned in its course, the moon and stars fall, but not the regularity of that young man in calling on that girl. And the same thing is true of old men. I have known old fellows of seventy to acquire this habit inside of twenty-four hours. So it isn't always age that matters. You are never so old that you cannot fall in love, never so old that you cannot break yourself or form habits.

BEFORE you can do anything—that is, make any improvement in yourself or better your condition—you must first know what your bad habits are. You will have to find this out for



"Ha! Friend wife did it! She made me what I am!"

yourself. Nobody will tell you—at least, they will seem not to. The chances are, if they did, you wouldn't believe it. The strange part of all this is that the more prominent your bad habits are, the less you are able to see them.

Some time ago, I had occasion to visit a certain well-known politician. He was an excellent man, but had formed the habit of swearing. Profanity was his specialty and no Mississippi steamboat-captain of the early forties, could have eclipsed him. Every other word was an oath. I met him one afternoon, and we dined together. I make no boast of the fact that I don't swear—except, possibly, when I am on the golf links at certain indescribable moments. Anyway, I didn't swear that day. By and by, my friend began to let up. By 6 o'clock, he only swore about every other time. By 7 it was every third time. When I left him at 11, his language was practically as free from swear words as mine.

He didn't know it. Unconsciously he had adapted himself to my speech. He probably went right back as soon as he met some one of his rivals. For, with him, evidently, there was keen competition and he was one of the prize-winners in profanity. I would have backed him for the blue ribbon at any meeting of truck drivers in the world.

ALL that I have written shows that our habits are largely unconscious, that when they are bad we don't admit them, and when they are good we take credit for them. They may come and go at will; but, in reality, they rule us. How can we get the best of them? The problem is actually very much like balancing up a set of books. There will always be figures on both sides—assets and liabilities. The trick is to have the assets exceed the liabilities. We cannot get rid of our bad habits altogether; but we can try to have our good habits exceed them, both in quantity and quality.

And now I am going to reverse something I wrote, which was to the effect that when we have a bad habit, others don't tell us. They do. They tell us over and over again. But others are more considerate of us than we realize; and when they do tell us, they do it in such a way that it won't offend us. It is astonishing, when you come to observe and think about it, how plainly they do tell us. The minister who said "Ah" was, in fact, told about it, not right out like that, but in many ways. His "Ah" was, in truth, the symbol of a certain weakness that was, doubtless, shown in other directions. He refused to listen, that is all.

If you want to improve yourself, the first rule is to listen to what others are saying about you, and, indeed, directly to you, about yourself! Not to become introspective, or hypersensitive, not to overestimate your own importance, but merely to consider yourself as a set of tools. Your hand is a weapon or an instrument with which to perform many things. So is your thinking apparatus. You walk with your feet and you see with your eyes; and as accurately as you see, so do you become skillful. If, for example, you are an expert proof-reader, and accustomed to the niceties in words, you will discover immediately any rhetorical error in this article. If you are not a proof-reader, but wish to become one—that is, to take on the habit of proof-reading—you will find a dozen people willing to help you, telling you just what to do. And you will listen to them in proportion to your ambition.

Most people around us are trying to help us; but because we have never learned to listen to them, we don't know it. We often think they are trying to hurt us; that is, when they tell us the truth about ourselves too bluntly.

In my own family circle, I once acquired the habit of saying sarcastic things. I had a highly moral purpose in doing this, or thought I had, because it was like stinging folks into obedience.

One day, when I was entirely off my guard, one of my daughters said a stinging thing to me, a thing that made me jump with pain, with a tendency to bellow aloud.

"You had no right to say that!" I exclaimed.

"Well, you taught me," was the reply.

This led to reflection. Finally, I said, "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

The answer was a poser: "We have for years, but you never would listen."

YOU may be certain of these facts: If you have any friends, it is because they are fond of you. If they are fond of you, they know your faults, your bad habits, better than you do. And if they know them they are telling you of them all the time, in countless little subtle ways that you overlook, just because of your own blindness. If you doubt this, then turn about. Take someone you are terribly fond of. You are bound to love him in spite of everything; but, oh! how you wish he would not, on some occasions, try to be funny when everybody knows he isn't.

And you actually tell him that—point blank.

"You are not half so funny as you think you are!" you say.

And does he believe you? He does not. He thinks you are jealous of him—that you are trying to be as funny as he—and not succeeding.

A habit is only an attachment. The only difference between us and a starfish is that the starfish has only one way in which he can attach himself to a surface, and we have a great many. We can attach ourselves with our eyes, with our ears, with our hands,

SAD is the day for any man when he becomes absolutely satisfied with the life that he is living, the thoughts that he is thinking and the deeds that he is doing; when there ceases to be forever beating at the doors of his soul a desire to do something larger which he feels and knows he was meant and intended to do.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

with our souls. About all there is to life is the unrelenting job of seeing to it that we don't become attached too much to the wrong things, and to understand this we must constantly realize that on the great beach of time we are not the only pebble. When you consider that before you there have been billions on billions of people, and that after you there may be as many more, and that what you do—your desires, your feelings—are as nothing in the weight of all these countless billions, then it behooves you to look at yourself impartially.

The other day, a young woman came to me and said she wanted to write poetry. She thought she could write it. She showed me a poem she had written. It was very crude. The lines didn't scan. The rhymes were faulty. I pointed out its defects, not sparing her. She thought it was poetry, I convinced her very shortly that it was not. She was inexpressibly hurt by my criticism, but took it bravely. She said, "I can see that you are right, but how can I ever learn?"

"By forgetting yourself, and listening to others."

That does not mean—of course it does not mean—that one must be-

come basely dependent on the advice of others. Indeed, they will be the first to tell you this, and to scorn you if you show the least sign of servility. There is nothing that others will resent about you so soon as lack of "standupness." They don't even want you to admit that you have learned anything from them. They would rather have you silent on the subject; unless you have married one of them. Then it's all right.

It's always quite proper for a man to say that his wife has made him. This kind of flattery will not spoil her. It will do her a lot of good, unless he happens to be a dipsomaniac or something equally bad. Then it doesn't seem quite right for the poor wretch to flourish a bottle in his right hand and say, "Look at me; she made me what I am!"

You may think that is an extreme case. Well, if you think that, consider the humorous old married man—one of those chaps who is always chucking you under the ribs, and telling terrible stories that he laughs the loudest at—the chap who flourishes his alleged sense of humor like a sword or a bludgeon, and then says, "Ha! Friend wife did it! I never could see anything funny before I married her. She made me what I am!"

Could you wish any poor woman any worst fate than that? She has told him a hundred times that he ought to know better, that his horseplay bores everyone to tears—but he has no power to listen. I hope if such a man reads this, he will run right home and apologize.

I USED to think I had a sense of humor myself; but, not long ago, I met a very handsome and reasonably intelligent woman who said, after she had listened in for some time, "Do you know, I don't believe you could make me laugh if you tried!"

Talk about telling the truth!

Why Huey S. Owens Refuses to Quit

By W. Morris Blood

HUEY S. OWENS is the blind newsman of Hale, Missouri. He has been blind for twenty years, eighteen years of which he has supported his family by selling newspapers and magazines. He has no newsstand, but delivers his wares. When Huey Owens was a young married man, just starting in life, working as a day laborer, his eyes began to trouble him, and he visited a local physician who prescribed a salve which proved fatal. After a few applications, he began to lose his sight.

He consulted eye specialists in Kansas City, Missouri, and Des Moines, Iowa, who told him that nothing could be done as the optic nerve was killed. About six months after the first application of the salve, Owens became totally blind.

But Huey Owens was an industrious man and at once began to cast about for some means by which he could earn a livelihood. He sawed wood and did other jobs for awhile, then began selling papers in conjunction with his other

work until the paper business became sufficiently remunerative to support his family, which consists of himself, wife and one son, Joseph, thirteen years old. Owens travels the streets of Hale to deliver his papers nearly as well as if he had his sight, never missing a pa-

"HEADED for the top" is a very good motto. This is not trying, by hook or crook, to get ahead of others. That is a very unworthy motive. But heading for the top means that you are striving for the highest excellence of which you are capable; this is a constant suggestion to you to better your best, to make this day a better one than yesterday.

tron. He knows where to find the new customers, and makes his rounds in all kinds of weather. His only guide is an iron cane which he drags at his side. By this means he can tell where the walk turns to a house or the corner of the street, or when objects of hindrance are in the way. In the last ten years, he has bought and paid for a comfortable little home. He can count his change as readily as anyone, and is unusually quick in numbers.

He never has sought charity. All he asks is a chance to do what he can. He is forty-nine years old. He was born at Lamar, Missouri, but has lived the greater part of his life in Hale.

◆ ◆ ◆
This world has many heroes—he who does all he can, in the best manner possible, is a hero; I don't care whether he blacks yurts boots, runs a locomotive, or leads a forlorn hope into battle.—Josh Billings.

◆ ◆ ◆
Yes, money does talk sometimes, but its favorite remark seems to be, "Good-by!"

Why it doesn't pay to be a poor loser is graphically proved in—

The Creed of the Sea

THE little steamer, *Puget*, was pounding away on her run to Seattle, with Ole Nelson, the big, yellow-haired mate in the pilot house. It was Captain Duncan's watch below, but he couldn't sleep. A deep-sea fog had drifted in through the straits, and it was impossible to see the length of the vessel. Somewhere in the nearby gloom the Dungeness foghorn was wailing its warning into the night.

He thought of going up and giving Ole a hand. But the mate was very touchy, and considered it an insult if anybody offered him advice. The captain paced back and forth along the after deck, straining his ears to make out the exact location of the Dungeness Horn.

But the fog was full of open spaces, through which the echoes bounded helter-skelter, making it very confusing. Then he heard it clear and plain—almost dead ahead.

He called out a warning as he jumped toward the pilot house. But he was too late. Before he had covered half the distance, there was a grinding shock that sent him floundering upon the tilted deck. A medley of wild, crazy bells were rung down to the engine room—and the steamer, *Puget*, began rolling helplessly in the ground swells that pounded upon the Dungeness beach.

He heard Ole Nelson's bull-like voice roaring in the darkness. The curtains had been drawn over the cabin windows, and the forward part of the ship was in utter gloom. Captain Duncan rushed into the pilot house, found the switch to the deck lights, and turned them on. As he came bounding out of the door, he almost trampled on a bunch of passengers, who had tumbled from their beds at the first shock.

"Man the boats, you—man the boats!" the mate bellowed excitedly. There was the tramp of running feet, and the snarl of angry voices. The whimper of a child rose thin-lipped amid the din. While over it all hung the milk-white smother of the fog.

The mate's heavy voice would boom out an order, and the deck hands would rush to obey. But before it could be put in execution, Ole would change his mind and send them after something else. They got in one another's way, trampled on the passengers—and accomplished nothing.

Then Captain Duncan stripped off his coat and leaped down among them. With word and blow he drove them to their stations. Soon, a life-

By Chart Pitt

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SARKA

boat was swung over the side, and Patrick O'Mollie, the second mate, placed in charge.

"Women and children first!" the calm, compelling voice of the captain rang through the fog. Men, who had been crowding toward the boat, now slunk back in shamefaced confusion, giving their places to the weak and the old—and took their chances, as a white man must.

Just as they were casting off, Ole Nelson came tearing down the deck, with a suit case in either hand. The big Swede had lost his head entirely and was jumping ship—taking all his belongings with him.

He made for the lifeboat, already loaded to capacity with its helpless freight. The big mate was all ready to drop down on them, when Captain Duncan caught him by the collar, and dragged him back aboard the *Puget*.

"I'm going ashore—I tell you!" the man snarled as he tried to tear himself free.

"Not this trip, Ole. Women and children first—that's the law of the sea," Duncan reminded him.

"To hell with the law of the sea—my life is worth as much as any woman!"

Then Captain Duncan struck him square upon that loose-lipped mouth of his, and the big mate went down. He scrambled to his feet and leaped toward his antagonist. It was the bull strength of youth, pitted against old age. But Bill Duncan knew every hook and crook in the game. Then he had the advantage of keeping a cool head, while Ole was blind with rage and fear.

Around and around the tilting deck, the tide of the battle shifted its course. Again and again the mate tried to rush the captain off his feet. But always he reeled back under a smother of swift blows.

At length, it began to filter through Ole Nelson's thick head that he was getting the worst of it. At once his beast rage turned to cringing, and he

whimpered some excuse as he went over and picked up his suit cases and lugged them back to his room. He was a bully when things were going his way—but he was a poor loser.

He was beaten for the moment. But the captain watched him closely. For he was of a treacherous breed.

A WEEK later, the *Puget* having been dredged out of the Dungeness sands, the officers and crew were brought before the inspectors, and a close investigation begun.

Captain Duncan told what he knew about the matter—which wasn't much. Next, the mate was brought up.

"I don't know nothing about it—you ask Mr. Duncan." He waved a fat hand toward the skipper. "I don't was captain of those ship."

"But it was your watch—you was in the pilot house wasn't you?" the inspector urged.

"No, I wasn't. I had the toothache, and had turned the ship over to the captain. I prove by Mr. O'Mollie, the second mate, that I was in his room, after medicine, when the ship struck."

"That's so," the second officer chipped in.

Bill Duncan leaped to his feet. "You lying dogs—you low-down sneaking curs!"

But Ole Nelson went on with his story. "He'll try to blame it on to somebody else. He's no-good captain anyhow—he would sink those ship a hundred times if it wasn't for me. You just ask the passengers who they saw in the pilot house when the lights went on. I was clear aft—trying to get the lifeboat ready."

Bill Duncan sat down again. He knew he was lost. They would stick to their lies—and the passengers would back them up in it—for it was the captain they had seen in the pilot house.

"The least we can do is to suspend your license for a year, Captain Duncan," the inspector declared, after all the testimony had been taken.

"You might as well call it a thousand years, while you're about it," Bill told him. "I'm too

old a man to live down a thing like that—them low-down yellow curs!"

An hour later, Jim Sullivan, the superintendent of the Puget Sound Transportation Company, handed Captain Duncan his last pay-check. "Hard lines, Bill. It took you thirty years to build up that reputation—and you lost it in a night. This finishes you with the company. But how would

Failure on Failure

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

FAILURE on failure seed the slow success.
All mired and bruised the footsore traveller came
By swamp and steep, through unimagined stress,
To envied fame.

Sorrow on sorrow purge the selfish heart.
Not till our dearest are caught up above
Our hurt, our help, we learn life's finest art,
The art of love.

you like to go down to Hell's Kitchen? They need a bird warden down there?"

"I'll take it," Bill Duncan gulped, "till I find something else to do."

THERE was something pathetic about the lifeless November sunshine that filtered down on the yellow acres of Hell's Kitchen. It seemed worn out and helpless—like old Bill Duncan who watched the duck reserve for twenty-five dollars a month.

But there was an eager light in Bill's gray eyes that morning, as he came down the beach with an empty coal sack under his arm. The sea had been good to him last night, and had left some broken fragments of fir bark scattered along the outer sand-spit. It was going to be back-breaking work picking them up. But they would make a good fire—something to keep him warm when the bitter storms came shrieking down across the salt marshes of the duck reserve.

The old fellow got busy at once. If he worked hard enough he wouldn't have time to think. He knew he had brooded too long already over the treachery that had driven him from the sea and left him, like some derelict, to rot upon the beaches of Hell's Kitchen.

But there was one man in the world who wouldn't let him forget. The mocking screech of a steamer's whistle brought the old sea captain to attention. Looking up, he saw the *Puget* skimming along the outer rocks of the Vampire Reef. Someone leaned out of the pilot-house window and waved a red handkerchief at him. Bill shook his fist in reply, and once more returned to his work.

But the eager light had gone out of his eyes. The man who leaned out of the pilot-house window, was Ole Nelson. He and Pat had both got the promotion they were fishing for—and Bill Duncan had lost faith in the thing they call fate.

The bird warden straightened up to rest his aching back, and, as he did so, a mocking laugh came drifting back across the water. It was followed by a snarl of angry voices. Pat and Ole were having a family row.

Bill was trying to forget the scurvy trick they had played him—but Ole wouldn't let him forget. Every morning when he came along on the down-strait run, he would push the *Puget* as close as he dared to the Vampire Reef, while he tooted his whistle in a mocking salute and waved his red rag out the pilot house window. At night, on the back trip, he would cut in close to shore and play a regular devil's serenade on the siren, just when the former captain was dropping off to sleep.

Bill Duncan squinted after the retreating vessel. "You're going to shave the Vampire a little too close some morning—and the devil will get you." But he had been making that same fell prophecy for six months, and Ole kept right on waving his red rag at him.

As the bird warden shouldered his sack of bark and started toward the little shack where he lived, he gave a new twist to his gloomy prediction.

"The devil is taking care of you, Ole—but, some day, the old boy is going to sleep on the job—like you did when

you piled the *Puget* on Dungeness. Then, watch out!"

The bird warden's shack was built on top of a high dune, so as to afford an open view of the duck marshes. For hours at a time, Bill sat out in front, staring off across the water. As he reached home with his load of bark, he turned for one last look. The flood-tide swells were sweeping in from the open sea, and the Straits of Juan de Fuca were heaving like the sides of some sleeping animal. A black blotch upon the water attracted his attention. He brought out his glasses and focused them upon it.

"Floating kelp," the old man grinned. "I hope she drifts ashore—there's always a lot of good fir bark tangled up amongst it."

THAT afternoon, it started to rain and Hell's Kitchen began steaming like some huge caldron. Bill Duncan stood watching the sunset fading above the lonely acres of the duck reserve. The clouds were broken and ragged, and the mists began creeping along above the sodden tules. It was a scene as desolate and dreary as a dead man's face.

The wind freshened to a gale, and every gust lifted the wet sand from the top of the dunes and flailed it against the squat board-shack. Each time it came pattering down on the shingles, Bill lifted his head. It was a thin, ghastly imitation of a hailstorm—storms that had drummed their glad music upon his father's roof, long, long ago.

In storm and calm he had stood there amid the unnatural silence of the game preserve, and watched the daylight dying beyond the empty acres of the duck marshes. The thing held a fascination for him—for he, too, was drifting rapidly toward the sunset and the long, long night.

Far down the coast, a streak of black coal-smoke trailed across the yellow sky-flare of the dying day. The bird warden's lips tightened at the sight. He knew it was the home-bound *Puget*, and Ole Nelson was bringing her up the straits with that northwest gale howling behind her.

Bill had been on that run for thirty years, and knew every tide-rip and eddy between Cape Flattery and Seattle. He was a young man when he took the *Puget* out on her maiden voyage up the straits—young and full of hope. The old ship had weathered the storms better than he. She was still making her regular trips up along the wind-flailed Olympic Peninsula, while Bill Duncan eked out a lean living among the lonely duck marshes—and waited for the end.

He had accepted that position at Hell's Kitchen, just to tide him over the winter. But a whole year had passed, and he was still there. To-night, out of the black, empty miles of the duck grounds, there came an unspoken threat, that for him there would be no turning of the tide—the bitter tide of poverty that was sweeping him toward a pauper's bed at the Poor Farm.

There was no light of hope in the bird warden's eyes as he turned away from the salt-frosted window and the sunset. Like an unthinking machine he hobbled

over to the rusty stove and threw more driftbark into its hungry maw. That heap of fir bark in the corner, represented the sum total of his fuel. Bit by bit, he had gathered it upon the naked beaches and carried it home in his sack. There might be more to take its place when it was gone—and there might not. Only the sea knew. Bill Duncan had reached a place where his very life depended upon the whim of wind and tide.

But, to-night, he filled the little stove till it would hold no more. If he had been the owner of endless forests he could have been no more reckless. For, somehow, the bird warden felt that the black waters of fate were sweeping him toward the rocks, and to struggle against it, would only make the end more bitter.

The rusty iron of the heater grew a sullen red that filled the shack with a grewsome radiance. Crimson fingers of firelight reached out from a dozen cracks in its derelict body and fluttered like souls, searching things in the wine-colored gloom.

They wrapped themselves about Bill Duncan's body and toyed with every rent and tear in his faded coat that had seen hard years of service aboard the *Puget*.

It was a setting well in keeping with his broken, battered life. But the bird warden was trying to forget. He went over to the shelf and brought back the stub ends of seven tallow candles that he had picked up during his wanderings along the beach. One by one, he lighted them and set them out in a row upon the table. Then he felt better. Outside the winds raved across the black miles of the night, and the drumming of the surf shook the shack at every beat.

BUT Bill Duncan was back with the days when he walked the pitching decks of the *Puget*, back with the years of his iron strength, when every sunset was filled with hope and he looked the world in the face and was not afraid. About him was warmth and light—and the blessed boon of forgetfulness.

Then the mad winds came raving out of the night and shook the shack until it groaned in every joint. The last candle sputtered and went out, and once more Bill Duncan was shipmates with memory—and all the hideous things it contained. Once more he was an old man, in a faded coat, who had lingered over a supper of sour-dough bread and baked potatoes.

But it was not of clothing or food he thought. These were but minor things in Bill Duncan's life. For years he had held his place among strong, self-reliant men; doing his part and sometimes the part of others. He had held countless thousands of lives in the hollow of his hand—and never had he been accused of negligence, except by the lying lips of Ole Nelson and his confederate.

Gladly would he have swallowed his pride and served under Ole as a common sailor. But his back was getting too old to push a truck upon the cargo deck of the *Puget*. He was a discard from the sea, fit only to herd the ducks at Hell's Kitchen.

The superintendent of the Puget Sound Navigation Company had summed it up in a few words when he discharged him for the Dungeness affair. "It took you thirty years to build up that reputation, Captain Duncan—and you lost it in a night."

It was not the personal hardships of the duck marshes from which he longed to escape. He was used to hard knocks—life never had been anything else. But it was the

hopelessness of it all. The work he was doing was something that any other old man might perform as satisfactorily as he. If he died to-morrow, the wheels of industry would go grinding on and never know that anything had happened. Some men might fret because they were but a cog in the machinery. But he was less than a cog—for a broken cog is something that can not be ignored.

"If there was only one soul on earth that needed me, I wouldn't complain," the bird warden grumbled as he watched the red arms of the firelight groping about the room as if searching for something they had lost.

A beach rat began gnawing at some soy-bean boxes that Bill had packed up from the tide flats for kindling. The animal's rasping teeth sounded weird and uncanny over the sullen hum of the storm. It filled the

warden with a realization of what he had become—a beach comber who quarreled with the rats and crows for



"The law of the sea! My life is worth as much as any woman!"

such things as the sea chose to cast upon his strip of coast.

Once more he staggered to his feet and clawed his way through the darkness to the little window. Hours at a time he had stood there by the spray-frosted panes, watching the gas buoy blinking its warning above Vampire Reef. In fancy, he was leaning out of the wheel-house window, bracing himself against the rolling pitch of the *Puget*, and shaping his course by the Vampire Light that marked the halfway point on the trip to Seattle.

THE illusion was so complete that he fancied the light was drawing rapidly nearer. *It was drawing nearer*—or was it a trick of his weak old eyes? Then the truth flashed upon Bill Duncan in a stupefying shock. The gas buoy had broken loose from its moorings and was drifting in toward the beach, leaving the treacherous Vampire rocks out there in the darkness of the winter night, waiting among the eddies for their prey.

The bird warden turned his face down the straits. There were the lights of the *Puget*, showing through the flying rain. Ole Nelson would be sure to cut in close to the beacon as he always did—and the Vampire would grind up his bones in her ruthless mill.

"I told you the devil would go to sleep on the job some night, Ole," the old man croaked. "You won't find the Vampire as soft a bed as the Dungeness sands. You've told your last lie, Ole Nelson—and may God Almighty damn your soul for a million years and a day!"

The bird warden laughed as a fiend might laugh. For one moment, he swayed on the brink of madness, where morals and ethics were but vague shapes among the deepening fog.

Then, over the poison glee of his hate, there rose a new note—something that rang like a silver bell in the holy calm of a Sabbath twilight. *It was the honor call of the sea.*

"Women and children first!" the old man muttered. It was but the ghostly echoes of that ringing command which he had hurled down the confused deck of the *Puget* that memorable night at Dungeness, when, with naked fists, he had beaten Ole Nelson into submission and prevented him from leaping bodily into a boat already overloaded with women and children.

Buttoning his old sea coat about him, he dashed out into the night. The gloating wind swept down to dispute his passage. He lunged against it as he fought his way toward the beach.

Ole Nelson and his perfidy were forgotten. All he saw was those lights of the *Puget* sweeping down toward the Vampire. For thirty years he had driven her over that hard run, and every plank in her old bottom was dear to him. He had saved her from destruction a score of times—and, by the Eternal God that ruled above the sea trails—he would save her again!

It was the creed of the sea—something deeper than his hatred for Ole Nelson, deeper than life itself. Captain Duncan had learned his lesson too well to forget it in a time of stress.

A hundred hidden obstacles reached up out of the darkness and caught at his stumbling feet. Once he fell—and the gloating winds went calling the evil tidings down across the black acres of Hell's Kitchen. But he was up again—up and racing toward the spot where the skiff was waiting.

His hands closed like iron claws on the boat, and he began dragging it down across the beach sands and shoved it out into the snarling surf. Then the real battle began. Bill Duncan was at home in a boat. The heavy ground-swells rushed up beneath him, threatening to bury the frail craft in their mad rush toward the shore. The salt spray whipped into his face. His eyes smarted under the acrid bath, but the sounds and smells that were in the darkness about him were like wine in his blood. He strained at the oars, forgetting that the sea had put the brand of the discard upon him.

He shoved in close beside the treacherous beacon and discovered that it had broken loose from the heavy concrete anchor that had held it in place at the edge of the outer reef. The anchor-chain must have parted, for the buoy lifted and fell each time a ground-swell surged under it. A closer inspection showed just what had happened.

It was the bunch of kelp he had noticed out in the straits that morning. It had come in with the wind and had become lodged against the buoy. The extra weight had been too much of a strain. It had broken loose and drifted toward the shore, still held in place by the mass of seaweed. A piece of heavy anchor-chain still hung to it, keeping it right side up.

Duncan knew if he should cut away the kelp the beacon would roll over and be buried in the swells. There was nothing to do but tow the whole mass out into position. He gave one hurried look to where the lights of the *Puget* were growing brighter through the rain. There might be time—there *must* be time!

USING his painter as a towline, he fastened the skiff to the runaway beacon and began his desperate battle out through the noisy darkness where the rushing ground-swells frothed among the black claws of the Vampire.

Foam-wreathed rocks rose up out of the night on either hand, snarling their endless hate in his old ears, and spitting at him as he passed.

The lights of the *Puget* were drawing dangerously near. He raised his voice in the old hail of the sea. But the sound that fluttered away from his trembling lips was more the croak of a raven than spoken words. Desperately he pulled on the oars. Everything depended on muscle now.

Then the jingle of confused ship bells came to him across the water, and startled voices took up the alarm. Ole Nelson had discovered his danger at last; but he was losing his head, just as he did at Dungeness. Bill Duncan's feet fairly itched for the feel of the *Puget's* decks beneath him—that place belonged to him when there was danger.

The steamer was swinging out to sea. They might clear the outer rocks by a

few feet. It was impossible to tell in the darkness.

On she came. Her shadowy bulk loomed large against the sky light. Already Bill Duncan had recognized his own danger of being run down by the larger boat. But a searchlight cut through the wall of the night and played its blinding glare about him. He knew he had been seen. The boat was passing, just missing the rocks of the outer reef. Voices called down to him from the *Puget's* decks.

"Report Vampire beacon adrift and extinguished!" Bill roared back at them as they swung out into safer water.

He heard Ole Nelson's heavy voice booming out some command. It was answered by a snarl of rage from Pat O'Mollie. The two crooks were having a family row again.

For a moment the bird warden sat there in the skiff, rocking in the trough of the ground-swells. His weak old eyes were on his ship, plowing her way toward Seattle. Then he slashed away the tangled kelp, and let the treacherous beacon topple over where it could do no more mischief. It was a very thoughtful Bill Duncan who rowed back through the spitting hell-cats of the Vampire—back to the little board-shack and his twenty-five dollars a month.

EVERY fiber of his body ached from the exertion he had been through; but there was a new song of hope and contentment in his heart. He was a discard from the sea, a wreck left to rot upon the beach—but his days of usefulness were not over. He might be a broken cog in the wheel of the work world—but he had held a hundred human lives in the hollow of his hand and brought them safely through the jaws of danger—as he always had.

As he leaped out of the skiff, ready to drag it up out of reach of the surf, he noticed that the *Puget* had hove to in the lee of the Vampire and had sent a boat ashore. A lantern was coming up the beach toward him. He sat on the edge of the skiff and waited to see what they wanted.

"I came back to get you, Bill!" a voice greeted him out of the darkness. He squinted up into the face of Jim Sullivan, superintendent of the Puget Sound Transportation Company. "I know all about that Dungeness business!" Jim shouted to make himself heard above the whipping wind. "They got to quarreling among themselves—and spilled the beans. I'll have you back on your old run in another week."

The bird warden drew himself up with a new respect. "I can't go till they send out a man to take my place—"

"What's the matter with Ole Nelson for a duck chaperon?" the "super" laughed.

◆ ◆ ◆

A failure doesn't want to smile—he can't. Smile when you reach your store or office. Smile when you read your letters and smile when you answer them. Smile when you don't feel like it. Smile when you come and smile when you go. Smiles keep the day balanced. Smiles are the visible banners of success.

Smuts, the Genius of Peace

Great Britain's present reliance on her former Boer foe is a tribute almost without parallel to personality and keen diplomacy

READING between the lines, there is evidence that Ireland is anxious to make peace. Mankind has had an overdose of strife and hardship. Each nation is earnestly striving for peace and for normally prosperous times, and is turning with hope to the coming conference, at Washington, on the reduction of armaments. The peoples of the world are praying that President Harding's epochal step may be crowned with victory.

The few upheavals in various parts of the world are looked upon as unnecessary to general welfare and quite at variance with the present outlook of mankind. And while the rest of the world may sympathize with Ireland in her ancient and noble effort to break the ties that bind her to the motherland, it will be a long step toward the peace that must come to all mankind if she will make terms of a satisfactory nature with England.

If this is accomplished, the credit must go to General Jan Christiaan Smuts, once a Boer warrior and a foe of Great Britain, but to-day recognized as one of the shrewdest and far-seeing diplomatists in the world. In the sheer desperation of her plight with Ireland, Britain called to her side—and with the greatest confidence—the very man who led an army against her only twenty years ago.

Why?

General Smuts—"Slim Jannie" they call him in the Union of South Africa, of which country he is the George Washington—is a man of extraordinary personality, scholarship, and reasoning. He says that his position as a world figure is due to the fact that he knows how to use plain horse sense in all his dealings, that he can look the truth squarely in the face, that he does not flinch from unpleasant realities, that the mirages of politics do not delude him. This leader of the fiercely patriotic and stubborn people that held the British troops at bay for years, who, the great minds of the world claimed, dug his political grave twenty years ago, can boast of a career that has but few parallels. To-day, the man who is honest and does his duty as he sees it without fear—the African rebel of 1900, heads one of the most important of the world's conferences.

GENERAL SMUTS was born fifty-six years ago, on a farm in what is known as the western province, in the Karroo country. His father and his grandfather were farmers. He did his share of the chores about the place until

John T. Drayton

it was time for him to go to school. Inbred in him, as in most Boers, is an ardent love of country life, and especially an affection for the mountains.

In the old Boer household, such as Smuts came from, the coffee pot is always boiling. With a cup of coffee and a piece of biltong (dried meat) the Boer can fight or travel all day long. He neither drinks liquor of any kind nor smokes, and he eats sparingly.

He is essentially an out-of-doors man and his body is wiry and rangy. He has the stride of a man familiar with long marches, and the natural swing of one who is at home in the saddle. He speaks with vigor and sometimes with emotion. The Boer is not a demonstrative or emotional person, and Smuts has much of the racial reserve.

At times, he is an inspired orator and something of his place in the world is due to his eloquent tongue. He seems to lack the tricks of the spellbinder. He is forceful, convincing and persuasive. And what he is is certain to stick in one's mind.

In one of their passages-at-arms in South Africa, years ago, Lord Milner is reported to have pleaded with Smuts, then his young and promising antagonist, in these words:

"Stop, look where you are going, Smuts. You are digging your political grave without very well knowing it, I think. England will never forgive or forget this—and you a Cambridge man—one of our own."

"Yes! I thought I was almost an Englishman, too," Smuts is said to have answered. "But the Jameson raid proved to me that I wasn't. I'm going with Oom Paul Kruger, not because I'm a Dutchman or a South African, but because he is right and I want to be right. Perhaps, some day, England will realize who were her real friends and who were her real foes; but, in the meantime, I shall do my duty as I see it—very clearly."

I DIDN'T go in with my own people," said Smuts in after years, "because they were my own people, but because they were right."

As a matter of fact, the accession of Smuts to their ranks was received by the burly farmers of the ancient trek with anything but enthusiasm. It is said by old South Africans that all of them except Oom Paul felt uncomfortable when young Smuts was around; the traits that recommended him to the English did not please the Boer farmers, who seem to have been of the opinion that Jan Christiaan had been away too long. As a matter of fact, he was a stranger among the people with whom, on righteous principles, he had decided to cast in his lot.

And this is his opinion of the Boer War and its results:

"When the end of our military effort was in sight—when we were throwing away our empty cartridge belts—I really felt more confident of success than I did in the days when victory perched upon our homemade war banners. We had done our best to present our cause to the world. Our words were little heeded, but our struggle was. When we grounded arms our cause was up before the supreme court of world opinion, and the best of England's sons were our advocates. We had written in our blood a brief for liberty that could not be denied. I never for



Brown Bros., N. Y.

General Jan Christiaan Smuts, U. S. A., Premier of the Union of South Africa, the great pacificator whom Great Britain summoned to her aid in the seemingly hopeless settlement of the Irish situation

a moment doubted what the verdict would be. But it came sooner than I had expected."

General Smuts is a great reader, they say. His literary journeys have carried him into the prose and the poetry of several nations. History, fiction, travel and biography have been well plumbed by him, and he has a remarkable insight to the literature of America, even to George Ade's "Fables in Slang," Peter Finley Dunn's "Mister Dooley" and Joel Chandler Harris's "B'r'er Rabbit." He is also an accomplished linguist, though it has been said of him that he can be silent in more languages than any man in South Africa.

His forehead is lofty, his nose arched, his mouth large. His close clipped, blond beard does not conceal the strong jaw of a positive character. His eyes, very keen, are a deep blue. They offer gazes which can be very frank or extremely forbidding. They can soften with friendliness or blaze with anger.

He comes of a strain of men who went into battle with supplications to God upon their lips, a stock that held in ridicule and contempt the godless ways of other people. He is much broader, possibly, because of the greater opportunity he has had for study and development in other lands, but he knows his people well and how not to offend their somewhat narrow notions. For example, Smuts is fond of card playing—old-fashioned whist—and at times indulges this quite innocent proclivity. Yet when a photographer requested permission to photograph a quartet at whist at which he was one he held up his hands in horror.

"If that picture ever got around among my Boer constituents," he said, "it would ruin me politically."

WHEN the necessities of the British Empire called Smuts to England to participate in councils of war planning, the empire sent his encouraging words out to all its people. Finally he assumed a major place at the peace conference. There he was noted for what he opposed. Smuts was the true and sincere spokesman for the liberties of small nations. Here, again, we glimpse a reason for his being summoned to settle the Irish quarrel.

In the gallery of treaty makers Lloyd George, Georges Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson were the leading figures. But it was Smuts, in the background, who contributed largely to the drive of the work. It was he who really originated the conception of a league of nations, and it was he who presented the first outline of the scheme. Thereafter, he advocated the league and hoped America would enter it. He claims that the league cannot function without the United States as a member.

At the peace table, General Smuts spoke almost as rarely as did Colonel House, but he was very active in committees and particularly in missionary work. But General Smuts was better than a good speaker. He was an effective one. This

If you are down in the mouth, think of Jonah. He came out all right.

was particularly so when he introduced the articles of the covenant dealing with mandates to the League of Nations commission. All knives were sharpened, the table was banked high with amendments, all the capitals and all the foreign offices were sitting up nights and cabling. President Wilson read the article as presiding officer and then called upon General Smuts, as reporter of the Mandate Committee, to take the floor. Smuts said very calmly:

"The article is a poor production; I believe that is the only point upon which the committee is absolutely unanimous, but it stands unalterably for the two great cardinal principles that I have mentioned. We are ashamed that we have done no better, but we have that virtue at least. We know our limitations. We can't do better. We trust it is a beginning, if a poor one. An opening wedge, if not a strong and a powerful one. A year hence, when the world has enjoyed a breathing spell and better, less war-crazed men have taken our places, I am of the opinion, and I believe it is the opinion of all the members of the committee, that it will be possible to improve it, make it creditable, perhaps even convert it into something that we shall all be proud of."

This was a hard blow for the League of Nations Commission, but everything that General Smuts said was true, and if there were any who doubted they had no difficulty in verifying his statements. The articles dealing with mandates went through as he advised, without substantial changes, either in the first or the second reading. It was better than nothing, and it was above all else the best that could be obtained. It was a foundation stone that at least in the days to come will prove serviceable.

With remarkable vision he foresaw trouble ahead. He perceived a surly and unrepentant Germany, unwilling to pay the price of folly; a broken and disappointed Austria, gasping for economic breath. He visualized the situation that long endured after the treaty was signed. His judgment was swiftly confirmed by

the numerous wars that threw their fires along the horizon.

Smuts is an internationalist who believes that nationalism has committed suicide and that the safety of civilization depends upon association of nations developing along economic and not purely sentimental lines. He wants to see an international currency. He believes that the world is really one; that humanity is one and must be so.

"The world has been brought together," he said, "by wireless, indeed, by all communication which represents the last word in scientific development. Yet political institutions cling to old and archaic traditions. Take, for instance, the Presidency of the United States. A man waits for four months before he is inaugurated. The incumbent may work untold mischief in the meantime."

"So with political parties and peoples, the British Empire included. The old pre-war British Empire is gone in the sense of colonies or subordinate nations clustering around one master nation. The British Empire itself is developing into a real league of nations, a group of partner peoples."

"We are not going to force common government, federal or otherwise, but we are going to extend liberty, freedom and nationhood more and more in every part of the empire."

It may be that in such expressions as these the Irish people find their confidence in General Smuts.

"I think that the very expression 'empire' is misleading," he declares, "because it makes people think that we are one single entity. We are not an empire. We are a system of nations, a community of states—all sorts of communities under one flag. How are you going to provide for the future government of this group of nations we should call the British Commonwealth? What seems to be essential is subordinate government for the subordinate parts, but one national Parliament for the whole."

AND, to-day, because the man is honest and does his duty as he sees it without fear of the unpleasant places it may lead him to, the African rebel of 1900 leads to a conference in Downing Street the president of the ever-hopeful Irish Republic!

Jan Smuts is an all-round man, so-called, of firm will, determined character, great experience, broad vision, immense tact and hard common sense. Withal he is personally a very simple person, and one meeting him for the first time might not visualize these large

qualities in his personality. Although scarcely thirty years of age when the Boers rebelled against the British rule, and although he entered the army as a private soldier, he developed in the later phases of the war into one of the most brilliant generals on the Boer side.

Perhaps the finest thing he ever said is: "Liberty is the basic force of all civilization. As soon as man realized he was free, he began to advance and prosper."

Perhaps the greatest holiday story since Charles Dickens wrote "A Christmas Carol" is

WHERE ALL BUT ONE ANGEL FEARED TO TREAD

By Annie Hamilton Donnell
in **SUCCESS** for December

Keep Your Eye on the Ball!

SOME time ago, a writer in *St. Nicholas* told of an incident that happened at the Essex County Club, Manchester, Massachusetts, where Walter J. Travis, the famous amateur golf-champion, was playing in an invitation tournament.

Along about the fourteenth hole, Mr. Travis was approached by a golfer who propounded a question which, as I remember, was to settle an argument that had come up about some point of play. Mr. Travis looked up and said, "I am playing golf." In other words, he wished to give his entire attention to the match. His record tells its own story of what concentration has meant to him in the line of success.

The first rule in golf is to keep your eye on the ball—which means that you must keep your mind there also. If you don't do that, instead of hitting the ball and sending it toward the hole, you will hit the earth or air—"foozle," as the golfers call it.

Unless you are "all there" in whatever you are doing, whether working, or playing, or making love, you'll make a poor score; you'll never be a winner, and to be an all-round winner, a professional in the art of living, concentration in play and in love is just as necessary as concentration in work. For these three—work, love, and play—are the stuff that life is made of.

"I go at what I am about," said a great man, "as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men; but most of them can't carry it into their amusements."

THAT'S just where the successful American business man often falls short of being a real winner. He does not carry his concentration into his amusements. When he plays he's not "all there;" he doesn't keep his eye on the ball. Like the man in Gordon Ross's cartoon, his mind is not on the game; it is away back in his office busy with sales, and deals, and business problems; and he might as well be there physically as mentally, for all the benefit he gets from the game.

A divided mind is like a house divided against itself. Instead of building, it is always neutralizing or tearing down. If the tired business man would only throw himself into his play with the same abandon with which he throws himself into his business, and concentrate on the game, whatever it is, with the same intensity with which he concentrates on the business game, he would get great good out of it. He would be a better business man—a bigger, more popular man in his community, a greater force in the world, a better fellow all round—more lovable, more magnetic, more helpful, a healthier, happier, more resourceful, more successful human being.

One of the most marked characteristics of Roosevelt was his capacity for enthusiasm, intensity and concentration in his play. When he relaxed and turned from the cares of his great office, he threw himself into his recreation, whether it was hunting big game, boxing, playing with his children, or what-

By Orison Swett Marden

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS



"Ye can't forget me! Can ye?"

ever it might be—with the same heartiness, vigor, and intensity with which he pursued his work. This was the great secret of his versatility and the enormous amount of work he accomplished during his lifetime. He was "all there" in whatever he did. Like Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who had so trained himself in concentration that he was able to say, "I could brew one hour, do mathematics the next, and shoot the next, and *each with my whole soul*," Mr. Roosevelt could turn from one occupation to another, with the greatest facility, and become so absorbed in each that for the time being only that one thing had any existence for him.

THE greatest problem in the fine art of living is to get out of the human machine the maximum of service with the minimum of friction; and this can only be done by so disciplining the mind that we can relax or turn on and off our brain-power at will, and concentrate it with all the energy of our being upon the thing in hand. Concentration is the key to power, the secret of achievement, but the man who cannot concentrate on play as well as on work, has not mastered the secret of real living or, for that matter, the secret of maximum excellence in work.

As Elbert Hubbard said, "In order that industry may be of the first quality, the person must at times relax and find rest in change through play—be a child—run, frolic, dig in the garden, saw wood—relax."

A prominent New Yorker jokingly remarked to me, the other day, that he does not pay much attention to business, but plays golf most of the time. What he really meant was that he remains in his office only a short part of each day,

but during that time does very intensive work, making the day's program for the entire establishment. He is able to do this, because he balances his work with wholesome play, and always keeps fit, always in the pink of condition. Although he spends only about three hours a day in his office, and is often absent for weeks, traveling, he is one of the most successful men in his line in this country. His brain is always so fresh and vigorous that he can concentrate on whatever he does with his maximum force. He drives straight to the marrow of everything with the fewest possible words or strokes. I have often been in his office when he has transacted very important business over the telephone in a tithe of the time that most business men would take. When you leave his office you feel as if you had taken an electric bath. He is so full of force, pep, fire, vigor, that you no longer wonder at his accomplishment.

There is truth and good sense in this old doggerel:

"Work while you work, play while you play,
That is the way to be happy,
cheerful, and gay."

It is play, humor, laughter, good cheer, that keeps us sane and balanced. Without these, man would go mad and the world would be bedlam. "The spirit that could conjure up a *Hamlet* or a *Lear*

(Continued on page 83)

How to Buy the Right Thing

Living is more or less of a gamble and we can't always make good trades. If we can average three times out of five all is well, for the ledger will balance in the end

IN the good old days—or the bad old days, as you prefer—a pint of some well-known grain extract was the standard remedy applied internally to a man just bitten by a snake or just about to be bitten by a salesman!

The remedy has passed; and, with it, most of the snake bites; but the number of bitten buyers has not appreciably diminished. The only successful cure for bad buyers is imagination. Not a dry-tinder sort of imagination that flashes up at anybody's spark, but a constructive, projecting imagination that figures out what it is going to do with a thing before it buys it.

There are seven good salesmen to one good buyer; and yet, four out of five fortunes are made by buying rather than selling. Buying requires far more brain stuff than selling and should be given more attention. The seller deals with the present moment alone. The buyer must deal with the present and the future. He must not only know the present value of the product but, also, what can be done with it in the future.

This article is not especially concerned with trained buyers for business concerns, but, rather, with all sorts of people who are, at least half the time, buyers of some kind. Generally speaking, there are three bad buyers: hagglers, bargain hunters, and persuadees. The last named are known frequently as "softies" or "easy marks."

First, let me tell you about bad buyers:

WHEN I was a boy in a small country town in Missouri, there was a tradition that Simon Getsky, who kept a store on the corner under the Odd Fellows' Hall, was the best buyer in town. There was nobody who could put anything over on old Simon. What he said to fresh young drummers passed about town as humorous currency.

Every traveling man from Joplin to St. Louis knew old Getsky; and no farmer who ever sold him a dozen eggs, a bushel of potatoes, or a two-pound spring fry ever forgot him, or ever got away with a penny more than the lowest possible price.

Two or three of us small boys used to drift into Getsky's every time we saw

By William H. Hamby

a traveling man with a sample case enter the store. We would hang about the glass showcase and pretend to be trying to decide on a pocketknife, just to get to hear old Simon call down the salesman.

How to Save Your Dollars

SEE all the way to the end of a deal before you sign on the dotted line. It may stretch your imagination, but it will save needless strain on your pocketbook.

Examine your wants before you supply them; they may be shoddy, or temporary, or even imaginary. It is better to be certain you want it before you buy than to be certain you don't want it afterwards.

Don't buy an article or a meal you don't want, or cannot afford, merely to keep a clerk's or a waiter's nose from going up into the air. The air is made especially for snobbish noses to lift into, and a moment of embarrassment is better than months of regret.

If an agent or promoter has thought of a fine chance for you to get rich, offer to go in partnership with him—he to put in the cash, you the brains. In a partnership of that sort it is lots easier to hold onto your brains than your cash.

Don't deal with anybody with whom you must fight every time you trade, in order to get fair treatment.

For things to use, buy on a falling market. For speculation buy at the bottom or on a rising market.

The sum of the whole matter is: Think three times before you buy; once to know if you really want it; once to plan a profitable use for it; and once to be sure the quality and price are right. But think quick; and don't waste twice the price in time shilly-shallying before you buy, or wondering afterwards if you could have done better somewhere else.

"Vat—tree dollar? You must be crazy. You take me for sucker! I wouldn't gif you one seventy-five. If you don't like it, you get out! I don't buy from no low-down swindlers."

Once, Getsky argued for two hours, haggling over the wholesale price of some cotton socks. The salesman stuck at ninety cents a dozen for them; but, at last, Getsky got him down to eighty-seven and a half cents, and bought six dozen pairs.

Yet, Getsky's store went into the

hands of a receiver. And the man whom the court appointed to dispose of the stock declared it was worth less on the dollar than any stock he had ever handled.

Getsky, after all, was a poor buyer—one of the poorest in our town. No man who is disagreeable to deal with can be a good buyer any more than he can be a good salesman. Once in a while, the man who haggles, fumes, and abuses, who runs down the value of the thing he is buying, saves a few cents or a few dollars. But not often, and he rarely gets an exceptionally good buy. Economy is a virtue; but penuriousness is a thief—at least of time and good will. A sort of tolerance, good humor, and a degree of liberality find ten good buys to the haggler's one.

BY the same token, bargain hunters are rarely good buyers. A bargain hunter may not be a haggler, may be a judge of goods, may be an entertaining talker, a charming person, and have most all of the Christian virtues, but she is rarely a money saver—never a time saver. By bargain hunters, I do not mean those who have an intelligent interest in getting their money's worth, who take the trouble to know the places where the best goods for their uses are sold at the lowest prices. That is merely good sense. But the bargain hunter referred to is that person who makes an avocation of going about pawing fabrics and studying price tags, and finally buys because the thing is marked down rather than because it exactly fits his or her needs.

The bargain-hunting type of person is seldom a good buyer because he buys backwards. That is, he or she buys by comparing past costs, rather than by figuring future uses. Usually, the determining factor with him is that an article that formerly cost \$38.75 can now be bought for \$21.32; whereas, the determining factor, in a good buyer's mind, is: Just how will this article serve me? Will it be worth to me what is asked for it?

Inevitably, bargain hunters and auction devotees accumulate a lot of stuff that gives them no service, or only partial service—and that always means a bad buy. Besides, it develops a habit

of indecision, of shilly-shallying. The habitual bargain-hunter is a slow buyer; and the best buyers, no matter how cautious, are never slow.

THREE years ago, in the little city in which I live, real estate was at a very low ebb—so low, in fact, that a buyer was rushed like a man in a fur coat with an alligator bag amongst a gang of porters. If it became known that you wanted to buy a house, you could go to any part of town, day or night, without having to walk.

It was a great time for home bargain-hunters, and a paradise for renters. Just across the street from me, a man and his wife rented a pretty six-room bungalow, which had so many built-in things that furniture was a mere afterthought. They got it for only thirty dollars a month. One evening, when we were both watering our lawns, I crossed over for a little neighborly discussion of lawn mowers and Bermuda grass.

"Why don't you buy this place?" I asked. "I understand Simpson has been wanting to sell it."

"Oh, yes," laughed the neighbor, tolerantly, "he wants to sell it—they all do. We expect to buy a place sometime—when we find one that exactly suits us—but we are in no hurry. We would have bought the last place we lived in, but my wife did not like the way the kitchen was arranged."

"Isn't this one well arranged?"

"Fairly well," he confessed reluctantly. "Although the living room would look better if the fireplace were in the other end."

The fellow was thirty-eight years old, they had two children of school age, and had never owned a home, had always been intending to buy one; but were in no hurry about it. He was employed in the city water-department at a fair salary, and they had \$1,100 saved up to pay down on a place when they did find something to suit them.

"I think," confessed the wife, "that, first and last, we have looked at three hundred houses for sale. Oh, yes! we know what we want—we should by this time."

Simpson, the owner of the bungalow, got hard up and offered to sell the bungalow to them for \$4,000 on any sort of terms. It had cost \$5,000 when building was cheap. But they did not care to consider it then. His financial embarrassment increased, and he offered it for \$3,000 cash.

"Buy!" I urged. "You'll never find a better bargain."

But the renter shook his head. "I'm in no hurry. Plenty of places to sell."

One day, two years later, there was a rumor about town that it was not so easy to buy bargains as it had been. But my neighbor only smiled wisely. "A real-estate hoax to boost prices," Six months more, and property was selling, actually selling. Someway, the world began to discover there were not sufficient houses. But my renter was not at all concerned. He had not added any to his eleven hundred dollars, but still held that. "We'll buy, one of these days."

Then, one day, he got a notice to vacate. The owner had sold the place—for \$7,000.



THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE A FOOL

By Richard Wightman

I MADE a little god to suit my whim

And with the fingers of my mind I patted him:

"Ho! little god," I said, "do this and that;

Give me my wish—a jeweled hat,
And raiment soft and rich; a bed of ease,

A casket with the jovial city's keys
Upon a pad of velvet, and the right
To fling the hours of the day and night

Whither I will, from onerous law
immune;

Appease me oft with love's soft lilt-
ing tune,

And may my lady's red lips docile
lie

Beneath my own, and passion ne'er
run dry.

Give me much gold, nor matters
source nor plan;

Thou art my god, and I thy eager
man!"

While thus I prated at my foolish
shrine,

The real God came and with a hand
benign

Outheld to me an oaken staff; and,
lo,

Some leathern sandals, and com-
manded, "Go!"

No weal thou askest in they craven
prayer—

'Tis but for those who suffer and
who fare!"

"Why, it is robbery, the prices they are asking!" he and his wife exclaimed, when they began to look around for another house. We looked at one house, to-day, not nearly as good as this, and they wanted *sixty dollars a month* for it."

"A house like this should rent for sixty," I remarked. "Seventy-five a month was offered for it to-day."

Two weeks later, they confessed they had not found a house—could not find one. And, in order to get any sort of a place in which to live, they bought one not nearly so good and paid \$6,000 for it.

Of course, where bargain hunting furnishes the chief interest in life, it may be engaged in by those who can afford it as a sport, being, perhaps, less expensive than horse racing or the stock market. The habit, with some people, has become so fixed that it might be dangerous to suddenly break it.

THERE used to be one store in our town that had a real sale once a year—in July. The other stores had "Marked-Down Sales," "Fire Sales," "Closing-Out Sales," but this was a genuine sale, and it came to be so widely known that people would come thirty miles, and the morning of the opening of Hallman's sale, the streets of that country town would look like circus day.

For several days before the opening, the goods were marked, ready for the sale, so that enterprising bargain-hunters could have located the object of their first center-rush.

Mrs. Garland, the banker's wife, heard of one particular green-silk underskirt that she wanted badly. It was marked down from \$9 to \$4.30. But, alas, Mrs. Garland had heart disease and the doctor had forbidden her to get out of bed. Several of the neighbor women promised to get that skirt for her, but she feared their ability to execute such promises. But, at length, to set her mind at rest, her husband promised he would send their chauffeur, Alex, who was big and husky, and there was no doubt about his ability to fight his way through the bargain-hunting mob. Mrs. Garland described minutely the garment and its exact location to the chauffeur and he assured her that it was as good as hers. But, to make the matter doubly sure, Garland, early that morning, warned Alex: "Now, if you value your regular job, don't fall down on this commission."

"I'll be right there against the door when she opens," he promised.

An hour before the opening the street was jammed and traffic was blocked. But, much to the wrath of everybody, the husky chauffeur elbowed his way to the front, and, as the doors opened, leaped in and raced for the stairs. The silk petticoat was on the third floor, and there were no elevators. He raced at double speed to the exact counter, saw the garment, leaned far over, and grabbed. But a woman grabbed at the same time, and the husky gave the garment a jerk that almost shattered it. The feminine shopper, however, held her own desperately. The chauffeur started to swear, then let go the garment and stood staring with his mouth open at his triumphant rival.

It was Mrs. Garland!

Yes, bargain hunting may be sport, but it is not good, average buying.

As for that other and very large class of bad buyers—the easy marks, those who allow themselves to buy the wrong things on the installment plan, who accumulate rubbish wished on them by persistent salesmen, who are "gold bricked," oil soaked, flimflammed and generally swindled, there seems to be

no remedy. It is like blowing out the gas; there will always be some one who will do it so long as there is gas. From the beginning of time, there have been people who traded their birthright for a mess of pottage—or even a gilt certificate purporting to entitle the holder to a mess of pottage.

Some of these bad buyers are of such weak mentality that unscrupulous salesmen can prey on them at will; but most of them usually buy badly because they do not know what they want; and, therefore, lay themselves open to attacks from salesmen who do know what the salesmen want. The best and, practically, only defense for a bad buyer is to decide definitely what he wants and what he intends to do with it, before he goes into the market. This is the thing that a good buyer knows by instinct, but a poor one must learn it painfully.

THERE are two classes of good buyers: safe buyers and geniuses.

The safe buyer is the man who knows values or learns them before he trades, who buys carefully things that he has definite uses for. He thinks things out in advance; and sees results as well as products.

A man in my own block owned a lot, and recently started to build a house. A house wrecker came to him with an offer of used lumber.

"I've two thousand feet of dimension stuff, mostly two by fours," said the wrecker, "that I'll sell you for thirty-three dollars a thousand."

The price for new lumber was fifty-five dollars a thousand. That looked like a saving of forty dollars. But the builder figured a moment.

"Any nails in your stuff?" he asked.

"A few," replied the wrecker.

"What length are your two by fours?"

"Most of them are twelve foot."

"My building will require mostly ten-foot stuff. I am paying my carpenters a dollar an hour. They would not have to lose many hours drawing nails, sharpening saws, and cutting odd lengths to lose more than twenty dollars a thousand."

He went to the lumberyard and bought new stuff that was exactly what he wanted, and his carpenters declare he saved not less than a hundred dollars in actual money, by not trying to build with the old material.

All good buyers let their minds run ahead—they see the thing in operation—they plan the uses of their purchase before they make it. Whether it is a piece of percale, a factory, a farm, a steam dredger, or a patent window-washer, or a railroad, they ask and answer: Do I want this thing? What use will I make of it? and will it work? They watch eternally for jokers, for

little unexpected catches that may make the purchase futile.

ABOUT eleven years ago an Englishman journeyed far up one of the tributaries of the Amazon River, and discovered vast forests of hard wood. He bought a timber concession and, at great expense, brought machinery—sawmills, tramways, engines—two thousand miles up that river. He spent \$200,000 on his great project, and, after cutting several million feet of logs, prepared to raft them down to the sea.

But when the logs were dumped into the river they sank like lead!

It is these little jokers, which the careless or sketchy mind overlooks, that bankrupts many a brilliant scheme.

SOULLESS corporations have had their day. Even when it comes to the sordid calculation of dollars on the balance sheets the corporation with a soul is far more profitable, according to the discovery of the greatest manufacturer in Lynn, Massachusetts. Self-made, having begun his career as a salesman and climbed to the position of one of the most successful business men in America, he speaks from thorough experience. All great industries, he declares, will soon be compelled through force of circumstances to realize that employees must be considered not as mere machines but as human beings.

THE MORE YOU KEEP YOUR EMPLOYEES SMILING AND CONTENTED THE MORE MONEY YOU BRING INTO YOUR BUSINESS

One of the largest individual employers, Alexander E. Little, successful shoe manufacturer, tells why every employer must eventually adopt this policy.

By E. L. BACON
in SUCCESS for December

Farmers are usually considered good buyers, but I have seen more misfit buying of land than of any other one thing. A farmer who has good luck with sheep, buys a farm adapted to hogs, and one who is a wizard with cattle gets a small grain-farm.

But, last summer, I met a farmer whom I consider one of the best buyers I ever knew. Of course, few other men could follow his example in detail; but his purchase of a farm illustrates the mental process.

This man had been connected with a small manufacturing concern in Chicago and had sold his interest for \$15,000. He decided to buy a farm and was determined to get the best one in America, for the money; that is, the best farm for his purposes. He tabulated his requirements in this order:

First: I want a pleasant place to live;

good climate, good neighbors, and good markets.

Second: The farm should be especially suited to raising blooded hogs and cattle. This also implies a good local market among other ranchers for such blooded stock. I want, in a sense, to be a pioneer in that community with blooded stock.

Third: I want land that may be greatly increased in value by intelligent improvements. In other words, an opportunity to make money by using my brains as well as my muscles.

Before starting out on the hunt, this man went to Washington, D. C., and spent many days studying climate and soil reports and agricultural figures. Then, with his family, he headed south. Through more than a half-dozen States he hunted for the one farm of all farms that he wanted.

He did not find it. Leaving his family in Chicago, he took the train for the West. After a few days in the San Joaquin Valley, California, he knew that he had found the location, but was not sure of the farm. Back to Washington he journeyed and studied California soil reports. He learned that there were ninety-five varieties of soil in the San Joaquin Valley alone. He also studied water maps, and discovered that the artesian belt passed just at the edge of a thousand-acre wheat ranch he had been considering.

He returned to this ranch. The owner was an old-timer, who scorned the small farmer and refused to cut up his ranch. It must be sold as a whole. He asked sixty dollars an acre. Finally, my friend got an offer of the entire property at forty-two dollars an acre, cash. He had only a trifle over \$12,000. But he offered to pay \$6,000 down, \$18,000 in two months; and \$18,000 in four months. The offer was accepted.

From the water survey my friend had brought from Washington, he was sure there was an artesian vein under the ranch and sank a well. At four hundred feet, he struck an artesian well.

In a month he had forty acres of alfalfa growing—irrigated by that well. Immediately he plotted the whole ranch into twenty-acre tracts, sent broadcast a circular—a little out of the ordinary—entitled, "The Land a Man Traveled Sixteen Thousand Miles to Find,"—and before the first sixty days had passed, he had sold half of that land for sufficient to pay for it all.

"The two thousand dollars I spent hunting that farm," he declares, "was the cheapest money I ever invested."

The geniuses among buyers are those who can see in a flash extraordinary uses for ordinary things. Such a buyer, when he looks at a tract of land at the edge of town, sees more than the slope of the

hill and the shanties at its feet. He sees the smoke of factories, or the on-coming sweep of choice residences. A man like Harriman looking at a short-branch railroad, saw beyond the rusting rails and rickety box cars the connecting link of a great system.

There was a horse buyer in my State who was the same sort of genius. He built huge barns and sheds on a sunny tract near a little way-station in North Missouri. He went out and bought carload after carload of horses and mules, until he could fill large orders. Then he began to sell to foreign governments or big contractors in all parts of the world. The very fact that he could fill a contract immediately, often brought him fifty to a hundred dollars a head more than the local price.

He was the swiftest man in action I have ever seen. He would draw up to a small station with a whole string of box cars. For two weeks, the surrounding country would be placarded with "Horses and Mules Wanted."

Standing in the door of a stock car he would have the farmers lead up their horses and mules. Often, to the first man with a span of mules, he would ask: "Now much?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," the farmer would reply.

"Not enough," he would snap. "Give you five hundred." And with a wave of the arm, motion him on to his two assistants, one of whom paid the farmer

A LITTLE thought and imagination may not make us brilliant buyers, but it will certainly save many a dollar in the course of a year, and, what is more important, save us untold loss of time and annoyance and dissatisfaction from having bought the wrong thing.

in cash, while the other drove the mules into the stock pen.

But that would be the only man in the lot whom he would ask for his price. The next in line would merely lead his horses or mules forward, and the buyer would motion them to the left, if he did not want them. If he did, he'd call out: "One seventy-five for the bay! One ninety for the black!" If the farmer shook his head, there was not another word said. With a swing of his left arm he motioned him to get out of line and turned to the next.

I have seen him buy five hundred head, one or two at a time, in a half day.

I was with him one day when he went to the stockyards at Kansas City to

look at a drove of 400 horses an Iowa buyer had brought down.

He climbed on the fence, ran his eye over the bunch for, perhaps, a minute, and turned to the stockman at his side: "Give you a hundred and fifty a head."

"Sold!" replied the other instantly. And the whole transaction, involving \$60,000, had taken less than twenty minutes.

But buyers of this sort are very rare. For most of us buying will always present a problem that requires careful thought—and the thought should be applied to the product and not the salesman. It is well to remember always, that we are not buying the salesman nor his smile, his good will, nor his skill in handling the thing to be sold. We are buying for our own particular use, and the question to be settled is, will this thing be worth more to me than my money?

Notwithstanding all our caution, we will still get bit occasionally—will let some unusually warm-tongued orator sell us a patent bookkeeping device, window washer, bobsled or gold mine that won't perform after his departure.

One housekeeper of my acquaintance saves a good many dollars by always saying to every agent: "Leave it until to-morrow, if you like. I'll try it by myself and tell you then." Most of them won't; but those who do are likely to leave articles that may be used without a sleight-of-hand performer to operate them.

Closed Store Sundays—Made More Money

The surprise that came to an ambitious druggist of Lynn, Massachusetts

By Robert R. Updegraff

FOR several years, Adolf H. Ackermann has been a druggist in Lynn, Massachusetts. Ackermann has never liked to work on Sunday; nor has he liked to sit comfortably at home and think of his prescription clerks, salespeople, and soda dispensers at work. Understand, Ackermann is not Puritanical about it; he has simply felt that a merchant and his employees should have their Sundays to worship or rest or recreate, as they saw fit.

But, of course, a drug store must be kept open on Sunday; drug stores always have been.

One Sunday morning, however, Ackermann got to thinking seriously on the subject. Quite naturally his first thought was about the sales that would be lost if the store were closed on Sunday. Dividing the number of salespeople on Sunday duty into the number of dollars' worth of business done on that day, he figured out that the average sale, per clerk, was twelve dollars per Sunday. If each clerk sold just two dollars' worth more a day during the six week days, the Sunday business would be made up. The question was, could not the day's rest and the improved morale resulting from Sunday closing be counted on for an increase of two dollars per day per clerk during the six days the store

was open? Ackermann had never thought of it in that way before; but he believed it could. So did his store manager.

But there was another side to the problem. A drug store is a service store; when people need medicines they need them *right away*. That, at least, is the popular belief. But Ackermann had started a train of thought, and he refused to be sidetracked by any popular belief. Was it really imperative that every drug store keep open on Sunday? That was the question.

Characteristically, Ackermann went to the men who would know best—the physicians. Without arguing for or against Sunday closing, several of them pointed out the fact that the most critical illnesses generally occur between the hours of midnight and 4 a. m., when drug stores are closed. Furthermore, as one of them declared, a doctor nearly always is able to supply a patient with a small quantity of medicine—enough for one day—in an emergency.

Continuing his analysis of the problem, Ackermann came to the conclusion that people could anticipate most of



Adolph H. Ackermann

their needs on Saturday if they knew that this were necessary. It was not so much that the store was kept open on Sunday because buying had to be done on that day, as that buying was done on Sunday because the store was open on that day.

"Let's close Sundays," said Ackermann, as soon as he had gone over the problem thoroughly.

Then he took the next practical step: he ran ten-inch advertisements in the local papers telling the people of Lynn about his new step, and just why he was taking it, and asking his patrons to anticipate their Sunday needs on Saturday, so far as

was possible. For two weeks he did this. Some of his fellow merchants shook their heads and said it couldn't be done; his business would suffer. But they had not thought it out as Ackermann had.

The Saturday before the first Sunday the store was to be closed, was a rainy day. Ackermann had secretly hoped that enough of the store's patrons would anticipate their Sunday purchases to partially make up the loss of the next day's business; but when he awoke to find it raining, he decided that if they broke even with the same Saturday the year before they would be doing well.

(Continued on page 70)

The Difference Between "Yellow" and "White" Journalism

An interview with Edward Page Mitchell, dean of Park Row and editor-in-chief of The New York Herald

PARK ROW, the short bias street that stretches from the old New York Post Office, passing the Brooklyn Bridge entrance, to the older Bowery, is the newspaper street of New York. It has two worn phrases, as worn as its much-trod pavements. One is, "The Sun's bright young men." The other is, "If you want to be a newspaperman read the New York Sun." The phrases echoed through Park Row for forty years. The other day I saw the symbol of them. I saw their meaning manifested. I met the dean of Park Row.

The dean of Park Row is one of the "Sun's bright young men" who keeps on shining. He is in his sixty-ninth year. After forty-six years he is still making the New York Sun, renamed *The New York Herald*, a newspaper that rewards the study of newspaper students.

Edward Page Mitchell is the editor-in-chief of the newspaper that is still the Sun in spirit. Tall and sparsely built and bending but slightly—with the scholar's stoop and not the toil of years—he stood at his desk beside the eastern window of his office. There is a rug—a rarity in a newspaper office. The desk is large and flat, and the papers on it were arranged with mathematical regularity. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. At six that evening, the desk might tell a different story. The man who stood before it wore a well-fitting suit of dark gray. Dark gray seems his dominant color. The keenness of his dark-gray gaze was tempered by a smile. He is of farthest New England—Maine. A philosopher said that men are of two types: the knife and the bludgeon. A glimpse reveals Dean Mitchell as the knife—thin, keen, shining.

"You have had forty-six years of Park Row?" I asked.

"Yes, I came here in 1875. I was twenty-three then. I had gone from Bowdoin College to the Lewiston, Maine, *Journal*, then to the Boston *Globe* and *Advertiser*."

"As long as I can remember reading the New York newspapers I have heard, when I read any especially keen editorial or luminous descriptive article, 'Edward Page Mitchell wrote that.' For instance, when Andrew Carnegie died—"

He interrupted my speech in real alarm.

By Ada Patterson

"Don't ask me about particular bits of work," he begged. "I have always hidden behind anonymity, except when, as happens sometimes, a proprietor of the newspaper desired an individual opinion."

This Is the Real Test, Says Mr. Mitchell

THE essential difference is not of method, or quality of product, but of purpose and of moral responsibility or moral debasement.

Yellow will tell you that it means force, originality, and independence in the presentation of ideas. This is consolatory to yellow, but not accurate. Yellow will print an interesting misstatement or exaggeration, knowing it to be such.

If in doubt about the truth of alleged news—but in no doubt whatever as to its immediate value as a sensation—yellow will give the benefit of the doubt to the sensation every time and print it with headlines tall enough to reach to Saturn. White won't. That is the real color test.

"Do you believe in the anonymity of the newspaper writer?"

"I do." List ye, ambitious youngster! Cease your outcries for recognition, while the voice, thin and keen as a knife blade, continues. "Only in exceptional instances, such as I have referred to, do I believe newspaper articles should be signed. This for two reasons. The practice subtracts somewhat from the power of the publication. The newspaper should be collectively, rather than individually, powerful. Another reason concerns the public. The reiterant or reiterated writer bores the reader. I have in mind a good writer. He writes for a Boston newspaper. I enjoy his reasoning and deductions, but I resent having them thrust upon me as his. The public resents the frequent appearance of any writer."

"Do you believe in newspaper writing and newspaper making as a vocation for young men?"

"Yes—and for young women, too.

I make no distinction between them in service or fitness."

"Would you wish your sons to go into newspaper work?"

"Yes, if they had the aptitude. But they have shown none. My elder sons are in business. It would appear that they are where they belong for they are successful."

"How would you judge a beginner in newspaper work?"

"I would forecast probable success for him provided he had conscience, aptitude and humor. I am tempted to say the greatest qualification is humor."

Twinkling eyes and an upward curl of the lips denoted his possession of it.

"What is a good newspaper?"

"A publication that everyone likes to read."

"Is there a newspaper that every English-speaking or reading person likes to read?"

"Probably not. If an intelligent man got out the kind of newspaper he would like to read he might be its only reader."

Again the twinkle and the upturning mouth that rob an utterance of its sting.

"What is a well-written newspaper article?"

"One cannot say. Arthur Brisbane might write a very good article that would yet not be a good article for the old London Times."

"When I wanted to write for a newspaper, I asked an editor what preparation to make for the work. He told me to read the New York Sun. Is it your opinion that that is sufficient preparation?"

EDWARD PAGE MITCHELL smiled at the compliment to the newspaper he had served for forty-six years. But he was serious, indeed, when he said: "A college course is not essential but it is not a deterrent. A man cannot know too much. He should travel as much as he can. I'm off next month for four months in Porto Rico. I have always traveled as much as I could. I have made trips to the Pacific Coast and the Pacific Islands—to Europe and South America. While not consciously doing newspaper work, a traveler is subconsciously absorbing a great deal, all of which will be valuable to him at a newspaper desk."



Edward Page Mitchell at the desk he occupied during his forty-six years as a Park Row journalist. For years he was editor-in-chief of *The Sun*; he now holds a similar position on *The New York Herald*

"If some good plutocrat should come along with a million dollars to add to the Pulitzer Foundation, and should honor me by asking my advice as to the special application of the money, he would be advised to buy a ship, put aboard the ship the best working library that intelligence could assemble, together with an excellent collection of photographs and other illustrations of places, people, and objects of world interest. He would be advised to embark the class next to be graduated, or, perhaps, a selected post-graduate class, and keep the bright young men afloat, under the direction of a wicked staff of instructors, visiting, investigating, and visualizing the various parts and peoples of the world, about which it was to be the work of their life to write intelligently and with the vividness that is born only of personal interest and personal impressions. Thus there would come to the beginner, when he needed it most, the opportunity that occurs so rarely or so tardily or so incompletely, in the ordinary making of the newspaperman."

Mr. Mitchell is disinclined to formulate. He thinks the truths of journalism are felt and shown rather than spoken or written.

"Journalism is not a thing to be codified. I recall asking Charles A. Dana how to make a good newspaper, and he

answered: 'Use common sense'! For the ancient common law of journalism, as derived from England and, perhaps, before that from away back in Boetia. Mr. Dana did not care for the comic supplement. I humbly subscribe to his opinion.

"Charles Dana, the chief maker of the *Sun*, was always the master, and not the slave of the immediate task. The external features of his journalism were simplicity, directness, common sense, and the entire absence of affectation. He would no more think of living up to historian Kinglake's ideal of a great, mysterious, and thought-burdened editor, than of putting on a conical hat and a black robe spangled with suns, moons, and stars, when about to receive a visitor in his editorial office in Nassau Street.

"He was a man, of all it has been my fortune to know, with the liveliest and broadest conception of human interest as the basis and guide of newspaper making. He was the least tolerant of code, or convention, or precedent.

"And I do remember distinctly that when he sent Joseph Pulitzer, then fresh from St. Louis, to Washington, to report in semi-editorial correspondence the then critical stage of the electoral controversy of 1876, Mr. Dana did not think it necessary to instruct that correspondent to assimilate his style to the *Sun's* methods.

Never was a job better done, with or without plain-sailing directions.

"Yet, John Bogart, city editor of the *Sun*, said to a 'cub' whom he was at pains to instruct: 'When a dog bites a man, that is not news. It happens too often. If a man bites a dog, that is news.'

ERVIN WARDMAN, long the editor of the late *New York Press*, was the man who invented the phrase "yellow journalism." But it was Edward Page Mitchell who made the distinction between white and yellow journalism.

Said Mr. Mitchell a score of years ago, a decade ago—and the morning I saw him in his sunny sanctum, he repeated:

"The essential difference is not of method, or quality of product, but of purpose and of moral responsibility or moral debasement.

"Yellow will tell you that it means force, originality, and independence in the presentation of ideas. This is consolatory to yellow, but not accurate. Yellow will print an interesting misstatement or exaggeration, knowing it to be such. If in doubt about the truth of alleged news—but in no doubt whatever as to its immediate value as a sensation—yellow will give the benefit of the doubt

(Continued on page 85)

Hounded by Fate

Being the startling confessions of a man who inherited a fortune

By A. F. Harlow

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN PIERCE

"YOU would never anticipate," said the frowsy individual with the reticulated whiskers to the man who sat near him on a park bench, trying to read a newspaper, "that I inherited money!"

"Never in the world!" agreed the other, fervently.

"I inferred as much. You might forebode from my wan and disenchanted appearance that I had been the sport and puppet of fate, but I'll bet you haven't the slightest postulation of how relentlessly old George K. Nemesis has hounded me throughout my career from A to Izzard. To vary the similitude, I have been broken like a butterfly on the wheel."

Convinced that further attempts to read would be useless, the auditor lowered his paper with a sigh of resignation. The seedy one crossed his legs and leaned back comfortably.

"When my dad shuffled off this immortal coil," he began, taking the battered stump of a cigar from his vest pocket and mouthing it with relish, between phrases, "he left me a modest, not to say timid endowment of about four thousand yen with which to launch my career. Dad had always been a slow, obsolete, uneventful kind of a feller, and I had a sorter low opinion of his business profundity. He never would take any risks with his money, while I knew that one must adventure to win large increments. Weak nerve never won big money, was the way I put it. Clever, wasn't it? Terse, pithy, and unpeachable."

"Well, dad, as I say, had augmented all the money he had by slow, careful parsimony, while I proposed to hand the financial realm a few chin-jolts before I was gathered to my progenitors. I figured that in from three to six years, by quick but unerring coups of proficiency, I could enhance that four thousand up to maybe forty thousand. And I would have done so had it not been for the unmerited, not to say unexpedient encroachment of the above-mentioned jinx. I had the necessary ability, I had the clear vision, I had the conservation; all I needed was the luck."

"You also had self-confidence," put in the listener. "You are forgetting that."

"True! True! No man ever had a keener intuition of his own capacities than I had. Well, shortly after dad's necrology, Jake Beckwith came over from Pittsburgh to see me. Jake had led a somewhat checkmated career, having been at various times a corn-cure demonstrator, a reader in the



"He never would take any risk with his money, while I knew that one must adventure to win large increments. Weak nerve never won big money, was the way I put it. Clever, wasn't it?"

League for the Greater Vision, a wire-tapper, a wild man in a side-show, a collector for the relief of flood sufferers in Morocco, an agent for a book called 'Mother, Home and Heaven,' and a bartender.

"Jake was selling stock on an oil project in Texas. He said their tract was within a hundred yards of a well that was producing four hundred thousand barrels of oil per day. His folks had got a well drilled down to where they could hear the oil seething, Jake said, and they was holdin' up for a few days while some imminent scientists figured on a way to control the flow of petrolatum when it started to gush, as they was afraid it might flood the whole intervening terrain and maybe wipe out the contiguous city of Ranger. Jake freely foreshadowed that every man who invested in the company would be

a millionaire within three months. He said I had the chance of a lifetime with all that money in my coffers, but I was conservative, and only invested \$800 with him, as I didn't want to put all my chickens in one basket.

"Then a feller tiptoed into my office one day and locked the door and told me of a chance to buy some lots out on the South Side, where a new car-line was going to be built. He said he had the personal certitude of the president of the street railway company that the track would pass right alongside these lots. He would of handled the property himself, he said, but he needed all the money he could raise to swing a deal which he was promoting to buy up all the rubber plantations in Brazil. He said that there was great enthusiasm over these lots, and that even while he was talkin' to me, hordes of inferential citizens was hanging around the door of his office, waitin' for a chance to horn in on the clover. But he was giving me the first opportunity and at practically what they cost him, because my father had once spoken kindly to him when he was a barefoot boy."

"WELL, to make a long story compendious, I put a thousand dollars into five of them lots; and, when the car-line was built, three years later, it deviated from my real estate just seventeen blocks. Then a feller built a soap-and-fertilizer factory in close proximity to my property, and his raw materials was the remains of deceased animals. After that, I couldn't have sold the entire holdings for enough to buy a blank mortgage form. One cold day, a year ago last winter, I traded the whole passel to Tony Pappadopoulos, who gen'ally has his cart around the corner of Ninth and Chestnut, for a hot-dog sandwich and a pair of earmuffs he was wearin' at the time; and when I come back to town the followin' summer, Tony had me pinched for fraud. I had a pretty narrer escape, too."

"But that's gettin' ahead too fast with my narration. Right after I invested in the lots, a feller named Bill Noggs and I bought a run-down and abandoned drug store in Zoroaster, Pa., —for a song. To be specious, we accumulated the whole business, with all its goodwill, fixtures, tenements, hereditaments, accrements and predicaments for two thousand dollars. I put up a thousand, cash, and Bill gave his note for an equitable amount, secured by a lien on the stock. I had just met Bill—he come from somewhere out West and I didn't know nothing about him, but he seemed like a punctilious sort of feller. Neither of us knew anything about the drug business, but Bill said that didn't matter—the drug business was a regular mint. All we needed was a good pharmacist and a soda-jerker, and the fortunate proprietors could just set back and rake in the money."

"It did look that way for a while, for Bill was a hustler, and we seemed to be makin' money, hand over fist. Then I went over to New York, early in April, to buy summer goods; and when I come back, three weeks later, I found that Bill had sold the enterprise *en toto* to a stranger named Pringle for twenty-five hundred dollars cash, had collected the entire amount and faded away on the horizon. The whole proceeding was so irregular and untenable that I entertained grave conjectures as to Bill's sanity. I thought strong for a while of having the river drug, in the hopes of recovering his remnants, if any; but Hank Eberhart come back from the Nevada gold fields the succeeding year and claimed he seen Bill 'ealin' faro in Rawhide. Hank might have been mistaken at that; Bill was an awful common-lookin' feller, and hard to pick out in a crowd. You was liable any time to mistake him for somebody else or somebody else for him.

"WELL, Pringle showed all the symptoms of retaining possession of the emporium, so I had to bring suit. Pringle then sued me to recover the thousand dollars he had had to pay on Bill's note, claiming that I, as Bill's partner, connived and abetted the fraud which resulted in him havin' to put up that extra thousand. I reckon we spent the best part of three years subpeenyin' and summonsin' and recriminatin' and so on.

"We'd made several passes and jabs and uppercuts back and forth when my lawyer informed me that his next move would sew up the other fellers like a pair of kittens in a meal-bag, and practically end the case. I think the paper he served on 'em was called a *nullus jurari in verba magistri*, though I may be in error as to the precise terminology. I thought it was all over but collectin' the money; but, within a day or two, what did they do but shoot a writ of error at us, alleging, I believe, *scienter* and *malum in se*. My man said he hadn't expected the other feller would have brains enough to think of that, but it didn't faze him none. He slapped a writ of certiorari on 'em, and I began to breathe again; but they come right back with a supersedeas, and that left us flat on our backs. I may not have all these legal terms right, but I don't know as that matters now. All I'm certain of is that the procedures cost me five hundred and ninety-six dollars and I lost my share of the drug business.

"These totally unlooked-for *contretemps* made me resolve to be very deliberative in my next investment, so I pottered along for quite a spell before I put five hundred dollars into a new motion-picture corporation that was being organized. I looked into their proposition with a great deal of minutiae, as I wanted to be sure of my ground. The name of the company was to be Superphotoplays, Incorporated, and its capital was eight millions. Them was the auspicious days in the movie business, you know, when everybody that went into it got rich involuntarily.

"The company started off with the

most luminous prospects. The manager told me that they were going to produce nothing but world masterpieces. He said they had acquired, at staggering expense, the screen rights to all Shakespeare's plays, and they was going to start off with a production of 'Hamlet' in twelve reels, only they was going to rename it 'His Mother's Sin' and give it a happy ending. He said the reason 'Hamlet' had never been a money-maker on the stage was that the title didn't mean anything and it ended wrong. The way they were going to change it, it was sure to be a knockout. It appeared to me that he was working along thoroughly discriminative lines, and I felt quite enthusiastic over the perspective.

"But before the company could get actually under way, it was attacked by jealous competitors, so the manager said, fearful of its growing power; and, the next thing I knew, the whole enterprise had been thrown into bankruptcy. The liabilities was, in round numbers, one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and the assets two hundred and forty-seven dollars and sixty cents worth of office furniture, all of which had been bought on credit. Two of the officers of the company disappeared and there was some rumors of foul play, but no corpses was ever recovered.

"That was the last straw that spiked my guns and put an extinguisher forever on my hopes of becoming pecuniarily affluent. I now saw that it was not thus to be. As a matter of fact, this final discomposi- tion left me in a state of almost absolute

indignence, not to say paucity; and I thereafter became more or less of a wanderer on the face of the universe. I admit that I had moments of weakness when I thought of accepting a position from some commercial or manufacturing establishment, but I knew that my spirit could not brook authority; and the thought of me, who was intellectually capable of standing the money kings of Wall Street on their heads, accepting a weekly dole from some pinheaded dry-goods merchant was thoroughly intolerant to me.

"About a year after the disjunction of the moving-picture corporation, I dropped into New York City, early in August, and spent the latter part of the night very pleasantly on the grass in Bryant Park. I slept late the next morning, accordin' to my custom, and when I awoke and looked out through the iron fence into Forty-Second Street, who should I envision on the sidewalk but Jake Beckwith, engaging in some sort of mercantile pursuit. I went out and greeted him, and found he was selling these little rubber balls with faces painted on the side, and when you impress 'em they stick their tongue out. Jake said that business in general was better since Wilson come in, though he'd never been as prosperous as he was under Cleveland.

"JAKE couldn't remember me at first, and when I had succeeded in memorializing myself to him, I found that he had almost totally forgot the oil deal in which we was both involved. When it did finally recur to his memory, he said that the company's well didn't produce any oil, and it was rumored that this inadequacy was due to the gang of ignominious promoters who owned the lease next to ours, who had drove their well in diagonal instead of perpendicular, and thereby undermined our land and drewed off all our oil. Jake said our people had no way of provin' this, but they was confident such was the case.

"Dry wells produced no emoluments, so the company's affairs was liquified, Jake said, and the president and treasurer, disgusted by the insidious methods of modern business, retired, one settling at Atlanta and the other at Leavenworth.

"Thus you may see how unquenchably some evil influence has dogged my footprints ever since my birth, and, like a millstone about my neck, has thrown cold water on all my ambitious projects and nipped all my honest efforts to compile a competence in the bud. I must have been born under an unlucky star."

(Continued on page 94)



GLENN PIERCE.
"I traded the whole passel to Tony Pappadopoulos, who gen'ally has his cart around the corner of Ninth and Chestnut, for a hot-dog sandwich and a pair of ear-muffs he was wearin' at the time."

.303 Caliber

To the very last paragraph this story presents a baffling problem

By Arthur Frederick McCarty

Author of "The Seventh Juror," published in SUCCESS for September

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LITTLE

I
ELIAS EDINGTON was a good hater, and hate is a stimulant and a quickener. Yet, Edington walked slowly as he neared the outskirts of the town, a little beyond which lay his home. Hate cheated of its prey turns to despair, and despair slows down the brain cells and the motor nerves. The man Edington hated most did not yet know the size of the victory he had won, that day, in the marts of the law, over Edington—perhaps, even yet, feared the cunning and persistence of the brain that had so many times matched wit with greater resource and won—but Edington knew. And he faced facts that, for the future, meant impotence for harm.

The haze of a September afternoon still hung in the air, and the night was filled with a sort of quiet sound—the rasping burr of the locust and the chirrup of the cricket were all about. Yet none of these reached the consciousness as sound. Edington had walked a mile or more and was nearing the edge of his own land. With every pennyweight of venom capable to a spirit embittered by complete failure to conquer and utter loss of hope that the future might furnish opportunity for reprisal, he gave himself up to his anger and bitterness. His limbs moved without volition, and he was steeping his soul in the last distilled drops of poisonous melancholy; thus he failed utterly to note anything unusual in his surroundings as he walked the lane. A large clump of alders fringed the road at the last turn. As Edington came alongside the alders, there was a spurt of flame, a report, and Elias Edington crumpled quietly down in the road. There was the sound of some object striking the earth, as if dropped or thrown, a man leaped from the bush and ran heavily into the darkness—and then but the rasping burr of the locust and the chirrup of the cricket.

II

IN every town of three to five thousand population there is one man who, by his life, habits, accomplishments, or unselfishness, is noteworthy. If he is one who has built a business or industry by close application and thrift, starting from small beginnings, he is apt to be held up as a model to youth whether lagging or aspiring. If he has also been a guiding force in the lives and fortunes of other men, he has friends who stick. If his activities have reached the realm of public matters, he will have detractors who seek to tear them down.

From a train which drew into a junction point, half way between Columbus and Arcola, such a man alighted. John

Colson was president of the second largest bank in Arcola, an institution he had built up from small beginnings by hard, intelligent effort. While he had followed the methods of conservative bankers, he possessed an uncanny ability to pick the winners in business, and there were many prosperous concerns in the town which owed their lives to his sagacity and confidence in these progenitors. Some of his activities had not met with the support of the whole town—some had had to do with wiping out certain establishments bad for the youth of the place—and his popularity was tempered here and there by dislike that bordered on fanaticism. There were a few with power who opposed him, and one, at least, whose cunning was equal to his best and most thoughtful effort. Colson was not easily moved from an adopted course, and when so moved by forces he found too strong, a volcanic heat was engendered within him, diverting the course of a nature that seemed placid and unswerving to crooked paths and violent climaxes. Colson was married and the father of two children nearly grown.

As John Colson stepped from the train to change cars for Arcola, after a trip to the city, he perceived someone running toward him along the platform. He recognized the figure and stopped short as the man came up, breathlessly; and Colson seemed to gather himself together a little in the short pause he made while waiting for the other to reach him. The running man was Whitley, his brother-in-law, associated with him in the bank.

"John—quick! Come here! Have you heard from home? No? Elias Edington has been murdered, and they are saying that you killed him! I wanted to get you and let you know—it isn't too late if you want to get away. I've brought money—"

Whitley thrust a large roll of bills toward Colson, who looked about quickly, then drew Whitley over to the corner of the station. Keeping a firm grasp on Whitley's arm, he took the money and stuffed it into the side pocket of his coat, then said:

"Whitley, you're excited; try to pull yourself together and tell me just what has happened. If what you say is true, I'm glad you came; for I can get ready for whatever I have to meet. But get the idea of running away out of your mind; I'm going right home on that train. But I want to know what's been going on since I left last night."

Whitley, reassured by the other's manner, related that the body of Elias

Edington had been discovered, that morning, lying in the road, a clean bullet hole through his chest. Doctors who had examined the body gave it as their opinion that he

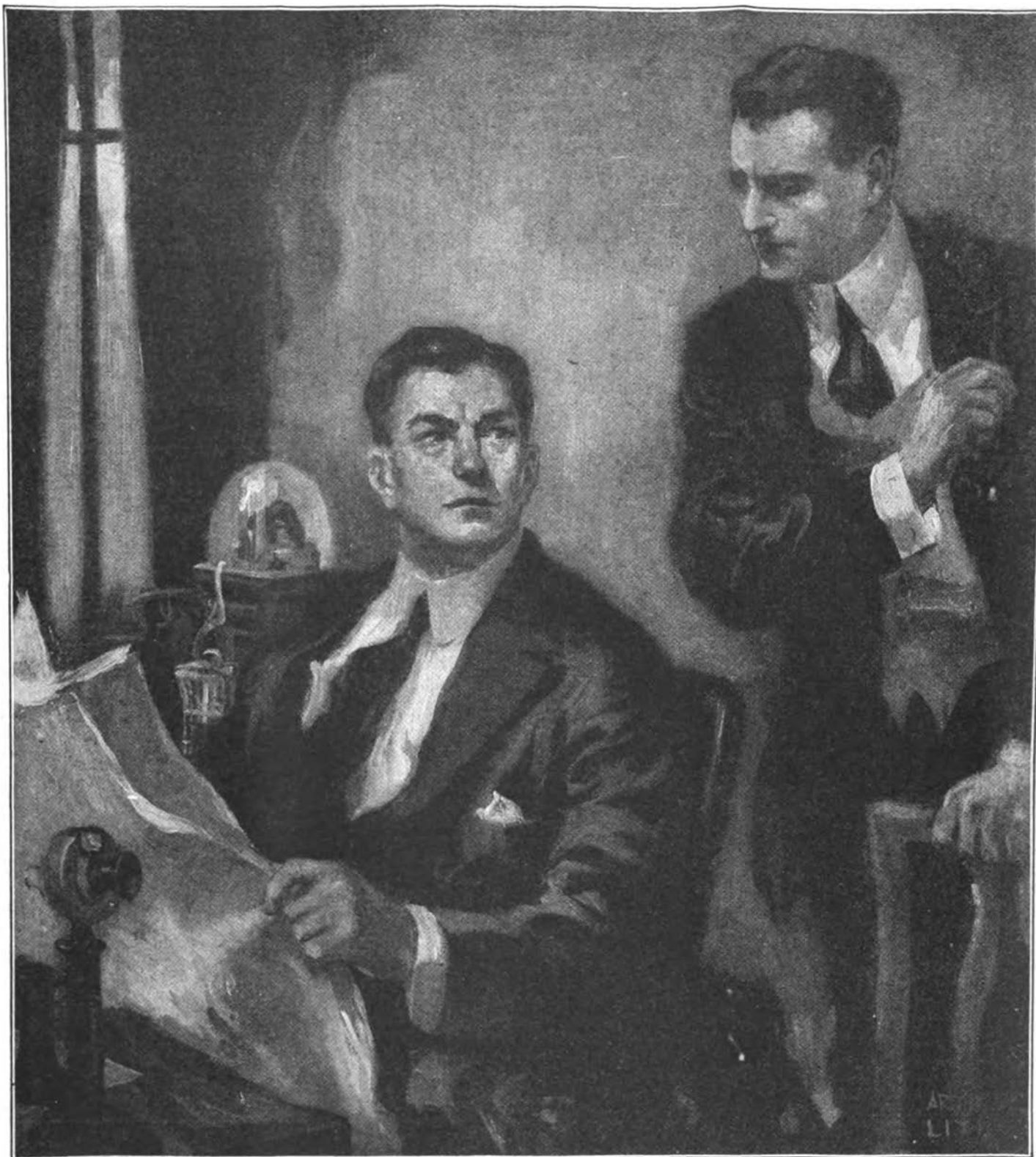
had been shot between nine and ten o'clock the night before, and killed instantly. Beside the body was found a pistol, an automatic of an odd caliber—.303—using a bottlenecked cartridge for smokeless powder. The only pistol in Arcola that fitted the description was owned by John Colson. That, added to the general knowledge that Edington and Colson were enemies of twenty years, had led to the conclusion, by many, that John Colson was the guilty man. His departure from Arcola on the eleven o'clock train, the night of the killing, added to the feeling against him. The reputation of years of upright living, and of always giving to every man his just due, trembled in the balance.

Colson gave meticulous attention to the story, and, at its close, stepped quickly to the telegraph window and wrote a message. Its address bore three names, all men of Arcola:

"I will be home on nine o'clock train."
COLSON."

The three-hour ride home was in silence. Whitley sat in his corner of the seat, wondering. Colson set out to array in his mind the facts for and against him, and to prepare himself for meeting those people of Arcola with whom he had walked and counseled daily for so many years, but who would now look upon him with new eyes. There were those he could depend on: Updyke and Nelson and Harris, and, as he thought of them, there came to his mind the circumstances out of which had grown the ties. Each of these owed Colson something in life, and each had reiterated his intention of paying, sometime, in kind. These three would be sure to stand by, no matter what the others thought; they weren't fools either and they would help him think of things he ought to do. It was to them he had wired and he hoped that one or two, or all, would meet the train. He had something to show them right away—that night—and there should be no delay. If they just met that train, now, certain things would be demonstrated that would convince them that he had not killed Elias Edington.

After what to Whitley seemed an age, but to Colson a fleeting moment, the train drew up at the Arcola station, and both men left the car. Colson peered eagerly through the dim rays of the one electric light over the platform, seeking familiar forms. He did not see them, and he began to wonder if these faithful ones had turned against him, too. A moment passed, in which he



COLSON (seated)—"Suppose I do interfere with some of your crooked work. What will happen?"

EDINGTON—John Colson, you and I can't live in the same town.

desperately wished he had not come home—just then, anyway; but the die was already cast, and he stepped down to the platform. Three figures separated themselves from the shadows at the corner of the station, and Colson's heart skipped a beat as his three friends came up. They clasped his hands, and patted his shoulders, and they assured him of their belief in his innocence and their lasting adherence.

"We're going to the last ditch with you," said Nelson, in a way that warmed Colson's heart.

The three then hurried him to a waiting automobile, which bore them swiftly to Updyke's office, over the bank. George Updyke, the lawyer, now took charge, if it can be said of any matter which concerned John Colson that anyone else than Colson directed affairs. At least, Updyke began to shape the

conversation by informing Colson in his own way of the events related by Whitley, with those of the afternoon after Whitley had left town to meet Colson.

Events had moved swiftly that day; there had been the discovery of the body by a farm laborer, and the ensuing excitement and high-keyed interest, the news passing by word of mouth in an incredibly short time; the arrival, early

in the afternoon, of Nathan Elwell, the county prosecutor, accompanied by the sheriff and the coroner; the picking up of the revolver by the coroner, some time after the body had been removed, from where it had been overlooked in the first concern over the death by violence of a citizen of the town; and its identification by a dozen persons as Colson's.

The males of every country town are familiar with firearms, and a pistol not of the customary .32 or .38 caliber is worthy of examination and note. There followed the growing conviction among certain ones that Colson was the guilty man. This conviction or impression seemed to have help in its fostering from other certain ones to an extent that appeared to Updyke to go beyond the natural concern of the law-abiding citizen in ferreting out a criminal.

"It's that rat, Conners, who seems to be the busy one in this, Colson," said Updyke. "He has carried a stiff neck ever since we put that gambling and pool room of his out of business, you know. And he happened to have some influence in the election of Johnson as sheriff, so he got the sheriff's ear, and they have behind them every element in this town that is against respectability. And Johnson himself has sworn to a formal complaint charging you with the murder, though Elwell has not yet issued any warrant. We got into the game right away, as soon as we heard of the pistol matter and had a talk with Elwell. We told him this: 'We know John Colson as no others outside his own family know him; we will vouch for his being here to face this thing; but we insist, as citizens of this county, that no warrant be issued or other record made in which his name appears, until he be given a chance to explain away any circumstances that point to his guilt. There is no need to damn this man and his family forever unless it be shown by more conclusive evidence than now appears that he had something to do with the crime.' And we made him see it our way, so the record, aside from the complaint which can be torn up any time, is still clear and is being held so until we have time to look into things."

Colson sat during this recital with his eyes fixed intently on the speaker's face. As Updyke finished, Colson arose and in a low, quiet tone, said:

"There is something to do right now, boys; you have seen me get off that train; you know I have not been in Arcola since last night, and that I have had no opportunity to plant anything. I want to convince you men, even though you now believe in me, that there is absolutely nothing in this charge. Here are the keys to my desk. I always kept my pistol in the second drawer down on the right-hand side of that desk. One of you stay here with me and the other two go and look for that pistol. Of course, I'm taking a chance in this, for there is the possibility that someone has stolen my pistol. And if it isn't there—well, I don't know what you'll think."

Colson threw on the table a bunch of keys, then dropped back into his chair, bent over the table and cradled his head in his hands.

"You stay here, Nelson, and Harris and I will go and look," said Updyke.

A long quarter hour passed, during which Colson and Nelson did not so much as stir a hand, Colson with his head on his arms on the table and Nelson sitting bolt upright in his chair near the door. The first sound to reach them was a slight cough. Colson raised his head and listened. Updyke and Harris were approaching, their voices sounded in hushed tones as they climbed the stairs. They entered, and Updyke advanced to the center of the room and, with a little flourish, deposited on the table, first, a bunch of keys, then an automatic pistol of .303 caliber!

Updyke leaned over Colson, and with an affectionate hand on his shoulder, said, "We found it right where you said it was, John; if there were any doubts in our minds before, they are now removed. Come on, we'll take you home; your wife will want to see you."

III

ALL the next day, Colson made no pretense of transacting business; he sat, most of the time, in his office at the back of the bank, where some one of his three friends stopped in every little while. The town buzzed as a hornet's nest. The news about the finding of Colson's pistol in his desk was bruited about, of course, and it resulted in a sort of division of the townspeople into two factions—one steadfastly refusing to believe John Colson guilty of murder, and held that the finding of his pistol in its accustomed place cleared him completely; the other insisting that the mere coincidence of finding the pistol meant nothing, that Colson had two of them and the circumstances all pointed to his guilt. Conners dug up the facts of several controversies between Colson and Edington in past years, especially of the lawsuit tried the day of Edington's death, and talked freely to all who would listen. Conners had witnessed a meeting between the two men that day, and his choice of words in describing their looks at each other ran the gamut from "ugly" to "sinister." Conners had quite a following of a sort, and he gathered these persons into a coherent mob that howled for its Roman holiday, insisting that the warrant be issued and served, and Colson placed in jail. But Nathan Elwell stood firm, keeping his promise that Colson's friends should have a week. Elwell frankly said that the finding of the pistol seemed to remove much of the ground for suspicion against Colson; but that the complaint still stood and, in the absence of further facts, he would be obliged to let the matter go to a preliminary hearing at the end of the allotted time.

The coroner's inquest found that the shot had been fired at very close quarters, not more than four or five feet but not closer than one foot. And the verdict read: "We, the jury, find that Elias Edington came to his death by a bullet fired from an automatic pistol of .303 caliber in the hand of a person unknown."

Such was the state of affairs at the end of Wednesday. The shot that ended Elias Edington's life was fired

Monday night. There was nothing significant in the events of Thursday until the arrival of the nine o'clock train at night. From that train a smallish man in a beaver hat and a pearl-gray overcoat stepped down. He at once started off in the direction of the business part of town, walking briskly. He went directly to the Nelson House, and, without registering, asked for a telephone booth. He entered the booth, closed the door carefully, and took down the receiver.

George Updyke sat in his library at home, reading the decision and opinion of the court in the case of *The Commonwealth vs. Sayre*, in which he found a most elucidating definition of "Homicidal Mania." The jangle of the telephone bell brought him back from the realms of thought in which he had been soaring. Carefully marking the place in the book, he turned to the instrument.

Whatever George Updyke heard over the telephone had a startling effect on him, for he at once got his hat and left the house, walking swiftly toward the bank building. Arrived there, and at the foot of the stairs leading to his office, he was joined by a smallish man in a beaver hat and light-gray overcoat. Together they went up and into Updyke's office.

IV

UPDYKE drew the blinds and locked the door before placing a chair for his visitor across the table from himself. The lawyer drew a pad of note paper toward him and requested the gentleman to proceed. The stranger first laid a card face upward on the table; it bore the name and address: "H. C. Elliott, Arms Company, Endricksville, Ohio," and said, "That will inform you who I am and my address."

"About three weeks ago a man entered our store and asked to look at pistols. I happened to wait on him personally, and I recall the circumstances well, for he insisted that nothing but an automatic of .303 caliber would answer his purpose. We had several automatics in stock, but none of that caliber, and I told him the best we could do would be to order from the factory. He requested us to do so and ship to him by parcel post, leaving his address on a slip of paper. The name and address on that paper was, 'Elias Edington, Arcola, Ohio.' However, the man informed me that he might be back in Endricksville, and, if so, he would call and get the pistol. As a matter of fact, that is what he did, as it happened that we had not yet shipped it."

Updyke took down the foregoing statement literally. Mr. Elliott related further how he had read of the murder and of the finding of such a pistol; he had noted the name of the dead man, and as it appeared to him that the purchase of such a pistol by him would, when made known, clear up the matter, he had come at the first opportunity in person. There was nothing said by either regarding the description of the man who purchased the odd-calibered pistol; it did not occur to Elliott, and Updyke recalled that Edington was in

his grave and no question of identification seemed necessary to be considered.

Updyke sent word to Nathan Elwell to be on hand early the next morning, and Elwell arrived at Updyke's office before nine. Updyke and Mr. Elliott were already there, and the lawyer had the arms dealer repeat his story for Elwell's benefit, a stenographer taking the statement, after which Elliott made oath to it before a notary.

Elwell then left, proceeding to his room in the Nelson House, where he telephoned to several persons, among them Harris and Conners,—one, the friend, the other, the enemy, of John Colson. He asked all these persons to meet him in that room at ten o'clock, and they were present to a man at the appointed time. Elwell began at once:

"Gentlemen, the Edington matter is cleared up; no doubt remains in my mind as to the manner of his death, and it is equally clear that there remains no evidence on which to charge John Colson with the crime of murder. There was no murder, for Elias Edington killed himself. The examination by the doctors showed that the shot was fired at close range; true, it is impossible to determine whether that was a distance of four or five feet, or only one foot; but it could have been either. And Elias

Edington owned a pistol of the exact kind and model found beside the body. This affidavit establishes that fact."

He read the formal statement of Elliott, the arms dealer. As he finished its reading, Conners made the meaning gesture of throwing up his hands, signifying that he gave it up. The others mostly showed satisfaction.

"There is nothing for me to do but dismiss the complaint," Elwell continued. "Personally, I am mighty glad it has turned out this way, for it isn't a pleasant thing to try any man for the maximum crime, and when the defendant is such a man as John Colson the strain on a prosecutor is something terrific. I called you here to let you know these things, because I understand that considerable feeling has been worked up over this case. Good day, gentlemen."

V

THE woof and warp of this story are inextricably made up of events other than those which have been related. It is necessary to recount them, and for the first that has any considerable bearing here we must go back four weeks prior to the death of Elias Edington.

John Colson arrived at his bank a little before his usual time one morning, a half hour before the opening for the day's business. The only other person connected with the institution who was on the scene was Whitley, who was at work on some papers. Colson passed on to his own room at the rear, but had little more than seated himself at his desk when the door opened and Elias Edington walked in. Colson looked up in some surprise at so early a visitor, the surprise changing to wonder as he recognized the man before him.

"I want to talk to you, Colson," said Edington, not waiting for the other to speak. "The time has come for a show down between you and me. You have blocked me in that Newton estate matter. You knew that I had made engagements counting on the handling of those funds. I know it is not because you thought the heirs might lose—you're not so particular as all that—yet you have cut me out of the business. What I came here to tell you is that I'm through submitting to interference by you with my business—through, understand? Just one more time, Colson, and it will be your last. Do I make myself clear?"

A supercilious smile wreathed the
(Continued on page 89)

I AM—?

I AM your best friend in time of need.

I can do for you what those who love you most are powerless to do without my aid.

I am the oil that smooths the troubled waters of life. I straighten out difficulties and remove obstacles that will yield to nothing else.

I am a supporter of faith, a spur to ambition, a tonic to aspiration, an invaluable aid to people who are struggling to make their dreams come true.

I give a man a fine sense of independence, a feeling of security in regard to the future, which increases his strength and ability and enables him to work with more vigor and spontaneity.

I am a stepping-stone to better things; a hope builder, an enemy of discouragement, because I take away one of the greatest causes of worry, anxiety, and fear.

I increase self-respect and self-confidence, and give a feeling of comfort and assurance that nothing else can give. I impart a consciousness of power that makes multitudes, who otherwise would cringe and crawl, hold up their heads and carry themselves with dignity.

I open the door to many opportunities for self-culture and to social and business advancement. I have enabled tens of thousands of young men, who made sacrifices to get me, to take advantage of splendid opportunities which those who did not have me were obliged to let go by.

I increase your importance in the world and

your power to do good. I make people think well of your ability, increase their confidence in you; give you standing, capital, an assured position, influence, credit, and many of the good things of life that without me would be unattainable.

I am a shock-absorber for the jolts of life, a buffer between you and the rough knocks of the world. The man or woman who doesn't make an honest, determined effort to get me is lacking in one of the fundamental qualities that make for the happiness, the prosperity and well-being of the whole race.

Millions of mothers and children have suffered all sorts of hardships and humiliations because husbands and fathers lacked this practical quality, which would have saved themselves and those dependent on them so much suffering and misery.

Multitudes have spent their declining years in homeless wretchedness, or eked out a miserable existence in humiliating dependence on the grudging charity of relatives, while other multitudes have died in the poorhouse, because they failed to make friends with me in their youth.

I am one of the most reliable aids in the battle of life, the struggle for independence; ever ready to help you in an emergency—sickness in your family, accident or loss, a crisis in your business—whatever it may be. You can always rely on me to step into the breach and do my work quietly, effectively, without bluster.

I AM—A LITTLE READY CASH.

—O. S. M.

The Man Is the King

"What's that—the king? What! That man there! Why I seen a man at Bartlemy Fair More like a king than that man there."

By Orison Swett Marden

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

PETER PINDAR," John Wolcott, had the right idea of what a real man is, when he put the above words into the mouth of an illiterate English peasant.

The peasant, who had never before seen a king, could hardly believe that the weazened, spineless, inefficient looking creature pointed out to him was one. He had supposed that a king was a perfect specimen of manhood with a giant frame, large, grand, superb; a man that would radiate kingliness and power; a kingly looking being with a kingly air. He couldn't understand why such a little runt of a man should be called a king. To his simple mind, in spite of his crown and regal robes and all the pomp that surrounded him, he was only a miserable sawdust-stuffed image of a king compared with the man he had seen at Bartlemy Fair.

It is not the office of a king or president, fine clothes, money, a palatial home, or anything outside of him that makes a man great or impressive. It is the thing *inside* of him, the real man that, through all masks and disguises, looks out of his eyes and speaks to every one who sees him. The man is the king. Every true man is a king.

When we come in contact with a man of character, a man absolutely honest and sincere, with strong individuality and the courage of his opinions and convictions, our attention is arrested and our interest aroused at once. We are impressed by his personality, and we listen to him with respect. Our feeling comes, not from his trying to make an impression upon us, because he doesn't, but from the fact of his inherent power, from a realization that he stands for something. Such a character makes itself powerfully felt in a community. People look up to such a man; he becomes a leader. The secret of his influence is in the man.

If there is not a man in your home who can subordinate the costliest furnishings and so rise above the most luxurious environment that, in comparison, I do not notice them, I have not met a real man; and I go away feeling,

as Emerson did, that "the house was there, but there was no man in it,"—no man large enough to dominate the furniture, to rise above the surroundings and leave an impression of manhood upon me.

We cannot estimate the value of an individual by his possessions or the baggage he takes with him when he travels. The only way to measure a man is to separate him from his belongings. It is the wealth that is in himself, that he always carries with him, that fixes his value to society.

I have known Americans to go abroad with fifty or a hundred trunks, who made a great fuss and show and



"What's that—the king?"

attracted a great deal of attention wherever they went, but whose personal worth was not half as much as some of the servants they had with them.

THE real wealth of the rich man consists in his personal value and not in his money value. I had a notable demonstration of this some time ago, when I offered the name of a rich man as endorsement on a note. It was refused by the cashier of the bank, who said that he preferred a note without any endorsement to one with that man's name on it, because he had a bad reputation in money matters.

In marked contrast to this, as a test of character value, was a more recent experience:

I called up the former employer of a young man who was under consideration for a very important position, and asked what he could say about him. Without a moment's hesitation came the reply: "He is every inch a man."

There is nothing more to say."

Such a statement from a conservative business man, who was well known to me, was sufficient. I didn't want any further recommendation. "He

is every inch a man" meant the former employee was not only qualified for the position in question, but that he was absolutely honest and reliable; that he could be trusted, under any circumstances, with any responsibility.

Do not think that because you have spent many years in preparation for a specialty, you will succeed. There is something vastly more necessary to your success than mere technical knowledge. Many a highly trained specialist has failed because he was not a man

before he was a specialist. If there is not a foundation of manhood, of real genuine worth, beneath your specialty, all the training in the world will not make you a success.

There must be the material of a man first of all, a groundwork of character, of truth, of honesty of purpose, of integrity, or mere technical knowledge, no matter how thorough, will be but a mockery.

You may have genius, education, and a great ancestry; you may have wealth; be brilliant, handsome; you may be everything, in other words, but a man, lacking which you lack everything.

When it is a question of honor, of character, principle, people will discount you. They will say, "That man is clever, and he has a lot of money, but that is about all he has. You can't trust him. He has no reputation amongst people who know him."

Dryden said, "Every word a man says about himself is a word too much." The real man, nature's gentleman, has no need to speak of himself. What he is speaks for him.

There are men and women in every country, not among the so-called great, or wealthy, who conquer before they speak. They exert an influence out of all proportion to their ability or cleverness, and people wonder what is the secret of their power over others. It is simply integrity of character. They don't have to try to influence their fellow men. It is natural for all classes to believe in and follow character, for character is power.

Chateaubriand, the great French (Continued on page 92)

"I'll Make Every American Proud of the Secret Service"

William J. Burns, famous detective, new chief of Uncle Sam's great institution for law and order, tells of his plans, why we all need discipline, and many other things

MY greatest desire," said William J. Burns to me, "is not to catch evildoers, but to prevent crime. It is with that in mind that I am reorganizing the United States Secret Service and extending its functions."

It was a few weeks after Mr. Burns's appointment as head of the United States Secret Service, and we were talking together in the main office of his detective agency in the Woolworth Building, New York City, where he still drops in, now and then, to see how the boys are getting along; for he has turned over his private-detective business—which has thirty-five branch offices in the United States, three in Canada, and others in London and Paris, and numbers 5,000 employees on its pay roll—to his sons, Raymond J., and W. Sherman.

The numerous framed photographs hanging on the walls of the office called my attention to the various walks of life in which Burns has made warm friends. One of his most highly prized pictures is that of a man with spectacles, an expansive smile, and a big felt hat, and it is inscribed:

"To William Burns
With the hearty admiration
and regard of his friend
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

It is dated 1913. Among the other signed photographs are those of Thomas A. Edison, Admiral Robley D. Evans, a Russian grand duke, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. There is a group picture of Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle and Mr. Burns on shipboard. The father of "Sherlock Holmes" is a warm admirer of Mr. Burns.

Against such friends is, of course, a cloud of hatred; for no detective would be worth his salt if he did not make many enemies. Burns, like many another big man, is to be respected for the enemies he has made. It is a bit unpleasant, to be sure, to reflect that among these antagonists there are some good people whose happiness has been more or less remotely touched by Burns's investigations among their relatives or friends. They are unable to dissociate Burns, the man—a genial, kindly fellow and one of the happiest of husbands and fathers—from Burns the impartial tool of justice. They are unable to see that back of his work there is no personal malice—only duty.

By Alvin F. Harlow

But no matter how numerous enemies may be, Burns doesn't seem to worry over the matter. His strenuous life has left hardly a line in his face. He is the youngest-looking man of sixty I ever saw—that was his age on October 19 of this year. He is a little inclined to stout-

fearfully hard to work out; but I never let such things get on my nerves."

There are mighty few persons from whom trouble would glide as easily as that. In fact, not one in a million could go through Burns's experiences and look as youthful as he does at sixty. Coolness and imperturbability are, I take it, among the chief necessary attributes of a great detective.

There may be a bit of wondering on the part of some over the question why William J. Burns should return to government service when the salary is less than he was earning with his big detective business. Well, to begin with, he is financially in pretty comfortable circumstances, and can afford the sacrifice—which he is making, firstly, because he has long-cherished ideas regarding the Secret Service which he wants to see put in practice, and, secondly, because the call of Ohio was too strong to be resisted. Burns is a loyal Ohioan—even to this day he has his clothes made in Columbus—and with two other Ohio men, President Harding and Mr. Burns's own particular friend, Attorney General Daugherty, calling on him for assistance, he felt that he must yield.

WE are making considerable changes in the Secret Service," he said. "It has never been quite what I would like it to be. There has been too much red tape, too much bureaucracy in the past, in my opinion. I want it to be simpler, to run smoother, more efficient, and operated with all the short cuts of modern business."

"I am arranging to work in close harmony with the police department of every city and town in the country, as well as with every county sheriff and his staff. All the resources of our department will be at the disposal of those officers. In fact, I hope to see all these agencies of justice functioning together almost as if they were one organization. I intend to make it possible for a village marshal, or the sheriff of a backwoods county, to wire us, asking for information regarding a certain crook, and receive an answer within an hour, giving his description, his history, his various aliases, his habits and tendencies and where he was last seen. Hitherto it has

The Type of Man that I Must Tackle To-day

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE criminals of to-day are far more clever and expert than those of several decades ago, and detectives have been compelled to busy themselves pretty smartly in order to keep up with these fellows, to say nothing of keeping ahead of them. Criminals are about the most up-to-date, efficient business men we have. The leaders of the profession keep up with all the modern methods, and the detective must constantly improve his technique to keep pace with them.

I know some crooks who, if they would go into business, or finance, or the law, and devote the same energy and thought to their work that they do to crime, would simply be world-beaters. But they are led on in their devious ways by the craving for excitement, for the satisfaction of outwitting somebody else, and by the belief that they are acquiring money without work, when as a matter of fact, some of them work harder than many business men.

One of the first essentials of a good detective is that he be a clever psychologist, able to fathom, to a certain degree, the workings of those keen but misguided minds under given combinations of circumstances.

ness, but moves with the quick, springy step of a young man, and is evidently in prime physical condition. His face is plump and youthful in coloring, and although his sandy mustache shows a bit of gray, I could not see a single gray hair on his head. It is as glossy a brown as if he were only twenty.

"How do you do it?" I asked. "Don't you ever worry?"

"Very little," he replied, smilingly. "I have never taken my troubles to bed with me. Oh, yes, I've been in personal danger, and I've been up against considerable hostility on the part of even prominent people in a community, and I've sweated over problems that were

often been possible for a man to commit a crime in a certain section of the country, flee to another quarter and there lose himself and live unmolested. I want to make such immunity almost, if not quite impossible. That is the way to check crime: make it unprofitable, unhealthy, and impracticable to commit, and you will eliminate most of it, with the exception of crimes by sudden passion or committed by defectives. And to make crime unprofitable, there must be not only arrests but convictions. The guilty must not be allowed to escape on technicalities or otherwise.

NOT only will we tie up more closely with local officers of justice in this country, but we are establishing closer relations with governmental and city departments of justice all over the world. Of course, the disturbed conditions in certain countries, for a time, will interfere with the full extension of such plans, and will afford places of refuge for criminals which, I hope, in time, will be done away with.

"England and her dominions have always boasted of the efficiency and infallibility of Scotland Yard, while the French are equally proud of their *Sûreté*, and with good reason. It is my ambition to make our Secret Service, likewise, a machine which every American—every honest American—will think of with a national pride.

"There are other things which I want to emphasize during my administration. There will be no swaggering and flashing of badges, no seizing men upon slight suspicion, chucking them into jail and keeping them there for two or three days *incommunicado*. I intend to see that no citizen is deprived of his constitutional rights, and to follow as nearly as possible that old and excellent rule of justice that a man should be considered innocent until he is proved guilty."

There is no vindictiveness in Burns's attitude toward criminals. "There is some good in all of them," says he. "I have hope for every criminal save the defective. Defectives should be segregated where they can do no harm to society, and should be put under observation and study. We can never eliminate a certain amount of punishment for crime. I am thoroughly in accord with reformatory ideas for youthful or first offenders; but some people are now making a considerable outcry against punishment in general, and it simply cannot be dispensed with. Some penologists are showing a tendency to be too soft in the treatment of criminals. Understand that I do not approve in the slightest degree of rough treatment of prisoners, nor of working them too hard, nor of any hint of vengefulness in their being sent to prison; but there is no logic and no discouragement to crime in making prison such a soft and easy place that they come to look upon it as a sort of genial boarding-house or rest cure, where they are entertained free of charge and where they shouldn't object to being entertained again if the law sees fit to invite them. The criminal needs restraint and needs to be taught that every citizen must submit himself to discipline."

"Do you not think," I asked, "that

the present considerable relaxation of discipline in many lines is a menace to law and order? For example, children are not disciplined now as they used to be, the argument being that they should be permitted to grow up 'naturally' and free from restraint. In school, where you and I were forbidden even to whisper to a companion, children now do just about as they please."

"We cannot afford to eliminate discipline!" exclaimed Mr. Burns, emphatically. "It is the foundation of all law and order. I do not believe in Prussianism; but so long as there are human beings, one man must always be higher than another in authority, and the man below must learn to take orders from the man above—and to obey them. When our men went into the World War, it was found that one of their greatest needs was a knowledge of discipline; and nearly every man who passed under the discipline of the Army and Navy, during the conflict, came out a better man, morally and spiritually. I could tell you of crooks and former offenders of greater or lesser degree who went into the war and came out better, straighter men. Some of them actually seemed to have their souls purified. They were submitted to rigid discipline, they were incited to lead clean, moral lives, they had the beautiful lessons of patriotism and comradeship constantly before them, and they came into contact with many keen, high-minded men whose example showed them that the straight path is not so uncomfortably narrow, after all, and undoubtedly leads to a better consummation."

ARE the detective methods of to-day so greatly different from those of fifty or a hundred years ago?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Tremendously different. The criminals of to-day are far more clever and expert than those of several decades ago, and detectives have been compelled to busy themselves pretty smartly in order to keep up with these fellows, to say nothing of keeping ahead of them. Criminals are about the most up-to-date, efficient, business men we have, you know. The leaders of the profession keep up with all the modern methods, and the detective must constantly improve his technique to keep pace with them. Why, I know some crooks who, if they would go into business or finance or the law and devote the same energy and thought to their work that they do to crime, would simply be world-beaters. But they are led on in their devious ways by the craving for excitement, for the satisfaction of outwitting somebody else, and by the belief that they are acquiring money without work, when as a matter of fact, some of them work harder than many business men.

"One of the first essentials of a good detective is that he be a clever psychologist, able to fathom, to a certain degree, the workings of those keen but misguided minds under given combinations of circumstances. Such studies are very fascinating, too."

"Which is to you most interesting—" I broke in—"to sit in your office and work out a problem from reports sent in

by your operatives, or to go out on the trail yourself?"

"The first has the greater interest for me. It has all the fascination that there is to a child in putting together a picture puzzle. To-day, one of my agents sends in a tiny bit of evidence; to-morrow another scrap or two. Meanwhile, perhaps another man has been working somewhere else on the case, and he sends in a few torn scraps, some of them apparently unimportant; but, presently, we may find that their ragged edges dovetail very nicely with one or two other pieces. Slowly the picture of the crime comes out before you, and presently you can see the very face and figure of the man who committed it.

"I have had to change my theories many times, but I am always willing to do so. One trouble with many detectives is that they formulate a theory early in the investigation and then are ashamed to change it for fear they will be suspected of being fallible, so they stick to it stubbornly, even after facts have been unearthed which indicate clearly that they are wrong. But the recoil from such a course is more to be dreaded than frankly admitting that you were wrong when a new fact upsets your theory.

"My hardest case? Well, that's difficult to answer. Perhaps that Philadelphia-Lancaster counterfeiting case was about as tedious and about as difficult to pin down on the criminals as any I've tackled. As I told you, we were practically certain of our men within two or three weeks, but it required a year of hard work to get evidence that we knew would convict them."

"Have you found much detective literature that is anything like realistic?" I asked.

"Not much. I've tried to read a lot of it, too. Oh, yes, I like to read a good detective story if it's cleverly written, has a good literary style and is not too obvious. I've started many of them, but finished very few. I read along until the solution becomes so plain that one can't avoid seeing it, although the author may not be half-way through his story, and then I quit. Very few writers can sustain a mystery through a book as cleverly as is often done in real life.

"Yes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and I are good friends and mutual admirers; he and I agree thoroughly on the essentials of criminal investigation. Once when I visited him, Mr. H. H. McClure went along with me, hoping to get an article out of the clash between Doyle's ideas and mine on investigation and deduction; but when we parted, Mr. McClure hadn't any story to write because Sir Arthur and I had agreed perfectly.

YES, his works are well worth reading because of their style; but, really, you know, I like his 'History of the War' better than any of his fiction!"

Burns was born in Baltimore in 1861, but when he was still a child his parents moved to Ohio, settling first at Zanesville, and, in 1873, in Columbus, where the elder Burns engaged in business as a merchant tailor. After a public school and business-college education, William

joined his father in business. But later the father became police commissioner of Columbus, and then young Burns discovered that he had a taste and talent for criminal investigation. Though never officially connected with the police department, for several years it benefited by his genius and his fame grew rapidly. When the tally-sheet forgeries were committed in Ohio, in 1885, and expert investigation failed to secure evidence on the perpetrators, Burns was finally called on and was completely successful. This brought him offers from many large corporations, and gave him a decided impetus on his career as a detective. In 1889 he was added to the force of the branch office of the United States Secret Service at St. Louis.

The affair which really established Burns's reputation as one of the country's leading detectives was that known to the Service as the Philadelphia-Lancaster counterfeiting case, in 1894.

"THE counterfeiters," he said, "were making the Monroe-head silver hundred-dollar bills so perfectly that even bankers and Treasury experts were declaring them genuine. There was not the slightest clue to begin on, so I had to proceed on theoretical grounds. Every detail of the certificates was so perfect that I decided that a camera had been used and that the engraving was being done on steel plates. Now there were not more than a hundred men in the country who could engrave on steel like that; and, by a process of elimination, we finally narrowed the possibility down to three men in Philadelphia, two of whom proved to be the culprits. This process had occupied only about two weeks, but then we had to work for nearly a year to get conclusive evidence on them.

"It was near about that time that I went into the Washington office of the Secret Service, and James M. Beck, the district attorney who prosecuted the counterfeiting case, went into the Department of Justice. Now, by a curious coincidence, after nearly fifteen years, Mr. Beck and I are returning to government service for the second time; he as solicitor-general of the United States, and I as head of the Secret Service. His presence there makes me feel more as if I were going back home again."

Among other remarkable work done by Burns during his first period in the Secret Service was the capture of the Brockway gang of counterfeiters and also of the group of Costa Ricans who were plotting to foment a revolution in that country and who began operations by counterfeiting Costa Rican money in this country. Burns captured the entire gang, as well as 2,000,000 pesos in counterfeit money, and fished up the plates which had done the work, from the bottom of the Hudson River where they had been hurriedly bestowed when the chase became too hot. He also unraveled some frauds which had been perpetrated against the Osage and other Indian tribes. In 1897, he did a bit of clever work when he went to Versailles, Indiana, representing himself as an insurance agent, and, after some months of investigating, learned the names of



© Harris & Ewing, Washington

William J. Burns, the greatest detective in America, was cut out for business, but his father, having been appointed police commissioner of Columbus, Ohio, the son—then only a boy—discovered that he had a hankering to investigate crime. When he was only twenty-four he was employed to secure evidence in one of the most notorious forgery cases in history. At twenty-eight, he had a nation-wide reputation. In this article, he describes the new type of businesslike, educated miscreant now operating. Mr. Burns says that detective work in fiction isn't the same as it is in real life—in fiction it isn't so mysterious. He says, too, that he prefers Conan Doyle's "History of the War" to his "Sherlock Holmes" stories.

the members of a mob which had taken five men from the county jail and lynched them. Chief Wilkie of the Secret Service referred to Burns as the best detective he had ever known.

In 1903, he resigned from the Secret Service and was appointed, by Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, to investigate the land frauds in California, Oregon, and Washington, the most gigantic swindles ever perpetrated against the

nation. Other detectives had either failed to get evidence or been bought off by the criminals. Burns cleaned up the whole mess and secured sixty convictions, including a United States Senator, federal, State and city officials and other people prominent in social, business, and political life. He was then invited to assist San Francisco in cleaning house, and there brought about the conviction

(Continued on page 87)

Edward W. Beatty, K.C., who at 41 years of age became president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the only transcontinental line in America and, perhaps, the only solvent railroad system in the world



“Everybody Thought I Was of No Particular Use”

But, one day, his teacher said, “You may amount to something,” and Edward W. Beatty became president of the Canadian Pacific Railway

EDWARD W. BEATTY, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who became the chief executive of the vast Canadian transportation system, covering 18,000 miles of railway and steamships spanning the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at the age of forty-one, recently appeared before the employed boys of the evening educational classes of the Montreal Y. M. C. A. He recalled that when he was a day pupil at college, in Toronto, at the age of twelve he did not believe in work and did very little studying. His nickname was ‘Banty,’ indulged in numerous scraps, he said, and spent most of his time after school hours doing the things he should have done when school was in session.

At the end of the year, the principal wrote his parents plainly intimating that if “Banty” did not return to college no tears would be shed by the faculty.

“I was humiliated and ashamed of myself,” said the youngest railway president in the world, “and I believed everybody thought that I was of no particular use. I was sent to another school where I fell into the hands of a tutor who, although a good teacher, had a very violent temper. He encouraged us when he was not abusing us. If a fellow showed inattention he was likely to be hit on the head with a ruler.

By Earle Hooker Eaton

“But the first words of encouragement I ever received came from that man. He told me I might amount to something. This was news to me. I had never heard it before. He gave me an inspiration to study. So I worked, and the more I worked, the more I realized how valuable it was. This I continued to appreciate as I grew older.

I NEVER saw a boy or man who got anywhere if he did not work. I know you boys have given up a great deal to take on these extra studies, but none of you will ever regret it. As you grow older you will find the competition between men very keen, and he who is fairly well-educated has a distinct advantage over the man who is not. Every boy has some kind of a vague idea that he would like to be something or other when he grows up—he does not know just what.

“You will find, however, there are three or four simple things that tend to a man’s success. The first is good health. It is impossible for a boy or man to work against that handicap. The next thing is honesty. No man in this, or any other country, who was not

honest, attained success; he may appear to do so for a time, but when his dishonesty is discovered—which is certain sooner or later—his success is at an end and his failure begins. The third essential is education; without education it is impossible to climb to any important position. The fourth essential is work. Nothing was ever accomplished without work. If any man tells you differently, it is not the truth.

During the coming years, many capable men will be required to fill important positions, and he who has the essentials to which I have referred is the one who will get the preference. A man, from his shoulders down, is worth a few dollars a day; but from his shoulders up, there is no limit to his earning capacity.

“The things we admire most in other men are the qualities we should develop in ourselves. The first is honesty; the second, courage; and the third, modesty. Without courage one cannot go very far in this world. If a man is content to step aside for others, he is bound to lose. Without modesty, no one can secure the respect of his fellow beings. Every man’s hand is against the man who shows he believes himself better than others. When I was a youngster, my father, who was a very

(Continued on page 87)

"THE people next door," comprise one of those domestic problems often hard to solve. But, frequently, they are the people who show us the "mettle of the pasture," as is proved in

The New Neighbors

By Conrad Richter

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD S. ROSS

JOHN WETHERING came home from a three weeks' business trip, hot, perspiring, itching for bathtub, clean duds, and home veranda. He hurried from the yellow trolley-car, at Prospect Avenue, turned the corner at Hill Road, and, with relief, saw, awaiting him, the welcome gleam of his smart, comfortable house, the last on the Road, an inviting suburban residence of red rolling-roof, gray-shingled sides, spacious porches, and cool sloping lawn.

Four yards farther along the brilliant, concrete sidewalk, his joy of homecoming was rudely shaken. Next door to his distinctive place, occupying the center of the ninety-by-two-hundred-foot lot, as if blissfully aware of its incongruity in more or less exclusive Lombardy Heights, stood a single-floor cottage of the portable type known to summer camps along inland rivers.

At his own front door, a moment later, Junior, in immaculate sailor-suit; Ethel, with bare knees and arms, and his wife, in cool white, all failed to relieve his growing disquiet. From the security of a side window he proceeded to take a more detailed survey of this upstart of a cottage, next door. His wife, with feminine intuition, fed his dismay by pointing out the more particularly flagrant features of the place.

In lieu of screens, cheesecloth had been tacked over the windows. On the back porch, a bleached washer spread its legs in company with roughly shelved boxes. A varnish-eaten table supported a looking-glass in a yellow frame. Two converging lines of drying wash festooned the sickled yard. At the rear of the lot, a chicken house, constructed of packing cases, flaunted its wire netting within five feet of the graceful Wethering hedge. As the Wetherings looked, a red-headed youth about thirteen, in the cool garb of faded sleeveless jersey, short khaki trousers and stockingless sneakers, opened the homemade gate. With an alarming spread of wings, the flock of lanky hens foraged to the four winds—an ominous band toward the barberry hedge and the hollyhocks and phlox in bloom above it.

"A child in such abbreviated costume!" murmured his wife, in mild disapproval. "One might think this a bathing beach."

"What in thunder's the idea!" wondered Wethering, blankly. "Who let them into the Heights?"

"Nobody let them," informed Mrs. Wethering. "They just came—house and all—on wagons."

"House!" stirred her husband. "That's a shack, my dear. They wouldn't allow it between the first and second locks on the river. Neither will I—if I can help it. Wait till I clean up a bit, I'll call Shuster. We'll see what he knows about it."

A somewhat cooler and more hopeful half hour later, Wethering got the owner of the adjoining ground on the telephone:

"This is John Wethering, Lombardy Heights. I don't know whether you know it, but there's somebody camping on your lot here next to mine—the one you wanted to sell me, you remember. It's none of my business except that the shack isn't what you'd call an improvement to my property."

"Wethering!" came back the real-estate man's voice. "Oh, you mean Joiner. You see, the house he occupies in town was sold, Mr. Wethering, and he didn't have any place to go. Houses are mighty scarce these days. Everything's been too high to build. So he got that house somewhere up along Cocaloosing Creek, near the Athletic Club's summer place. He used to be a trainer or something up there. He's working for the Monitor Steel people now. Seen his game chickens yet?"

"EXPECT to see 'em in my flower garden any day," threatened Wethering. "What I want to know is—did you give him permission to bring a shack like that out here!"

"He has to live, Mr. Wethering," protested the other. "I understand he's going to build when he can afford it—in, say, four or five years."

"Four or five years!" repeated Wethering, with slow wrath. "He can't get away with a dinky little shanty like that for five years—not in Lombardy Heights!"

"He isn't in Lombardy Heights," mildly mentioned Mr. Shuster. "The line runs down from George Washburn's garage along your hedge to the old dead chestnut on the flat."

"I know that," admitted Wethering, choking slightly. "But the restrictions—"

"There are no restrictions in the township. It's out of the borough, you understand."

Wethering set his jaw. So that was it. A real-estate trick to force him to buy the ground, whether he wanted it or not.

"How much more are you asking for the property now?" he commented grimly.

"You got me wrong, Mr. Wethering," protested the other. "The property isn't for sale. Mr. Joiner bought it the first of last week."

There was little comfort for Wethering in Lombardy Heights, that evening. He tried to read, in his favorite rocker on the side porch, but the blasphemy of the shack next door stood out like a sore thumb. After seeking shelter in-

side, he had his first glimpse of his new neighbor. It was nearly six o'clock when he appeared from the direction of the trolley, grimy of face, blue-denim shirt open at the neck, one hand lugging a black tin lunch-box, with upper compartment for a vacuum coffee-bottle. As he reached Wethering's sidewalk he emitted a penetrating whistle. A boy of twelve and a girl, younger, came tumbling out of the cottage, attended by a leaping, barking dog.

From his leather nook in the living room, Wethering watched. The father met his children with certain stoicism. He handed his empty lunch-box to the boy, stooped to touch the head of the grateful dog, then gave his hand to the girl. Religiously avoiding the front door, the little troupe marched around to the back porch where the parent hung up his coat and hat. His wife, a substantial figure in faded blue percale, appeared with a busy smile and a tin basin of steaming water. Drawing off his soiled shirt and rolling up his undershirt sleeves with slow luxury, the returned workman gazed keenly about his little kingdom, then began scrubbing hands, face, and neck with a dark cake of soap.

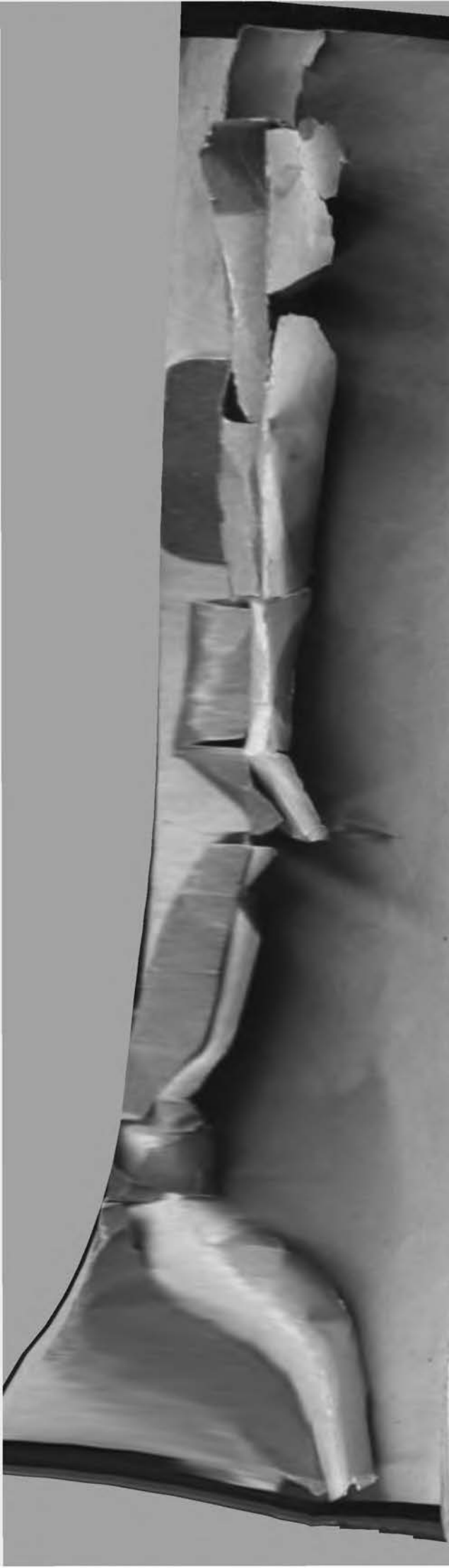
"Can you see their back porch, John?" called Wethering's wife from the kitchen.

"That isn't their back porch, Ada," informed her husband, drily. "It's their bathroom. Just be glad he isn't a miner."

Wethering's evening paper had now become a secondary diversion. Settling himself deeper into the comfortable upholstered seat, he grimly watched his new neighbor wield towel and comb, then scatter his wash water over the lawn. After a moment, in company with the dog and his eldest son, the father proceeded to inspect his pen of chickens. Shortly afterward, he was called, presumably, to supper.

THE new neighbor's evening meal was evidently not a matter of courses. Before Wethering had reached the front headlines of his revived paper, via the financial columns and sporting page, the slam of a door announced that someone was out again, this time the father and both sons. The latter admired their parent as he mended something about the chicken pen. The eldest boy presently took back hatchet and cigar box of nails to the house, to reappear, after a little, with arms loaded with bulky green boxing gloves from which tan strings danced lively.

Wethering's paper now slipped to the floor, definitely abandoned. The new neighbor's convex profile bent in expert calmness as he fastened a glove to each slim wrist. From his serious deportment he might have been seconding a ring battle of no mean prominence. After lacing each small antagonist, he



instructed him with a bony finger and certain inaudible coaching. A moment more, the bout was 'about to begin. Then the sister called shrilly from the back door.

"Hey, dad! Make 'em wait for me! I only got the boilers yet to do!"

The father assented quietly, and directed the boys to remain apart, a task that proved too difficult for juvenile energy. Grinning, they essayed dabs at each other behind their father's back, but he promptly caught them at it, and rolled the elder on the grass with a severity that subdued both. Not until the sister had eagerly appeared to range herself as a ring-side spectator, did round one begin, with the parent holding his watch in hand with all the stern demeanor of a referee.

Wethering had leaned forward toward the window unconsciously. How fast and clean the little rascals sparred! If only their father wouldn't horn in on their action so often. It was all right to illustrate where the elder had mishandled his feet, or where the younger might have planted a counting jab or swing, but too much slowed up the beauty of the thing.

A SUDDEN commotion on the steps of Wethering's own side veranda, followed by a scurrying of small steps and a march of heavier, decisive ones, sent Wethering hastily back into his leather nook with the rescued paper in his hands. A moment more, Junior, aged seven, and Ethel, nine, rushed in.

"Imagine where I found your children," announced their mother, a trim, capable-looking young matron even in her supper apron. "On the way to that brutal exhibition next door!"

"Daddy!" called Junior, plaintively, slipping behind the protecting paper. "May Et and me go over to play."

"Junior, I have already told you, you could not go to-day," gently but firmly reproved his mother. "Boys who fight with each other, I am afraid, are not very nice companions to play with."

"They weren't really cross, you know, mother!" explained Ethel, anxiously. "It was just in play. Don't you think we might go over sometime, perhaps, daddy?"

The mother gave her husband a warning glance.

"You and Junior may come out to dinner now," she suggested. "If you are both good, you may have two helpings of 'slip-and-go-down.'"

"I don't want any 'slip-and-go-down,' daddy!" wailed Junior. "I want to go over and play in my under-shirt."

Under his father's stern hand, however, Junior permitted himself to be piloted to the table. But he did not permit any lapse of memory regarding his wonderful new neighbors. After supper, a second scene ensued and, following the children being put to bed,

a sober, parental conference was held in which Mrs. Wethering summed up her mind decisively.

"There are no sensible reasons, John, why we should meekly submit to an unfortunate condition like this. Such neighbors are a menace to the children. Then there's the injury to our property in a financial sense and the discredit in a social sense—not counting the annoyance. Our view of the hills is ruined. Yesterday, two of their chickens flew over the hedge and began picking off

recently. In their silent inspection, the eyes, securely set in twin bony sockets, were peculiarly direct and searching. Wethering spoke first.

"How-de-do. I'd like to see you a few minutes, if I can."

The neighborly invitation to come inside was genuine enough, but the unrelieved hardness in the lean face warned Wethering of caution. He surveyed the surroundings involuntarily, as he entered. The front room was hardly as large as the Wethering bathroom. Extra yards of the large-figured carpet had been lapped up at two sides. A convertible iron bed-couch, inadequately concealed beneath an imitation Indian blanket, stood to one side. A cheap, fancy, golden-oak table bore a souvenir basket of colored postcards. Wethering could see but one chair, a green-plush rocker. There was little room for another. The host indicated the rocker.

"No, I just have a few minutes," hastened Wethering. "I want to see you about the property here. Your buying came as a sort of surprise. We've always been more or less interested in the



poppy seeds that I wanted to drop and come up next year."

"I guess I'd better go over and see him," thoughtfully agreed Wethering. A little later, without the formality of a hat, he started across the dewy grass in the fragrant country night.

A furor of sharp barking greeted his knock. A lamp moved into the darkened front room, throwing yellow beams out upon the grass. The man of the house, himself, opened the door. At close range, with the rays of the oil lamp striking him obliquely across the profile, his discrepancy with the standard of Lombardy Heights business and professional men was more pronounced. He wore no coat. His stained suspenders stood out tightly from his flat, and yet, somehow, unfeeble chest. His hair had been clipped

place ourselves. Would you care to resell?"

The neighbor's eyes narrowed. "We're sort of fixed here, now," he declined slowly. "Like it first-rate. The wife says she can't look enough at your tony house and yard."

Wethering gave a little cough. "You understand, of course, we'd be willing to pay you a profit on your bargain."

The other shook his head, definitely. "We're figuring on putting up a real house here, some time. Nothing fancy, like yours; but something the wife and kids needn't be ashamed of."

Against his better judgment, Wethering persisted.

"Give you three hundred more than you paid for it!"

The neighbor's eyes grew tiny, almost vicious.

"Nothing doing," he said.

"Sorry you look at it that way," Wethering regretted, turning to the door. In the act, he caught a glimpse of the listening figure of the wife in the kitchen.

"Good night," the undesirable neighbor called shortly, after him. To Wethering's surprise, the words were seconded by the wife and children in the cottage kitchen.

Ada was pacing the shadowed porch of the veranda when he returned. He related his non-success briefly.

"But they can't be so independent, you know!" she protested. Her arm slipped firmly through his. "Let's walk around the Boulevard. If the Greens are still up, we'll run in and see what a lawyer has to say about it."

Along Grant Boulevard, nearly everyone—including the Greens—were on terrace or veranda. Plump little Mrs. Greene sat in the screened section of her porch, by a silk-shaded lamp on the round grass-table,

"Of course they are," hastened her hostess. "I'd say you were to be commended on your common-sense. Fortunately, parents are growing more sensible. We were just saying the same thing about Mr. and Mrs. Fred Herring, up in the Court. They do not let the fact that they have children prevent them from occasional recreation. They even go to the movies."

"There is really no danger, you know," assured Mrs. Wethering.

"First time we did it, we didn't think so," drily reminded her husband. "By the time we got around the corner, we decided Ethel might have fallen out of bed and Junior gotten the colic. We hustled back. There the little imps snored as peacefully as if we'd been sitting out in the hall all the time. They didn't give a hang whether we'd been away or not."

"Since that," smiled his wife, "we try to realize that most parents' fears are groundless. Of course, we take all precautions—lock the doors and such

things, you know."

"You parents are all alike," contributed Attorney Greene, heavily. "I've got cousins in Berkeley, Califor-

warm sympathy. She had heard of the audacity of these unknown people. Her husband, however, only looked judicial. Unfortunately, there was little to do except what would give the newspapers meat for some nasty notoriety, in which public opinion was bound to be with the other man. The American Public was the American Public, and it would be poor policy to incite it. As an attorney friend, he would advise and, also, assume, if desired, continued private negotiations until some mutually agreeable proposition be found. Nearly every man had his price, certainly a former prize-fighter workman. The peak of high wages had already been passed. Thousands of newly purchased homes no doubt would be on the market shortly, and this unduly ambitious workingman's might be among them.

SOMEWHAT relieved, but by no means reconciled, the Wetherings returned home about eleven, resolved to bear the situation until promised relief should turn up. And, in this hopeful state of mind, Wethering found his favorite nook on the side veranda quite as desirable as before, particularly when youthful boxing or wrestling bouts were staged next door.

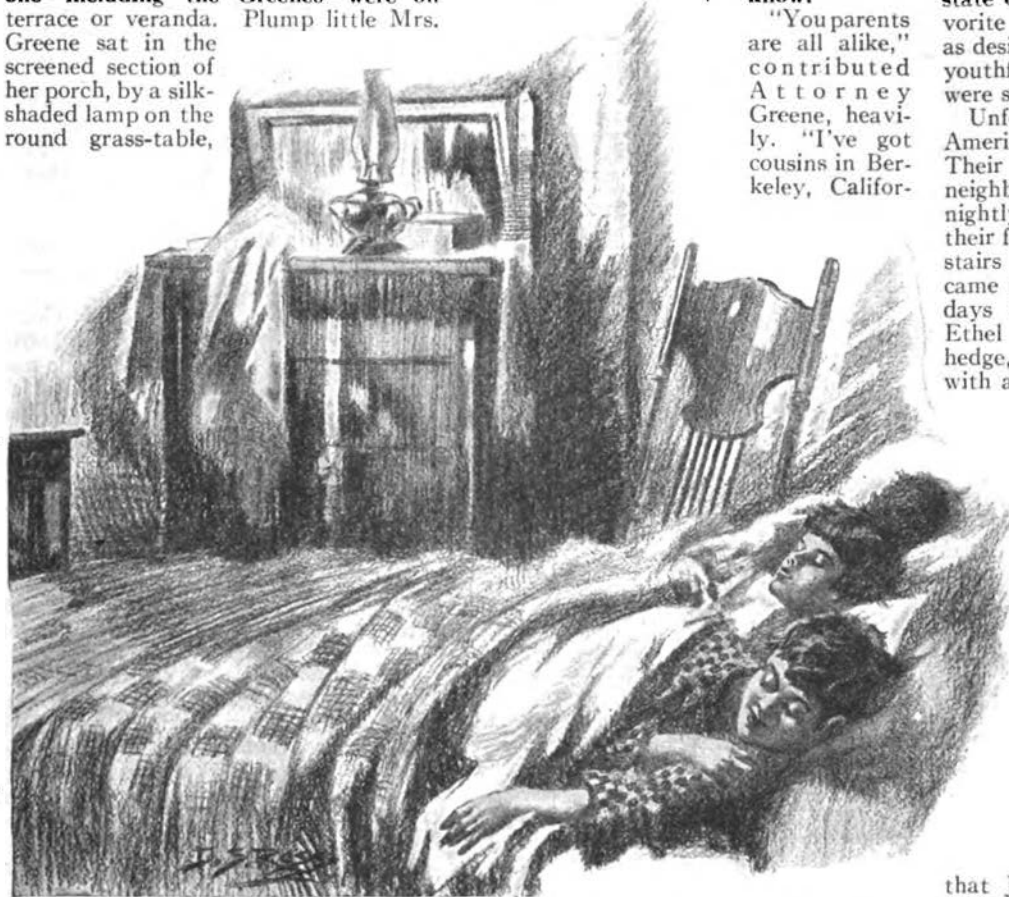
Unfortunately, his perfectly normal American children found it the same. Their admiration for their forbidden neighbors failed to subside. Almost nightly their mother complained to their father. Twice she had come downstairs from overseeing the negress, who came Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays to clean, and found Junior and Ethel on the prohibited side of the hedge, establishing democratic relations with a frank esteem that stirred her to chagrin. Her sense of dignity permitted no scene. But Junior shrieked for a half hour after he had been exiled to the house, and Ethel sulked the remainder of the day, refusing to remember her mother in her prayers that evening; and adding, to her father, that if she were a boy like Junior, she'd run away and play for a whole year just with boys and girls in a poor-house.

Following each fresh reminder, Wethering lumbered to the phone and called up his attorney friend for news of the latter's progress. Steadily he was met with the report

that Joiner, thus far, had refused to barter. As summer passed, the only hope seemed to lie in the approach of cold weather, when the children must necessarily be kept much of the day indoors. August and September were endured. Then, pleasantly enough, late in October, the thermometer reached fifty.

Wethering abruptly abandoned his sporadic blazes in the fireplace, and started the annual coal-fire in his furnace—a hot-air heater of considerable dimensions, a type used commonly by schoolhouses and churches. It was an ideal size to heat the house comfortably, but its fire bed had proven a trifle extensive for its draft.

Over summer, however, the trials and



Above the crazy patch-work of quilt, three boyish heads showed. No arms encircled one another here, but the unwashed face of Junior, in the middle, eyes closed, lips parted, bore an expression of tired pride and contentment that was beyond words

reading a bulky novel. In the dusk of the outer porch, swaying slowly on the couch-hammock, glowed the red of her husband's cigar. Both rose to greet their bareheaded callers.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Greene, jauntily. "You have actually found a maid!"

"Hardly," confessed Mrs. Wethering, with a slight flush. "The children are perfectly safe, you know. Both are quite sound sleepers."

nia. Last fall they got caught out eleven miles from nowhere with a broken axle. The milkman got to their place before they did. When they got home, their youngsters hadn't even missed them."

While the topic was still children, Mrs. Wethering seized the opportunity to broach the subject of their undesirable neighbors—eloquently inquiring if there were no legal recourse to turn to.

Mrs. Greene hastened to offer her

tribulations of artificial heat are mercifully forgotten. The final day of October warmed up somewhat, suggesting Indian summer, but not enough to permit the fire to go out. The next-door youngsters, in celebration of the triple blessing of Saturday, Halloween, and favorable weather, appeared on their lot for most of the day, and Junior and Ethel kept their mother in continual torment, in consequence.

EVENING, however, brought promise of relief. Mr. Greene called about seven-thirty, just after the children had been put to bed. He had seen Mr. Shuster again that morning, and the real-estate man had told him that, early in the month, Joiner had been let go with several hundred other men from the Monitor Steel Works. As a result, his payments on the lot had lapsed and, legally, the property could now be resold by its original owner.

"I'd advise seeing Shuster as soon as you can," concluded the attorney. "I understand your neighbor's found some kind of a job since, and is liable to come across with the back payments any day. If you want to go to-night, I'll run along with you."

Wethering glanced toward his wife. "Unfortunately, Mrs. Wethering's asked Mrs. Brule to go along to the movies."

"Perfectly fine—you can take us down!" declared his wife. "The children will never sleep sounder than to-night. They played out all day. I should think you could be back in an hour."

"It oughtn't to take that long," assured Mr. Greene.

Wethering felt an honest aversion toward the idea of taking advantage of his neighbor's financial misfortune. At the same time, he could hardly bring himself to deny his attorney's success, after the latter's long siege to achieve it. Reluctantly he coaled and dampened the cellar fire. The house was darkened, doors locked, front-porch light left burning, and the car backed from the garage. As the headlights swung around, their flood of radiance revealed the undesirable neighbor and his eldest boy closing up the homemade chicken pen for the night against prowling cat or weasel. Wethering picked up Mrs. Brule at her yellow cement house on the Boulevard, and, twelve minutes later, left the ladies at the brilliantly lighted curb of the Colonial Theater. Five minutes more, the two men descended at the real-estate man's dumpily square brick-home in Berkshire.

Here, Wethering wished he had thought to telephone first. Mr. Shuster was away in a neighbor's car. However, he was expected back any minute. Would they come in and sit down? Hesitating, they decided that since they had come this far, they might as well wait. Each successive ten minutes in the imitation-leather chairs of the golden-oak room, they conferred restlessly and resolved to wait another ten. After a fidgety, interminable hour, the telephone rang. The son who answered it announced that his father had just called from the Valley Country Club to say that he would not be home until late.

"All right—we'll see him there!"

declared Greene, who was a golfing member. "We can clean this thing up now in twenty minutes!" he enthused to Wethering, who was showing signs of reluctance.

Wethering made no reply, but proceeded to obey. After a few squares, they left the thinning suburb for open fields. They raced through the crisp, country air laden with autumn odors, until they reached the club, brightly lighted and decorated with carved pumpkins, shocks of corn, and orange-hued lanterns.

Shuster received them in front of the huge, open fireplace, with a royalty that smacked of hidden vintage. But why bother with business on Halloween? Why not join the crowd? They were having a little smoker, a bunch of Shriners, who golfed. Greene and Wethering, of course, were not Shriners, but both were Blue-Lodge men and followers of the little gray ball. Both would be mighty welcome, and doubly so, since Hal Leverage and Tommy Tomilson, two Lombardy Heights members, had disappointed them.

Wethering declined courteously, pleading his sole business motive of call. Shuster's excellent humor responded to the occasion, and the deal

A LAZY MAN IS A DEAD MAN WHO CANNOT BE BURIED

was promptly consummated at one of the little mission writing-desks of the club. After Wethering's check had been put away in the real-estate man's wallet, the latter renewed his overtures for them to stay, summoning additional pressure in the person of his neighbor, Bob Golden, an attorney who had been associated with Greene on a recent damage suit of considerable local celebrity.

When Golden had warmly seconded the invitation, Greene confessed that inasmuch as his wife was in Boston, he would be glad to stay—provided, of course, Wethering could. In indecision, Wethering glanced at his watch. An hour and forty minutes had already passed since they had left the Heights. In another ten minutes, the movie would be over. His wife would be getting home now almost as soon as he. On the other hand, if he didn't remain at the club, Greene, probably, wouldn't. He decided to stay and telephone Ada accordingly in a half hour.

With the idea of waiting until she were sure to be back, Wethering steadily put off leaving the jovial crowd for the telephone booth. Then, about eleven, the missing Leverage and Tomilson surprised every one by showing up. Both were mighty sorry to be so late, but there had been a fire, the first real blaze the Heights had ever had. The honorary members of the Heights Fire Company had had some excitement, believe them! And they hadn't accomplished a blessed thing except get blackened up and soaked to the skin.

He broke off at the abrupt sight of Wethering. His temples turned a queer, greenish hue.

"Good Lord, man!" he stammered. "How long have you been—Don't—don't you even—know about it, yet!"

Like the steady drainage of blood from a conjurer's hand, Wethering's face grew white.

"Know about—what?" he managed.

As the dramatic import of it all descended upon Tomilson, he grew rattled.

"Good Lord—I never dreamed—It's too mighty bad, man! We're all just glad the house was insured—and nobody was home—"

Slowly Wethering pushed back his chair—a stricken, ashen shell of the Halloween celebrant of ten minutes before.

"Ada not home yet!"

The wretched Tomilson only gulped. Unsteadily, dumbly, the harrowed father stood for a moment before the little group's compassionate gaze, then turned blindly and stumbled out. A minute later, as his car roared down the long lane, he became aware, for the first time, of someone beside him on the seat.

"Good God, John! Watch that turn!" the shaken attorney chattered.

Wethering had always enjoyed a certain owner's pride in his car. To-night he helplessly cursed it. Fifty-eight—sixty—sixty-one. Was that all the thing could do! Sixty-two—sixty-four—numbly he felt a hand clutching his arm. He heard distant entreaties as the car miraculously escaped passing pedestrian, trolley, and car.

Take care! Why should Greene worry about that? What if he did strike something! What in God's name mattered now! The mental picture of the charred remains of his house, with all that was in it, inhuman, unrecognizable, almost bent the wheel in his straining hands—almost broke the accelerator under his rigid foot. Fifty-two—fifty—God! Couldn't his car do a mere sixty miles up Cemetery Hill!

THE excitement was over when he reached his home street. Only a few nervous neighbors remained about as Wethering's blind stop sent his car in a skidding crash against the curb through mud created by a leaking hose. Pitiably he stumbled from the running-board to peer at the stark, unreal scene. Where, a few hours ago, gray-shingled sides had sheltered and a red-tile roof had rolled, nothing now remained—nothing but grim stone-foundations, encompassing a cellar piled with charred wood and ghastly ruin. The chaotic mass steamed infernally. A sickening odor hung on the air.

Some hand touched his arm—the pudgy fingers of jovial Joe Miller, two doors above. Never had Wethering seen him so grave.

"Your wife just came, John," he said. "Mrs. Brule said they thought you were home, or they wouldn't have stopped at the Mansion House for a little supper." He blinked. "It hit her pretty hard, John. She sort of fainted. They carried her over there." His hand indicated the shack of the undesirable neighbor.

(Continued on page 94)

What the Old Timer said to Charley

by C.L.Hardy

"ONLY a few years ago, Charley, the man whose name you see on that door was just where you are today.

"I remember the day he came to work for us. He didn't know much about the business. But he was always asking questions—always anxious to learn.

"And by and by we got to noticing that Billy Stevens was getting ahead of some of us old fellows who had been around here for years.

"I can remember as clearly as though it were yesterday, the day Billy showed old Tom Harvey how to figure out the pitch of some new bevel gears we were making on an important contract.

"Tom told me afterward how respectful Billy was—nothing fresh, or 'I know it all' about him. He just made a suggestion and showed Tom a quicker way to start the problem and a shorter, surer way to finish it.

"One day I said to him—'Where'd you get hep to all that fancy figuring, Bill?' We were eating lunch and he was reading some little book he always carried. He looked up at me and said innocently: 'Oh, I just picked it up!' I knew different than that, so I quizzed him until he told me the whole story.

"'Did you ever notice the old men around the shop,' he asked—'the men with families who drudge along day in and day out—never getting anywhere?' I admitted that I had noticed quite a lot of them.

"'Well,' he said 'I made up my mind I wasn't going to spend my whole life in a humdrum job at small wages. So I took a home-study course with the International Correspondence Schools that would give me special training for this business.

"'I tell you frankly that I never dreamed it would be so fascinating and so helpful in my work. I'm making mighty good money—twice as much as formerly—and I'm going to have even a bigger job around here some day.'

"Well, Charley, that boy went straight on up. The members of the



firm heard about his studying in his spare time and encouraged him to keep on. You see where he is today.

"And I—I'm still plugging along at the same old job—struggling to make both ends meet. I had just as good a chance as Billy Stevens, but I let it slip by. Yes, I let it slip by.

"Now, Charley, you've got to want your training bad enough to get it. That's as far as I can help you; you've got to do the rest yourself.

"I've seen a lot of young men come into this business. Those who went ahead were always those who trained themselves for the job ahead. You can do the same thing.

"Start now! It will take only a moment to sign and mail that coupon. It doesn't obligate you in any way. But it's the most important thing you can do today. Some day I know that you will come to me and thank me for what I'm telling you."

The Old Timer is right. The good jobs invariably go to the trained men. The I. C. S. will help you get this training.

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn.

This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 7400 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:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELEC. ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAG'M'T |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting & Bys. | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGR. | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card & Sign Ptg. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer & Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOR'N or ENGR. | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGR. | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Com. School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEAT'G | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Text. Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____
Occupation _____

Are Ministers Losing Their Grip on the People?

Rabbi Harry R. Richmond, believing this to be so, resigned his pulpit in New Jersey, stating that he was wasting his time

By Louis M. Notkin

FOR the first time in history—indeed, it seems impossible to find record of a similar case—a minister has resigned his position because he believes that he is ineffectual in helping the members of his parish toward higher ideals; that the average human being of to-day has little or no sympathy with the religions that have guided the world for centuries.

Rabbi Harry R. Richmond, of Paterson, New Jersey, head of one of the largest Jewish congregations in his State, has "thrown up the sponge," so to speak. He says that it is no longer possible to make an impression on humanity with the word of God; and, he holds, this condition exists in all branches of religion, both Hebrew and Christian. The word of God does not penetrate—the ministry *cannot* make it penetrate! We are guided by greed. Mammon has taken the place of all the virtues. With this in mind, Rabbi Richmond realized the futility of implanting the force of the doctrines he taught, in the minds and souls of his congregation. He was wasting his time. He was making money—he received a good salary—his congregation was a large one, but he considered himself a failure. He resigned, believing that he can accomplish more in some other field.

I AM a failure in the rabbinate—I am leaving it. Yet the congregation will not permit me to say that I was a failure. My congregation was pleased. I was given a unanimous vote of confidence shortly before I resigned. I had good attendance at my services. I was paid more than I was worth. I was a success in the eyes of my congregation; but a complete failure in my own eyes and in the eyes of God, because I had not attained the real purpose of the ministry—I was of no real human service."

"What were your reasons?" I asked.

The rabbi walked slowly to his writing table, picked up a paper and handed it to me, saying, "Here is a copy of my letter of resignation, read it and you will get an idea as to the reasons for my action."

The letter states: "I have come to this bitter decision because of the growing realization upon me of the futility of the ministry in the life of to-day. It is therefore that I want to be spared the high privilege of being God's deacon, and to reform the world. It can't be done."

"Why is the ministry futile?" I asked.

"The minister of to-day, he continued, "does not influence his followers in their daily lines sufficiently to compensate his

sacrifice in years of study, training, and yearning to guide his people in the path of the highest morality. For the effectiveness of spiritual leadership in American Israel is zero. Finding that the rabbinate does not serve my purpose, I am stepping out of it."

"Is the ministry futile only in the ranks of the reformed temples?"

"No, no!" the rabbi retorted quickly. "I do not differentiate between the reformed and the orthodox. Nor is it a problem limited to Judaism alone. It affects every religious denomination."

"Did the materialism of the World War, or the economic after effects of the reconstruction period, convince you of the futility of your ministry?"

"No. I grappled with this problem even during my student days."

TO prove the truth of his assertion Dr. Richmond asked me to read an editorial he had written in March, 1917, when he was editor of the *Hebrew Union College Monthly*. With his permission I am here reprinting a passage from that editorial:

"Of what avail are words when not reinforced by character! Of what good is a knowledge of the true and beautiful, unless it is translated into action! Of what use are words when empty of sincerity! Surely eloquence is not a cloak for hypocrisy. Honesty of purpose, alone, must be the spring of action in the pulpit as well as in office. Without it, the sermon is empty, the temple void, and the rabbi only a shadow."

"I gave myself a chance," he added, "and I came to the conclusion that the ministry is futile and the rabbi only a shadow. People attend synagogue or church to accept the half-hour's amusement, relaxation, or entertainment—not to be instructed or guided. The pulpit does not accomplish the good it is supposed to do. It does not stop poverty, lynching, peonage, war, graft, bribery, and other similar evils."

"The rabbi, or minister, of to-day can no longer mold human life. Organized Religion does not come to uproot things. It sanctions things. It cannot do anything else. It is powerless to do anything

else. If it will not sanction the institutions of the day, it will be deserted by the people. Institutional religion cannot stand alone."

"But I am not against Religion. Religion is a vital force in human life. It is the ministry that I am attacking—not Religion."

Rabbi Richmond is a young idealist grown despondent because his spiritual efforts did not meet with success. He was seventeen years old when he came to this country from Russia. This is an advanced age for a man to begin his schooling, yet it did not deter him from entering school and making his way through the University of Cincinnati and the Hebrew Union College.

AS for courage, Rabbi Richmond gave a rare example of it when following America's entrance into the World War, he waived his claim to exemption from military service by virtue of being a minister and joined the army as an ordinary private in the infantry. He was detached by order of the War Department and promoted to chaplain.

"Now that you have given up the rabbinate, what are your plans for the future?" I continued.

"I really don't know myself. I don't know what I am good for."

It is a matter of opinion whether Rabbi Richmond acted wisely when he resigned; but it is an undisputed fact that he acted in good faith and absolute sincerity to his higher intellectual and spiritual ambitions.

Rabbi Richmond is the first man occupying a pulpit, who has advanced the futility of the ministry as a reason for giving up his calling. If the ministry is no longer effective in shaping the destinies of mankind, what is the reason? It is due, perhaps, to the gross materialism of the age. God is no longer enshrined in our hearts; we no longer think seriously of His laws; our life is no longer actuated by high ethical purposes. Gain and pleasure are our sole aims. We still attend divine service from sheer force of habit, or because it offers relaxation; but we are too worldly wise to heed the admonitions given us. We respect the church but not its teachings. Is this true?

Into such an atmosphere of cold indifference comes the young rabbi, or Christian minister, filled with youthful ardor and fired by his own exalted notion of his mission in life. The effect upon him is chilling, deadly. When he discovers—as he soon does—that he is regarded as a mere spiritual figurehead, is it any wonder that he finally loses heart and decides to give up something that appears wholly futile?

NO one can help another very much when he sees in him a hopeless picture. On the other hand, you can make a person do almost anything when you show him his possibilities and make him believe in himself.

Are You a Business Coward?

—and—does it show in your pay-check?

"You've had your chance!" It was the General Manager speaking . . .

"—Two years ago I warned you that the only man who could hope to get ahead in this organization was the man with training.

"—Merwin was only a bookkeeper then, you remember, but in his spare time he was studying Higher Accounting. I knew what he was doing, and I told you then to keep your eye on Merwin.

"—He's had three raises since you and I had that little talk together. He has more than doubled his salary—and he earns every dollar I pay him.

"—Last week I recommended him for the office of Assistant Treasurer, and at the Board Meeting he was elected without a dissenting vote. I tell you we're mighty glad to have him in the group.

"—But you, Jarvis—I hate to say it—you're a business coward. You knew what you would have to do to get out of the small-pay class. You were simply afraid to face the kind of effort and responsibility that could get you a substantial salary.

"—And now it's too late. We've got to cut our overhead, and you're one of about three hundred men that we can get along without. We could replace the lot of you tomorrow.

"—For your own sake, Jarvis, take a tip from a man who has been thru the mill, and this time get busy and learn to do something better than the other fellow.

"—Our traffic manager, I don't mind telling you, is drawing better than \$100 a week. There's a good field for an ambitious man—and it's growing.

"—Then there's expert correspondence. If we could get a man who could create powerful and convincing sales letters and could train our people to write that kind of letters, he'd be cheap at \$5,000 a year. We'd pay him that right off the bat.

"—Jarvis, there's no end of opportunity for the young man in business; but the only man who cashes in these days is the man with the courage to get special training. The offices of this country are simply cluttered up with business cowards.

It's easy for the man who *trains*—because the business coward is thru before he starts."

* * * * *

Are YOU one of several million routine men in the United States who have been drifting along in a "low-pay" job, week after week, month after month—always



wishing for more money, never acting?

Are YOU a business coward?

Nearly 300,000 ambitious men have asked themselves this question during the past twelve years—and replied with a ringing "NO!" In the quiet of their own homes, without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay, these men have mastered the *principles* of business by working out the *actual problems* of business—under the direction of some of the ablest business men, in their respective fields, in America. Their record of achievement, under the "LaSalle Problem Method," is one of the most thrilling chapters in the romance of American business. During 3 months' time, for example, 1,089 LaSalle members reported salary increases resulting from training under the LaSalle Problem Method totaling \$889,713, an average increase per man of 56 per cent.

These men were able to progress more rapidly by means of the LaSalle "Problem Method" than they could have done in any

other way, because LaSalle, by virtue of its larger enrollment, has had a wider experience in perfecting methods of training men by correspondence for important positions than any other business-training institution.

Furthermore, they have profited from the privilege—extended to all LaSalle members—of consulting freely with any of its highly specialized departments, thereby availing themselves of authoritative information and expert counsel covering the entire range of modern business practice. This privilege is of practical and invaluable assistance to a man in entering upon a position of larger responsibilities. It gives the LaSalle member an advantage not to be had from any other institution.

Whatever attitude you may have taken in the past—and you may, indeed, have never realized that the difference between the man who "puts it off" and the man who "puts it over" is in the last analysis largely a matter of courage—show your determination to have done with business cowardice. Face the problem of your business future squarely.

Within reach of your right hand is a LaSalle coupon—and a pen. If the pen isn't handy, a pencil will do just as well. The coupon, checked and signed, will bring you without obligation a complete outline of the training you are interested in, a wealth of evidence as to what LaSalle training has done for hundreds of men in circumstances similar to yours, and full particulars of our convenient payment plan; also your free copy of the inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

It costs you nothing to get the facts—except the exercise of business courage. Will you put it off—or put it over? Mail the coupon NOW.

LaSalle Extension University

INQUIRY COUPON

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 1134-R CHICAGO, ILL.

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.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management Efficiency: Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency. | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Letter-Writing: Training for positions as Correspondent, Mail Sales Director, and all executive letter-writing positions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting and Station Management: Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Training for Bar, LL.B. Degree | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants: Prepares for State Board and Institute examinations. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |

Name

Present Position

Address

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1909.

Financial resources more than \$5,000,000.

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1500 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.

Responsible for perfecting the "LaSalle Problem Method"—recognized as the quickest and most practical method of business training known to educational science.

Numbers among its students and graduates nearly 300,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.

Annual enrollment, about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.

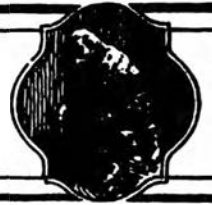
LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad, and business institution in the United States.

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.

Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.



Think It Over!



FOLLOWING every great war, there has been a period of great prosperity due to the exhaustion of reserve stocks of all kinds. High prices have marked all of these periods. After the Civil War, thirteen years passed before prices returned to a normal level—but during this period, the lowering was due to a revolution in mechanical and industrial methods, which is now out of the question. The present level of prices may be maintained for a long time.

The Japanese voters in the Hawaiian Islands will soon outnumber the voters of all other races.

Chicago banking institutions announce that they will build underground tunnels to insure safe connection with the Federal Reserve Bank. This is necessary to keep bandits from holding up their messengers on the streets.

"Mental attitude wins or loses more tennis matches than actual form, where the men are in the same class."—William T. Tilden, champion of the world, in the *New York Globe*.

Over 20,000,000 people daily attend motion picture shows, paying \$4,000,000 at the box offices of 18,000 theaters. Nearly one-fifth of the people in the United States are "movie fans."

We have about half the known supply of gold in our bank vaults. Compare this with the situation before the war, and the present situation of the European countries.

"What do we want with this vast worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these deserts or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with a western coast of three thousand miles, rockbound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is."—*From a speech by Daniel Webster, when the United States was about to purchase California.*

The largest steamer is being built. Engines 62,000 horse-power, passengers, 5,200. That boat could carry Noah's Ark as a lifeboat, plus the whole Columbus fleet of discovery, slung outside the railings.

An Italian surgeon says that Caruso died because he ate foolishly when he was ill.

Printing machines operated by wireless will take down of themselves the news sent out while the country sleeps.—*Arthur Brisbane.*

Last year the American people spent more than \$600,000,000 for soft drinks, not including near-beer and ice-cream soda. Just think of the shoes and the steaks and the rolls that could be purchased for \$600,000,000! Why not a Twentieth Amendment to put an end to this criminal expenditure for pop, pimples, and pallor!—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

The railroads owe the government between \$500,000,000 and \$700,000,000 for capital investments during the World War, and the government owes them about \$500,000,000 in admitted claims. The proposal is to pay them immediately what the government owes them, so as to permit them to buy things and employ labor, in order to start the clock of prosperity going again.

Mrs. Mary Smith, with her neck broken, sits propped up in an invalid chair in a Chicago hospital. Doctors say she will sit for life with her head and shoulders encased in a plaster cast. She is the first woman, and one of the very few persons ever to survive such an injury. She can't move, if she did she would die immediately. And yet she smiles.

"Why shouldn't I? I'm still alive, and while there's life there's hope," she says.

The "Damaged Goods" of divorce, including the separated and their children, are said to have reached the enormous total of 5,585,696 persons in the last twenty years. To offset this, a California bishop asks for a Federal marriage and divorce law; delay in the issue of marriage licenses; a divorce proctor; education, and religious influence. "A uniform divorce law for all States is an imperative necessity," he claims. "At present, there are forty-

T***H******E******R******E*** is a mysterious something in each of us which is pushing us forward, urging us on, prodding us to do our best. This is the hope of man; it is the climbing instinct, the looking-up quality, the God-urge to ambition which is ever bidding us up and on.

nine different codes attempting to regulate marriage and divorce in the United States. A man may be lawfully married in one State and a bigamist when he crosses the line into another. A woman may be a wife in one State, but, removing to another, she becomes neither maid, wife, nor widow. Children are pronounced born in wedlock or branded as illegitimate by a change of residence. Property rights are imperiled or completely wiped out by a geographical line."

France keeps a standing army of a million men. Poland an army of seven hundred thousand, the Allies spend billions on warships and armies. Germany will get rich paying the indemnity, and the Allies are in a fair way to bankrupt themselves watching and protecting Germany, while she pays the money. War, victory and defeat work out strangely. A few years from now the country that lost may prove to have won.

A man totally blind from early youth, who, nevertheless, attained the honorable station of a United States Senator, was accustomed to say that he owed it all to the courage of a mother who would never permit him to use his blindness as an excuse for not doing things. The method was heroic, but the end attained proved its efficiency.

A suit on a note for \$25, after being in the New York courts three years, was decided in favor of the plaintiff, the defendant having to pay the note with legal interest and \$800 costs.

Says *Angela Forbes*, the lovelorn miss in the new comedy "Dulcy": "To the average American, romance is sitting in the moonlight and talking about the income tax."

It is a frightful indictment of our Christian civilization when we contemplate the appalling fact that out of a total of 12,000 suicides reported in 1920, 707 were children, the boys averaging fifteen years, the girls sixteen.

A prize of \$100 was offered recently by the *New York American* for the best letter on prohibition. This is the winning letter, and it is worth thinking over: "To the Prohibition Editor:

"This county seat of 2,000 souls, trading center of productive farming country, once supported five drinking places for folks, but none for animals. It supported a rickety jail that never lacked a multiplicity of boarders. Its peace justices were busy; its poor-master was busier.

"It was a lawyers' paradise. During court weeks the town went wild breeding more law suits than the courts settled; and the various court sessions were so

A Perfect Figure and Good Health Is Every Woman's Birthright

An article containing much wisdom which every woman should read

By ALEXANDER H. HAMILTON



THIS message has a particular appeal for women who do not fully realize how much their personality and efficiency, their very success, really depends upon their general health, figure, and carriage. It is within the power of every woman to possess these natural gifts.

Drugs are absolutely useless; in fact, dangerous.

You would not shave your head to save the trouble of doing up your hair. Neither should you ignore the simple rules of health, which, when intelligently applied, will improve not only your health, but your general appearance, as much as will a becoming coiffure.

Health is simply a matter of conforming to the laws of right living. True grace of movement is the result of thorough bodily control—of making work or play an aid in securing this, instead of the cause of losing it. Beauty of Form can be attained by any woman who will study and apply the knowledge gained. This has been proven time and again.

I have seen thousands of women, corpulent and without shape, restore the graceful lines of youth by simply devoting a few minutes daily to the care of their bodies. I have also seen thousands of others, many pounds under weight, angular and lacking in everything attractive, regain their

normal weight and a beautiful figure. Stories of marvelous recoveries of health are no less frequent.

Women should realize that health and beauty can never be obtained and kept except through the observance of Nature's laws. Annette Kellermann, known the world over as the "Perfect Woman," is a most striking example of what may be accomplished by properly directed exercise and sane living.

Anyone who has seen her exhibitions on the stage, or her motion pictures, cannot help but be convinced of the efficacy of her system.

You must have heard her story—how as a weak, puny and deformed child she was compelled to wear braces upon her legs. Had she been content to live on in this way, she probably would be a burden on some-one to-day instead of the Perfect Physical Woman she is. She might now be living on, hopelessly

theories and principles which have been expounded by over-enthusiastic or unscrupulous "instructors."

It took a number of years and involved a great many disappointing and discouraging experiences before she proved that a woman can be absolutely what she *should be*. She

has proved that if one is too thin, too fleshy; if she is over or underdeveloped in any part of her body, the proper exercises will perfectly develop those parts. She has demonstrated that it is possible to develop the back of one's arm without affecting the front, to develop one side of the neck, one hip or one limb, without affecting the other. This is one of the most interesting and wonderful features of Miss Kellermann's method, and is due largely to her wonderful knowledge of anatomy.

Volumes have been written on various methods for developing the figure and attaining health and beauty, but the most interesting and attractive book I have ever read is one written and published by Miss Kellermann herself, entitled "The Body Beautiful." This book contains many photographs of Miss Kellermann, showing correct and incorrect carriage, how the body may be built up or reduced to normal, symmetrical lines, and various chapters dealing with every phase of health and body building.

No woman vitally interested in self-advancement can afford to miss this little book, for it means increased efficiency, the complete revitalization and re-organization of her body.

To those addressing Annette Kellermann, Suite S-11, 29 W. Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, enclosing two cents, to cover postage, she will gladly send a copy of this book free.

If you are one of the women who would make the most of yourself, physically and mentally, send for this book immediately while the edition lasts. Prove for yourself that it is not necessary to suffer physical ailments, or deficiencies in appearance or figure, and that it is possible to remold yourself and enjoy a higher plane of living.



ANNETTE
KELLERMANN
in her famous
diving act

wondering why she was denied the health which was her birthright.

What she has accomplished was not the result of any great new scientific principle for health or development. The wonderful change was wrought by keeping before her the fact that every human body has the power within itself to be healthful and beautiful, if help instead of hindrance is given it.

The great difficulty with which one must contend, is to select the right from the mass of contradictory

long that they nearly overlapped; so it was just one durn thing chasing another.

"Now it's different. Business booms. We have a beautiful jail, often without a boarder. Poormaster isn't in our vocabulary. A solitary justice plays Rip Van Winkle. One needs seven-league boots to find a lawyer. Judges come here to rest up. We have a place or two where a horse, or a long-legged dog can drink—that's all.

Yours very respectfully,

(Mrs.) Ruth Brehme,

Delfi, N. Y.

Garden Spot of the Catskills.

In this city (New York) motor-cars kill an average of three persons a day. During the eighteen months our men were on the fighting front, when 48,000 men were killed in battle, or died of wounds received in action, 91,000 people, of whom 25,000 were children, were killed on the public highways of this country. To show the need for more competent and careful drivers of automobiles, we tried over 40,000 cases of traffic regulation breaches last year; and, at the present pace, the figure will reach 50,000 this year.—Magistrate F. B. House of the Traffic Court, New York City.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Every year 25,000 women die in childbirth, and 20,000 of them might be saved by government interference, writes the ever-observing Arthur Brisbane. "No one gets excited about that,

This IS the Time!

By Calvin Coolidge

Vice-President of the United States

THERE is always a place for fair discussion, but destructive criticism alone and the spirit which animates it produces no progress. It is time to turn our eyes not to weakness of our institutions but to their strength. It is time to turn our attention from those who criticize and destroy to those who have confidence, and build. There is little advantage in dwelling upon the imperfections of our government and its administrators or our social order and its management. It is time to look not at our disadvantages but our advantages. It is time for that courage and confidence which has been the characteristics of Americans. It is time to renew our faith in the homely things of life, in thrift and industry and in the virtues which have always centered around the American fire-side. The true civic center of our municipalities will be found not in some towering edifice, with stately approaches, nor in broad avenues flanked by magnificent mansions, but around the family altar of the American home, the source of that strength which has marked our national character, where above all else is cherished a faith in the things not seen—*Selected.*

◆ ◆ ◆

The Stock Market

By JOHN HAYES HAMMOND

THERE is nothing to be had on the stock market without taking certain chances. But I would never stake all on a single throw and I would measure the risk by the reward. I would first want to find out if there was not some way of testing the chance. That can usually be done. In mining or in oil the poor propositions can be eliminated so that one may have a

***It is easy in the world
to live after the world's
opinions; it is easy in
solitude to live after our
own; but the Great
Man is he who in the
midst of the crowd
keeps with perfect
sweetness the inde-
pendence of solitude.***

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

for those 25,000 women die quietly, in out of the way places, far from doctors or midwives. Put one of those mothers in a great hall, let her die publicly, where thousands can see her, and observe the outcry."

What profiteth it a business to gain 300 new customers in a year, and lose 300 old ones in the same period because of indifference, errors, slow deliveries, discourteous letters and tactless credit policies?

The time taken for the current to pass through the Atlantic cable between Newfoundland and Ireland, a distance of about 1,700 miles, is one-fifth of a second, indicating a mean velocity in the cable of only 8,500 miles per second.

reasonable certainty. I should not want to get into any one thing too heavily. I should rather use the best judgment obtainable and go into perhaps several, preferably quite unconnected, investments. Then what might happen for the worst in this one might be for the best in another one. In other words, I do not believe in Carnegie's advice to put everything in one basket and watch the basket.—*Selected.*

◆ ◆ ◆

\$30,000 Capital Every Morning

ACCIDENT insurance companies average your values thus: On a business basis your arms are worth \$5,000; your legs \$5,000; your eyes \$5,000; a finger \$250. According to that computation your head must be worth at least \$15,000. Therefore when you got up this morning if you did not have a dollar in the bank you had a working capital of \$30,000. With that much of a start you may go far.

◆ ◆ ◆

Due to Drudgery

IN that charming book, "Blessed Be Drudgery," Mr. W. C. Gannett says: "Some one is now thinking! This treadmill that has worn me out; this grind that I hate, this plod that, as long ago as I remember it, seemed tiresome—to this have I owed culture? Beyond all books, beyond all classwork at the school, beyond all special opportunities of what I call my 'education', it is this drill and pressure of my daily task that is my great schoolmaster."

"My daily task, whatever it be, that is what mainly educates me. All other culture is mere luxury compared with what that gives. That gives the indispensables. Yet, fool that I am, this pressure of my daily task is the very thing that I so growl at as my drudgery."

"Our prime elements are due to our

Fifty per cent of the criminality and insanity of the United States could be done away with by proper eye treatment in youth, according to Dr. Reginald C. Augustine, president of the American Optometric Association. "Bad eyes make bad men," is one of the doctor's dicta.

Frank W. Very, in the *Popular Science Monthly* states: "The earth is a mere point in space, and receives no more than one 2,200,000,000th of the radiant energy the sun is outpouring so lavishly."

There are only three navies in the world worth speaking of. They belong to Great Britain, the United States, and Japan in the order named. The smallest of these navies is large enough to defeat the combined navies of the world, if the other two stood aside.

There is an old prison ship, *Success*, on exhibition, built in 1790, in British India. It was an armed merchantman trading in the Orient and was considered the most beautiful ship in the world. At that time, there were 145 different offences in England which merited the death penalty. Human cargoes on this convict ship died like sheep. The contrivances for all sorts of punishment, which it carried, give us an idea of the frightful impunity of barbarism a century ago.

◆ ◆ ◆

200,000 Men to Feed Rats

THE nation's rat population keeps 200,000 men working full time to support it. According to the Government's census of the common brown rats in the United States, they number as many as the people, and it is declared that each one consumes \$2 worth of food annually. An estimate of human labor necessary to provide all this food would vary according to whether the wage scale of a plumber or an odd job man were used. But the statement that equivalent to the aggregate annual productivity of 200,000 men is thrown away on the support of the rat population is probably conservative. And the economic loss is not the worst of it. The rat is a deadly menace to the human beings accommodating enough to provide it with board and lodging.

◆ ◆ ◆

Sure to Hit Its Mark

AT the battle of Friedland, in one of Napoleon's wars, a cannon ball came over the head of one of the French soldiers. Napoleon, seeing the young soldier dodge, looked at him and smiled, saying, "My friend, if that cannon ball were destined for you though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground, it would be sure to find you there."



A \$1000 Raise

"—Williams is making \$1000 a year more than you are, but he is leaving the first of the month.

"You may not know it, Carter, but I've had my eye on you for some time—in fact, ever since I found out that you were using your spare time to read up on our business. That study has paid you, and us too, mighty well.

"Judging from the way you made good in your other positions I am convinced that you have the training and the ability to do Williams' work. Therefore, beginning with the first of the month you will be promoted to Williams' place at a \$1000 a year more than you are now getting."

You Want a \$1000 Raise Yourself

and a position of which you can be proud. Our PROMOTION PLAN will help you get it. Carter's case is only typical of thousands of others who got big money and real jobs through our PROMOTION PLAN. It will work just as happily for you.

If you were to look through our files, you would find case after case of big success. Men and women with no more and probably less ability than you have are making good with astonishing progress. There is no reason why you should lose out in getting more money and substantial promotion. Luck or pull won't give it to you but—the PROMOTION PLAN will.

DON'T TURN THIS PAGE until you have made up your mind to find out **HOW TO GET A \$1000 RAISE**. Put a mark on the coupon against the line of work in which you are interested and we will send you full information on our practical PROMOTION PLAN. Mark and mail the coupon today.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. G-8155, Drexel Avenue & 58th St., Chicago, U. S. A.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. G-8155, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on how the **PROMOTION PLAN** will help me win promotion in the job checked.

Architect	Lawyer
Building Contractor	Machine Shop Practice
Automobile Engineer	Photoplay Writer
Automobile Repairman	Mechanical Engineer
Civil Engineer	Shop Superintendent
Structural Engineer	Employment Manager
Business Manager	Steam Engineer
Cert. Public Accountant	Foremanship
Accountant and Auditor	Sanitary Engineer
Bookkeeper	Surveyor (& Mapping)
Draftsman and Designer	Telephone Engineer
Electrical Engineer	Telegraph Engineer
Electric Light & Power	High School Graduate
General Education	Fire Insurance Expert

Name

Address

The Editor's Chat

*Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of SUCCESS,
Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice*

The Greatest Life Enricher

I WOULD rather be a radiator of sunshine, an encourager, a helper, a lifter, a friend to the friendless and the down and out, and yet be poor in material things, than have the wealth of a Croesus, a starved, pinched, gloomy nature, and a loveless life therewith. A love that reaches out to every living thing on God's earth is the greatest of all life enrichers.

♦ ♦ ♦

What Sort of a Man Is He?

WHEN a shrewd business man is making an investment in any enterprise, the first question he asks is, "What sort of a man is back of the enterprise or the institution?" Everything depends on the sort of a man who is at the head of anything. The quality of the head will trickle clear down through from the top of an organization to the very bottom.

♦ ♦ ♦

Put a Grin in Every Grind

SOMEONE says that if we would only put a grin in every grind, life would not be a bore or a failure.

If we put a grin in every grind there would be no grind. The way to take the drudgery out of our work is to put a grin in it. Grins and grinds don't mix. The grin destroys the grind, neutralizes it, makes it a pleasure.

It is the grind that bores; it is the grind that wears off the delicate bearing of life; it is the grind without a grin that makes life a dreary failure.

♦ ♦ ♦

What Are You Worth to Society?

WHAT would your gifts, your education, your training, your degree of efficiency bring in any particular line? bring at public auction? If business men were to bid on these, as if they were buying merchandise, or as in the times before the Civil War when slaves were purchased according to their age, their strength, their endurance, the probable amount of work one could get out of them, and the number of years they would be likely to last—what would they give for your ability?

An honest answer to this question might point the way to most of us to increase our value 99 per cent.

♦ ♦ ♦

How They Won Out

I HAVE known of a number of instances of boys who, while in school, found that they were not as smart as other boys and decided that the only way to redeem themselves from failure or hopeless mediocrity was by unusual effort along a single line. So they began to hammer away continually

at one thing, and the cumulative effect of this perpetual hammering has given them a very substantial and honorable place among their fellows.

By flinging all of our energies into one unwavering aim we are bound to succeed. The will that makes a way when it cannot find one is more than a match for any handicap.

♦ ♦ ♦

Meat and Drink for the Mind

GRAND books are meat and drink for the mind. They have a wonderful sustaining and steadying power. Thousands of youths have been saved from moral shipwreck by their influence. Many a boy has been preserved from the evil associations of bad companions by the power of an inspiring book, which held him at home in spite of temptations to follow his associates to low places of amusement and soul-destroying dissipation. The possession of a small library—even if it be only half a dozen of the great books of the world—is worth a fortune to a young man or a young woman.

♦ ♦ ♦

The History Makers

WE sometimes hear the head of a firm refer to a young man who is "a history maker" in his business—a man who has had the courage to step out of the crowd, to be original, to ignore precedent, to do the impossible.

Every concern of any importance has connected with it some man who is a history maker, some man who has push, determination, and grit combined—a man who is not afraid of what the pessimists say, who will forge ahead in the face of all obstacles.

Originality, initiative, resourcefulness, the courage to back up one's ideas in spite of opposition and difficulties—these are the history makers of all times.

♦ ♦ ♦

"Dare to Go Forward"

THIS was the advice of Baron Rothschild, founder of the great banking firm, to young men: "Dare to go forward."

There are multitudes of old and middle-aged men in ruts or mediocre positions, to-day, just because they didn't dare to go forward. They were afraid to take the final leap; afraid to try to better their condition by making a change; afraid people would laugh at them if they dared and failed; that they might possibly make a mistake and be worse off than before. They didn't have the courage to risk the lesser for the greater, and they let one opportunity after another pass because they didn't see a "dead sure" thing ahead.

"Never venture, never win." The man who waits for a "dead sure" thing will never get anywhere.

Beating Her Handicap

A GIRL who has been blind since she was six years old, was graduated recently from Goucher College, Baltimore. All through her course this girl stood among the first in her classes, and won the Phi Beta Cappa Bee, the symbol of scholarly work.

When she first entered Goucher every professor in the college, with one exception, told her she could never win a degree. Fortunately, one believed in and encouraged her. Since her graduation, she has spoken several times on a public platform before large audiences.

If a girl handicapped with blindness can yet win honors at college, what can not one who is perfectly normal and healthy accomplish?

♦ ♦ ♦

How Tom Sawyer Did It

YOU remember how Mark Twain's popular hero, the resourceful Tom Sawyer, got all the boys in his neighborhood to compete for the privilege of doing his distasteful job—white-washing a fence—by telling them what fun it was? He made the disagreeable task his aunt had assigned to him seem so enjoyable, that they gave up to him their marbles, their tops, and other toys for the pleasure of being allowed to take a hand in doing it. Each of the boys took a turn at white-washing until the fence was finished to Tom's satisfaction.

Many employers have the happy faculty of so enthusing their employees that they easily turn hard work into play. It is a great business asset.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mental Boomerangs

THE cruelty that stings mentally is the worst and most cowardly kind of cruelty, because it is not punishable by law. But, in the end, it carries its own punishment, for it proves a boomerang that hurts the one who strikes more than it hurts his victim.

Whatever attitude we adopt toward other reacts on ourselves. Make people glad to see you; encourage those who work for you with a smiling face and cheering, sunshiny words, and you will be surprised to see how much it will do for you personally. Your sympathy and encouragement not only help them, but the reflex action is worth infinitely more to you in the growth of your manhood and the development of an attractive personality than the effort it costs.

The law protects a wife from physical blows, but a man can stab his wife with his cruel tongue, can inflict all sorts of mental torture upon her for half a life time until he sends her to her grave, and the law will not touch him.

Make \$10,000 a Year the Ostrander Way

Be a real estate specialist. Start in your own home—during your spare time—and build up a permanent, profitable business of your own.

ARE you dissatisfied with your work, your income or your prospects?

Are you deep in the rut of hard work and poor pay?

Are you dwelling in a dungeon of doubt and discouragement?

Do you long to pull yourself out of the mire of mediocrity?

Then this important announcement is for you.

Read every word of it.

Then do not let another day pass without investigating the OSTRANDER SYSTEM OF BECOMING A REAL ESTATE SPECIALIST, and learning how this wonder-working method will enable you to get out of the time-clock line, and build up—quickly and easily—an independent, money-making business of your own.



What Ostrander Did

With less than \$5 in cash, and a startlingly new idea, W. M. Ostrander entered the real estate business, and amassed a fortune of \$150,000 in less than five years.

That he astounded the real estate world with his achievement is best evidenced by the following brief excerpts from the press of the country:

"Mr. Ostrander is the Napoleon of real estate."—*Baltimore Herald*. "What anybody can teach Ostrander about his work is not worth knowing."—*Hotel World*. "Mr. Ostrander's methods are as thoroughly correct as they are modern."—*Detroit Free Press*. "Mr. Ostrander's success seems to be due to his original methods."—*Michigan Farmer*. "Mr. Ostrander's success is proof of his ability."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Mr. Ostrander started in the real estate business during his spare time, without training or experience. He turned his back upon the moss-covered, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past. He developed a scientific system for handling real estate that is amazing in its simplicity and remarkable in its results.

This marvelously successful system—proved out and time-tested—he has now fully explained for the use of others. It is complete in only twenty-eight pages (legal size) in typewritten form. It is easy to understand. It is simple to follow. Any intelligent person can use it.

Send for the OSTRANDER SYSTEM to-day. Examine it—free of charge—and see for yourself the un-

limited, money-making possibilities it unfolds.

There Is No Better Business

The real estate business is undoubtedly one of the most attractive occupations in the world. Here are a few of its many advantages:

(1) It is a permanent business—as permanent as the earth itself.

(2) It is more healthful than any indoor occupation.

(3) It brings you in contact with the best people in your community.

(4) Beginners receive the same rate of compensation as experienced veterans.

(5) The business is practically unlimited. There are eight or ten million properties on the market at all times.

(6) It does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, engineering, law, etc.

(7) It is steadily growing in volume as population increases.

(8) You can begin with little or no capital.

(9) You can begin in spare time.

(10) It offers big prizes to the ambitious. Deals paying commissions of \$1,000 to \$5,000 are recorded almost daily in the real estate columns of the leading newspapers.

Do you know of any other business that affords all of the above advantages and opportunities?

Isn't it just the kind of a business you want to get into?

What You Can Do

You can now get started in the real estate business during your spare time, without capital, training or experience.

THE OSTRANDER SYSTEM FOR BECOMING A REAL ESTATE SPECIALIST makes the way plain and easy.

Get it! Examine it! We guarantee you will find it the most interesting, inspiring and practical business opportunity that ever came your way!

Others have found it a crystal-clear guide to business and financial advancement. And so will you.

Read the following brief extracts from

a few of the many letters from fortunate followers of this marvelously successful system:

"I have used your system with splendid results."—R. C. Burnett, Stockton, California. "It is the most valuable asset I have in my possession."—H. J. Holmes, Berwick, Pennsylvania. "The best system I ever saw."—G. J. Chappwell, Pontiac, Michigan. "Founded on principles as solid as Gibraltar. Will produce results without fail."—J. M. Trammell, Brooksville, Florida. "Put it into operation with most gratifying results."—John J. Ahern, Chicago, Illinois. "Simple enough and plain enough so any one can get results."—T. L. Bayer, Manhattan, Kansas. "Would not take several times the cost for mine if I could not get another."—B. W. Anthony, Detroit, Michigan. "My success with your system is great and I have succeeded in my lifelong dream of establishing a real estate business that is highly promising for the future, and very gratifying at present."—M. L. Paddock, Lead, South Dakota.

Send No Money

You do not need to pay out any money to investigate this unusual business opportunity. Simply fill in and mail the coupon and we will gladly send you the complete OSTRANDER SYSTEM for free inspection. Examine it thoroughly. See with your own eyes its business-building, money-making possibilities. Then when you decide to keep and use it for establishing a profit-

able, independent business of your own, send only \$3.50 in full payment. Otherwise, you may return it any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe us nothing.

This is the easy, equitable way in which the OSTRANDER SYSTEM can be secured by you. We take all risks. You have nothing to lose and much to gain, as the mailing of this coupon may bring you business success and financial independence. AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, INC., Dept. 850, 1133 Broadway, New York.

AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.
Dept. 850, 1133 Broadway, New York

You may send me—for free inspection—THE OSTRANDER SYSTEM FOR BECOMING A REAL ESTATE SPECIALIST. If I keep it I will pay you \$3.50. Otherwise, I will return it to you within five days after I receive it and pay nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

Was \$15.00

The original price of the Ostrander System was fifteen dollars, but we have just published a new, revised edition that we are offering—for a short time only—at three dollars and fifty cents. Do not miss this splendid opportunity to secure this money-making work at such a big saving. Our five-day free trial offer still holds good. Simply fill in and mail the coupon.

Now \$3.50

\$1000.00 Prize Story Contest

SUCCESS MAGAZINE wants to add to its inspirational features the best *fiction* stories obtainable, and in order to stimulate the interest of well-known authors, as well as to encourage new writers to send us their manuscripts, the editors offer \$1000.00 in cash prizes, which will be awarded in addition to the regular rates paid for all stories accepted.

In order to compete in this prize contest, the stories submitted should be between 3000 and 8000 words in length, and *must be stories of success* won in the face of great odds, of accomplishment in some line of endeavor, of the solution of some business, advertising, sales or administrative problem, of a successful romance or adventure, of the successful solution of some personal problem. The kind of story we want is one that will fire the reader with sufficient enthusiasm to emulate the example of the hero or heroine.

\$500.00 will be awarded to the author of the story that is judged to be the best one submitted, and \$100.00 will be awarded to the authors of each of the five next best stories.

This contest will close December 31, 1921, and the prize-winning stories will be announced in our March, 1922, issue, published February 20, 1922. All prizes will be paid on or before that time.

All manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and return postage must be enclosed if the authors desire unaccepted manuscripts returned at the end of the contest.

More than one story may be submitted by one author.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE will purchase the first American serial rights only.

Address:

Prize Story Contest Editor, Success Magazine
1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Closed Store Sundays—Made More Money

(Continued from page 43)

That night, when the day's sales were totalled, to his surprise he found that they were three hundred dollars ahead—more than the entire business of a normal Sunday.

Then forces that he had not anticipated began to work for Ackermann. He suddenly found the spotlight turned on his store from many directions. For instance, it so happened that, at the time, there was a local evangelical campaign on in Lynn. At every service the evangelist mentioned, by way of illustrating the possibility of doing business as Christ would do it, that on his way to the meeting each night he passed a drug store which bore a sign: "Closed on Sunday." And everybody whispered to his or her neighbor, "Ackermann's!" As a consequence many persons whose religious principles commended the new move to them, began to patronize the drug store that closed on Sundays.

A modern drug store—like Ackermann's—carries clocks, stationery, hardware specialties, and many other necessities. Merchants specializing in these lines have always felt that it was unjust that a drug store should be permitted to sell these things on Sundays when their own establishments were closed. What is more natural, therefore, than that some of Ackermann's fellow merchants should suddenly begin to lean toward his store as a place to buy their medicinal necessities, candy and cigars?

What more natural, also, than that Ackermann should begin to have his pick of prescription clerks and salespeople? For who would not prefer to

work in a store that was open only six days a week?

Just how much of the success of the plan should be attributed to the improved morale of the salesforce, due to their having a day of rest each week, and how much of the forces which Ackermann had not anticipated when he inaugurated the plan, it would be hard to say. But the fact remains that there has not been a single week since the Sunday-closing plan was put in operation, back in 1918, that Ackermann has not *more* than made up for the Sunday sales he loses!

What Each Did

AS St. Peter was receiving a group of new arrivals. He questioned what each did for a living while on earth.

The first man said: "I was the representative of justice between man and man. I defended the oppressed and unfortunate. I was a lawyer."

The second man said: "I brought the newborn babe into the world. I cured the sick; and, when that was impossible, I lightened the pains of the dying. I was a doctor."

The third said: "I tried to have men lead good lives. In prosperity I advised them to practice self-restraint; in adversity, I bade them hope. I was a clergyman."

The fourth said: "I defended my country against her enemies, within and without. On the field of battle I faced death bravely. I was a warrior."

The fifth said: "I made my country's laws. I championed and voted for the greatest good to the greatest number. I was a Congressman."

The sixth member of the group was slow to answer. She had a worn and tired look and a subdued manner. Finally she was induced to speak: "I was the teacher who introduced these five distinguished gentlemen to Knowledge. I guided their childish footsteps up the heights of learning. When fame and wealth came to them they not only forgot me, but they denied me a living wage. That accounts for my weariness. I had grown so tired through the incessant demands of teaching, I had become so worn in trying to make both ends meet on my poor salary, I had been so depressed by the long struggle against discouragement over not being appreciated on earth that death was a relief when it came, and I am glad that I am here."—*Journal of Education.*

Bigness of New York City

THERE are 900,000 more persons in New York City than in the State of Texas and nearly as many as in Ohio, the fourth State in the Union for population.

The Borough of the Bronx is as big as Baltimore.

Brooklyn has more inhabitants than Philadelphia.

Manhattan and Queens beat Chicago by 40,000.

Richmond Borough, or Staten Island, contains more people than Nashville or Salt Lake City.

The metropolitan district exceeds in population the State of Illinois by enough persons to populate, at their present density, the States of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and Nevada, with enough for Alaska and the Virgin Islands as well.

If Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore and Pittsburgh were transplanted to the section lying within fifty miles of the City Hall, their combined population would not equal that already there.

From all life's grapes I press sweet wine.
—Henry Harrison Brown.

Uncle Sam Needs a Collector

SENATOR BORAH, in the United States Senate, announced that we are "virtually loaning foreign countries one million dollars a day through our failure to collect our debts." He urges that we "use our position as world creditor to make disarmament a necessity," by demanding that the other nations disarm or pay up.

The American people have begun to feel that our foreign debtors should pay up and without any delay. But these foreign debtors say they need the money. No doubt they do; but it happens to be our money and they should pay the interest when it falls due and in installments of at least a thousand millions a year. That would reduce our taxation by at least fifteen hundred millions. Think how business would prosper with such a burden cast off. On the other hand, every dollar of interest in which these countries default, has to be made up in taxes by the people of this country.

A statement of the sums due the United States, on which the interest alone now amounts to nearly \$1,000,000,000, is presented, as follows, by the *New York Herald*:

Great Britain.....	\$4,166,318,358
France.....	3,350,762,930
Italy.....	1,648,034,050
Belgium.....	375,280,147
Russia.....	192,601,297
Poland.....	135,661,659
Czecho-Slovakia.....	91,179,527
Serbia.....	51,153,159
Roumania.....	36,128,494
Austria.....	24,055,708
Greece.....	15,000,000
Estonia.....	13,999,144
Armenia.....	11,959,917
Cuba.....	9,025,500
Finland.....	8,281,926
Latvia.....	5,132,286
Lithuania.....	4,981,627
Hungary.....	1,685,835
Liberia.....	26,000

Over ten billions coming to us from nations that should pay up! And we stood by them in their darkest hour. It looks as if Uncle Sam needed a collector.

The Goods

YOU'VE got to have the goods, my boy, If you would finish strong; A bluff may work a little while, But not for very long; A line of talk all by itself Will seldom see you through; You've got to have the goods, my boy, And nothing else will do.

The fight is pretty stiff, my boy, I'd call it rather tough, And all along the route are wrecks Of those who tried to bluff, They couldn't back their lines of talk; To meet the final test, You've got to have the goods, my boy, And that's no idle jest.

—Dodge News.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.

Lying too much in bed is almost as bad as lying too much out of it.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living. What is defeat? Nothing but the first step to something better.—Wendell Phillips

An Old Man at Fifty— A Young Man at Seventy

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

By V. O. SCHWAB

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

For Every Man and Woman— Young or Old

It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth and, as Mr. Bennett believes, the one hundredth mile-stone of life, should read. It is a truly remarkable contribution to health-building literature, and is especially valuable because it has been written in a practical manner by a practical man.

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

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

Partial Contents

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: *Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It; The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed*—shown by fifteen pages of illustrations; *Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness*—how it removes and prevents constipation

and its many attendant ills; *External Cleanliness; Rheumatism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin*, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

Don't Send Any Money

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

Mail Coupon Below

(Or make a copy of it)

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

MAIL THIS TODAY—NO MONEY REQUIRED
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, Inc. S. 11-21
453 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

The Cure for Bad Tonsils

is not obtained by CUTTING them out but by CLEANING them out. You can do this yourself. Avoid the pain, trouble, worry, cost and risk of a needless operation for tonsils and adenoids.

Don't neglect these diseased glands—they are dangerous to health and life. They must be cured quickly or serious results will follow. Learn all about the

CAUSE, CURE AND PREVENTION

of tonsil and adenoid infection. Read the whole story in Dr. W. F. Havard's remarkable booklet "Tonsils and Adenoids." Contains information of priceless value to parents and children, salesmen, teachers, preachers, singers and to invalids whose tonsils were made to help them get well. Every doctor and healer should have this book. Every student of health needs it. Every mother and father should read it. \$1.00 postpaid. Get a copy today. Published by

Dr. Benedict Lust

110 S. East 41st Street New York City

American School of Naturopathy
119 W. 74th Street New York City

Nature Cure Resort
Butler, N. J. Tangerine, Fla.

AUKA

Is the great COSMOSAL URGE for A. D. 1921. The ALPHABET vibrates ALPHABETICALLY and MATHEMATICALLY to the SUBCONSCIOUS PULL of the SOLAR SYSTEM. The HUMAN HEART beats around one vibration per second and THOUGHT is produced in 63RD OCTAVE or the ALL-SEEING EYE at NINE QUINTILLION vibrations per second.

Nature never made a square thing. Thought moves in cycles or curves. Plato thought the world was round; Columbus proved it. Aristotle thought all things were set to harmony and moved in a system of cycle-like changes; my ALPHA-MATHO SCALE proves it. Aristotle, Sir Isaac Newton and Albert Einstein, the German scientist, have the same ALPHA-MATHO vibration and are positive PROOF of the PERIODIC vibration of a great thought current.

A. D. 1922

the GREAT COSMOSAL URGE or the GREAT SUBCONSCIOUS VIBRATION changes. It may be your year to vibrate? If so, the ALPHA-MATHO SCALE will tell you, and also your best years, PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE. THE ALPHA-MATHO SCALE will tell you the COSMOSAL URGE—THE PITCH OF THE HUMAN MIND—FOR EVERY YEAR SINCE A. D. 1. ALPHA-MATHO VIBRATORY SCALE—Applied to Presidents of the United States, from George Washington to President Harding, proves every President elected in chronological order (some on the vibration of their initials) that the PAST of the United States, as well as its COSMOSAL URGE, is correct as well as fixed.

MASS-INTELLECTUAL-PRESSURE — How I wrote the novel "HUMANITY AND THE MYSTERIOUS KNIGHT" between the years 1902-1912, the result of a dream or the fast workings of the SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, which foretold over ONE HUNDRED WORLD EVENTS, including the WORLD WAR, and in chronological sequence the election of a President of the United States with the unknown initial "H" and wife named "Marion," who defeated an opponent who ran on a platform the "Brotherhood of Man (League of Nations) everywhere," whose initials were "J. M." Or, in other words: HOW I WROTE THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD BEFORE IT WAS MADE.

"MASS-INTELLECTUAL PRESSURE, and the ALPHA-MATHO VIBRATORY SCALE"—A 30-page booklet containing the greatest thought discovery of this or any age—Price \$1.00.

MACK STAUFFER

918 West Terrell Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas

Banish Constipation & Headaches—No Drugs

Do it yourself without drugs, electricity or appliances of any kind.

By a simple method of nerve pressure easily learned and applied—a child can do it—yours truly has positively rid yourself of CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, ASTHMA and other ills as thousands of others have done.

For the price of a trip to the doctor you can obtain this wonderful system and this knowledge is yours for a lifetime—no further expense—and FREEDOM FROM THESE ILLS—think of that.

Write for further information. Money-Back Guarantee—you risk nothing but your time. You owe it to yourself to take advantage of this offer.

ZONE THERAPY COMPANY

Dept. 26, Los Angeles, California

Lincoln's First Thanksgiving Proclamation

The Story of a Great Inspiration

By Hezekiah Butterworth

I

"ABRAHAM!" called a voice scarcely audible. The speaker lay on her humble cot, dying. The young wife of a pioneer back-woodsman, she was sacrificing her life to its fortitude. The pioneer's "shuck" was without windows, and its doors stood open to the sunlight, which danced on the floor of trampled earth. It contained a few stools made of roughly hewn boards, but no chairs; a few dishes, but no cupboard.

Without, the restless wings of the woodbirds glimmered as they fluttered through the sun-flooded trees. A boy, almost destitute of clothing, who had been watching them, answered his mother's call.

"What is it?" he asked, in a troubled voice, as he hastened to her side.

She drew him into the loving folds of her feeble arms, and said, in a voice weak and tremulous, yet still thrilling with a mother's love and hope:—

"I am going to leave you, Abe,—and,—oh, how hard it is to part with you! How beautiful it is outdoors! It is beautiful wherever God is, and I am going to meet Him in a brighter world than this. I learned to love Him at the old camp meetings, and I want you to learn to love Him, too.

"I have not had much to make me happy," she continued, still more slowly, and with a heavy sigh,— "I have not had a great deal to make me happy,—far less than some folks have had,—but my voice has never failed to rise in praise whenever a feeling of thanksgiving has come to me.

"Abraham Lincoln, you have my heart. I am thankful God gave you to us. Love everybody; hinder nobody, and the world will be glad, some day, that you were born. This is a beautiful world, to the loving and believing. I am grateful for life; for everything, but, more than all else, because you have my heart."

"But he can't sing, Nancy!"

A tall pioneer in buckskin stood in the cabin doorway. He saw death's shadow in the sunlight that fell on the floor. He had added a ripple of laughter to his words, for he wanted to cheer his wife even though she was passing from him.

The woman was silent. Thomas Lincoln approached his wife's deathbed. Then he repeated his words, still more kindly:—

"But he can't sing like you, Nancy!"



"The heart sings in many ways," she replied, very feebly. "Some hearts make other hearts sing. Abraham may not have my voice, but he has my heart, and he may make others sing. I am going, now."

The cool October wind rustled among the great trees, causing their leaves to ripple under the whispering wind. The woman turned her head toward the split logs that formed one of the walls of the cabin. Nervously her fingers twitched the coverlet; once she opened her eyes; once

she said, softly, O, so softly: "My Abraham!" Once she tried to lift herself to see him; once,—she trembled,—and then lay still.

"She's gone, Ab'ram!"

The father and son made her coffin with their own hands, and buried her under the trees. Poor little Abraham could say nothing. He had been used to hardships, but this seemed more than he could endure. Something seemed to be choking him. He tried to look into his father's face for sympathy, but his tear-dimmed eyes only found it in the newly made grave.

It was a rude grave when it was finished. But since then the people of Indiana have honored the memory of its occupant. A monument lifts its marble whiteness toward the sky, and pilgrims kneel at its base, with prayers of thanksgiving. But long before this, long before her motherhood became sacred to the great nation, a ragged, hatless boy sat on the grass-green mound and dreamed,—and listened in memory to the songs she had sung.

II

THE battle of Gettysburg had been fought and won, and on July 4, 1863, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, issued a proclamation to the people, which contained these memorable words:—

"The President especially desires that, on this day, He whose will, not ours, should evermore be done, be everywhere remembered and revered with profoundest gratitude."

The heart of his mother had inspired him once more.

Great crowds serenaded him at the White House. Shouting multitudes swarmed over the green slopes; Old Glory rippled in the breeze; and, afar, the cannon of victory shook the magnolia-covered hills.

Lincoln looked out upon the sea of humanity. His face was dark with sorrow and wrinkled with care. Slowly it beamed with the light of love and the warmth of human kindness. He began to speak. The multitude ceased cheering.

"I sincerely thank God for the occasion of this call."

None but him heard in the words the tones of that mother who was looking on him from the home of the angels. It was the same tone that had been heard so often in the shuck cabin beneath the flaming maples.

III

ONE day, while seated in his private office in Washington, the past moved, panorama-like, before him. He saw the wigwam of his father, the far-stretching prairie, the oaks, the pines, and the maples that surrounded his boyhood's home, the cot whereon his mother died. He could hear her dying words anew. In the long remembered tones of boyhood and youth that had come to him like echoes of the recurrent minors of an anthem sent heavenward; like soft sweet notes of peace trembling through the throbs of a mighty song of triumph,—increasing its grandeur by contrast,—they came to him with the soul-compelling force of a mother's benediction.

Then he saw life. He saw the nation's life in his own. He heard the name of Lincoln ringing everywhere. His mother's heart seemed to have gone into the hearts of the people, and the notes were notes of praise.

He must issue a thanksgiving proclamation. It was imperative, for the war had already ushered in the dawn of emancipation. It was issued on October 3, in Gettysburg's memorable year, just about the anniversary of his mother's death. It gave new life to the old American custom that has set aside the last Thursday in November as a respite in toil for a nation's gratitude to be expressed.

His mother's heart beat in unison with his when he wrote that proclamation, and his heart was the heart of the people.



Success Nuggets

It is generally the man who doesn't know any better who does the things that can't be done. You see, the fool doesn't know that it can't be done, so he goes ahead and does it.—*Charles Austin Bates.*



To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier—more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God.

—*Carlyle.*



Domestic bliss is worth more than all the glory in the world.

Keep in the sunshine as much as you can, and impart some of the warmth to those around you.



Just as soon as an average workman gets the idea that any kind of job will satisfy the boss, he is satisfied to do any kind of a job.

Free! Remarkable Book

on Perfect Health via Vi-Rex Violet Rays

Better Than Medicine, Massage or Any of the Commonly Approved Treatments. Better Than Travel, Change of Air or Change of Climate

We have just published a remarkable book for free distribution. This book explains in detail the manifold uses of Violet Rays in treating almost every known human ailment. This book also contains charts and diagrams of the nervous system, and organic locations, and fully describes just how the Violet Ray works its many seeming miracles, written in a simple style—devoid of all technical language.

Read letters from users. See what physicians, sanitoriums, home users say. Learn why the Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine is the most economical and practical machine available. There is no limit to its beneficial powers. Just mark coupon, or send a postal. Do it NOW.

The Vi-Rex Violet Ray is essentially different from any other electrical treatment. It is not a vibrator—does not shock or jar the nerve ends. Its effectiveness is obtained through its power of penetration—not through the manipulation of surface muscles. There is no feeling of soreness or exhaustion after use—only a comforting, agreeable sense of relief.

Electricity in Curative Form

Enjoy Wonderful Sparkling Health! Increase your store of energy, revitalize your wornout cells, make every fibre of your body tingle with a new vim and vigor! All this you can have through the magic of Vi-Rex Violet Rays—right in your own home!

Violet Rays penetrate to every cell in the body imparting that stimulating vigor which brings the glow of health, tones up the entire system, putting life into over-taxed and sluggish tissues.

Test It! 10 Days Free Trial!!

Use it in the privacy of your home. Day by day you will see the difference in your physical fitness—the condition of your sinews and muscles. WE WANT YOU TO BENEFIT by this great modern invention and offer you our book on perfect health and a ten-day trial of the Vi-Rex machine EREE. Just fill in and send the coupon below.



VI-REX ELECTRIC COMPANY
326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 1621

Please send me without cost or obligation your free book describing your wonderful Violet Ray Machine and particulars of your special 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Use Violet Rays For

Asthma	Headache
Boils	Insomnia
Blackheads	Lumbago
Catarrh	Nervousness
Colds	Neuralgia
Corns	Paralysis
Eczema	Pimples
Falling Hair	Rheumatism
Hay Fever	Skin Disease
	Sore Throat

Make More Money!

How to start a profitable business of your own—right at home—during your spare time



FROM a house-to-house salesman to President of the biggest direct selling washing compound factory in the world, is the interesting story of Fred L. Mitchell.

Keeping his position with Bournique & Company, he started making his "Magic Marvel Washing Compound" at home, and sold it himself, nights and Saturday afternoons.

Starting in his spare time, he has built up the biggest business of its kind, occupying a \$150,000 factory, employing 15,000 agents, spending \$100,000 in advertising and doing a business of \$400,000 a year.

Mr. Mitchell, at the age of thirty-five now lives on the sunny side of Easy street just because he was wise enough and foresighted enough to turn his spare time to profitable account.

And his experience is not remarkable. Many of the world's most successful men started in a small way, right in their own homes, during their spare time, with little or no capital.

James C. Crane, a clerk in an Ontario village, started manufacturing a face cream with a cash capital of only \$4.50. He is now a millionaire and his "Elcaya Cream" is for sale in every town and city in the United States.

Ruth Miller, founder, manager and chief owner of The Odorono Company, started in a small way in her home town. Today "Odorono" has more than a million users and is sold in 34 foreign countries.

A. C. Gilbert began making toys during his spare time. Last year his sales amounted to \$2,000,000.

Mary Elizabeth, of nation-wide candy fame, started her big business in the family kitchen.

John D. Larkin made his first soap at home, carting the materials in a wheelbarrow. Now the Larkin business is one of the mammoth enterprises of Buffalo, N. Y.

W. H. Conant, who amassed a \$300,000 fortune from his "Bluine," started with a few boy and girl agents.

And thousands of other wide-awake men and women, though not in the millionaire class, nor widely

known outside their own towns, have built up profitable, independent businesses of their own, just because they had *ambition* enough and *wisdom* enough to use instead of waste their spare time.

Are you dissatisfied with your work, your pay and your prospects?

Do you want to do what Mitchell did—get away from *hard* work and *poor* pay—multiply your income—build up a pleasant business of your own—be your own master?

You can if you will.

Your spare time is worth hundreds of dollars. What are you doing with it? Are you wasting—or worse than wasting—it, instead of wisely utilizing it to develop your resources, make more money and build a solid foundation for an independent future?

Time is money! If you are wasting it you are throwing away gold dollars!

If you are letting priceless hours slip away unheeded and unused, wake up! Decide at once—*today*—that from now on you will use every minute of your spare time wisely and well, for idle hours used intelligently can do for you exactly what they have done for others—bring *success* instead of *failure*, and enable you to live in the *sunshine of prosperity* instead of the *rain of regrets*.

To know how—*exactly how*—to use your spare time advantageously and profitably, get and examine the "Independence Spare-Time Business Plans."

These illuminating, inspiring Plans are filled with practical, money-making ideas—real secrets of business success—that enable you to begin at once to add to your present income through the proper use of your spare time.

Every man, woman, boy and girl who is eager to *do more, be more and have more*, should not lose a minute's time in investigating these intensely interesting and marvelously helpful Plans.

They contain 137 carefully-selected, money-making ideas from which you can choose the one that best suits you, and the one to which you are best suited, either by taste, talent, education or experience, and then use it to increase your present income and build up an independent business of your own.

In addition to 137 separate and distinct business ideas, the Plans also contain the basic principles of business success that make it easy for you to start right—proved-out rules that guide you step by step along a plain path to business and financial betterment.

Read what delighted users of these wonderfully successful Plans have to say:

"Well worth ten times the money."—Waldo Spitz, Osborn, Ohio. "Using one of your wonderful Plans that is giving very satisfactory results."—J. Mena, St. Thomas, V. I., U. S. A. "Any person that could not benefit by these Plans couldn't sell life-preservers on a sinking ship."—Charles

W. Cartwright, Jr., Dorchester, Mass. "As a result of suggestion found in the 'Independence Spare-Time Plans,' I started a new industry, the net returns from which are more than sufficient to pay our living expenses. They are worth more than a thousand times their cost."—Ernest B. Lydick, Boulder Creek, Calif. "Received my money back a hundred fold from one idea I picked from this wonderful set of books."—John Allen, D. C., New York City. "Nobody with common horse sense need be unemployed after reading these Plans."—W. J. Howell, Allentown, Pa.

These new profit-making Plans are so clearly explained, so simple to understand and so easy to follow that any intelligent person can use them to the fullest advantage.

No matter *who* you are, *where* you are, what your *age, sex or occupation*, get and examine a set of the "Independence Spare-Time Plans" at once, and acquaint yourself with their amazing dollars-and-cents value, and learn how they make it easy for you to add to your income by cashing in on your idle hours.

Do not send a cent of money. Just sign the coupon (or copy it in a letter or on a postal card) and mail it to the American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 851, 1133 Broadway, New York, and they will send you at once, prepaid, a complete set of the "Independence Spare-Time Plans" in 8 pocket-size volumes.

When they arrive simply deposit \$2 with your mail man, and examine the Plans at your leisure. If you are not delighted with them in every way, simply *re-mail* them to us and your money will be returned at once without question or quibble of any kind.

Don't delay as this low-priced edition is limited. Act promptly and get these money-making Plans at the present \$2 price. Don't wait until this edition is all sold or you will be disappointed.

Don't take any one else's word in this important matter. See these Plans with your own eyes. Judge them for yourself. Learn their immense value to *you*, to *your income* and to *your entire business future*. It costs nothing to find out what they can do for you. You take no risk. Our money-back guarantee protects you absolutely. Act *now*. Let *today* be a turning point in your business career. Let these marvelous business Plans show you how to turn *idle* hours into *golden* hours, how to build up an *independent, money-making* business of your own, and how to achieve financial success just as others have done.

Remember, send no money—just the coupon.

AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.,
A National Service Organization for Business Development
Dept. 851, 1133 Broadway, New York.

Send me at once a complete set of the "Independence Spare-Time Business Plans" in 8 pocket-size volumes. I will pay the postman \$2, but if I am not satisfied after examining the Plans I will re-mail them to you within ten days and you are to return my money.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

Hustle and Grin

(With apologies to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

SMILE and the world smiles with you;
"Knock" and you go it alone;
For the cheerful grin
Will let you in
Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary;
Laugh and the path is bright;
For a welcome smile
Brings sunshine, while
A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you "rake in" nothing,
Work, and the prize is won;
For the nervy man
With backbone can
By nothing be outdone.

Hustle and fortune awaits you;
Shirk! and defeat is sure;
For there's no chance
Of deliverance
For the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious,
Grumble, and things go wrong,
And all the time
You are out of rhyme
With the busy, bustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing,
Whistle, and life is gay,
And the world's in tune
Like a day in June,
And the clouds all melt away.—*Selected.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Influence of the Mother

SHE it is to whom is given the unwritten tablets—the impressionable minds of little, confiding children. To her it is given to write the first lessons, to awaken the first ideas. She colors them indelibly with her own. If she keeps herself always an ideal to her children, as a wise and loving mother may, her influences follow them, even when they are merged into manhood and womanhood, even when they are swallowed up in the whirlpool of active life, and her teachings are never forgotten; the ideals she has held up before their childish eyes are vested with a sacredness of which nothing can despoil them. The voice with which men speak, in the expression of power, is the voice of the mother who bore them.

—*Pacific Health Journal.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A Fool There Was and—

HE struck a match to see if the gasoline tank was empty. It wasn't.

He patted a strange dog on the head to see if the critter was affectionate. It wasn't.

He tried to see if he could beat a train to the crossing. He couldn't.

He touched a wire to see if it was charged. It was.

He took a drink of bootleg liquor to see if it had any wood alcohol in it. It did.

(Loud shouting and great acclaim by chorus of undertakers.)

◆ ◆ ◆

Beecher's Fun Shocked Churchgoers

HENRY WARD BEECHER was the greatest joker in college, and shocked many church people because he was so full of fun. His sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, said he was like "a converted bobolink who should be brought to judgment for short quirks and undignified twitters and tweedles among the daisy heads, instead of flying in dignified paternal sweeps like a good swallow of the sanctuary, or sitting in solemnized meditation in the depths of the pine trees like the owl."—*Selected.*

THE LIFE WAY PLAN

HAVE you heard of this open sesame that is swinging wide the doors of Life and Health and Harmony and Success, for hundreds of thousands—this Unfailing Formula—this Key to the magic of Health, magic of Success and magic of Money?

Would you love to supersede sickness with health and failure with success—to have "Mind Aflame—Heart Aglow—Body Atingle"—to get what belongs to you, possess what is yours by right, and make the dreams of years come true?

Would you love to ascend to the loftier levels of The Master Consciousness, where your Life is illumined, inspired and possessed by that deep, mighty, subtle Power that lifts the veil, rends asunder the barriers, illuminates your future, and transforms your mountains of difficulty into fertile valleys of plenty and of peace?

Or, have you heard the call and would you love to accept the commission that will make of you a minister of healing to multitudes? Then Divine Life

Science is the door ajar for you, you may graduate from THE UNIVERSITY OF LIFE, become a Doctor of Life Science, own and operate one of many Life Culture Centers, embracing studios—institute—fellowship—home, and have your own delightful and lucrative profession.

Or, would you love to share the profits of the great, new world movement, become a member of THE LIFE CULTURE SOCIETY OF AMERICA, with its universal center in Los Angeles, its magazine—LIFE CULTURE—its

pure foods sold direct by mail, and other practical, profitable plans now developing? Or best of all, would you love to share in all these benefits, and the eight distinct kinds of profits our students are receiving?



"All Round the World"

"THE LIFE WAY" is a delightful little book that fully explains THE PLAN. GET THE PLAN. Enclose 10c U. S. coin or stamps, or P. O. coupon, and have it for your own. The book itself is free, but to help in wrapping and mailing, you may enclose only 10c.

Fill out this coupon—NOW—and mark this date on your calendar, for it is going to be the red letter day of your new era of New Life, Health and Prosperity.

Doctor Earl Ward Pearce,
1247 W. 36th Place, Los Angeles, California.

Dear Doctor Pearce:

I enclose 10c and you may send me "THE LIFE WAY," and tell me all about the great new world work—THE LIFE CULTURE SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

I am most interested in:

- ☐ Your personal treatment for Healing, Harmony and Success.
- ☐ Your professional course, with degree, for my life-profession.
- ☐ A share, with you, in the profits.
- ☐ All of these benefits combined.

It is understood that this request does not involve any cost or obligation on my part.

You may also explain the eight (8) distinct kinds of profits your students are receiving.

Name

Address

Success 11-21



A Crop of Autumn Jokes

AN old couple in Glasgow were in a very depressed state owing to dull trade.

Thinking their son in America would help them, they wrote, stating their trouble, and that if he did not help them they would have to go to the poorhouse.

Three weeks passed, and then came a letter from their son, saying:

"Dear Mither and Faither—Just wait anither fortnicht and I'll come hame an' gang wi' ye. Your affectionate son."
—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

Sign seen on Chicago Boulevard—
"Autos will slow down to a walk."

Sign in London, Ohio—"Drive slow and see our town. Drive fast and see our jail."
—*Boston Transcript*.

"Mother," asked the little girl, "is it true that all fairy stories begin with 'Once upon a time?'"

"No, dear. Some fairy stories begin, 'I am going to attend a lodge meeting to-night'."

"To what do you attribute your great age?" asked the city visitor of Grandpa Eben Hoskins.

"I can't say yit," answered grandpa, cautiously. "They's several patent-medicine fellers dickerin' with me."

The teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle "just over."

One bright afternoon she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an "*éponge pour la bain*," but did not know what to ask for.

"Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug store.

A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely.

"Please," she said, smilingly, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

WHIZ—Say, that boy Speed, who used to work for you wants a job in my office. Is he steady?

BANG—Hm, steady! If he was any steadier he'd be motionless.



The swain and his swainess had just encountered a bulldog who looked as if he might shake a mean lower jaw.

"Why, Percy," she exclaimed as he started a strategic retreat. "You always swore you would face death for me."

"I would," he flung back over his shoulder, "but that darn dog ain't dead."

"Is your son working these days, Harkaway?" queried Jingle.

"Yes," said Harkaway. "Pretty steadily."

"Good," said Jingle. "What's he doing?"

"Me," said Harkaway.

"Don't you feel sort of lost when your wife is away, Dobby?" asked Bilkins.

"Yes, I do," said Dobby, "but I don't worry about it. Maria is a pretty successful detective."

"Are you superstitious?" asked Topley of his neighbor.

"Well, I don't know," replied Winton. "Give me a case to deal with."

"Suppose a dog stood howling on your doorstep at midnight," explained Topley, "would you regard it as a sure sign of death?"

A grim look shone in the other man's eyes. "Yes, I should—if the dog stayed 'long enough."

"Do you have any trouble meeting expenses now?"

"Great Scott, no! I meet 'em everywhere I turn."

We understand that The National Casket Company having failed in their attempt to purchase for their exclusive use the slogan, "HAPPINESS IN EVERY BOX" is now negotiating with a prominent flour concern for all rights to the phrase: "EVENTUALLY—WHY NOT NOW?"
—*Advertising Club News*.

MINISTER—"Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?"

MISS A LA MODE—"I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox-trot?"
—*Chaparral*.

HEMMANDHAW—I thought you said your brother had a screen job.

SHIMMERPATE—So he has.

HEMMANDHAW—When I was out West I hunted through every studio in Los Angeles.

SHIMMERPATE—Oh, he isn't in the moving-picture business.



"I tell you that I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bellboy, who was conducting her. "I ain't agoin' to pay my good money for a pig sty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the country—"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short. "Get in, mum. Get in. This ain't your room. This is the elevator."

He is sifting ashes.—*Youngstown Telegram*.

The heights by landlords reached and kept,

Were not attained by discontent. But they, while their poor tenants slept, Were planning when to raise the rent.

TEACHER—"You remember the story of Daniel in the lion's den, Robbie?"

ROBBIE—"Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER—"What lesson do we learn from it?"

ROBBIE—"That we shouldn't eat everything we see."
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"You only kiss me now when you want money."

"Gracious, George, isn't that often enough?"
—*The Bulletin (Sydney)*.

The assistant manager of a popular hotel asked a country visitor—who was seeing hotel life for the first time from the mezzanine floor—how she liked it.

"Wal, it's purtty nice. But I didn't know your women were so conceited."

"Conceited?" gasped the assistant manager. "Why, some of the finest women in the country are staying here."

"Wal, maybe they are. But I don't like a woman that sends a little boy

around to tell folks she's missed her car," replied the country dame.

"Impossible!" said the assistant manager. "Why, I never heard of such a thing."

"Wal, you'll hear it now, for here comes that pore little feller again." And down in the lobby came a page boy calling:

"Mrs. de Vere—Mr. Carr—Mrs. de Vere—Mr. Carr."

A book agent approaching a house spoke to the little boy in front of the place.

"Is your mother home?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, politely.

The agent, after rapping several times without receiving an answer, turned to the boy, saying:

"I thought you said your mother was at home."

"Yes, sir, she is," replied the boy.

"But I have rapped several times without receiving an answer."

"That may be, sir," said the boy. "I don't live here."

"What is velocity?" asks a science journal. We have always thought that it was the thing with which one lets go a wasp. —*London Opinion.*

EMPLOYER (to new office boy)—
"Has the cashier told you what to do this afternoon?"

OFFICE BOY—
"Yes, sir, I'm to wake him up when I see you coming."

"I got my start in life in a grocery at three dollars a week, and yet I managed to save," announced the candidate.

Whereupon a voice from the audience queried, "Was that before the invention of cash registers?"—*New York Times.*

Here's an advertisement taken from a morning paper that shows to what a pass genius may come in a great city:

"WANTED: A collaborator, by a young playwright. The play is already written; collaborator to furnish board and bed until play is produced."

"Dobson is in domestic trouble again."

"Wife leave him?"

"No—she came back!"

DAUGHTER—Shall I take an umbrella and post this letter, mother?

MOTHER—Stay right in the house. This night is not fit for a dog to be out. Let your father post the letter.

They are well matched, don't you think?" said one wedding guest to another.

"Well, rather!" exclaimed the second guest. "She's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian."

LITTLE HAROLD—Mother, won't you give me five cents for a poor man who is out in front crying?

MOTHER—Yes, my son, here it is; and you are a good boy to think of it. Poor man! What is he crying about?

LITTLE HAROLD—He's crying, "Fresh roasted peanuts. Five cents a bag."

"Oh, dad, Mrs. Smith says you're the handsomest man on this street," said young-lady daughter.

"What? What's that you say?"

"Mrs. Smith says you're the handsomest man on this street," she repeated.

"Hum-m! She did, did she!"

After a moment's silence, young-lady daughter was heard to say under her breath: "I believe it's true!"

"What's that? What's true?" asked the father expectantly.

"That a man always says 'What?' when you give him a compliment, so he can hear it all over again!"

Tommy's uncle asked him the name of May's young man.

"I call him April Showers," replied Tommy.

"April Showers?" cried his astonished uncle. "Whatever makes you call him such a ridiculous name as that?"

"Because he brings May flowers," Tommy explained.

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?" "Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be canned stuff."

"When we were married," said Brown, "my wife and I made an agreement that I should make the rulings in all the major things and she in all the minor ones."

"And how has it worked?" Black inquired.

Brown smiled wanly. "So far," he replied, "no major matters have come up."

CASEY (rolling up his sleeves):—Did you tell Reilly Oi was a liar?

MURPHY—Oi did not. Oi thought he knew it!

Posted in a women's college by instructress in astronomy: "Any one wishing to look at Venus please see me."—*Boston Transcript.*



FIRST STENOGRAPHER (reading)—
Think of those Spaniards

going three thousands miles on a galleon!

SECOND STENOGRAPHER—Aw forget it. Yuh can't believe all yuh hear about them foreign cars.



Don't Grope for Words

Give Grenville Kleiser (famous Speech Specialist) 15 minutes daily and

He Will Give You a Mastery of Words

There are no old-fashioned, wearisome rules of grammar to memorize. By an entirely new plan you absorb and immediately apply the fruits of years of teaching experience which are compressed into twenty intimate home lessons. If you will devote 15 minutes daily to this original Course you will quickly and surely learn to

Enlarge Your Stock of Words—
Use the Right Word in the Right Place—

Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Advertisements, Stories, Sermons, Treatises, Etc.—

Become an Engaging Conversationalist—

Enter Good Society—

Be a Man of Culture, Power, and Influence in Your Community.

Booth Tarkington

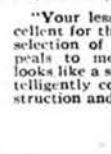
Distinguished Novelist and Short-Story Writer. Author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Seventeen," etc.



"Your course is almost painfully needed by many professional writers and speakers. A student who intelligently follows your course will know what he is talking about when he talks or when he writes. His audience will certainly know because he will talk well, no matter what his subject."

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Eminent Novelist, Dramatist, and War-Correspondent. Author of "Kings, Queens and Pawns," etc.



"Your lessons seem to me excellent for the purpose. Also the selection of books for study appeals to me very strongly. It looks like a scholarly and most intelligently compiled course of instruction and writing."

FREE

"How to Become a Master of English"

We want you to read this booklet that you may understand what the course will do for you, the real practical help it will give you in a hundred different ways. Obtain a mastery of English and realize your own possibilities. Be yourself at your best. It means more money, more power, more life in every way.

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Dept. 520, New York

Please send Booklet and full information regarding Grenville Kleiser's Correspondence Course in Good English.

Name.....

Local Address..... Street and No. or R. F. D.

Post Office.....

Date.....

State.....

Doctor Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 Per Cent in One Week's Time in Many Instances

Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and
Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eyestrain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear.

If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.



"Go South, Young Man, Go South!"

—is the Success slogan of TODAY. Get your education in San Antonio, the city of sunshine and comfort, if you would adopt this lucrative, much-acclaimed profession of Chiropractic. Ideal for Winter study!

Our brilliant faculty will give you the most careful individual instruction, train you thoroughly and surely in Palmer-method Chiropractic and furnish you with actual experience in our large free clinic. Our graduates are placed in productive localities and given, without charge, a proven advertising service. Write today for our catalog!

TEXAS CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE
Dwyer Ave. & Nueva St., San Antonio, Texas

How to Develop a Grip of Steel

In the short period of ten days you can double the strength of your grip and increase the size of your forearm 2 inches with the VICTOR MASTER GRIP. This ingenious apparatus is the most scientific as well as the most practical grip and forearm developer ever constructed. It is the result of years of study by one of the foremost physical culturists of the day.

The principle of the VICTOR MASTER GRIP allows for three different tensions—mild, medium and strong, regulated as you progress. Can be used with one, two or three springs making three exercisers in one. Used by every member of the family. Will last a life-time. Endorsed and used by professional strong men, boxers, wrestlers, carmen and practically every gymnasium. Made of the very best materials and fully guaranteed. Send for one to-day. Price only \$3.00. Money back if not fully satisfied.

HENRY VICTOR
Dept. L-11, 56 Cooper Sq., New York



BEAVER CITY'S BUYING STRIKE

By CRANDALL HILL

A dashing story of business pep in SUCCESS for
December :: :: ::

\$1000.00 Prize Story Contest

See Page 70

"Contains a Fortune"



ELIZABETH TOWNE
Editor of Nautilus

Elizabeth Towne wrote a unique little New Thought booklet called "JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS." It met with immediate favor and over 250,000 have been sold. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX was among those attracted by it. Mrs. Wilcox gave the book a flattering review notice in which she said:

"It contains a fortune in value if you practice the exercises given."

This odd little book contains deep breathing exercises of special value. It teaches

that the Solar Plexus is a center or storehouse of power and energy. This center is aroused to activity by deep breathing and other exercises and then radiates nerve energy to the whole body.

This book will help to outgrow worry, fear, anger, etc.; and to develop concentration. Mr. R. J. Hughes, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I have received from the practice of its teachings more peace and joy and happiness and health than from all other sources combined. I regard it as the greatest inspirational booklet written."

Yours for 10 cents

If you act now you can get not only a copy of "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus" but a month's trial of NAUTILUS MAGAZINE. NAUTILUS is the leading magazine of New Thought. Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne, Editors. Edwin Markham, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Dr. Frank Crane and Brown Landone, contributors. Send now and we will include Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "What I Know About New Thought."

THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., Inc.
Dept. L-53 Holyoke, Mass.

A School Creed

THE following creed is used in the schools of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin:

"My body is my house. I must live in it as long as life lasts. If I take proper physical exercise, this home will last longer, and be a stronger, handsomer dwelling place."

"My muscles are the machine with which I must do all the tasks that destiny and determination place in my way. Training will keep the parts in smooth working order."

"My will coordinates the forces within me. Physical education helps to develop man's will—the will to make the best of himself and serve others."

"Consequently, physical education is a factor in the world's progress, in its happiness, and in its joy in working and playing."

Check Up

JUST be boss for a few minutes—then check up your record for the last month as employee. Remember, now, it's your money meeting the pay-roll.

If you applied to yourself for a job would you get it?

Have you produced enough in the month to make you a profitable investment?

Have you asked questions and improved—or have you been too wise to learn?

Have you, as employee, filled your hours with productive, conscientious labor—or have you been too busy watching the clock?

Have you been heart and soul in the work—on the job every minute with a breadth of vision that made of the desert of work an oasis of opportunity?

Check up. Be truthful. Would you give yourself a job?—N. C. R. News.

Ten Commandments of Business

HANDLE the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are pleasures.

Do not be afraid of criticism—criticize yourself often.

Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.

Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabrics.

Be enthusiastic—it is contagious.

Do not have the notion that success means simply money-making.

Be fair, and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.

Have confidence in yourself, and make yourself fit.

Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate.—Impressions.

The greediest heart can claim but present pleasure.

The future is thy God's. The past is spent. To-day is thine; clasp close the precious treasure.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Why such marked difference in the psychic rays people send out, one person affecting us like a breath of Spring, another repelling us as a discord or bad odor, and still another—just nothing.

—Frank Crane.

No chance! This has ever been the excuse of weak men.

If there be good in what I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.
—Rudyard Kipling.

Keeping Fit

How to Keep the Body Groomed

By Charlotte C. West, M. D.

As a rule, men are more careful of their daily grooming than women. This is casting no aspersions on the gentler sex, which is far more concerned as to appearance from the point of beauty. Whatever adds to the attractiveness of women in the way of outer embellishment is, therefore, of first importance; but a similar taste in the male is frowned on as having no place in the present scheme of things—the perfumed fop, dandy, and dude belonging to a past era.

To-day, strength and vitality, or, in other words, *energy*, are again the qualities recognized as appropriate to the male, qualities so superbly represented by the great sculptors of ancient times.

While these are inseparably connected with our conception of splendid manhood, they are nevertheless ideal and few attain these heights either through inherited or acquired characteristics. The plain everyday man must look to other sources for his attractiveness, and this he finds in the general grooming of his body. He who is fastidious in his habits, places cleanliness above all else: cleanliness and the most scrupulous neatness of attire.

The American's inventive genius has given even the most ordinary working man ideas of luxury in this respect, for even modern tenements are provided with bathrooms and every up-to-date appliance for that peculiarly mannish innovation—the shower. Even where no bathroom exists, the portable shower can be put to use at a moment's notice.

WE bathe for cleanliness primarily, but the bath has a *health* value little appreciated. The influence of a shower bath is particularly salubrious, as the force of falling water acts similarly to light massage—tapping, slapping, or "tapotement,"—which, besides stimulating the circulation, has a tonic effect on the nerves. Furthermore, moving water carries away the deeper impurities of the skin and keeps this vast excretory organ in a splendid condition of healthy efficiency, and the relief to the kidneys and lungs is considerable.

When the skin acts feebly, extra work is thrown on the other eliminative organs, chief of which are the kidneys. There is absolutely no question but that Bright's disease may be insidiously induced by constant neglect of the skin.

The secretions from a healthy skin emit no odor, as a rule. Rather, the emanations from a pure healthy body are distinctly agreeable, and, in some instances, even delicately sweet. Many scrupulously clean individuals are afflicted with a body odor due to the greater pungency of their secretions and

this becomes more evident in warm weather, after exertion, and in heated rooms. Every effort should be made to overcome this condition; for, when apparent, it is a great detriment to social and commercial success.

Here bathing is only remedial for the time being, hence active internal measures are demanded. Rapid interchange of the fluids of the body can be brought about by drinking quantities of cool water daily with occasional flushing of the entire alimentary tract (intestinal irrigation).

Most persons do not consume sufficient water. Six glassfuls daily is none too much. It is a practice that must be acquired, and by the way, it is one that can be overdone too.

It is generally known that water drinking—in sufficient amount—is conducive to longevity and the preservation of a youthful appearance, but that is another story.

To combat a too evident body odor then, one must, beside persistent daily bathing, flush the system internally by drinking plenty of water and irrigating the intestinal tract occasionally.

These simple measures do not always suffice: a reconstructed diet is then necessary, eliminating heavy foods, more particularly highly seasoned meats, game, oily fish and similar articles. Salads, fruits, cereals, and milk should form the bulk of such a diet. Fruit juices are especially beneficial and of these, lemon juice is highly recommended. The addition of unsweetened lemon juice to each glass of water is furthermore advised to all those above normal weight, for its refrigerant action upon the blood and its reducing effect.

IN stout persons who perspire freely, the oil glands are also overactive and decomposition of sebaceous matter is one cause of disagreeable body odor; here the use of soap impregnated with naphthol, carbolic acid, or eucalyptol gives happy results. A body powder for use after the bath is also beneficial and furthermore prevents chafing of the skin, a common occurrence in the obese.

Just as many persons perspire too freely, others do not perspire enough. The pores are then clogged with effete matter, that harbors bacteria, another source of disagreeable body odor besides causing skin troubles. Here Turkish and Russian baths are indicated.

In cases where facial blemishes exist the care of the skin becomes an even weightier matter; but, as a rule, the complexion is healthy in men, except during the transitional period from early youth to young manhood, when the affection, "acne," is often exceedingly troublesome and calls for medical aid.

S.O.S.

52

American Industry

29

Production must get down to bed rock efficiency to meet competition and the demands of today. Every scientific method, every bit of cost-cutting equipment is being used in the nation's 300,000 factories—but it is not enough. They must have *trained managers*, men who understand men, material, equipment, *Industrial Engineers*.

INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING

is being taught in a big, dignified, thorough way by the Industrial Extension Institute to thousands.

They are the men who will handle the important executive work of production. Many of them already have increased their salaries from 200 to 400%, their earnings ranging from \$2000 to \$25,000 per year.

If you are interested in a career in this new uncrowded profession, the coupon below will bring you complete information about our training for Industrial Engineering.

Industrial Extension Institute
9 East 45th St., N. Y. C.

Name.....

Address.....

Present Work.....

(Success, Nov., 1921)

\$4305⁰⁰ IN 75 DAYS
THODEY-DID-IT
SELLING REAL ESTATE

THODEY SAYS:—I was a steamboat captain when I completed the Quail course in salesmanship, I quit my job and went in the real estate business full time, and cleaned up \$4305.00 in the first two and one half months. I do not hesitate to give the Quail chart method of instruction a large share of the credit for my splendid success.

THODEY SAYS:—I was a steamboat captain when I completed the Quail course in salesmanship, I quit my job and went in the real estate business full time, and cleaned up \$4305.00 in the first two and one half months. I do not hesitate to give the Quail chart method of instruction a large share of the credit for my splendid success.

HAKEN MAKES OVER \$200.00 PER MONTH IN SPARE TIME.

HAKEN SAYS:—I was still employed as book-keeper when I finished the Quail course. I kept my job and sold real estate during spare time evenings, etc., and made over \$200.00 Per Month on the side. This spare time money paid for my home, bought my new car, and gave me a nice bank account.

Let us send you a copy of Thodey's letter, and also one from Haken, in which they explain just how they got started in this high paid profession.

There is nothing mysterious about the wonderful success of Thodey and Haken or thousands of others who are making "Big Money" in real estate. Their success was merely the result of following a few simple rules and fixed principles which are fully explained and thoroughly illustrated in the new Quail "chart method" of teaching real estate salesmanship.

You too can make a "big success" of the real estate profession if you will but follow our simple instructions.

Look around you at the men who have recently made fortunes in real estate. You must admit that many of these men are not your equal in general intelligence and energy, but they have the special training which you can get from our New Chart Method of Instructions in a few evenings pleasant study at home.

Write today for full particulars on our chart method of teaching real estate salesmanship.

QUAIL SCHOOL OF SALESMANSHIP
 Desk 3 PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

CONVERSATION

You have to talk every day; why not learn to talk well?

As a means for promoting your own interests, a mastery of the Art of Conversation will prove of the greatest value.

No higher art is possible than that which enables a man to express easily, naturally, effectively, either in public address or private conversation the sentiments and emotions of which he is capable.

Physical Economy, which is the basis of the true art of expression, teaches you how to control the Mind, the Body, and the Emotions. It teaches you to think with accuracy and sound judgement, helps you to develop a dynamic, magnetic personality and it enables you to express yourself

simply
 clearly
 convincingly
 persuasively
 triumphantly

Physical Economy helps you to do these things because it gives you such a knowledge of yourself as a skilled mechanic has of his tools. It is this knowledge which in every age has served to make men winners in the Game of Life. Write for our literature, today.

THE K. & K. INSTITUTE
 1413 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Interview with George W. Perkins, jr.

(Continued from page 16)

financial world? The answer is found in his reference to his father and mother. They taught him to recognize that it was his duty to prepare himself to administer, in the most wholesome way, the wealth that would be entrusted to his keeping.

He was raised in a family that taught him to shun the evils of fast life which so easily beset young men of his wealth and position. So many people are ready to help such men spend their inheritance. George W. Perkins, jr., has demonstrated that it is possible to be a refined, well-behaved, moral man without being a mollycoddle or a spendthrift.

Six feet, two inches, tall; broad shouldered and athletic, decisive and sincere in his demeanor, young Perkins is in many ways to the core. His whole soul and the power of his keen intellect and physical strength will be devoted to furthering of his father's ideals to benefit mankind.

George W. Perkins, jr., is twenty-six years old. He graduated from Princeton University in 1917. In recounting his university life, he very carefully explained to me that he did not reach the goal which he so greatly craved—athletic superiority.

"I started in athletics," he said, "in my freshman year; but my heart was not strong enough. So, under the doctor's orders, I had to quit. The boys, however, were kind enough to elect me manager of the varsity crew, but I wanted to get out there and pull with them!"

He demonstrated his progressive and democratic ideas while at college, by resigning from the exclusive clubs to which he had been elected. He naively explains his reason for so doing:

"Honors should come to a man as a reward for his personal efforts. Exclusive college clubs, whose members are selected because of the position or wealth of their families, are detrimental to the democratic spirit of our country."

Mr. Perkins went overseas with the 77th Division, as a private. His intelligence and ability won him a commission. There was no pull attached to his advancement. He succeeded in having himself transferred to the 1st Division when he learned that it was to

march into Germany after the armistice. After making a brilliant military record, he returned home a year after his original division. Since then, he has been actively engaged in civic and welfare work in New York City, being a member of the executive committee of the Boy Scouts of America, and of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

He realized after leaving the service, that he must find some use for the wealth that had been entrusted to him; but he had great difficulty to determine what was the most useful work for him to follow. He thought of entering the educational field, and, in order to determine the possibilities of this work, he took a post-graduate course at Columbia University. He decided that civic affairs and the political field offered a wider scope for his endeavor. He is particularly fitted to be a power in the political world—to battle on the side of reform. His intelligence, education, and magnetic personality fit him to be a leader.

The most marked thing about him is the seriousness with which he is shaping his life duty. His contempt for the rich men and women who frivolously idle away their opportunities is also apparent. He has everything in his favor: a good physique; an active, well-trained mind; a dogged determination; unbounded energy and a willingness to learn. Added to these, he has an immense fortune to back him, and a political influence handed down to him by his illustrious father. With these advantages, will he be able to reform politics?

And just how much politics need reforming is apparent to every American who knows anything about the political workings of all parties in all parts of the country. We need better men and women in public offices—men and women who will not only represent the people but who can be elected in a clean and honest way. There is little patriotism in voting for a candidate who is forced on the people—and there is too much of this sort of thing to-day. Mr. Perkins is undertaking a mighty task—one that every hundred-per-cent American should make part of his civic duty.

Don't Be a Rocket

IT is better to climb slowly and surely than to shoot up like a rocket. I know one man who pulled strings so that he maneuvered himself into a more important position than he was capable of filling. He had enough "pull" with the boss to hold his job. Then came a change in the management. And the man was dropped. He had by this time accustomed himself and his wife and family to a rather expensive way of living. He could not afford to take any position paying much less salary. But he could not find anyone willing to employ him at anything like the amount he had received in his big job. Moreover, he was swayed by pride. He argued that if he took the kind of position he had held before he jockeyed himself into the high salaried place, he would be written down a

semi-failure. All his friends and associates would figure that he had gone backwards. The result was that this man is, to-day, far worse off, both financially and mentally, than he would have been had he been contented to move up by degrees on merit.—B. C. Forbes in Forbes.

It is a great man who can live up to the creases in his trousers.

The healing had taken place. That is, the only healing that there really is—the establishment of a definite connection with God.—W. J. Murray.

Light is good in whatsoever lamp it is burning.

Jane O'Neill—Business Woman

(Continued from page 20)

breathed ecstatically, "Amsterdam couldn't have produced you. I'll bet your mother was Biddy Finnegan from County Clare!"

She started swiftly for the stairs.

Something stopped her—something oppressive that she knew now had been beating at the doors of her consciousness several minutes. She was listening, consciously; her heart leaping to a swifter effort. The high-keyed humming throughout the building was dying down swiftly, with a scaring—a sickening fall. And, through it, thundered an erratic, frenzied pounding, like trampling, like terrified stumbling, like—panic!

She dashed up the stairs. In the office two white-faced fear-paralyzed women stared at her unseeing. Jane O'Neill snatched a glance at Patsy Doyle, bending over an unconscious boy near the door. One of the women was gasping: "Fire—celluloid room!" Then, "Oh-h-h! Oh-h-h-h—" Her voice began to soar rapidly in shrill, ascending hysteria.

"Stop it!" It came sharply, to bring the woman to. "The celluloid room is fireproofed. It won't amount to anything!" Then: "Patsy, phone the department. Get an ambulance."

The girl kneeling on the floor seemed to flash back to reality. "Yes, Miss O'Neill."

Jane O'Neill rushed for the second floor. The fire would probably be unimportant, but—the delay—The humming had whined down to silence. There was a raw, stumbling confusion, and she ascended into it. The smoke was a heavy, bitter thing that scorched the eyes, corroded the membranes.

Something flashed by her, phantom-like, in the smoke. She caught a man's sleeve and clung. She called clear, in the dull, scuffling uproar: "Everyone down?"

And the man sang back: "I guess we've got the fire, but we can't find Miss Bryant!" He dashed away.

Jane O'Neill found the wall, on what seemed impelling instinct. She went up—to the vacant top-floor, into imprisoned heat. Under the low ceilings, the smoke and fumes gripped her breath. Following the vague urge within her, she ran along a passageway to a door leading to the roof. A female figure stood by it, pecking feebly at the fastenings. The figure turned. Her hair leaped to a little blaze like a flickering halo. A whisp of flame was running lambently across her shoulder at the neck, and a futile hand was plucking at it mindlessly. Close to, the woman's eyes were wide, and black, and quite vacant.

Jane O'Neill ripped swiftly at her belt, and stepped out of her skirt. In a second she was battling madly with a wild, shrouded creature, writhing now in tortured consciousness. With fierce strength she dragged her to the roof. Far below she could hear the hissing, clattering rush of belated flooding water. Their own roof was a little dingy area, between lofty newer buildings on either

side. But straight across, on Burke Street—Over on the Burke Street roofs, she half carried her fainting charge to the first open door.

A moment later, she was down on the sidewalk. Friendly hands were putting her charge into an automobile. She herself was staring blankly at the building she had left, struggling hard for comprehension. Then she began to laugh to herself—a little hysterically, as when events crowd too confusingly to grasp. The fire would increase her difficulties a hundredfold, but what she had seen on the third floor of this ramshackle building, stirred the fighting spirit of all her sturdy ancestors. Now she was studying the place in hurried inventory. The second floor held a pool room. But the street floor was vacant. An ancient "To Let" sign hung in the dirty windows before her. It would be strange if the demoralized Britt Company found sanctuary in this very building. She turned and flew along to the corner.

Around at the Britt office the fire was out in the celluloid room. There was a hopelessly dejected uselessness everywhere. The windows were out. The ceilings dripped cascades of water. The pressroom was wreckage.

In the office, Britt was giving furious orders—and countermanning them. Pressmen were frantically scuttling half-finished jobs out to dry territory. Britt's eyes fell upon some convention matter. In a fury of rage he rushed in to his telephone and called McWade.

Jane O'Neill, a strange white-faced figure, passed swiftly through the confusion. She halted at the doorway, where the sharp voice of A. L. Britt was calling angrily. "No! J. G. O'Neill, or anyone else, can't get out your stuff. You thought you were mighty smart to put one over on us; but fire breaks that contract, and you'll have to go some to get any convention printing—anywhere—now!" He slammed up the receiver.

Already Jane O'Neill was at the outside phone—buffeted in the uproar. She, also, called the man, McWade, spoke a conciliatory word or two and threaded through to the harrassed Britt.

"Shut the doors!" he called. He turned to the gaping employees. "You people better lay off, all but—"

"Wait!" Jane O'Neill faced him bravely. "You must listen, A. L. Don't you see we've got to keep right on?"

"How can we? This place won't be fixed up for a month!"

"I know. But we ourselves haven't got to be fixed up." She drew him to one side. "You can't quit, A. L. If you go out of business for a month or so now, the Britt Company'll be needing the ambulance, and—" she was trying to smile at him—"we're nowhere near dead yet."

A moment later, she halted the foreman. "Larry," quietly, "you have the floor bolts out of a motor and a couple of presses. I think I can have a place to put them." She caught an old coat



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-866, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-866, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Explain how I can qualify for position checked.

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
|Architect |Lawyer |
|Building Contractor |Machine Shop Practice |
|Automobile Engineer |Photoplay Writer |
|Automobile Repairman |Mechanical Engineer |
|Civil Engineer |Shop Superintendent |
|Structural Engineer |Employment Manager |
|Business Manager |Steam Engineer |
|Cert. Public Accountant |Foremanship |
|Accountant and Auditor |Sanitary Engineer |
|Bookkeeper |Surveyor (& Mapping) |
|Draftsman and Designer |Telephone Engineer |
|Electrical Engineer |Telegraph Engineer |
|Electric Light & Power |High School Graduate |
|General Education |Fire Insurance Expert |

Name

Address

The Most Remarkable Cures Known to Man

have been produced without the use of drugs in any form. Don't continue wasting money for pills, powders and potions. Stop trying to live, or to make a living in violation of natural laws. Send for any one of the following health education Courses and learn how to feel well and vigorous at all times. Money back if you are dissatisfied.

Curing Diseases of Heart and Arteries The Alsaker Way. It is generally believed that arteriosclerosis, high blood-pressure, apoplexy, and chronic heart disease cannot be cured. This is far from the truth. The Alsaker Way explains how those who suffer from these diseases can be made safe, and how many of them can make complete recovery even after they have been given up as incurable. Price, \$3.00

Getting Rid of Rheumatism The Alsaker Way. You need not take drugs nor waters, nor have your teeth extracted to cure Rheumatism. Learn from Dr. Alsaker the true cause of Rheumatism, and then follow his instructions for the correct use of the foods you like, and you will get rid of your rheumatic pains and aches. Price, \$3.00

Dieting Diabetes and Bright's Disease The Alsaker Way. Dr. Alsaker explains the many causes of Diabetes and Bright's Disease, and tells how, when, and what to eat to regain health. He shows how a cure may be effected if a cure is possible, and how to prolong the life of those who cannot regain full health. Price, \$3.00

Curing Constipation and Appendicitis The Alsaker Way. Medicines will not cure Constipation. Constipation and Appendicitis are due to the wrong use of foods. Indigestion is generally the first stage, then Constipation, then Appendicitis. The Alsaker Way explains the cause and gives you a cure. Learn from it what to eat to prevent Indigestion, overcome Constipation and prevent Appendicitis. Price, \$3.00

Conquering Consumption The Alsaker Way. Dr. Alsaker explains the true cause of the disease, and how to overcome it in its early stages—without drugs, serums, or sanitariums. A complete, satisfactory, and successful treatment is given. Sufferers have paid thousands of dollars for less valuable advice. Price, \$3.00

How to Cure Headaches The Alsaker Way. A headache is an indication that something is wrong somewhere. There must be a cause, and that cause must be found and removed before permanent relief can be got. The Alsaker Way explains how to find the true cause, and how to prevent and cure headaches of all kinds. Price \$3.00

Publisher's Guarantee

An investment in any one or all of the above-named courses in health education will pay daily dividends in health and happiness as long as you live. Give The Alsaker Way an honest trial for 30 days. The plan is pleasant and practical to follow and you are sure to be satisfied with results. You take no chances in sending your money to-day, because if you are not satisfied after a 30 day trial you may return the course you order and your money will be refunded. So send your order to-day.

The Lowrey-Marden Corporation
Dept. 758, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

from a hook to cover her disordered attire and passed out.

In a half hour she was back. "There's a vacant store round on Burke Street we can get," she cried cheerfully. "It's been idle for years. In the next few days, we'll have to make it catch up!"

It was a grilling task. By morning, only one of the presses was on the floor. The close, ill-smelling place was a dump of movables, parts of machinery, fittings, baskets of stock. Mechanics and electricians swarmed over each other in their race for rehabilitation. Jane O'Neill moved swiftly about, shedding warm encouragement over all. Back at the Britt shop, Hendrik Dekker, ably seconded by Patsy Doyle, labored sturdily with the other employees to have stock ready for work.

On the third day a temperamental press, too hurriedly moved, broke down. Britt threw up his hands. The tired crew relaxed, disheartened. Courage flickered and died. The task was hopeless.

"A. L., please come here." Jane O'Neill turned and passed calmly to a secluded corner.

"What do you want?"

In sudden pity, Jane O'Neill scanned the unilluminated doggedness of the grim, lined face. "I want, if I can, to make you see. And to do it—" she halted, "I'm going to show you the little book of—me." Jane O'Neill's face was unwontedly grave. "It hasn't any introduction, A. L., it begins eight years ago when the Britt Printing Company took me in and set me going after a little bad spot in things that led to the story of Jane O'Neill as 'business woman.' The first chapters were hard, A. L. But the Britt Company came to be the hero and all the other characters. And now it's getting to a place where the story is real, with illuminations coming in color, and a happy ending in sight. I'm grateful to the Britt Company. I'm proud of it. I'm giving to it all—I!" It was hopeless. She realized that she had not held him. Now, her voice came keen, incisive. "Listen, A. L. Not in a single chapter of those eight years have we fallen down on our credit or our contracts. Are you going to begin now?" She watched him shrewdly. "Are you going to let this man, McWade, beat you? Laugh at you? Baldwin may have been a mistake, but McWade should never be allowed to take it out on you!"

"Wait!" Britt broke in, "Baldwin was no mistake! And he's proving it right now!"

Jane O'Neill's eyes had come suddenly very wide! "What do you mean?"

"I mean this:" an odd, triumphant light had come into Britt's face, "that this very minute, Baldwin's down State working up one of the biggest propositions we've got in on yet—a pool of the business of all the Agricultural Fairs on a fifty per cent cash advance!"

His manager was staring at Ansel Britt rather wildly, her face alive with surprise, perplexity, amazement. "Why, A. L., you must be—"

"He told me about it when he left—the morning of the fire. I saw it in a minute! I staked him to two hundred dollars, expense-money, and he's putting it over. A letter has come to me, per-

sonally, each morning." Amazement in the girl's face seemed to be breaking up—before a great light, as of dawning inspiration. "This morning, the letter was from Appleton, telling me that he had things about landed, and saying where to send his salary."

"Did you send it, A. L.?" Jane O'Neill felt sudden uplift. Suddenly, her course had become startlingly clear.

Even in his tenseness, Britt noticed her odd kindling of spirit. "Yes," he replied. "You can call off the convention deal,—I won't go on with it. They'll pay me for what's done—the rest we won't need."

Jane O'Neill's face was strange, was alive with inscrutable things. "A. L., just follow me a few moments." She turned back. "There's something that I want to show you. I saw it first the day of the fire. I've been waiting until this rush is over to give it attention, but—"

She led him out into the street to the Busy Bee Parlors for Pool, above. But they did not stop at the Busy Bee landing, they went up to the top floor. The air in the hallway was rank and stale, the close atmosphere of tobacco anciently dead and never buried. At a door, Jane O'Neill stopped. "You go in A. L. There's been an exclusive little party on in there since the day of the fire. It's all right for you, but they won't be prepared to entertain me."

Britt swung open the door. The girl behind him swept the little room in the brief flash. There was a wretched miscellany of discarded clothing, bottles, and refuse of lunch-room food. There was a filth-stained card table in the reek. Three puffy-eyed men played, and chewed cigars long dead. The fourth, apparently, had not stirred for days. It was Baldwin.

Ten minutes later, when he came down into the print shop, Britt was straightening violently disordered clothes, his face grim. He stood, one moment, turning up his shirt sleeves. Then he wheeled. A moment later, in overalls, he was the dominating nucleus of a galvanic fury of real achievement—the driven, crowded little printer of the old days. And long after midnight, when he left for a cup of coffee, the first installment of the convention job was neatly stacked for delivery.

EARLY, three mornings later, Jane O'Neill passed to her makeshift desk and took off her hat. She stopped stock-still, staring down at her desk. A box of candy lay on her blotter. She picked it up. It was a little box, not in its first chaste freshness. There was holly on it, although the Christmas season was months behind, and it wore a stamp of the newsstand on the corner. On a hurriedly torn piece of Manila paper, was scrawled a crotchety "A. L. B." in blue pencil. Jane O'Neill winked industriously on sudden foolish tears.

She turned, smiling mistily, to face McWade.

"Good morning." His eyes regarded her quizzically. "I remember you. I'm glad to see you again. I'd like to see your J. G. O'Neill. I have a check for

Turn Your Spare Time Into Cash

Do you ever ask yourself why you are not getting ahead faster—why your bank account is not growing as it should—why other people enjoy more of the good things of life than you do?

Nine chances to one it is because you are not making use of your spare time as you should. You are letting several hours a day slip by that should be devoted to some serious purpose.

You can easily make every idle hour pay you at least one dollar in cash dividends right from the start—and when you get well under way you can make every spare hour produce several dollars.

You can start at once putting the hours to work for you by representing **SUCCESS** and by introducing it to new readers in your community. We will pay you well or your spare time, or for your full time if you wish.

Write today for representatives terms and complete information.

Success Magazine

Desk 21

1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A FEW

of the unusually interesting features of **SUCCESS** for December are:

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND'S "Frenzied Farming." It is a scream!

JOHN L. GOLDEN'S story of how he became successful by commercializing cleanliness for the stage.

TRUE S. JAMES' story of how he saw a fortune—perhaps a million dollars—taken from him just as he had it in his grasp.

ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG'S very important article, "Is Your Daughter Safe?"

SUCCESS For December

On Sale November 19th. Order Now

him and—I want to be square—I want to tell him—that few men—"

Jane O'Neill looked up from the little box of candy she was tucking safely in a drawer. "I am J. G. O'Neill."

The man stood very still. His eyes had fallen grave. Then: "May I ask if you are a fixture here? The McWade Fabrics Company would afford real opportunity for a young woman of your ability?"

Jane O'Neill's face glowed with sudden pleasure. "Thanks, Mr. McWade, I appreciate your saying so; but the Britt Company was very good to me, a few years ago, and I feel, perhaps, it needs me now."

He smiled rather dryly. "Your boss does. I seem to feel that, womanlike, you've probably set yourself the task of bringing up Britt. You'll pardon me for saying it, but it'll be a long time before he gets his growth."

Jane O'Neill touched the little box on her desk. She laughed contentedly. "Oh, no! You're wrong, Mr. McWade. He's coming on fine."

She watched him out.

It was the first of the month. She changed her calendar. Then she turned to the phone and called the bank.

Keep Your Eye on the Ball!

(Continued from page 39)

would have broken had it not possessed, as well, the humor which could produce *Falstaff* and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'."

Had not Lincoln's power of concentration been balanced by his ability to relax, to seek relief in humor and fun, he could not have stood the strain of the Civil War.

He who succeeds best accomplishes the most, and he who gets the most out of life is the man who gets his fun every day as he goes along; the man who knows how to play as well as to work, and who is *all there* when he plays.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him, and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything within its vicinity to freshen into smiles.

—Washington Irving.

The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well.

—Macaulay.

It iz the province ov a phool to doubt, disbelieve, and differ; while the things he kant prove, the wize man beleave the most.

I beleave at least 4 times az mutch az I kan understand; and the man who dont kant even kross a bridge without fear and trembling.

Yung man, git money—git it honestly, bi all means, but git it. Talk iz cheap, so iz pedigree, but it takes shekels to buy a drove ov sheep; and 2 thirds ov all mankind will beleave the man who swears on his bank-account quicker than the poor man who swears on his Bible. —Josh Billings.



ALL round the world, this is becoming the seal of Health, Harmony, Opulence and Success, to hundreds of thousands, and by this sign they conquer.

A membership in The L. C.S.A.—LIFE CULTURE SOCIETY OF AMERICA carries with it profits and possibilities unparalleled.

Fully explained on page 75, this issue.

THE NEW EDUCATION DR. J. C. F. GRUMBINE'S BOOKS

BOOKS which broaden the vision, increase creative power, elevate and illuminate are most helpful.

Read and apply, "Child Psychology," 75c. A blessing for parents and children.

Other fascinating and profound books:

"Psychology of Color," 75c. "Telepathy"—how to send thoughts to help and heal, \$1.60, cloth, 75c, paper. "Melchidek, the Secrets of the Bible," \$1, cloth. "Easy Lessons in Occult Science," 50c. "Clairvoyance—How to Express Supernormal Vision," cloth, \$1.60.

Send stamped addressed envelope for new list of occult and psychological books, also mail courses on Applied Psychology and Divinity to

DR. J. C. F. GRUMBINE, 1916 East 105th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Subscribe for

SUCCESS

and receive your copy regularly on the 20th day of each month.

See page 2 for rates

Can There Be Health Without Internal Bathing?

A PROFESSOR in a medical college was delivering a lecture to his class. Beside him stood a large anatomical chart of the human body. Pointing to the colon (the large intestine) the professor said, "That, gentlemen, is the cause directly or indirectly of 95 per cent of human illness."

What did the professor mean? He really meant that it was the waste matter and excretions that accumulate in the colon that do the harm. This waste is bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

This waste matter is extremely poisonous. And the blood passing through the colon absorbs the poisons of the waste and carries them throughout the entire system.

What's the result? You are "Auto-intoxicated" or self-poisoned. You may not know so, but you feel the effects. Your liver is sluggish. Your appetite is poor. You feel dull and heavy. You have slight or severe headaches. Your sleep does not rest or refresh you. In a word, you are only about 50 per cent efficient. And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form the illness will take.

Under the conditions of modern life, nature needs a physiologically correct aid in eliminating the waste from the colon. The ideal means, as science has found, is in the use of the Internal Bath. By a certain, distinctive system, warm water is introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure and sweet. Internal Bathing as recommended by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the eminent authority, makes all the difference in the world in the health of man and woman. Every person who would keep blood pure, heart and blood pressure normal, nerves relieved and mind keen, should take up Dr. Tyrrell's method of Internal Bathing.

In his booklet called "The What, The Why, The Way of Internal Bathing," Dr. Tyrrell gives some interesting and valuable information on the subject. The booklet may be had free of charge and obligation by addressing Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, No. 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mentioning Success Magazine. A post-card will do.

Fighting Crime with a Card-Index

(Continued from page 25)

is that the population of the county jail has greatly increased. Men who cannot give *bona fide* bail are promptly locked up.

EDWARD S. SIMS is president of the Crime Commission. He is a leading attorney, and has long been prominent in the desperate war that a small group of public-spirited citizens has been waging on crime. As United States district attorney, he fought the white-slave traffic, both before and after the Mann Act became a law. He was secretary of the vice commission which, under the authority of a city ordinance, made a survey of vice conditions in Chicago, and set the standard for all other surveys. He is still secretary of the Committee of Fifteen, which was created ten years ago to follow up the work of the vice commission. Mr. Sims, perhaps more widely known as the federal official who prosecuted the defendants in the Walsh bank failure, won the famous \$29,000,000 verdict against the Standard Oil Company, and successfully handled the interests of the government in the Beef Trust cases.

Henry P. Crowell, president of the Quaker Oats Company, Alfred Decker, president of Alfred Decker & Cohn, clothing manufacturers, and Charles S. Holden, vice-president of the Union Trust Company, are the three vice-presidents. W. Rufus Abbott, general manager of the Chicago Telephone Company, is secretary, and Fred L. Rossback, president of the Washington Shirt Company, assistant secretary. Joseph Noel, president of the Noel State Bank and president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, is treasurer. John R. Burgess, former president of the First National Bank of Englewood, is the assistant treasurer.

Colonel Chamberlin, the managing director, was formerly active in newspaper work in Chicago. He was editor-in-chief of the Chicago *Record-Herald* just prior to the time that paper was amalgamated with *The Inter-Ocean*, and has been owner and editor of several magazines published in Chicago. His first bid for national fame was when he was naval correspondent of the old Chicago *Record*. He cabled his paper a twenty-four hour "beat" of the battle of Santiago, one of the most famous "scoops" in the history of journalism.

A residence of forty years in Chicago has given Colonel Chamberlin a very extensive acquaintance among men who hold official positions as well as some who are recognized as leaders in the political underworld. This intimate knowledge is of great value to him in dealing with the crime situation. He knows where the lines run and what they touch, and, what is more, the others know that he knows.

In 1919, which was given largely to getting the commission under way, the expenditures amounted to \$25,000, which amount was raised largely from

You Can, But Will You?

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

THE title of this book is a challenge, and each chapter is no less direct and vigorous. It is a call to action, a constant incentive to the man of ambition to assert himself. Back of it all is the philosophy that one's powers are God-given, and practically limitless if used intelligently. To quote: "Most of us are dwarfs of the men and women we might be. We are doing the work of pigmies, because we never draw upon that inner force which would make us giants."

The chapter headings themselves are sufficient to convince any reader that this new volume contains much food for thought. There are seventeen chapters, 348 pages in the book. The chapter headings follow:

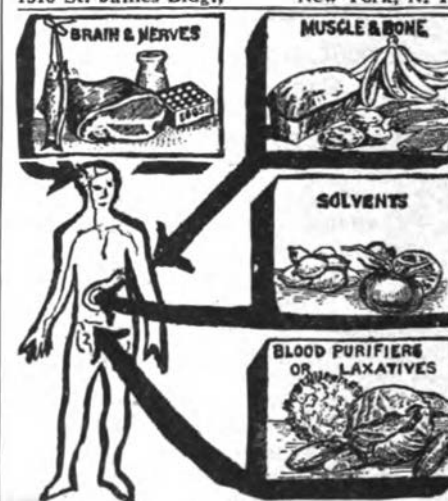
"The Magic Mirror," "The New Philosophy of Life," "Connection with the Power that Creates," "The New Idea of God," "You Can, But Will You?" "Have You the Alley Cat Consciousness?" "How Do You Stand with Yourself?" "The New Philosophy in Business," "What Are You Thinking Into the Little Cell Minds of Your Body?" "Facing Life the Right Way," "Have You an Efficient Brain?" "Camouflaging Our Troubles," "Winning Out in Middle Life," "How to Realize Your Ambition," "The Web of Fate," "The Open Door," and "Do You Carry Victory in Your Face?"

YOU CAN, BUT WILL YOU? can be secured in connection with a year's subscription to SUCCESS, for only \$3.50 (in foreign countries, \$4.50). You will want Dr. Marden's Magazine in connection with his book if you are not already a subscriber, and if you are a subscriber you may wish to give the magazine as a present to some friend. The book alone sells for \$2.00, postpaid.

Send for this book today and also ask for a catalogue of Dr. Marden's other books, of which there are some forty titles. Send your order today to

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

1510 St. James Bldg., New York, N. Y.



Over 200 miles of capillaries—small, hair-like blood vessels in the human body, permeate every bone, tube and organ. Congestion in the capillaries is the physical cause of disease.

Solvent fruit, such as grapefruit, berries, tomatoes under proper conditions:

- (1) Dissolves or disintegrates tumors, goitres, gall stones, deposits of lime in joints.
- (2) Dissolves phlegm or mucus, removes the source of colds, catarrh, consumption.
- (3) Corrects liver and kidney troubles, headaches.
- (4) Dissolves blood clots as in paralysis.
- (5) Dissolves the impurities which cause blemishes to the skin, such as acne, eczema.

Cereals, potatoes, etc., under proper conditions increase weight and energy. Over 3,000 pupils. Educational book 5 free. Results Certified.

Brinkler School and Dining Rooms
131 West 72, New York

individuals and business concerns. In 1920, the expense had increased to \$70,000, but the operations were on a much larger scale. A card-index file of over 50,000 had been developed, together with other invaluable data. This year the expenses will reach \$100,000, which is justified by the natural expansion of activities. There is no guess

work about the doings of the commission. Exact and authentic facts, quickly accessible, form the foundation of its activities. The expense is none too large for the service that is being given. Colonel Chamberlin says it is a mere fraction of the total amount that is being stolen in Chicago each year.

Interview with Edward Page Mitchell

(Continued from page 45)

to the sensation every time and print it with headlines tall enough to reach to Saturn. White won't. That is the real color test."

"Let us have at least one principle of good newspaper making."

Again the twinkle and smile, then gravity. "During no small part of its fourscore and seven years of intelligent interest in the world's thoughts and doings, it was the *Sun's* fortune to be regarded, in a somewhat exceptional sense, as the newspaperman's newspaper. If it has merited this peculiar distinction in the eyes of its brethren, it was by reason of originality, of initiative, and soundness of method. Perhaps, by a chronic indifference to those ancient conventions of news importance or of editorial phraseology which, when systematically observed, are apt to result in a pale, dull, or even stupid uniformity of product. Mr. Dana wrote more than half a century ago to one of his associates, 'Your articles have stirred up the animals, which you, as well as I, recognize as one of the great ends of life.' Sometimes he borrowed Titania's wand. Sometimes he used a red-hot poker. Not only in that great editor's time, but in the time of his predecessors and successors, the *Sun* has held it to be a duty and a joy to assist to the best of its ability in the discouragement of anything like lethargy in the menagerie. Perhaps, again, that was one of the things that helped to make it the newspaperman's paper."

"The *Sun* has been beloved, I believe, as a creature of flesh and blood, and living intelligence, and human virtues, and failings."

THE dean of Park Row believes a newspaper has a soul. Else why would he have said this?

"It is truer, perhaps, of a newspaper than of most other complex things in the world, that the whole may be greater than the sum of all its parts. In any daily newspaper worth a moment's consideration the least fancifully inclined observer will discern an individuality apart from, and, in a degree, independent of, the dozens, or hundreds, or thousands of personal values entering at a given time into the composite of its grey pages. This entity of the institution, as distinguished from the human beings

actually engaged in carrying it on, this fact of the newspaper's possession of a separate countenance, a spirit or soul differentiating it from all others of its kind, is recognized, either consciously or unconsciously, by both the more or less unimportant workers who help to make it and by their silent partners who support it by buying or reading it.

"Its loyal friends and intelligent critics outside the establishment, the 'Old Subscriber' and 'Constant Reader,' form the habit of attributing to the newspaper as to an individual, qualities and powers beneficent, or maleficent, or merely foolish, according to their moods or digestion. They credit it with traits of character quite as distinct as belong to any man or woman of their acquaintance. They personify it, moreover, without much knowledge, if any, of the people directing and producing it, and, often, and naturally, without any particular concern about who and what these people may be.

"The makers of the paper are accustomed to individualize it vividly as a crew does a ship. They know better than anybody else does, not only how far each personal factor, each element of the composite, is modified and influenced by the other personal factors associated in the production, but, also, to the extent to which all the personal units are influenced by something not listed in the office directory nor visible on the pay roll—something that was there before they came and will be there after they go."

"An editor to whom I applied for my first newspaper work told me how exacting the vocation is—thankless, poorly paid, and life shortening. What defence can you offer for a profession so attacked?"

"Two," he responded. "One is that comparatively few remain in it. Our Richard Harding Davis and David Graham Phillips, for instance. In my term of service here, I have seen only two or three stay on and grow into high executive positions. Others have gone in for politics, Wall Street, law, business, or literature. But my greater defence is that, for the man who, by choice, remains in it, newspaper work is fun. When a man finds fun in his work he is on the high road to success—with the goal in sight."

No one ever advances who constantly waits for directions.

◆ ◆ ◆

Let us enlarge our world by expanding ourselves.

Deep within every heart that has not dulled the sense of its inner vision, is the belief that we are one with some great unknown, unseen power; and that we are somehow inseparably connected with the Infinite Consciousness.

STOP

Making Mistakes in Speaking and Writing



Sherwin Cody

speech or on paper, clearly, forcefully, convincingly.

You are sized up every day by the way you speak and write. The words you use, the way you use them, how you spell them, your punctuation, your grammar—all of these tell your story more plainly than anything else you do. And it is a story open to all. An unusual command of language enables you to present your ideas, in

15 MINUTES A DAY PERFECTS YOUR ENGLISH

A simple method has been invented by which you can acquire a command of the English language from the ground up. Sherwin Cody, perhaps the best known teacher of practical English, after twenty years of research and study, has perfected an invention which places the ability to talk and write with correctness and force within reach of every one with ordinary intelligence. Sherwin Cody was amazed to discover that the average person in school or in business is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English grammar. That is because the methods of teaching English in school left you only a hazy idea of the subject—the rules would not stick in your mind. But Sherwin Cody's new invention upsets old standards of teaching English. His students secured more improvement in five weeks than had previously been obtained by other pupils in two years. Only 15 minutes a day of spare time with the "100% Self-Correcting Method" will, within a very short time, give you an easy command of language.

Sherwin Cody's Wonderful New 100% Method Self-Correcting!

Mr. Cody was granted a patent on his unique device, and now he places it at your disposal. It overcomes the only weak point in instruction by mail. It actually takes the place of an instructor at your elbow. It assigns you lessons in Expression, Spelling, Punctuation, Grammar, Reading and Conversation, and anticipates your questions. It even grades your paper and assigns you your class percentage till you reach the 100% mark. Yet so simple are the lessons that only 15 minutes a day are required, and each minute is fascinatingly interesting.

New Book Free If you feel your lack of Language Power, if you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, or punctuation, if you cannot command the exact words to express your ideas, this booklet will be a revelation to you. Merely mail the coupon and it will be sent by return mail. Learn how Sherwin Cody's new invention makes command of language easy to gain in 15 minutes of your daily spare time. Mail this coupon or a postal AT ONCE.

Sherwin Cody School of English
1011 Searle Building ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1011 Searle Bldg., Rochester, New York

Please send me your new Free Book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Name.....

Address.....

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

How Right or Wrong Thinking Measures Your Income

Hidden within you are latent powers greater than you ever dreamed you had. Let Orison Swett Marden tell you how right or wrong thinking brings out these powers to their fullest possible extent—how to make your mind a force that will make your income and your influence all you ever wished



RIGHT or wrong thinking not only measures your income but measures your influence wherever you go and in whatever you do. Dr. Marden is the man who has set thousands of people on the route to successful thinking, constructive thinking. Let him reveal the amazing capacities you possess. Let him make of your mind a veritable dynamo of successful straightforward thinking that wins for you the things you want and the success you aim for.

Many a man who thought he possessed only mediocre abilities has discovered wonderful new powers within himself after reading Dr. Marden's suggestions. Some of the things that his writings have done would almost seem beyond belief were it not for the positive proof in thousands of letters telling of actual experiences. Men who otherwise might have spent the rest of their lives as plodders have suddenly been transformed into veritable dynamos of energy and success.

"Dr. Marden's writings have proved the turning point in my career, enabling me to secure a fine position and an interest in a retail business doing upward of \$200,000 a year," writes Leonard A. Paris, of Muncie, Ind. This is only one of the more than 75,000 letters written to Dr. Marden in acknowledgment of his marvelous stimulation. Nearly 2,000,000 of his books have been sold—translated into some 20 foreign languages. Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Lord Northcliffe, Hudson Maxim, John Wanamaker, Luther Burbank, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and many other great people have written him letters of gratitude.

No matter how satisfied with present conditions you may be or how struggling or discouraged—Dr. Marden will inspire you with new energy, new courage, new powers. And right now, in the prime of his life-time experience, Dr. Marden has again given the world another great work.

"The Victorious Attitude"

This new book vibrates from cover to cover with magnetic truths. It awakens you to the slumbering powers you unconsciously possess. It tells in irresistible style just what the Victorious Attitude is and how you can get it. What a grasp your mind would have if you could always maintain this Victorious Attitude towards everything! How it would enable you to surmount all barriers, master all difficulties, sweep aside all restrictions, and hasten your triumphant success! Radiate a hopeful, expectant, cheerful, confident attitude! Accept the plain great truths Dr. Marden describes so clearly in "The Victorious Attitude" and you will find it easy to reach the pinnacle of your desires.

Dr. Marden has a wonderful way of making you think right. He stirs up new hope and new ambitions. He seems to arouse every unused cell in your brain and sets them all functioning toward great success. The Victorious Attitude which Dr. Marden shows you how to win is the greatest force for success and accomplishment that anyone can possess.

Great Secrets Revealed

Learn the mysterious power, the tremendous force there is in the vigorous, incessant affirmation of conditions which you long to establish; learn why health is one of the most important factors in success, and how the Victorious Attitude toward it will help produce it; learn how to measure up to your ideals; learn about the marvelous secretary you have, closer to you than your breath, nearer than your heart beat, a faithful servant ready to execute your faintest wish. Learn about the wondrous workings of the subconscious mind, the realms of sleep, and learn how to foil the ravages of old-age and maintain your youth.

Thinking that Pays

"The Victorious Attitude" will help you make your mind a factory of thinking that pays in business profit and social popularity. Page after page flashes with forceful, striking questions and anecdotes. There are 16 powerful chapters, the value of which no one can realize until he has read them.

Get a copy of the "Victorious Attitude" and learn the secrets contained in it. Learn to assume the Victorious Attitude. Absorb

Dr. Marden's message. Every man or woman who earnestly longs to prosper and succeed, who has an ideal of a better and more useful life, a bigger position or more influence in his business and social world should send for a copy of this great book to-day—on a special offer which you will be glad to learn about.

Send Coupon Today

For a limited period you are offered an opportunity to secure the "Victorious Attitude" in combination with a year's subscription to SUCCESS for \$3.50.

Here is an excerpt from one of the many thousands of letters received from our readers telling how highly SUCCESS is appreciated:—"One copy of your magazine has been the means of my closing a deal amounting to several thousand dollars."

All you need to do to get this wonderful masterpiece of Dr. Marden's, "The Victorious Attitude," and his magazine for 12 months is to mail the coupon below. Keep the book 5 days, read it and reread it.

For so confident are we that you will see the great benefits that Dr. Marden holds for you as have thousands of others, that we agree that if you are not entirely satisfied, all you have to do is to re-mail the book within 5 days after its receipt and your money will be refunded in full and without question.

But you will like the book. Therefore, mail the coupon at once and by return mail the "Victorious Attitude" and current number of SUCCESS will be sent to you.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

1133 Broadway New York City

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

1133 Broadway New York, N. Y.

I enclose \$3.50 as examination deposit. Please send me the "Victorious Attitude" and enter my name for a year's subscription to SUCCESS. (In foreign countries \$4.50.)

Name

Address

S-11-21

William J. Burns

(Continued from page 55)

of numerous political bosses and their henchmen in the famous graft cases.

He established his own detective agency in 1909, and immediately took over the protection of the 9,000 (now 23,000) bank members of the American Bankers' Association. One of his most famous strokes as a private detective was the conviction of the McNamara brothers and nearly sixty others for the dynamiting of bridges and buildings, the climax of their operations being the blowing up of the Los Angeles Times building, where twenty-one men were killed. That was in 1911, and with the arrests there was ended a reign of terror in the building trades which had lasted for seven years. In recognition of his work on this case, President Roosevelt wired Burns, "All good American citizens feel that they owe you a debt of gratitude for your signal service to American citizenship."

Another fine service which Burns performed in his private capacity was in the Illinois Central Railroad graft case, recovering several millions of dollars for the stockholders. But the greater part

of the work he has done has been of such a confidential nature that it will probably never be revealed to the public.

Mr. Burns's two favorite intellectual diversions are the theater and ancient history. He has for years been an ardent playgoer, being particularly fond of serious and literary plays; and those who think of him only as a detective would be astounded to discover how much he knows about Darius and Tiberius and Stilicho and many other mighty figures of the dim and shadowy past.

It only needs to be added that he is one of the happiest of family men and cheerfully admits that his wife bosses him and the home. He has a very comfortable estate near Scarborough on the Hudson, in the picturesque Irving country a few miles above New York City. He counts himself one of the most fortunate of men because his two sons and his two married daughters live in his immediate neighborhood. To him, the greatest drawback to his government job is that he is deprived of his daily romp with one or more of his nine grandchildren.

Edward W. Beatty

(Continued from page 56)

wise man, used to say: 'Never think you are better than anybody else, but always think you are just as good.' Modesty is a quality I suppose I should apologize for mentioning, for it has become very unpopular and is now almost obsolete; nevertheless, it is one of the finest qualities a boy or man could have.

Handball is President Beatty's favorite exercise for keeping fit, forty minutes of it every night between September and May being his schedule. Baseball and football have always made a strong appeal to him, and he is greatly interested in the Boy Scout movement. Through *Scouting*, issued by the Saskatchewan Boy Scout's Association, he recently gave the boys his views on thrift, extravagance, and miserliness. He said:

"Thrift is a word which is said to have come into the English language over a thousand years ago from the Scandinavian. It is the noun of which 'thrive' is the verb, and suggests that success and saving go together. The word, 'thrift,' is a good word to look at. It is an upstanding word and at once makes one think of sturdy simplicity. How different in appearance is its opposite, 'extravagance'—a word which

suggests at once an ostentatious, irregular character, boastful as well as wasteful.

"Now thrift means saving money and miserliness means saving money, but they are not the same kind of saving. The thrifty person saves so as to have a bank account against bad times. His thrift has for its object independence, and is therefore in accordance with the Scout law. But miserliness is purely selfish, whereas a Scout is told to be thrifty so that among other things he may have money with which to help others when they need it. The Scout must be careful not to carry his thrift too far. You usually find that the thrifty person has a bank account, whereas the miser keeps his money in his stocking where it can do no good because it is not kept in circulation. The thrifty person puts his money where it draws interest, thus adding to what he already has got, and also performing a service to the community.

"By letting the community have the use of his money while he is not spending it, the thrifty person does a service to the community for which the community is willing to pay interest. The community, however, has just as little use for the miser as for the spendthrift."

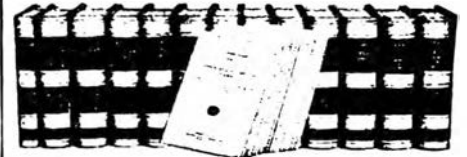
If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin*.

The best cure for the body is to quiet the mind.

The capacity to enjoy simple things characterizes all great souls.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late.

LEARN LAW AT HOME



Let the Library of American Law and Practice

teach you! The principles of law govern every business and walk of life—the man who knows law rules the destinies of all big business concerns. The wheels of progress turn at the lawyer's bidding. No matter what you intend to be in later life—law training will do much to bring you power—position—wealth—SUCCESS. You cannot win so quickly and surely without it.

Learn from Acknowledged EXPERTS

This 12 volume set, bound in law Buckram with red and black labels and titles in gold, comes to your home or office the minute you fill in and mail the coupon below. You have at your finger's tips, for constant reference, the combined law knowledge of the country's greatest lawyers—professors in Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania and Michigan Law Schools!

Examine Them a Week FREE

The entire combination will be sent upon your simple request. Pay only shipping charges when books arrive. Use them 7 full days. If you keep them, send only \$2.80 after 7 days and \$3.00 a month thereafter until the introductory price of \$49.80 has been paid. Regular price, \$72.00.

This offer is only to those within the boundaries of the U. S. and Canada. Send the coupon today.

SPECIAL NOTICE to Readers of this Magazine

If you will sign and mail the coupon NOW, we will send you FREE—a complete guide and reading course in 25 special bound booklets and a 200 page book of standard legal forms, bound uniformly with the law books—along with the set of books. We also include with this free offer a \$12.00 Consulting Membership in this Society. Ask our experts all the leading questions you wish for an entire year.

The American Technical Society
Dept. L-708 Chicago, U. S. A.

MAIL THE COUPON

The American Technical Society,
Dept. L-708, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me "Library of American Law and Practice" in 12 volumes for seven days' examination, shipping charges collect. I will send \$2.80 within seven days and \$3.00 a month thereafter until I have paid \$49.80, or return the books at your expense. If I purchase these books I am to receive FREE, a reading course in 25 parts, a book of standard forms and a consulting membership in your society.

Name

Address

Reference

How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh

QUICKLY! PERMANENTLY! Without Drugs or Medicines of Any Kind

Tonsils and Adenoids Cured Without Operation

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

IN children catarrh is often accompanied by sore, enlarged tonsils and adenoids. When this occurs the child becomes a "mouth-breather," the palate is often pushed upward, and the teeth thrown out of line. Mouth breathing is often the cause of laryngitis, bronchitis and asthma.

Dr. Alsaker was consulted by the parents of a little boy named Jimmy. Other physicians and the school nurse said that Jimmy's tonsils must be removed. He had been sensitive and nervous since infancy, he had indigestion and catarrh, and was a confirmed "mouth-breather." Night sweats occurred at times and sore throats were common.

Jimmy was too slender and too pale. His tonsils were so large that they almost met when examined. Of course he had adenoids too. He had profuse nasal discharge, and was fidgety and capricious, and had already become somewhat deaf.

The parents feared to have Jimmy's tonsils removed, for they had heard of a child who had bled to death after this operation.

Dr. Alsaker applied his simple methods for the cure of catarrh to Jimmy's case with marvelous results. In a few weeks the catarrh had vanished, the tonsils had shrunk back toward normal, the adenoids disappeared, and Jimmy became a healthy little animal, breathing as freely as any child.

Removal of the tonsils by the knife is not a very safe operation. Death occasionally results; often the sore throat persists. Removing the tonsils is merely cutting out a symptom. Enlarged tonsils and adenoids are both merely effects of wrong living. Dr. Alsaker's common-sense, proved-out plan removes the cause of these dangerous conditions.

• • • • •

The majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome—and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration.

When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a victim to pneumonia or consumption.

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

Catarrh Causes Serious Disease

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"All who easily catch cold, are in a catarrhal condition. Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which in turn will give rise to some other serious disease—as if

catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

"Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted. Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-bye and those

creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, catarrh, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds, swollen tonsils and adenoids. 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 Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, 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 suffer from colds, coughs, or catarrh in any form, send only \$3, to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 775, 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 free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds you can do so. Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes no drugs or serums, sprays or salves. 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.



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder of
The Alsaker Way

EDITOR'S NOTE

If you have been puzzled about the cause of catarrh, adenoids, and enlarged tonsils, this article is going to open your eyes and make you think. Read what these people say about Dr. Alsaker's method.

"Had catarrh since childhood. Doctors unable to cure me. Now entirely well, thanks to your treatment."—S. N. R., Canada.
"Bronchitis from which I suffered for five years is now a thing of the past."—J. F. Indiana.
"I was badly troubled with catarrh and colds. By following Dr. Alsaker's instructions the disease has disappeared."—H. M., Canada.

.303 Caliber

(Continued from page 51)

lips of John Colson as Edington spoke. "Oh, yes; I understand you all right, Edington. You are threatening me, though what your threat consists of is not so clear. Suppose I do interfere again with some of your crooked work. What will happen? We might as well get this absolutely beyond chance of mistake, while we're at it." Then, as Edington hesitated, "Come on, man, out with it!"

Edington grew purple. Coming close to Colson, and leaning over him, he hissed between set teeth, "John Colson, you and I can't live in the same town, and I'm not going to move away from this one!" And he turned on his heel and left.

There are other events and other threads in the pattern, and as the shuttle moves and the strings are pulled that give the puppets the form of action, the figures are woven. As men think and act, so does the design take shape and symmetry until, presently, we can see the intricate lines, criss-crossing here and there, making light here and shadow there, and we comprehend the conception of the weaver at the loom.

One day, a little more than a week after the interview between Colson and Edington, a man of about forty-six years, with a peculiar way of showing the whites of his eyes at times, started at noon in an automobile from Arcola to the county seat, fifteen miles distant. Arriving there, thirty minutes later, he placed the car in a public garage and went to the railroad station where he took a train for Endricksville, a city of some hundred thousand people, seventy miles away. He landed at Endricksville at half past two o'clock, and took a taxicab to a large clothing store, where he purchased a complete outfit, from head to foot—suit, hat, shirt, necktie, and shoes, the last two sizes too large. Every item he bought differed, so far as two things of the same kind could differ, from what he wore; cut, color, and style were all radical departures. The clothing was wrapped, at his direction, in heavy Manila paper and tied with a string. The man left the store, carrying the parcel, and walked a block to an establishment dealing in arms and sporting goods. This place bore the sign, "Elliott Arms Company." The man looked over the articles in the show windows for a bit, then passed on until he reached a little park set in the triangular intersection of three streets, in the shadow of the city hall. He sat on a bench and waited.

The day was warm and there were a number of persons who had sought the shade of the trees. One of these loungers sat a few feet away, and the man, after a few minutes, made a remark about the weather, to which the other responded. The man then asked casually, "Live here?" The lounge answered that he did, and some seemingly desultory conversation about the town and its enterprises followed. At the lead of the first man, the talk veered around to various citizens of Endricksville, until

H. C. Elliott was mentioned, and the man asked, "Do you know Elliott?"

The lounge said he did, and spoke rather warmly of the arms dealer's enterprise and public spirit.

"I suppose he is a man with a high sense of public duty?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lounge. "I don't know of a man in this town who has a higher conception of civic obligation than H. C. Elliott."

The conversation seemed to languish. Presently the man got up and strolled away. After turning the first corner, his movements quickened into definiteness and he went again to the Elliott store. This time he went in and looked about and so maneuvered that Elliott, the proprietor, came up to attend to his wants.

"I wish to look at some pistols," said the customer, adding: "Automatics, if you please."

Elliott handed out several shiny firearms. The man presently pointed to one and asked,

"Have you one of that model in .303 caliber?"

The merchant looked over his stock, and found there was none. "We have it in .32 caliber, which is about the same in size and has exactly the same penetration. Would that do?"

"No, I especially want the .303."

"Well, we can order it for you, if that will do?"

After a little reflection the man assented, paid the amount, then reached into his pocket and drew out a slip of paper on which was written in type-writing: "Elias Edington, Arcola, Ohio."

"There is the address; please send it by parcel post as soon as it arrives. How long will it take?"

"Not more than two days."

"That will be all right."

The man started to the door, then returned. "By the way, I wish you would hold the shipment for two days after you get the pistol in; I might be here again, and if so I will call for it. If I do not call by noon, Friday, you may send it out on the afternoon train that day. If for any reason whatever it is not sent on that day and train, just hold it. Will you kindly note all that and be sure to follow the instructions implicitly?"

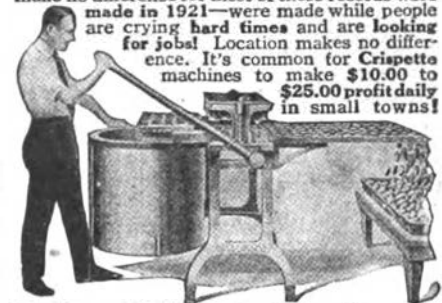
Elliott made a note: "If not called for by Friday noon to be mailed by parcel post to this address, on afternoon train, Friday, sure; if impossible to mail on day and train noted, hold." The man watched him write it down, thanked him, took up his parcel from the counter and left.

He took the afternoon train back to the town where he had left his car, arriving there at dusk. He immediately took the car from the garage and drove out of town, but not toward Arcola. Five miles out he turned off the main road into one little used, on which he proceeded for a mile, when he stopped the car and extinguished the lights. He waited for three hours, or until after ten o'clock, when he started the car and went on. He drove into Arcola about eleven o'clock, stopping at a building

\$375⁷⁵ ONE DAY

Ira Shook, of Flint, Did That Amount of Business in 1 Day

—making and selling Popcorn Crispettes with this machine. He says in letter dated March 1, 1921: "I started out with nothing, now have \$12,000.00 all made from Crispettes." Others have amazing records: Gibbs says: "Sold \$50.00 first night!" Erwin's little boy makes \$35.00 to \$50.00 every Saturday afternoon. Meixner reports: \$600.00 business in one day. Kellogg writes: "\$700.00 ahead first two weeks." Master's letter says: "—sold \$40.00 in four hours." During March, 1921, Turner was offered \$700.00 clear profit above cost of his investment to sell. There is money—lots of money—in Crispettes. Times make no difference for most of these records were made in 1921—were made while people are crying hard times and are looking for jobs! Location makes no difference. It's common for Crispette machines to make \$10.00 to \$25.00 profit daily in small towns!



I Start You in Business

Write me—get my help. Begin now. Others are making money selling Crispettes. You can, too! You don't need much capital. Experience not necessary. I furnish everything—secret formulas, equipment for shop or store, full directions, raw materials, wrappers, etc. Splendid chances galore everywhere! Crowded streets, amusement parks, concessions, wholesaling and stores!

\$1000⁰⁰ Month Easily Possible

Crispettes are a delicious, delightful confection. People never get enough. Always come for more. Raw materials are plentiful and cheap. You make enormous profits. Trade grows by leaps and bounds. It's an easy, pleasant and fascinating business. Send post card for illustrated book of facts. Contains enthusiastic letters from men and women who have quickly succeeded. Tells how to start. Explains most successful methods. Gives all information needed. It's Free! Write Now! Address

LONG EAKINS COMPANY
1141 High Street Springfield, Ohio

DON'T MISS IT!

An Ounce of Nerve

One of the best short stories
of the year

By C. F. OHLIGER

In SUCCESS for December

HISTORY of the WORLD

AT A BARGAIN



Free

We will mail free a beautiful 32-page booklet of sample pages to all who mail us the coupon.

We will name our Special Price and easy terms of payment and mail free our 32 beautiful sample pages to all readers interested. A coupon for your convenience is printed at the bottom of this advertisement. Tear off the coupon, write name and address plainly and mail now before you forget it.

FREE COUPON

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION (11-21)
140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail your 32-pp. free sample book of The History of the World, and write me full particulars of your special offer to the Success readers.
Name
Address

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

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

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

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

Rich Man? Poor Man?

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

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

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

No Chance—No Luck

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

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

against adversity, have been helped to realize prosperity, by following his teachings.

How Dr. Marden's Writings Have Helped Others

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mail Coupon 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.



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.

Name _____

Address _____

S-11-21

occupied by a bank. Here he got out, taking with him the parcel done up in Manila paper.

On Friday, following, he was again in Endricksville. He went to the Elliott store, asked for Mr. Elliott, received a box containing an automatic pistol of .303 caliber, and departed.

VI

ON the night that Elias Edington met his death by a pistol shot, the man whose actions were portrayed in part V, left his home after the evening meal and went to an office, where he wrote for nearly two hours. When his writing was finished, he opened the door of a closet, took out a parcel done up in Manila paper, opened it, and took out a complete outfit of clothing, in which he dressed himself. Pulling the brim of the soft hat well down over his eyes, he left by a door leading to a back stairway opening on the alley in the rear of the building. He traversed the alley to the end away from the direction of his approach to the building, debouching on a dimly lighted street. Pausing at the mouth of the alley, and ascertaining that no persons were in sight, he boldly passed out and along the street toward the west. The business section lay to the east.

Soon he reached a neighborhood of scattered houses; turning to the left, he came to a road leading to the south of the town, but he did not walk in the road. He took the grass at the side until he reached a clump of alders; at the last turn, just before a suburban dwelling. Concealing himself in the alders, he waited, both hands in the side pockets of the coat he wore. In the fingers of the right was clutched a pistol.

The time drew near. When it was quite at hand he acted.

After finishing what he had come to do he returned hurriedly to the office by the same route, and removed the clothing, which he re-wrapped in the Manila paper. He then placed the parcel inside a large suitcase which he took with him as he boarded the night train. He arrived, the next morning, at a large city, and from the express office in the station he shipped the Manila paper parcel to a fictitious address in an obscure village in California.

VII

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ, moves on."

A WEEK from the visit of Elliott to Arcola, the Edington case had ceased to be a subject of conversation. John Colson and his friends resumed their tasks as if no ripple had disturbed the placid course of the town's life.

But, as the weeks went on, the banker seemed to be aging with undue rapidity, as if, observers thought, the unjust accusation still preyed on his mind. He began to spend long hours alone, at home or in the country—seemingly in a slough of despond from which all the efforts of his three faithful friends could not extricate him. Finally, he begged them to let him alone, his words and tones betokening the querulousness of his distress. As the weeks passed he drew more and more into himself, until

You Have a Wonderful Power

—within you which is marvelous in its might, yet so gentle and firm that it requires no mental exertion on your part.

It is that soul fire which lifts you above the irritating, exhausting things of every day life.

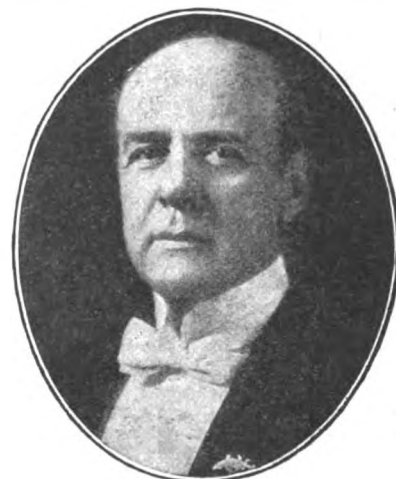
Nature's Laws are not to make you weak, ill, vindictive, depressed, oppressed or otherwise miserable.

Innocently and ignorantly you bring unhappiness upon yourself.

There's a book which can show you how to develop the greatest treasure of your whole life.

This should mean longer life, better health, happiness and joy for yourself and others.

It is a book that fascinates—simple reading—you'll easily understand, entitled



"CONCENTRATION" —Its Mentology and Psychology"

By F. W. SEARS, M. P. (Master of Psychology)

This book has a message FOR YOU. It is a message you have been waiting for. You desire success in life—in every part of your life.

This is your opportunity will you but realize it. The price of the book "Concentration" is 50 cents.

Rev. E. J. Butler says:—"At last I have found the master key to concentration. Please send me two more copies."

F. A. Peters says:—"A friend loaned me 'Concentration.' One idea culled therefrom is well worth the \$7.75 I enclose for more of Dr. F. W. Sears books."

B. DeVry says:—"I want 100 copies of 'Concentration' to distribute among my friends. If it does for every tenth person what it did for me I will feel well repaid for my efforts and expense."

We also have a valuable book by the same master writer entitled, "How to Conquer Fear" which gives the practical rule for using your soul power to make you feel easy, calm, confident and harmoniously contented even when your greatest worries are on. This book is also 50 cents. Both books \$1 or we will mail them both and you pay postman \$1.10 on delivery. We pay postage. Money back if not satisfied.

CENTRE PUBLISHING CO., 108 West 34th St., Suite 665-AC, New York, N. Y.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



BEFORE



AFTER



IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost, if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist

welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest Nose-Shaper, "TRADOS Model 25", U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Does not interfere with one's work, being worn at night.

1585 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's, and other First Class Drug Stores

THE CURATIVE DIET

Regeneration, Rational Fasting and Drugless Treatment

A perfect cure for all constitutional diseases, which builds up new nerves, new stomachs, new livers, new brains, new blood, will save the teeth from decay, the hair from falling out or getting gray, will preserve that bloom of complexion for which women are craving, will end syphilis and restore vitality, will do away with constipation, digestive troubles and neurasthenia. \$1.00 postpaid.

DR. BENEDICT LUST

S 110 East 41st St., New York, N. Y.

A Successful Career

Is Assured You in

MECHANICAL DENTISTRY



Earning power is one measure of success. Doing work worth while is another. Mechanical Dentistry, a dignified, profitable, necessary profession, ranks high in both these points. If your present position limits your earnings investigate at once.

EARN \$35 TO \$125 A WEEK

3 months' course. Taught by actual practice—day or evening. Great demand. Established 29 years. Interesting free booklet (40 pages) gives full details and explains how to earn while learning. Address your inquiry to Dept. 17.

BODEE SCHOOLS OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA BROOKLYN
136 W. 52 St. 15th and Walnut Sts. 15 Flatbush Ave.



"—Not One Gray Hair, Now"

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition. Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES

3334-3338 W. 38th St., Dept. 11323 Chicago

Train for Success

College course leads to diploma and degree.

Fully equip students to become teachers, healers, leaders.

Curriculum complete; climate ideal; satisfaction guaranteed.

School Opens November 22nd

Term, ten weeks.

Write at once for prospectus.

**International College of Divine Science,
Jacksonville, Florida**

Luxuriant Hair

DON'T dye old hair, but grow new hair, of normal color, and eradicate dandruff, baldness, falling hair, and other ills, by THE LIFE WAY METHOD.

Awaken, Vitalize and Energize the scalp—making and keeping it soft, cool, flexible and fertile—Feeding, Lubricating and Cultivating the hair—Toning up the pigment glands, so they will Color the Hair from Within.

I do not use any tonics, dyes, apparatus or drugs.

My full complete course, together with my book "THE LIFE WAY," sent to any address for **\$1.00**

No further expense. For both men and women. Many thousands using it. Course guaranteed.

Send a Dollar today for THE LIFE WAY METHOD

Reports and further details free

PROF. EARL WARD PEARCE, THE LIFE WAY INSTITUTE AND STUDIOS, Dept. 55 1247 W. 56th Place, Los Angeles, Cal.



Updyke and the others concluded that time alone would cure him of what they regarded as the shock of a false criminal charge, and they would best let him go his way.

A year passed, and George Updyke journeyed to the city of Columbus, to accept the invitation of a famous criminologist who had asked Updyke to come up, at the first opportunity, and talk over with him the aspects of a case which had engaged his interest to an unusual degree. In all his years of investigation of crime, it seemed, the great man had never before encountered a case wherein the criminal deliberately set the stage beforehand with a set of circumstances calculated to point the first finger of suspicion at himself, but followed almost immediately with another set of circumstances designed to so completely overthrow the first set that the suspicion would be wholly removed, turning all investigation into new channels that led elsewhere and leaving the perpetrator as free from taint as the dew sparkling on the grass in the morning sun. Updyke had been interested professionally in that case, in which the criminal had carried out that unique plan and had, for months, enjoyed perfect immunity from the law, although retribution had been visited upon him by a more inexorable law than that of the books—the law of nature.

While in the city, Updyke took occasion to go out to the State hospital for the insane, as he desired to see an inmate whose mental processes he had been studying. Mixed with his study there ran a thread relating to the case of *The Commonwealth vs. Sayre*, especially the definition contained in the opinion. "Homicidal mania is that unseen ligament pressing on the mind and drawing it to consequences which it sees but cannot avoid, and placing it under a coercion which, while its results are clearly perceived, is incapable of resistance—an irresistible inclination to kill."

He was admitted and conducted to a room opening off the corridor. The door of the room was of heavy steel mesh wire; the windows were barred. In the room sat the inmate he was seeking.

As Updyke entered, the inmate, a man, looked up. As he did so, the whites of his eyes showed in a peculiar manner. He gave no sign of recognition. "John Colson!" said Updyke, sharply.

But the creature merely began a half incoherent babbling of two automatic pistols of .303 caliber.

The Man Is King

(Continued from page 52)

author, who met Washington but once, said of him, "There is virtue in the look of a great man. I felt myself warmed and refreshed by it during the rest of my life."

"You could not stand with Burke under an archway while a shower of rain was passing," said Dr. Samuel Johnson of the great Irish orator, "without discovering that he was an extraordinary man."

Real greatness cannot be hidden. Character proclaims itself. A man is

Wanted:

**Men and Women
who are ambitious
to make more money**

In every community we need intelligent men and women to represent **SUCCESS MAGAZINE**.

A few hours a day devoted to our work among your friends, neighbors, and acquaintances, should enable you to earn from **\$10 to \$25 a week**.

All you need is an earnest desire to make more money together with a knowledge of what this magazine stands for.

If you are employed in a factory or by any large concern you will find it an easy matter to interest your fellow employees in **SUCCESS**.

Hundreds of people with no more ability than you possess, are representing us successfully, adding to their incomes during their spare time.

Resolve that you will earn more money and write us today for full particulars and representative's outfit.

Mail Coupon To-Day

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I want to take up your work. Please send me representative's outfit and full particulars of your money-making plan.

Name

Address

S. 11-21

STOMACH TROUBLE?

Your stomach is the center of the anatomy and the seat of most trouble and disorders. Proper preparation of the foods you eat will accomplish more to eliminate indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, gall stones, nervousness and similar disorders than any other single factor in life.—EAT PROPER FOODS—properly prepared and these difficulties will soon disappear.

Are You Nervous?

Do you know that nervousness is invariably caused by a bad condition of the stomach?

Our New Health FOOD Book

Contains over 200 pages of recipes and Health Hints. All are tested and proven. This book points out for you the Road to Health; follow it.

INTRODUCTORY \$2.00 PRICE

Pin a \$2.00 Bill to This Advertisement and Learn to Eat Foods That Will Make You Healthy

Sent postpaid upon receipt of purchase price.

ALGONQUIN PUBLISHING SYND.

ALGONQUIN BLDG.

Dept. 130, 67 West 44th St. New York City

Music Lessons UNDER MASTER TEACHERS At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our Free Catalog with details of course you want. Send now.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
425 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

God's masterpiece. Whatever happens or does not happen, he acts his part nobly. He never winces or whines, or dodges or resorts to subterfuges. He is always simple and sincere, open and true. Like a genuine coin, wherever he drops, in whatever circumstances or conditions, he rings true. You know you can always depend upon him to do the right thing, the square thing, the manly thing, that he would be incapable of anything else.

When Garfield was asked, as a young boy, what he meant to be, he answered, "First of all, I must make myself a man; if I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing."

I know of no other ambition which will do so much for a youth as the resolve to be a man, the passion to be all that belongs to a gentleman—nature's gentleman—to stand for something in one's community, to make one's life count.

The Sticker and the Striker

A HAMMER once said to a nail, "Your value don't begin 'Until I knock you on the head 'And start to drive you in. 'You have a head, I must admit, 'But nothing seem to know 'Until you are to usefulness 'Awakened by my blow.' "Tis true," replied the nail, "but I 'As soon as you are through," "Stick on the job, my first and last, 'As I was meant to do. 'I am no rover, once in place 'I never start to hike— "While you swing this way and swing that 'Forever on the strike"—Selected.

Color Combinations

THE following color combinations harmonize: Blue and white. Blue and gold. Blue and orange. Blue and salmon. Blue and maize. Blue and brown. Blue and black. Blue, scarlet and lilac. Blue, brown, crimson and gold. Red and gold. Red and black. Scarlet and purple. Black with white or yellow and crimson. Scarlet, black and orange.

FEAR

A DISCOVERY WHICH HAS BEEN A GREAT REVOLUTIONARY FACTOR IN THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DISORDERS.

Have You Ever Analyzed Fear? Fear Has Many Forms.

Have you lost self-confidence? Do you suffer from general nervousness? Do you worry? Are you depressed in spirits? Do you get blue and discouraged? Do you fear to travel? Are you afraid of crowds? Are you self-conscious? Are you a failure or do you BELIEVE yourself to be? Do you let finances worry you? Have you a general weakness that there seems no good physical cause for? Do you fear you are going insane? Are you in doubt regarding your religious views? Do you ever wish to die? Has life lost its color? Have you lost your interest in life? Have you lost your grip on self? Are you nervous and restless without any seeming cause? Are you unable to control yourself? Do you fear death? Do you fear life? ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOURSELF?

ALL OF THESE ARE FORMS OF FEAR AND CAN BE DESTROYED AND, FAITH, CONFIDENCE AND COURAGE ESTABLISHED. Certain strong emotional thoughts, such as FEAR, ANGER, JEALOUSY, DEEP SORROW, HATRED, etc., create a REAL poison in one's body and depress both mind and body tremendously. This is backed by our Government experts, who have themselves made tests and experiments.

Similar methods to those which I employ, and have employed for the past fifteen years, were used as much as the limited number of qualified practitioners would permit of, by the governments of England, France and the United States during our recent war in treating many types of disorder. If your trouble has not responded to the usual treatment and has been looked upon as a "hidden" or "obscure" ailment, let me assist you in diagnosing your case through the means of Psycho-Analysis. You can learn a lot about self and my methods by mailing me TWENTY-FOUR cents in stamps for my booklet, LEAVITT-SCIENCE. I will mail the booklet and a case sheet for you to fill out, which, when returned to me, will entitle you to a FREE diagnosis of your case. I WANT TO HELP YOU.

C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT, M. D., Suite 738, 14 W. Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



Hotels Need Trained Executives

Nation-wide demand for trained men and women in all departments of hotels, clubs and apartment houses. Uncrowded field; fine living, quick advancement in the big hotels of the United States—now America's Fourth Largest Industry. Statistics show that ONE IN EVERY TEN HOTELS WILL HAVE AN OPENING FOR A MANAGER THIS YEAR. Thousands of other positions also open to those who qualify through training.

The Lewis School guarantees to give you the valuable knowledge that it has taken some of the most successful hotel men years to obtain—men who are now making \$5,000 to \$50,000 a year. All of your training will be under the personal direction of Clifford Lewis—a hotel expert of national reputation. A few spare-time hours a week given to the simple, clear lessons of the course open the way to a good position, a fine living, and a handsome salary. The training will in no way interfere with your present activities.

Send today for FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity." Don't wait a minute—you may lose this opportunity of a lifetime. Mail the coupon NOW. Your whole future may depend on it.

Founded 1916
Lewis Hotel Training School
CLIFFORD LEWIS, Pres.
Room 2519
Washington, D. C.

Free Coupon
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

BECOME AN EXPERT STENOGRAPHER AND SPEED TYPIST

A profession that offers men and women rich rewards, fascinating work, big pay, and opens the way for promotion to high executive positions paying \$50 to \$100 a week and up. Many of America's big business men and women got their start because they mastered stenography. Demand for expert stenographers and typists always exceeds the supply at salaries of from \$50 to \$50 a week. The Tulloss New Way makes you an expert, one who can start in at a large salary. Complete course in shorthand and typewriting, new principles, insures exceptional speed and accuracy. You can write shorthand the new way 125 to 150 words a minute. You can typewrite 80 to 100 words a minute and with this speed goes accuracy and ease of operation—no fatigue as with the old way. Remarkable methods—remarkable results. You learn faster the Tulloss New Way. No previous stenographic schooling necessary. Train at home during your spare time. Only about half usual cost—you will become a far more efficient stenographer—worth more money than the average right from the start. If already a stenographer you nevertheless need New Way training in speed typewriting, for no matter how good you are in shorthand, you can never expect the high salaried position until you get speed, real speed and accuracy on a typewriter. Quickly acquired in two easy lessons. Will send you free our amazing book, "How to Be a Big Man's Right Hand." It tells how business men choose their private secretaries, how they advance them to executive positions. Send postal or letter and indicate whether you are interested in the complete stenography course or simply speed typewriting. No obligation—write today.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL, 1142 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Become an Expert STENOGRAPHER—PRIVATE SECRETARY

Learn a profession that pays big! Get in line for promotion to confidential position paying \$35 to \$75 a week. Big demand always for trained stenographers and private secretaries. Wonderful opportunities for men and women.

Learn At Home—Free Book Tells How

Master shorthand for every purpose. Our "Practical" Shorthand and Secretarial Course includes shorthand, office methods, business English, and typewriting. 10 easy lessons; at half usual cost. Bookkeeping course free. Money-back guarantee and book "How to Become a Private Secretary" free. Write today.

Chicago Extension University, 128 N. LaSalle, Dept. F, Chicago



Why Many Men are Old at 40

Perhaps the most common cause is the disturbed condition of an important gland. Even men of iron constitution are not exempt from this amazingly common irregularity. We have for limited distribution, an ethically accurate, educational and interesting

FREE BOOK

Its message may prove of unsuspected value to you. It explains how a disturbed condition of this vital gland may cause sciatica, backache, painful and tender feet, interrupted sleep and other extremely uncomfortable and often serious conditions. It tells of ThermaLaid, a simple means by which the essential of a new hygienic principle, done into convenient form corrects this prostate gland condition and its attendant health faults without medicine, massage, or knife. The record of its success for five years is incontrovertible. The book is free. Simply address

THE ELECTRO THERMAL COMPANY
1602 Main Street, Steubenville, Ohio

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-notch* 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.

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

I enclose \$2.00 for "The Six Vital Success Principles" by Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey, in six lessons. It is agreed that I may return them, if dissatisfied, within 30 days, and my \$2 will be refunded.

Name.....
Address.....

Hounded by Fate

(Continued from page 47)

"No," disagreed the listener, "your misfortune lies in the fact that you were born with less than the usual allowance of brains."

The man buffeted by fate drew himself up indignantly and glared at his critic. "Were you ever in a savings bank?" inquired the sarcastic stranger. "Did you ever see a government bond?"

"I have heard of both," admitted the unfortunate, "but I have never had anything to do with either; the returns are too inappreciable."

"I might retort," the other man pointed out, "that the interest paid by either of such agencies is a *blamed sight* more than you realized on your investments. To a man like you, who inherits his money without also inheriting the ability to handle it, there are only three courses open. He must first get a job, of course, and trade his honest toil to someone who has more brains than he has for a salary which will support himself and family. Then he may take his modest inheritance and either put it in a savings bank, where it will earn three or four per cent for him, or in government bonds, where the returns are somewhat the same; or, best of all, in a home, where he and his family may live in comfort and happiness, rent free."

"I might have known," said the blighted one, bitterly, "that you would not understand! No one ever does understand!" and he rose and shuffled wearily down the gravel walk.

New Neighbors

(Continued from page 60)

Wethering nodded dully. Why had they taken her there—of all places! Did she know! Would he have to tell her! His haggard eyes drew back to the inexorable scene. After a while, his feet started across the lot beyond his scorched barberry hedge.

Sight of the familiar cottage strongly affected him. With faint relief he found the front door unlatched. He pushed it open, but on the humble step halted painfully. He could see through the cramped parlor into the kitchen. A thick white coffee-cup steamed untouched on the kitchen table. His wife was bent forward. She seemed to be crying silently on the washed-out blue-percale breast of his neighbor's wife—a woman she had not spoken to in four months.

At the sound of his step, she rose and wavered toward him.

"Ada!" he could only agonize.

She grew nearly hysterical on his shoulder, then drew him aside to a closed door and softly turned the knob. A modest oil-lamp dimly lighted the small room. Crowding each other for space stood a cheap light-oak bed, bureau, and washstand, and a second bed of enameled iron with dented brass knobs.

Wethering felt the blood almost stop dead in its course as his eyes fell upon

Do You Need \$500 to \$5,000?

Here is a quick, easy plan for obtaining cash capital for any business purpose



If you need money for any business project—if you require from \$500 to \$5,000 cash capital—read every word of this important announcement.

It tells about a simple, economical method that has been successfully used in obtaining cash capital for commercial enterprises of all kinds—retail, wholesale, manufacturing, real estate, patents, etc.

It shows how you—yourself—can now utilize this effective system for raising any amount of money up to \$5,000, for any legitimate business purpose.

The Need of Capital

Throughout this broad land of ours there are thousands of wide-awake men, women and young people who are keenly anxious to break away from the limiting routine of salaried positions and become established in businesses of their own.

These ambitious folks realize the many advantages that come to the individual who gets out of the time-clock line and becomes his own master. They appreciate the freedom and independence that comes with proprietorship, the broader vision that it encourages and develops, and the increased advantages and opportunities it affords to those who want to live bigger, better and happier lives.

With valuable business training and experience, controlling more or less trade in various lines, possessed of money-making plans and ideas, with a multitude of commercial opportunities on every hand, why is it that so many alert, aspiring people call some other man "boss"?

There is but one answer to this question, and it is a simple one. It is because they do not know how to raise the necessary money to enable them to get properly started in some enterprise of their own.

If these earnest people could obtain the required capital, there is no reason why they should not succeed as well as thousands of others have succeeded before them, many of whom, though starting with but a few hundred dollars capital, have built up amazingly successful enterprises.

It is for these ambitious people that the method for securing cash capital, here set forth, is made available—a system which presents—*simply and clearly*—a specific plan for raising any amount of money up to \$5,000, for any legitimate business purpose.

While this System has been successfully used in securing sums far in excess of \$5,000, it is not designed to do so. Business projects requiring large sums of money require a somewhat different plan of financing.

Cash for Business Needs

The Simplex System for Securing Cash Capital is a scientific, proved-out method for quickly raising from \$500 to \$5,000 to establish, extend or develop any legitimate business enterprise. It shows how to get the cash capital necessary to

- start a business of your own
- buy a business already established
- purchase an interest in a going concern
- extend an established business
- introduce a new business idea, plan, patent or service.

The Simplex System is not a financial essay filled with impractical theories. It is a simple, definite, easy-to-operate plan that can be immediately utilized by any intelligent person in need of cash capital.

Thousands of bright, capable men and women in all parts of the country are held back from business success simply through lack of funds.

Many energetic, ambitious people have sound, sensible business plans, ideas and opportunities which they are unable to take advantage of, or put into profitable operation, simply because they do not possess the few hundred or few thousand dollars necessary to get properly started.

Scores upon scores of money-making business ideas die a-borning merely for the want of a little money to properly launch them and carry them to success.

If you have a business project, plan, idea or opportunity that merely needs a moderate amount of capital to get it going, you should get and follow the Simplex System at once.

It contains the real secrets of success in money getting.

It tells how this system gets results, and why other methods fail.

It shows you the ineffectiveness of the usual way of trying to get capital.

It makes plain the futility of the customary, limited, haphazard, hit-or-miss efforts to raise money.

It shows how the Simplex System opens up an almost unlimited field from which you may obtain any business funds you may need up to \$5,000.

A Successful Author

The author of the Simplex System for Securing Cash Capital is a widely known business man, teacher and writer who has, himself, raised millions of dollars for various business enterprises.

He started in business for himself when he was but nineteen years of age, with very little education and handicapped with poor health. Surmounting these obstacles, he made rapid progress until he is now president of two corporations and also president of a business club of national scope and purpose.

At one time he was associated with a financing company that successfully negotiated partnerships and obtained special capital for enterprises of all kinds, following the identical method contained in the Simplex System.

In view of the wide experience and the unusual record of the author, can you afford to go ahead in any effort to raise money without, first of all, getting the invaluable help and advice of this successful man as set forth in the Simplex System?

You Must Use System

You cannot expect to be successful in raising money unless you have a sound system—a practical plan—to follow.

What would you think of a man who attempted to build a satisfactory house, a barn, or even a box, unless he followed some definite system—unless he knew, before he started, exactly what he wanted to do and just how he was going to do it—in other words, had a practical, clear-cut plan to follow?

If you undertake any important work in a planless, unsystematic, hit-or-miss manner, you are almost sure to fail. But if you have a logical, reasonable method and follow it intelligently you are then justified in expecting and accomplishing successful results.

Isn't it foolish to waste time and money guessing and experimenting when you can now obtain the expert help and advice so clearly presented in the Simplex System?

Add to Your Income

In addition to using the Simplex System for securing any money you may need for your own use, you can also use it for raising capital for others. In fact, when you become familiar with this method of financing, you may want to act as a Financial Broker, charging 5% to 10% commission for your services, and in this way add substantially to your income.

This System was successfully used in this way by a firm of Business and Financial Agents in Philadelphia, who obtained capital for a great variety of enterprises.

Easy to Use

The Simplex System is simple to understand and easy to follow. It is explained so clearly in plain, every-day English, that any one who can read and write can use it to the fullest possible advantage. It gives such definite, concise instructions that you cannot go wrong in following it.

Many so-called instructional works are made up of impractical ideas and useless theories, but the Simplex System is based entirely on actual results that have been obtained in hundreds and thousands of cases.

Low in Price

The present price of the Simplex System for Securing Cash Capital is only \$2. If you need it at all, it is certainly worth many times this price to you. If you should use it but once in your life, and for raising only \$500, you will receive very big dividends on your investment, as a financial agent's commission for securing \$500 would be from 5% to 10% or \$25 to \$50, which is twelve to twenty-five times the price of the Simplex System.

If you have any real need for the Simplex System

it really costs less to get it than to do without it. To buy it costs but \$2. Not to buy it may cost you business success, and you can easily waste in time and money many times \$2 in unwise experimenting and inexperienced effort.

Please remember that in buying the Simplex System you are not paying for mere paper and printing. You are making an intelligent investment in practical, proved-out information that required years of experience and thousands of dollars in experimenting to obtain—information that is probably the most valuable of its kind available—information that you can greatly profit by if you are in need of cash capital for business purposes.

The Value of Expert Service

Compared with the charges made by experts in other lines of work, the price of the Simplex System is ridiculously small.

For consultations, analyses, examinations, reports, counsel, advice and services of like character, experts in all lines receive fees that make the modest sum charged for the Simplex System seem small indeed.

Architects, accountants, engineers, lawyers, doctors, surgeons, efficiency experts, and, in fact, experts in all lines receive fees that run into big figures.

Ordinary doctors—men seldom heard of outside their own towns—get consultation fees of \$50 to \$100, while those of national reputation get fees that run up into the thousands.

The average lawyer charges from \$50 to \$100 for an opinion in an ordinary legal matter, while in important cases the "big guns" receive fees that would shatter any ordinary bank account.

Today is the day of specialists and the trained man in any line can command substantial pay for his knowledge.

And don't forget this, expert advice is one of the cheapest things you can buy. For expert advice, based on knowledge and experience, enables you to side-step mistakes and avoid errors, and mistakes and errors are the most costly things in the world.

Many people fail in what they undertake just for the need of a little experienced advice and guidance. Why take that chance? Why go it blind? Why not get and follow expert advice?

Do Not Delay

Successful people are positive people. They do things. Therefore, lose no time in getting and using the effective Simplex System for Securing Cash Capital.

Send no money. Just fill in and mail the coupon, or copy it in a letter. We will mail you the complete System at once. When it arrives simply deposit \$2 with your mail man. Then examine the System right in your own home, and if for any reason—or no reason at all—you do not feel that you have received ten times your money's worth, just re-mail it to us and we will return your money at once. That is the fair, square way in which the Simplex System is sold. We take all risks and guarantee your money back if dissatisfied in any way.

If you are in a position where you can advantageously use ready money, the Simplex System is undoubtedly the best investment you can possibly make. In obtaining this money-getting knowledge, you are wisely investing a very small sum to learn how to obtain larger sums. You are securing valuable, expert, scientific information that will show you how—exactly how—to raise money for any legitimate use.

Send no money, but mail the coupon now—at once—as the present \$2 edition is limited. American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 852, 1133 Broadway, New York.

AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.,
A National Service Organization for Business Development
Dept. 852, 1133 Broadway, New York.

You may send me the Simplex System for Securing Cash Capital. I will pay my postman \$2 but if I am not perfectly satisfied I will re-mail it to you within ten days after I receive it, and you are to refund my money at once.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....