



Is Your Daughter Safe?

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December 1941

Success

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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

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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.

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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 remail 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.

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S. Nov. '21

AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Reader:

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, 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. It is the key which is being used by the strong people of the earth, those who do not believe in the virtue of poverty, or the beauty of self denial. 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.

Descriptive Booklet Sent Upon Request.

CHARLES F. HAANEL, 202 Howard Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



FREDERIC STANLEY
Designer of the
Success covers

MR. STANLEY'S covers have appeared already on three numbers of Success. During the coming year they will be a prominent feature of our newer and bigger magazine. Stanley is one of the cleverest "cover men" in the present magazine field. He is 29 years old, a native of Vermont, and a student of Eric Pape, Boston. He was a newspaper cartoonist, but his humor is better appreciated by magazine readers.

ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG, who has written so many important articles for Success, will appear in a new role, in January, as the author of the first of a series of true detective-stories. After reading "Is Your Daughter Safe?" in this number, you may marvel at Mr. Gregg turning to so strange a field. Yet his detective stories, based on the methods of a Secret Service man in clearing up certain seemingly insoluble mysteries, have all the grip and punch of real Sherlock Holmes thrillers.

DR. MARDEN'S "My New Year's Creed" will strike us all just right. We need some strong optimism when the old year wanes and the new one begins to cast its rays above the horizon. There is a big heaven of cheer and hope in Dr. Marden's "My New Year's Creed." It is something that our readers will want to frame and keep.

AND, in January, will appear George Allen England's "Fighting for Fat!" Irwin Cobb, Samuel G. Blythe, Don Marquis and other noted humorists have told the public how they brought their weight down to normalcy. And many of us have profited thereby. England, on the other hand, just had to put on weight. Valiantly he has struggled for years—and the story of his struggles is just about as funny as anything you have ever read.

Success

Vol. V. December, 1921 No. 12

Cover Design	Frederic Stanley	
How I Humanize My Business	E. L. Bacon	17
Alexander E. Little, shoe manufacturer, tells of a new way to make money		
To-morrow. A poem	Frank X. Piatt	18
An Ounce of Nerve. A story	C. H. Ohliger	21
Illustrated by Robert A. Graef		
The Man Who Does and the Man Who Doesn't	Orison Swett Marden	24
Cartoon by Gordon Ross		
Frenzied Farming	George Allan England	25
What happened to a successful author during three months of the simple life		
Is Your Daughter Safe?	Albert Sidney Gregg	29
What becomes of the 65,000 girls who disappear every year		
"Take Him Out!"	Orison Swett Marden	32
The psychology of baseball is the psychology of life		
Wise Guy! A story	Mary Singer	33
Illustrated by A. L. Bairnsfather		
Have You the Essentials of Leadership?	Orison Swett Marden	37
What I Owe to America	Louis Topkis	38
Twenty-nine years ago, a peddler; to-day his firm is "turning down" orders		
I Might Have Made a Million; but I Turned It Down—Cold!	True S. James	42
A story that could not be published until Woodrow Wilson had retired to private life		
Beaver City's Buying Strike. A story	Crandall Hill	45
Illustrated by John R. Neill		
How Are You Tagged?	Orison Swett Marden	49
Cartoon by Gordon Ross		
Discipline	Harry Irving Shumway	50
Unseen Forces of Salesmanship	L. B. Michaels	51
Why more than half the orders written were passed up by the other fellow		
Success. A poem	Conny Leigh Hill	52
How I Commercialized Cleanliness	Howard P. Rockey	53
John L. Golden, play producer, tells how he put his faith in the public		
The Victorious Consciousness	Orison Swett Marden	55
Where All but One Angel Feared to Tread. A story	Annie Hamilton Donnell	56
Illustrated by Donald S. Ross		
"What Is the Matter with Me?"	John A. Tobey	60
Have you the nerve to ask ten persons you know, to answer this question?		
What You Shouldn't Eat—and Why.	Nan Tempest	64
Dr. Robert Hugh Rose, author of "Eat Your Way to Health," tells you		

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Success

DECEMBER 1921



How I Humanize My Business

An interview with Alexander E. Little, one of the largest shoe manufacturers in America, whose slogan is:

"The more you keep your employees smiling and contented, the more money you bring into your business"

HUMANIZING our business? What does it mean? Well, let me explain.

It was Alexander E. Little who was speaking. Mr. Little is the largest shoe-manufacturer in Lynn, Massachusetts, and the employer of seven thousand men and women.

"Not long ago," he continued, "there was a clerk in our offices who was in trouble. He and his wife were unable to get along amicably together. They were on the point of separating—a middle-aged couple who had lived together for many years, who had prospered, who had built a little home for themselves, and for whom life had always run along evenly and happily. Suddenly everything went wrong. I don't know what was the cause of the trouble; I doubt if they knew themselves. But the little black cloud that had come into their clear sky had grown and grown until they could see disaster hanging over them. It was one of those domestic tragedies that are hard to explain, but happen so often after years and years of contentment.

"It was impossible for the man to hide his trouble. His appearance, his depressed manner, his sudden loss of interest in his work, told the story plainly enough. And it stands to reason that a man in such a state of mind is not particularly useful to his employers. It was our problem just as much as it was his. One of the thousand of little parts of our industrial machine was not functioning properly. If the machine had been, by way of illustration, a typewriter, we should have removed the defective part—wheel, or bar, or key, or whatever it might have been—thrown it away, and replaced it with a new one.

By E. L. Bacon

And under the old ideas that have too often prevailed in business, we should have removed this man and replaced him with another. The old idea would have prevailed—'business is business, and sentiment has nothing to do with it.'

"But this is where the humanization idea came in. The man was not a wheel, or a bar, or a key, or any other mechanical part of our machinery, to be treated as we would have treated a

defective piece of metal. The man was a human being. He was a human part of our machine. And he was to be treated as a human part of it, not because of sentiment, but because we had come to realize that consideration of the welfare of the human parts of our machine is a good business principle. It is a good business principle merely from the sordid standpoint of profit in dollars and cents. The man, before his domestic difficulties began, had been a good, efficient—and experienced employee. Common sense told us that it would help our business if we could make him what he had been.

"So we thought over the matter. And we came to the conclusion that the best thing for that man would be to send him away from the scene of his troubles. We had some business we could assign him to that would necessitate his traveling through the West for several months. So we sent him out on the road on that work."

Then There Will Be No More Strikes

ALEXANDER E. LITTLE has a message for the world. It is incorporated in this interview. It was a difficult matter to get Mr. Little to talk, for he is an unusually retiring man and disinclined to any kind of publicity. You will notice, in all that he has said to Mr. Bacon, he never uses the pronoun "I," it is always "we" with him, though the matters he mentions are his personal achievements.

In the city of Lynn, Massachusetts, where are situated his Sorois shoe factories, he is a citizen of power, though he would be the last to admit it. But they say, in Lynn, that he has more influence in that city than the mayor. To all appearances, Mr. Little is a quiet-mannered, modest man, slender, smooth-shaven, gray-haired, strong-featured. He is a fine example of the modern success in business. His name is seldom seen in print.

Mr. Little, after years of business experience and as an employer of thousands of men and women, believes that all great industries will soon be compelled, through force of circumstances, to realize that employees must be regarded as human beings and not as mere machines.

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 Little theory. 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.

AGLEAM of satisfaction came into the manufacturer's eyes as he paused a moment before concluding his story. It may have been, as he had indicated, that only sordid business motives had brought him to the relief of the harassed clerk, but a glance at his face—very clearly the face of a man who was much more than a selfish and emotionless money grubber—aroused in the interviewer's mind a pretty strong suspicion that a good deal of the milk of human kindness had been mixed with those motives.

"And he forgot his troubles?" I asked.

Mr. Little smiled contentedly as he nodded assent. "He did—forgot

them all. He came back a changed man. And his wife had forgotten her troubles, too. Months of separation had convinced that couple that they needed each other, that they could never be happy apart. He's in our offices now—the same good, capable man he always had been, deeply interested in his work and with not a thing in the world to worry him. He and his wife are living together as happily as if they were on their honeymoon."

"So that is what your humanization plan means: Giving relief to the human parts of the industrial machine when they get out of order?"

"Not entirely. That is only a small part of it. We aim to keep those human parts in such condition that they won't get out of order. We are trying to keep them cheerful and contented and prosperous. It's good business. Discontented employees mean shiftless work and reduction of output. Seven thousand cheerful workers can produce more than can seven thousand unhappy ones, and what they turn out will be of better quality, too. That is the lesson we have learned and that we hope to impress upon manufacturers the country over. We have organized what we call a humanization bureau, with the welfare of the employees as its sole object.

"Its work is only beginning, but we have made a good start in that direction with our farm. This farm, at Marblehead, not very far from our factories here in Lynn, has one thousand acres and can supply more than enough food for every man and woman on our payrolls. The vegetables, milk, eggs, and butter produced there we are selling to our employees at cost on a coöperative plan. Across the street from our main factory, we have just opened two coöperative stores where our men and women can purchase the farm products for a good deal less than they would have to pay elsewhere. The prices, of course, vary. They are based solely on the cost of production; but they are always at least fifteen per cent below those of other markets, and everything is fresh and of the best.

"Now, let me give you an instance of how this humanization idea pays. Not long ago, I was walking through Wall Street and came to the building of J. P. Morgan and Company. I decided to go inside and see if I couldn't talk over our business. I wanted to get the opinion of that firm about it. Just inside the door were some Morgan detectives on the watch to see that strangers didn't get in too far; but somebody inside recognized me and beckoned to me. I was invited in to a meeting of the board. I was asked to tell all about our business. So I began to talk; and, at length, I came to the story of the farm. I take a great deal of interest in that coöperative farm plan, and I think I told the story pretty well.

"At length, one of the members of the firm turned to me and said, 'Mr. Little, the best thing about your business is your farm. If you ever want to

capitalize your business come to us and we will attend to it.'

"You see, it wasn't the financial profits we could show so much as it was our humanization idea that aroused the confidence of the leading banking house of the country. Those bankers seemed to realize that a business that had a co-operative farm for its employees was pretty likely to continue to be a success."

"And you think your humanization plan is going to be adopted by other employers?"

"Yes. I believe that all employers must come to it sooner or later. They can't continue along the old lines. They are going to wake up to the fact that it means more money in their pockets if they learn to guard carefully the welfare of their workers. At least, that is what we hope. We are doing our best to bring our plan to the attention of employers in all lines of industry."

NATURALLY, I could see all sorts of possibilities in this "humanization idea," and I inquired what it might

TO-MORROW

By Frank X. Piatt

Men say: "To-morrow I will do this thing,"
Heedless of ruin on its whirlwind way;
Forgetting that To-morrow's reckoning
Is with To-day.

lead to. I wondered whether eventually a coöperative village might not be in the manufacturer's mind. He admitted that he had thought of such a village.

"We may have one for our employees some day on the farm," he answered. "But I can't say definitely. As I have already pointed out, the bureau is only beginning its work. It is going to be a live, efficient bureau, and new ideas are sure to develop in it."

"What was it that led to this humanization plan?" I asked.

"I think the World War brought it about," he replied. "You see, the war brought all classes together and set the more prosperous classes to thinking of the needs of those that were not so well off. During the war, one hundred high-school boys were at work on our farm and were drilled there. That sort of thing seemed to get us away from the old business rut and to set us to thinking. But, as a matter of fact, we had never ignored the interests of our employees. Twenty years ago, we had a Girls' Welfare Club of six hundred members. Such an institution was rather unusual in a factory at that time; but it was copied by other employers. The club isn't going now because conditions changed. At the time our girls were almost all of native stock. Now most of them are of other races, for the foreigners have been pouring into Lynn rapidly. With the foreign element the club didn't seem to be such a success."

IN speaking of his work along these lines, Mr. Little always carefully eliminates the pronoun "I." It is always "we;" for his is not an obtrusive personality. He would like to have it understood that his factories—he never calls them his although he is practically the sole owner—are managed by a committee of directors, called governors, and that these governors manage the farm. But, for a man who never mentions himself, he is a decidedly influential citizen in Lynn. Although he would be the last person to admit it, he has more power in the running of this lively city of 100,000 inhabitants than the mayor himself. He is the man behind the scenes who pulls the wires that control things there—a quiet, modest man to all appearances, non-communicative, as a rule, slender, smooth-shaven, gray-haired, strong-featured, well along in the best years of middle age; a man whose picture is never seen anywhere, whose name is seldom seen in print.

Self-elimination seems to be his hobby. It was exceedingly difficult to induce him to talk about himself. One has to learn about him from the people of Lynn, and they don't know very much about him, either. But, sometimes before election day, a sudden and important change in a political slate is attributed to the fact that this same quiet, non-assertive man, who says "we" and never "I" in speaking of what he has done, has raised meek and modest objections to a certain candidate. And,

for all anybody knows, his silent influence may spread out a good deal farther than the boundaries of his own city. At any rate, he has a good many friends who are powers in his State, and Vice-President Coolidge, when governor, was a frequent visitor to the home of this self-effacing manufacturer, with whom he found he had a good many ideas in common. This, at least, is the talk one hears among the people of Lynn. As for his career, they know only that he began as a traveling salesman, that, twenty-five years ago, he started his factories, and that those factories began to grow at a most amazing rate until they were the largest in the city.

When Mr. Little bought his big farm he held it for a time as a hobby. The idea had not developed then of turning it over to his employees. He was interested largely in the breeding of cattle, and the stables for the pedigreed bulls and cows are models: stone walls, cement floors, nickel-plated railings in front of the stalls, and as clean as stables could possibly be kept. There are 160 cows, Holsteins and Guernseys. Then there are seven thousand thoroughbred chickens of half a dozen varieties, with a poultry expert from an agricultural college in charge of them. And, not long ago, fifty pigeons were imported from Germany to provide squabs for the families of the factory workers. There is also a large flock of sheep, and enough hogs to provide pork for a good many tables.

THE corn grown on a hundred acres of the farm, is declared to be the best in New England. It grows fifteen feet in height. All kinds of vegetables are produced. One can see them displayed in huge stacks in the windows of the coöperative stores. And to these stores, every morning, flock hundreds of the factory-workers' wives, as well as the workers themselves, carrying big baskets. All of which means that there is a more bountiful supply of food and food of a better quality on the tables of the employees than ever before.

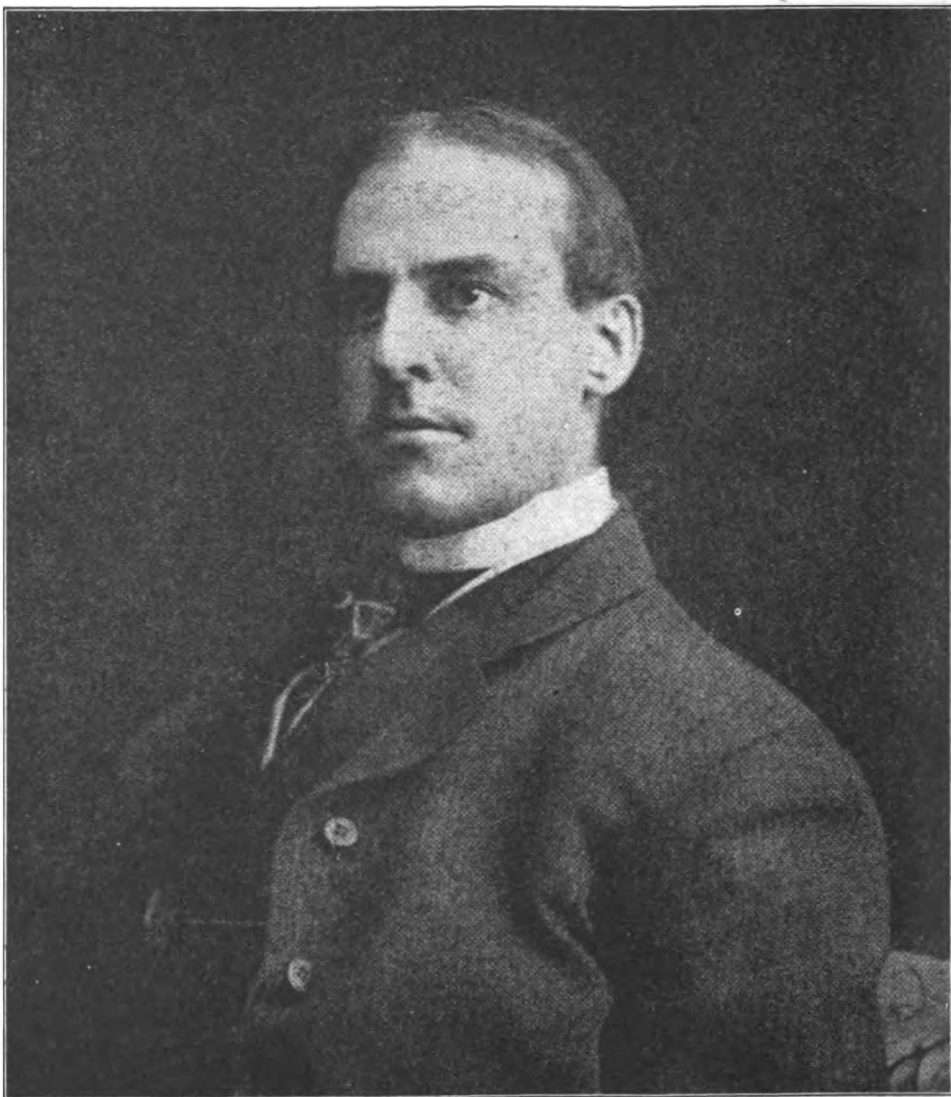
It was soon discovered, however, that a large percentage of the employees were continuing to buy their food supplies at other places in spite of the higher prices. The reason for this peculiar fact was not hard to find. It was that other stores allowed charge accounts, and a good many factory workers and their wives are proverbially improvident. So, now, the coöperative stores are allowing charge accounts, too, with the result that practically all of the employees buy from them—that is, all of the employees who have families. But the interests of the unmarried ones have not been ignored. They profit through the factory lunch-rooms, which are a money-saving outgrowth of the original plan. Now, coöperative stores are being opened in Brockton for the big branch of the factory in that city.

THERE are already strong indications that Mr. Little's hope that his coöperative farm plan will be copied by employers in other cities, will be realized. Since the plan was announced hundreds of letters have been received by the company, from manufacturers in many places, inquiring about details of the project. "They've all to come to it," declares Mr. Little, confidently. "Changing conditions are driving them all out of the old rut."

Irving Kaye Davis is the man in charge of the humanization bureau, and he is as busy as a bee. He is only just beginning to get the thing organized and is now getting his desks into place and hiring his clerks and book-keepers. After all those trivial uninteresting details have been attended to, Mr. Davis is expected to produce ideas. He will sit down and think, and his mind—according to expectations at least—will evolve other ideas besides coöperative stores for benefiting the employees and keeping them cheerful.

"Show me a factory where there are happy faces," says Mr. Little, "and then I know that that factory is efficient and successful. Men and women with depressed spirits are poor producers."

And Mr. Davis's job is to keep the faces in the Little factories smiling. One of the ideas for achieving this purpose is to give picnic parties. Every week, weather permitting, there is a big picnic on the farm for the families of the factory workers. Most of them journey by trolley cars to these parties; but a



ALEXANDER E. LITTLE

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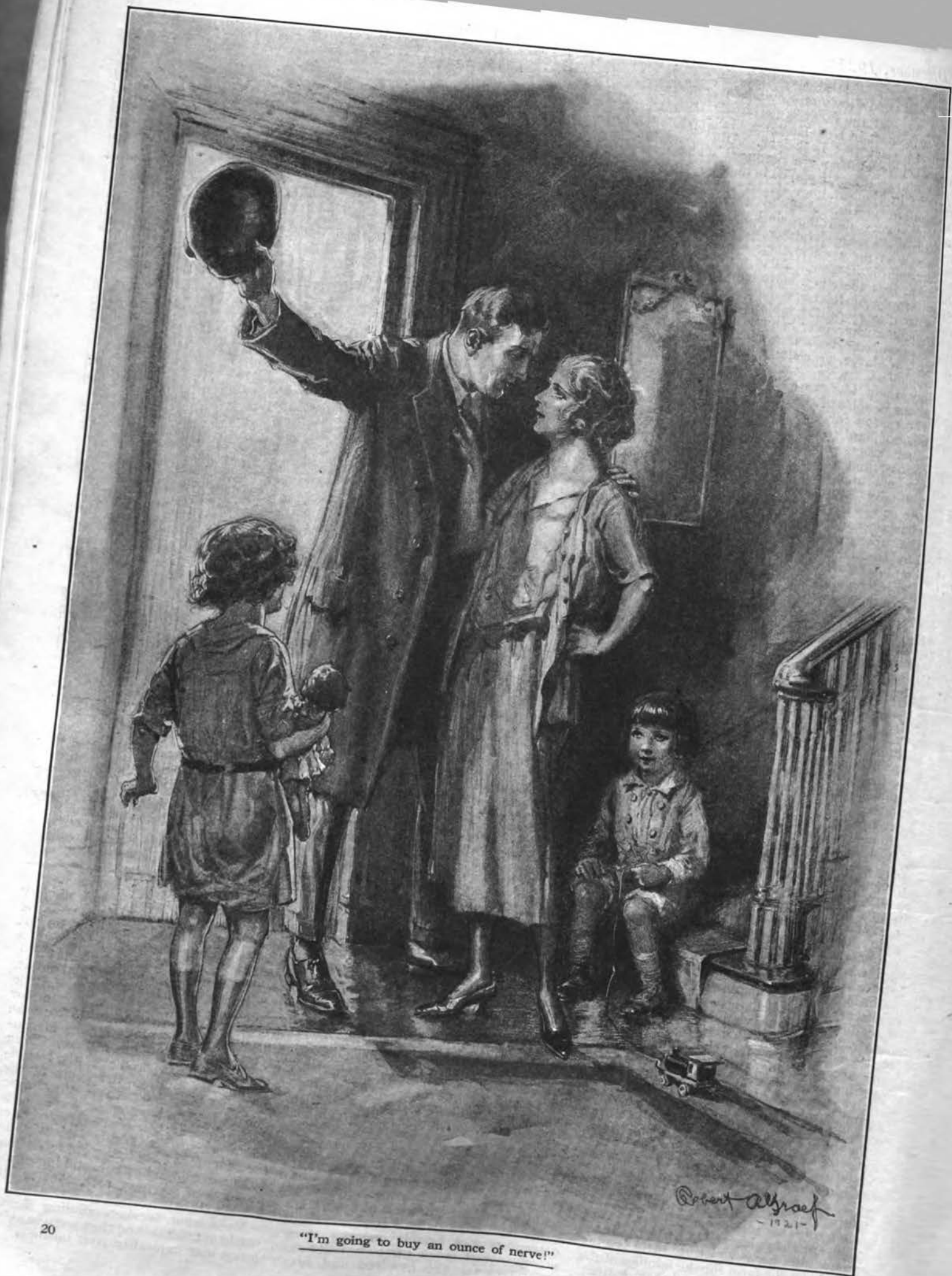
railroad station is being built at one of the farm gates so that hundreds will soon be coming by train. They come not only from Lynn but from surrounding towns; for they are a widely scattered band of employees. And when they get there the young folks have games in the far-spreading fields, and gather together in the middle of the day for a spread, provided by the farm gardeners, that is fit for kings—for more kings than the world ever knew, for there seems no limit to the huge supply of good things which that farm provides.

IT is an ideal farm, spreading out over low, rolling hills not far from the seashore. The fields are full of wild flowers, and the air is as fresh and clear as if the smoking chimneys of Lynn were a thousand miles away. Here and there carpenters and bricklayers and stone masons are at work on new buildings—cottages for the hundred and fifty

farm workers, new stables, new poultry houses. But these buildings are being constructed on artistic lines and do not mar the beauty of the landscape. If a coöperative village should be built there, it will have nothing unsightly about it. The homes will be picturesque little cottages and cleanliness will rule, for everything is kept spick and span on the coöperative farm. Cleanliness is considered next to godliness there. Even the pigs are clean; and even the fastidious might eat from the floors of the stables, which look as if they were scrubbed every hour of the day.

Cleanliness is one of the many virtues that work toward keeping the faces in the factories smiling. And smiling faces mean good business and increasing production. At any rate, that is Mr. Little's theory.

Keep your workers smiling if you would get rich. And then some banking house may capitalize your business.



The remarkable story of a man who made the most important investment of his life when he purchased

An Ounce of Nerve

By C. H. Ohliger

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

FRANK CLARK was conscious of his dejection. In fact, he was nursing it. Instead of looking forward to a refreshing spring evening in his little garden at home, he was looking backward over some unpleasant happenings of the day and interpreting them into discouragements, resentments, and forebodings. Mechanically he bought the evening newspaper, boarded his trolley car, found a seat in the rear, and glanced over the headlines. Whatever importance may have been in the news, whatever significance in the baseball scores, or whatever nonsense in the comics, nothing in the paper held his attention. His thoughts were either back at the office or within himself communing with his low spirits.

He told himself it was all silly, allowing a trifle to upset him like that. Just because Williams the office manager had happened into the traffic department when the office was almost empty, was nothing to be disturbed about. But why did Williams have to come when all the men were out, and the stenographer, done with her work, was powdering her nose? McIntyre had been out on the tracks checking cars; Thomas had gone to the ticket office to get Pullman reservations for the Big Boss's family; and Clark, himself, had been in the sales manager's office with figures on the firm's rate-adjustment case. They were all attending to business at the time—except the stenographer, of course, and it was no misdemeanor if by her speed she had finished before the whistle blew.

It was to be expected that Williams should ask why she didn't offer her services to another department if she hadn't enough to keep her busy. It was his job to say something like that. It was, likewise, his nature to say it sourly, especially since he had come in to inquire about a train schedule and found none of the men waiting to dance attendance on him. But Miss Campbell found it for him. Thank goodness, at least, she was there, even if she was discovered making that part of her toilet which girls consider public.

But what annoyed Clark was his certainty that the office manager would generalize on the incident and recount his findings to some of the officers of the company. He wouldn't tell them that the men were out attending to their business; he'd merely tell how he saw every desk unoccupied and the stenographer engaged in labor unproductive from the standpoint of the company.

Clark decided that if the story should get that far it was his own fault. When he came back to the office and learned what had taken place, why didn't he go

at once to the office manager on pretense of finding out whether he had the information he was after, and then made it clear that the traffic department is not a gang of loafers! Miss Campbell had the mettle to answer E. W., that somebody had to stay in the office, that if she went around the building hunting dictation there wouldn't be anyone to answer the telephones. She was perfectly right, Clark mused, but it took spunk to answer back like that. He wished he had been as sharp and quick. But he had to consider that she is only a girl who doesn't need to worry much whether she loses her job or not; he, on the other hand, must be careful not to let his feelings make him commit an indiscretion, for he has a family and a future to look out for.

Thus Frank Clark, chief clerk of the traffic department, argued with himself, around and around, never getting anywhere except lower, like sliding on a spiral chute. Since the traffic manager's sudden death, Clark's wife, Hazel, had been keeping up her husband's hopes that he might be promoted to fill the vacancy. His friends in the office said they saw no reason why he shouldn't have the position. He certainly knew how to move the company's goods, and, after all, they told him, much of the dead man's success was due to Clark's work.

IT'S unfair to say that about the old boss," Clark was thinking, "but I do know that I could handle the job." Then he sank again. "Now this had to happen to-day! I can hear E. W., sing his song: 'Clark's a poor executive, and since the boss is dead he's letting the boys have a picnic and the 'steno' turn the office into a beauty parlor.' I guess it's all up so far as the promotion goes; and if the story gets around, I may have to fight to hold the job I have."

In this frame of mind, Clark almost rode past his street. If some one else hadn't stopped the car, he might have gone on several blocks. But when he saw the familiar drug store, he sprang from his seat, dropped his fare into the box, and jumped off the car without

looking whether he was falling beneath an automobile or not. As he walked up his street he knew he was unhappy. He could feel how close his lips were set, and he hoped he wouldn't meet any of the neighbors. He wanted to be spared the effort of disguising his depression.

Through the haze of this absorption he caught sight of his seven-year-old daughter coming half way down the street to meet him. She caught his hand and pulled him down for a kiss. "Hello, daddy!"

"Hello."

It was a refreshing draught that his heavy spirit welcomed. He took the child's hand and continued his walk, but once away from her embrace the brooding returned. Alice was one of the big reasons why he had to be careful about what happened at the office.

Then came three-year-old Bobby, running with outstretched hands, and a big laugh on his face. Clark caught him up, gave him a hug, and tossed him over his shoulder, as the child with a scream of delight clasped its father around the neck and cried, "Get up, horse!"

"Bobby has a pretty new suit," said Alice, pleased by the smile which was spreading on her father's face.

"No-o!" exclaimed the man with an intonation of surprise and feigned doubt.

"Yes, I have," Bobby insisted, and emphasized his words by boring his little head into his father's hair.

"There goes my hat!" Clark caught it just as the child's act pushed it off his head. "Here, Alice, you better carry it, or daddy won't have any hat."

"I have, too, a new suit," repeated the boy.

"Where did you get it?"

"Mamma bought it for me—down town."

"When?"

"Oh, to-day."

The gay chatter and the teasing grew more rapid and noisy as the three approached the house. Clark was laughing and dodging an attack of ear biting when he stopped in front of his terrace and whistled. The screen door slammed and he looked up at the porch just as his wife came to the top of the terrace steps. Up the steps the three romped, and dived, all three of them, into mother's arms. There were so many kisses that mother had to gasp for breath.

"Well, daddy dear, how are you?"

"Fine! and how are you?"

"I'm fine, too," she answered with a cheery ring in her voice.

They passed in through the door and Clark set Bobby down on his feet and took his hat from Alice's head.

"I have some good news for you—at

EVERYONE should regard Christmas as an occasion for clearing his heart of all grudges, for forgiving all offenses and all enemies. It is a good time to forget and to forgive, a good time to forget self and think of others.

least, I hope it turns out to be good news," Mrs. Clark said.

"Tell me—right away!" Clark put his arm around her and drew her close.

"Run along to the bathroom, children, and get ready for dinner." Then, turning to her husband: "There was a man here a little while ago asking about your lots out in Brookwood."

"Does he want to buy them?"

"He seemed very much interested. He said his brother is building just beside our ground, and he'd like to build there, too."

"That sounds good," continued Clark. "He won't need to do much arguing with me if he's ready to buy. Those two little lots cost me almost fifty dollars in taxes this year. It was all right to inherit them, but father should have endowed them for the taxes." Clark laughed, and added: "Did he talk price?"

"I took his telephone number and told him you'd call as soon as you got home."

"You bet your life I will." Clark was hanging his hat in the hall and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Bob's getting heavy," he said, by way of explaining the use of his handkerchief. "Now, where's the victim's number?"

Mrs. Clark took a memorandum from the dining-room mantel and handed it to him. While he telephoned, she put the dinner on the table, and, with the two children, was waiting for him when he came back into the room.

"He's going to meet me to-morrow, at noon," he answered her questioning look, and all four sat down to eat.

"How about the price?" Mrs. Clark asked; and then before he could reply, "Frank, put some salt into Alice's soup."

"I told him I want two thousand dollars for the property." He spoke while shaking the salt into Alice's dish and stirring the soup for her. "He doesn't think it's worth that much; said his brother paid only fifteen hundred for the same amount of ground."

"But your lots are on the corner," Hazel put in.

"I told him that, and about the paving all around the place—I mean the two sidewalks—"

"Yes," she smiled, "the paving bill that took your Christmas bonus away from us."

BUT we agreed to get together to-morrow. Gee!" Clark exclaimed. "I hope we can get rid of that property. We'd never want to build for ourselves way out there, and we can make good use of the money."

"Think of all we could buy with two thousand dollars." Then, after she had paused to think for a moment: "But, Frank, there isn't anything we really have to have."

"Then how about an honest-to-goodness six-cylinder car?"

"Yes, daddy," Alice broke in, "let's get an automobile!"

"Wouldn't it be wonderful!" Mother had caught her daughter's vision. "We could pack our basket and go out for picnics, take you to work in the mornings, and get you in the evening. Oh, daddy!"

"Or we might be satisfied with four cylinders and buy a piano besides," Clark proposed. "Alice can begin taking lessons now."

"Better wait till we get the money before we spend it." Mrs. Clark was back to earth and had something else on her mind. She put it in the form of a question. "Have you heard anything—"

Clark guessed the direction of her thought and interrupted. "Not a word. The only hopeful thing so far is that I haven't heard them say anything about bringing in an outsider."

"Why don't you go to Mr. Rawling and openly apply for the appointment? Or can't you talk to one of the other officers about it? Bring up the subject!" She watched him closely as she spoke; she thought she saw the brightness of his face fading.

"They seem to be forever afraid of giving a young fellow a swelled head," he answered. "If I put the question up to them, they might think that's what's wrong with me. Maybe they think it already."

The telephone rang. Clark laid his napkin beside his plate and went out into the hall. Mrs. Clark tried to listen to the conversation, but Alice wanted to know what kind of automobile daddy intended to buy, and Bobby with an unpremeditated gesture upset the cup of milk on his high-chair.

"Who was it?" she asked when her husband again took his seat.

"The same man. Said he found he couldn't meet me at noon, and changed the time to three o'clock."

"That's all right, isn't it?" She noticed that the smile had not returned.

"Oh, yes; I can get there. But I suppose luck will have it that the big chief or E. W., will be looking for me in a hurry just while I'm out. It always happens that way."

AS the Clarks finished their evening meal, three men who had an important part in the Clarks' destiny were lighting their after-dinner cigars on the veranda of the country club. On the club roster, they were listed as Thomas Rawling, Lester Burns, and Charles Hamilton; to Clark and his fellow-workers these same men were T. R., the president; L. B., the vice-president in charge of sales, otherwise the sales manager; and C. H., the treasurer, all of the Mid-West Sugar Products Company. Oddly enough, their talk turned on the very subject which the Clarks had been discussing across the family table. The appointment of a traffic manager was one of the most pressing needs of the business at that season. Sugars and syrups would soon be moving fast for the preserving season, and then for the holiday candy making.

"If it's at all possible, I want to keep within the organization. Going outside for an important appointment isn't good for any organization, and besides it's sentiment with us to make our business self-perpetuating." The president knew he was expected to outline at least part of a policy before his fellow officers felt free to express their opinions. So he

went on. "If we haven't trained some one in our business ready to fill a vacancy of this kind, then it's our fault. And if we do have to get someone from the outside, he may know traffic but he'll not know us."

He turned the cigar around in his mouth as if waiting for one of the other two to say something. They remained thoughtful, or at least silent, perhaps because they had learned that their chief liked to finish a thought before others discussed it. Mr. Rawling continued: "It's encouraging to everybody in our employ if one of their fellows earns a promotion. However much we may see fit to bring in a stranger, they will find fault, and lose some of the good spirit that has put our business where it is to-day." Another brief pause. "Hamilton, you've been giving this thing some thought. Are you ready to make any recommendations?"

Hamilton in most respects differed from his chief. T. R. was a big man, almost round, proud of the historic associations represented by his initials, somewhat given to lengthy discourse, and moved a good deal by sentiment. Hamilton, on the contrary, might be called undersized in height and girth—a man who lived only in the realm of things mental. His mind was usually made up before he spoke, and he needed no involved rhetoric to make clear his thoughts. It was characteristic of him to say abruptly when he was sure Rawling was ready to listen: "Clark's the man; you have just named his qualifications."

I HAVE been wondering about him," answered the big chief. "He has been with us a good many years, and seems very popular among the other men."

"Mr. Clark is a man of caution, a good correspondent, thorough in his work, and capable of assuming responsibility," Mr. Hamilton observed. "When you give him something to do or to look up, you can forget about it with the assurance that he'll come back in due time and report. He's a little young, but he knows traffic and studies his subject constantly. I am told that the younger members of the Traffic Club look on Clark as a source of information."

"I'm glad to hear that," remarked T. R. "How about you, Burns?"

"No doubt about his dependability, but—" and the sales manager hesitated.

"It's not like you to hesitate," laughed Rawling; "but what?"

Burns waited while he knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't want to stand in the young man's way, but Clark lacks courage."

The president looked up at him. "What do you mean?"

Burns explained. "He hasn't sufficient self-confidence—at least, he doesn't show it. He does what you tell him, yes; but too obedient. I don't know, maybe he gets his ideas across by making us think they are ours instead of his; but he yields too readily—never takes an opposite stand. It's all right for a subordinate to smile and take all you give him, but the job of traffic manager needs somebody who isn't afraid to

stand his ground and fight if necessary."

"That's important enough to think about," nodded Rawling.

"Important enough!" echoed Burns. "Do you think we're going to win this rate case unless we keep a stiff upper lip, and *demand* instead of *ask*? I tell you traffic is like selling, you've got to keep the other fellow eating out of your hand. That's the way to get service out of anybody, whether it's a railroad or a lot of lobbyists."

"Has Clark ever been up against a real test?" asked the treasurer.

"It's his whole attitude. Maybe inbred from a family of hand-to-mouth wage earners. You can teach a man to check rates, but I don't know how you can put any backbone into him if he's a jellyfish."

"Plenty of spiritless boys became heroes under fire," Mr. Rawling reminded him. "Remember, too, he has been only a chief clerk, not an officer of the company. I'll drop down to the traffic, to-morrow, and have a talk with him. I can soon tell whether he has any fire in him."

AT three o'clock the next day, Clark met his man and found him so eager to buy that Clark almost suspected his prospect had advance knowledge of a railroad's cutting through the property or some other event likely to skyrocket real estate values. But the man was in a hurry to build while his brother's contractor was still at work, and save money by pooling their purchases of materials. Clark on his part was just as eager to turn the unproductive land into cash. They agreed on eighteen hundred dollars and Clark carried a check for two hundred dollars back to the office with him.

Immediately he called up his wife.

"You can spend the rest of the afternoon figuring out what to do with eighteen hundred dollars," he told her. "Get out your magazines and for once enjoy reading the automobile and piano 'ads.'"

No sooner had he hung up the receiver than in walked T. R., the big boss. Clark rose to his feet to welcome the visitor, and congratulated himself that for once luck had been with him. He had been out and had returned in time; even the frowned-upon "personal telephone call" had escaped the chief's ears.

Mr. Rawling nodded for him to follow into the vacant private office. His first question was, "How's the office force working these days?"

Clark wondered whether Williams had already been carrying tales. "Everybody's working hard," he replied. "If we are going to keep getting busier, we may need more help in this department."

"Yes, I suppose a good deal more work had fallen on your shoulders lately."

"And I've had to pass much of my own work on to Mr. McIntyre. That's why I recommended a little encouragement for him in the way of a salary increase."

Mr. Rawling recognized the opportunity he was seeking. "Mr. Hamilton referred your memorandum to me and I came down to talk to you about it."

"Mr. McIntyre is a valuable assistant and will grow into a good man for us." Clark wanted to say that McIntyre would be in line for the chief clerkship if the present chief clerk were promoted. Instead, he added: "He's just been married, too, and is learning that two do require more than one to live."

Mr. Rawling smiled, and then put on a serious face. "Your memorandum states his side of the case very well, Mr. Clark, but you must remember that, as chief clerk, you represent the interests of the company in your department. Business is passing through serious uncertainties. To keep up volume we are sacrificing profits. This is no time for salary increases. The boys must realize that, whereas last year there were three positions for every man, this year there are six men for every position." Mr. Rawling paused and looked darkly at Clark.

Clark felt a sinking within himself. He was afraid that a rush of blood to his cheeks would reveal the resentment that the president's words stirred up. He longed to say a dozen things to Mr. Rawling; but he remembered that three people besides himself were con-

*How much pleasure
we could give and
how much unhappiness
many of us would be
spared if instead of
struggling and straining
to give silly, useless
Christmas presents
which we really cannot
afford to buy we would
give freely of what
Christ gave—love!*

cerned in the stability of his position, and he remained silent.

Mr. Rawling, sincerely disappointed at Clark's silence, rubbed salt into the wound. "We shall consider ourselves fortunate if we can hold to our policy of not reducing salaries. Nothing can be done for Mr. McIntyre at this time."

"I'm sorry if that's your decision," was all Clark dared to say. Mr. Rawling rose from the chair which Clark coveted, and went out of the department.

Clark wanted to swear, not at Mr. Rawling or anybody else, but just on general principles. He went out of the office with a face as long as if he had just been dismissed. McIntyre was waiting to ask him a question about some correspondence. Clark answered him mechanically, but a feeling of shame kept him from looking up at his assistant. He asked himself why he should feel ashamed to face the man. Had he been guilty of betraying McIntyre?

"Yes, I have," he murmured as he watched McIntyre return to his desk. "If I had opened my mouth, I could have convinced the chief that Mac deserves that increase. It's as much my fault as if I had spoken against him."

Again on the homebound street car, Clark continued his self-accusation. "Why the deuce can I think of a dozen fine speeches now, and yet sit mute as a stuffed dummy when the same speeches might count for something? When the first of the month comes and Mac finds no change on his check, he can thank me for it."

When he alighted from the car, in keeping with his mood, he dragged along very slowly. He didn't feel he deserved to be met with smiles and kisses to-night. He hadn't earned them.

"I wish some one could knock this cowardice out of me. That's all it is, just downright cowardice. I'd give every cent of those eighteen hundred dollars for an ounce of nerve." He looked up and was glad he was a little early. Alice wasn't out expecting him yet; he wanted to be alone with his ill temper. "But heaven knows I can't afford to lose my job now. It might be months before I could pick up another."

He felt himself sinking; the depths were getting darker and darker till at last no light was left. His mind had stopped thinking; only here and there a word passed before his consciousness, but it was a word not a thought. "Coward—eighteen hundred—" words without meaning. Again they passed: "Dollars—nerve—job." They whirled about, stumbling over one another; they fell in a jumble. Could their shapelessness be put together? Clark's head hung down, his eyes fixed on his own shadow which preceded him.

EIGHTEEN hundred dollars," the words were still there. There was a faint rustling. A snap like the key piece of a jig-saw puzzle being forced into place. Then—the pieces fitted! The words were not just words, they were an idea! The eighteen hundred dollars would buy him an ounce of nerve!

He looked up. There was Alice coming down the steps. He whistled and stood still till she reached him. Hand in hand they raced to the house, playfully held the screen door shut to pen his wife inside, then let it spring open so suddenly that Mrs. Clark fell out into his arms.

"No auto! No piano!" he shouted as if he were bringing glad tidings.

"Why, daddy, what do you mean?" his wife was startled. "What about the eighteen hundred dollars?"

"I'm going to invest them."

She didn't conceal her disappointment. "Don't tell me you are going to throw the money away on oil stock or a mine in Mexico. I'll not let you do it!"

"I'm going to make the biggest investment in my life: I'm going to buy an ounce of nerve, or enough vertebrae to make a backbone!"

"Don't talk so silly, Frank. What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"When dinner's ready, I'll explain." And, with a teasing thrust of his chin, he hurried upstairs, took off his coat, and, in a minute, was downstairs again and seated at the table. Mrs. Clark brought in a plate of biscuits, told Alice to put Bobby in his place, and sat down.

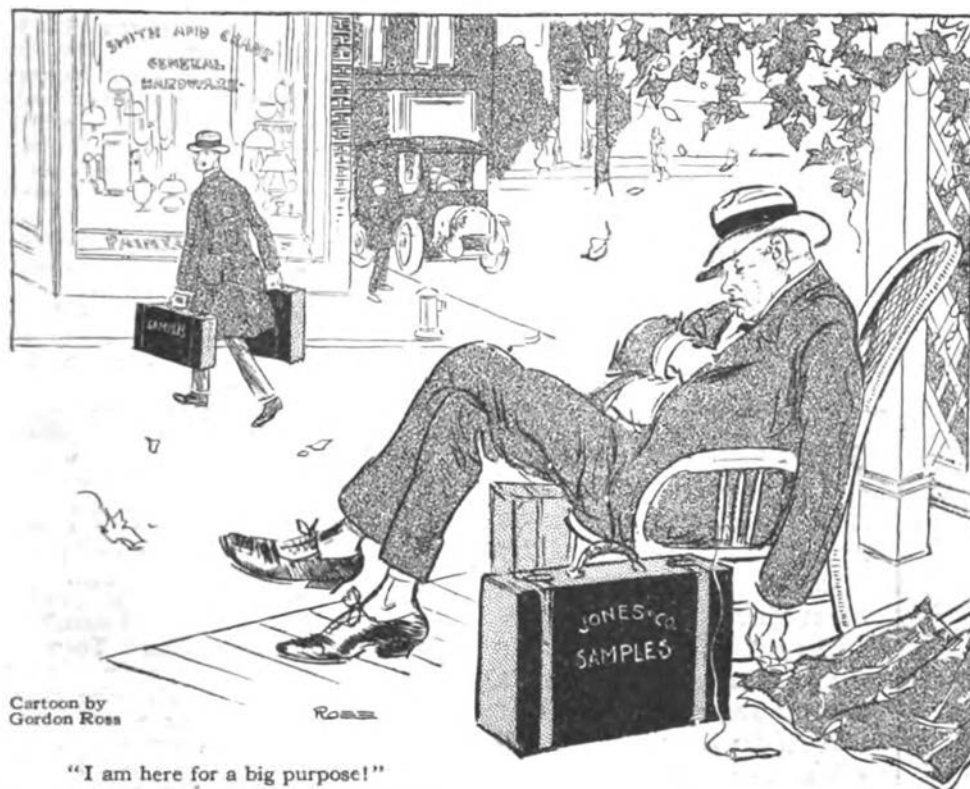
"Well?" she asked.

"I've been a coward, that's the secret

(Continued on page 74)

The Man Who Does and the Man Who Doesn't

By Orison Swett Marden



Cartoon by
Gordon Ross

"I am here for a big purpose!"

THOSE are dangerous days in middle life," said W. D. Howells, "when we are tempted to spare ourselves and let a present feeble performance blight the fame of strenuous performances in the past. Gather up whatever remains of habit, of conscience, of native force, and put it into effect. Unless you are to be miserable old men and women you must have the habit of work."

The price of enduring success is to keep growing, continually adding something to what we have already achieved: And if we form the habit of growth, of self-improvement in youth, we will not be likely to succumb to the temptations of "those dangerous days in middle life," to slump and take things easy, go down the decline to a miserable and dissatisfied old age.

Most of us are inclined to think too much of our easy-chair, too much of our good times. We shrink from tying ourselves down to the more exacting work needed for the realization of the greater rewards, the larger success the future brings to those who early form the habit of work, and keep at it with immovable steadfastness until they attain their ambition.

One of the famous Dolly Sisters, talking about their struggle for success, said:

"We wanted to be something more than poorly paid chorus girls. We knew we could dance, and we worked day and night to improve whatever talent in that direction we possessed. We worked dreadfully long and dreadfully hard. We knew no hours. We saved our money—saved every penny we could—because we realized that when at last our opportunity to step out of the chorus came, it would mean that we would need money to start out properly 'on our own hook.' If we have been successful, it is because we have worked oh! so hard to get out of the ranks."

THIS is the burden of the story of every successful man or woman that ever lived, from the Dolly sisters to Madame Curie, from Charlie Chaplin to Thomas A. Edison: "If we have been successful, it is because we have worked oh! so hard to get out of the ranks!"

"Nonsense!" said Sir Thomas Lipton to a Success interviewer who suggested that there must be some secret about his success. "This secret business is all nonsense. I have simply worked hard, devoted my whole time to business, had my heart in it, and I could not help succeeding. If every healthy young man will be temperate, work hard all the

time, and do unto others as he would be done by he cannot help succeeding. Hard work is the cardinal requisite for success. This must always come first."

"I attribute my first great success to hard and active work," said Charles M. Schwab. "I always stood on my own feet—always relied upon myself. It is really a detriment to have any one behind you. When you depend on yourself you know that it is only on your merit that you will succeed. Then you discover your latent powers, awake to your manhood, and are on your mettle to do your utmost."

JOHAN H. PATTERSON, founder of the National Cash Register Company, who recently, at the age of seventy-seven, retired from the presidency of the company in favor of his son, Frederick B. Patterson, attributes his success in establishing "the model factory of the world"—as his great establishment at Dayton, Ohio, has been called,—to hard work and thoughtful consideration of the suggestions of others. "My brother and I never knew anything but steady, honest work in the old days when the place where this factory stands was only a cornfield," he said. "Hence, when it came to the pull for a place in the business world we were prepared by our training."

Read American history; read the biographies of the men who founded our nation, read the biographies of successful men in any part of the world who have done big things in whatever field; ask men like Luther Burbank, John D. Rockefeller,

Thomas A. Edison, Lord Northcliffe, Lloyd George—ask any man who has achieved anything how he succeeded—and you will find that every life story you read, every answer to your question will repeat the same old story—Work! Work! Work!

"I always felt that I was here for some big purpose but have never yet done anything of great importance," writes a correspondent.

We all feel that we were sent here to do bigger things than we have ever done. Why don't we do them? Why don't we realize our ambition? One reason is,—it is usually the chief one,—we are not willing to get right down on our marrowbones and hustle. We are afraid of the hard work, the drudgery of preparation. We are not willing to pay the price of the thing we long for. The plain English of it is,—we are lazy—either physically or mentally lazy, or both. Instead of hustling like the man who does things in Mr. Ross's cartoon, we are like the fellow in the easy-chair, the man who doesn't. We have formed the putting off habit, the habit of taking things easy, of sliding along the line of least resistance. We are tobogganing to failure. The only thing that can save us is to wake up and hustle.

Frenzied Farming

What happened to a successful author during a three months' return to the simple life

WELL, I exulted, wreathed in smiles and smoke. "Who says we never have any luck? Listen a' this now, will you?"

"What is it?" demanded Friend Wife, looking alarmed. She always looks alarmed when I have a particularly bright idea.

"Cousin Ezra has offered us his farm for the summer, if we'll keep it going." And with enthusiasm I waved the just-received letter. "Magnificent country estate up in the New Hampshire hills! He wants to go west on a trip. Wants good, reliable, practical man to take charge."

"Why in the world did he ever write you, then?"

"We can have all the milk and eggs and vegetables and fruit we want, just in exchange for milking 'em! Three long, free, glorious months of the close-to-nature stuff; of escape from the 'madding crowd's ignoble'—"

"I've heard that quotation before, somewhere," F. Wife coldly interrupted. "You're not going to accept, of course."

"But I *am*, I can write like mad—"

"You do that right here in town," she said. "At least, so most of the editors say. Do you know anything about farming?"

"Well, n-n-n-n-o. But—"

"Refrain!"
"Nonsense!"

We argued it all out at great length, and compromised by my accepting Cousin Ezra's offer in full. Whereby hangs this idyll. Spell that right please. "Idle" will not do.

We arrived at Elmwood Farm—so called because there are no elms there and no wold, whatever a wold is—one radiant July morning when there was nothing at all the matter with the weather except that it was raining and blowing and mudding. The stage flivver dumped us out at the end of a road that shyly obliterated itself up a hill into very wet forests primeval.

"Ezra's place is 'bout a mile up thar, at the end o' nowhere," smiled the

By George Allan England

Author of "Underneath the Bough"

Illustrated with sketches made by the author and photographs taken by his relatives

flivvereur, cheerily. "Arter ye git over the fifth hill, it's jest beyend the bridge, if the bridge ain't washed away. Look sharp, an' ye can't help from missin' it."

With light hearts and beaming faces we thanked him,

and plunged gaily into nature's allurements.

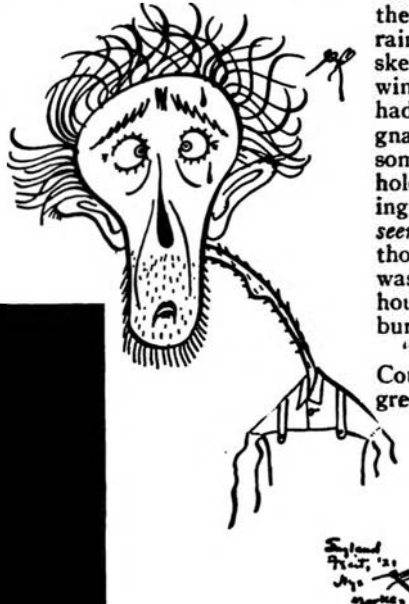
These nine dots represent hills and valleys, one dot per each and every. Each hill was higher than the preceding one; but the mud kept getting deeper all the time, which was a truly Emersonian compensation. Just as our tongues had begun dragging on the ground we waded the final brook, charged the ultimate height under the rain-barrage, and beheld a large, sketchily painted building in the windows of which the squirrels had left some of the putty ungnawed out. Flanking this, stood some not-at-all painted barns, holding one another up by leaning on one another. These barns seemed to be bursting with plenty; though later we discovered it was old age. A bolshevik-haired hound met us with machine-gunbursts of barkings.

"Well, well, so here ye be?" Cousin Ezra stated the obvious, greeting us in shirt-sleeves and a cordial mood. "Glad to see ye!" (Business of handshakes.) "Don't mind Prince." (There was once a country dog not named Prince, but he's dead now.) "He don't bite none to speak of. He's a high-bred, Prince is. Come right in!"

"Hy-bred is right," I assented. We entered the palatial residence. Mrs. Ezra took F. Wife under her wing, and Coz. Ez. conducted me on an explanatory round of the place.

"Ye'll have a slick time here," he assured me. "Nuthin' to do but milk, an' tend them hens, an' look out fer the pigs, an' take care o' the hoss, an' don't let them rats carry off no grain, an' shoot the skunks an' coons an' woodchucks, an' hoe an' dig the potatoes, an' look out for the garden, an' gether the apples, an' help Purrin'ton git in the hay—he's our next neighbor, beyend—an' cut wood, an' do the rest o' the chores. Why, ye won't hev nothin' to do!"

I agreed that the prospect was Elysian indeed; and after an intensive course in sprouls on my new duties, returned with Ezra to the house. F. Wife said little, but looked grim.



At the left is a photographic reproduction of George Allan England before he started for the farm. The pen-and-ink sketch is Mr. England's own idea of how he must have looked after three months of bucolic labors

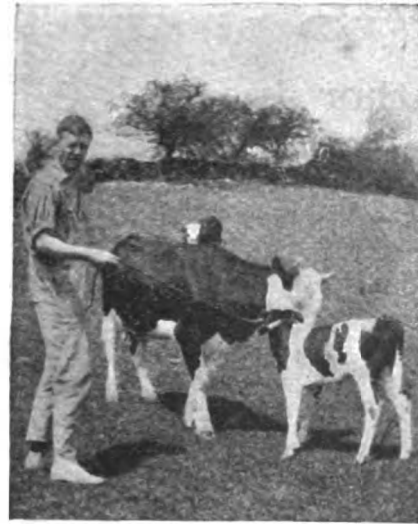


Who's England—and Wherefore?

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND is a western product—from Nebraska. He has never been completely tamed. Even the fact that he grabbed an M. A., and a Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, and that he has written and sold numerous words to innumerable magazines, has not completely broken him to harness. He is always wandering, doing unexpected things, trying new stunts.

He has worked at—and worked—a variety of businesses, from teaching the young idea to shoot, to watching his oil-wells fail to do just that thing; from observing his fruit ranch in Cuba undergoing massage at the hands of a cyclone and flood, to running for governor of a certain State and getting defeated by the largest plurality ever given in the United States. But, all the while, he has been writing. He has traveled about everywhere, roughed it in a quaint variety of ways, and recorded his findings in fiction. He has written so many stories, poems, and essays, that he has lost count of them, but they run up into figures. He has published a dozen novels, been translated into various languages, and knows how to ask for pie in nineteen tongues and twelve dialects.

Last summer he went in for some New England farming, with the idea that agricultural activities and literary legerdemain would mix admirably. Just what happened seems to have been a cross between a brainstorm and a Corot landscape.



The author when he made up his mind to separate the calf from its mother

Isn't this just the grandest proposition?" I asked, feeling as chipper as a grasshopper in a hen yard.

She answered naught; and in her eye was that which dissuaded me from pressing the matter. My heart, however, beat high. To be a gentleman farmer had always constituted my dearest wish. Well, now, the farmer part of it was coming true, anyhow. Joy beckoned.

Besides, what's the use of arguing with a woman? Women are always wrong. Every man knows this.

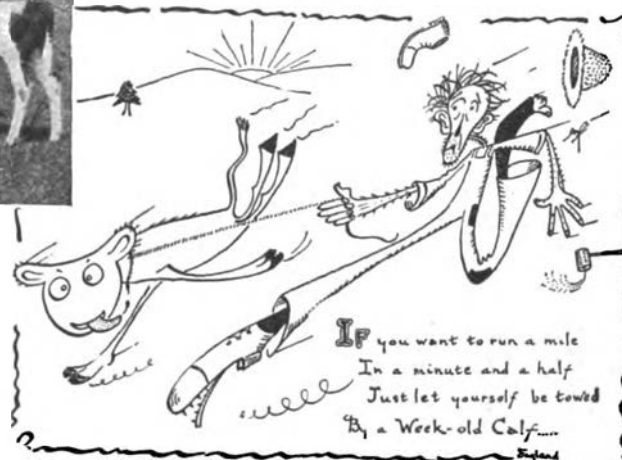
COUSIN and Mrs. Ezra went away that afternoon and left the farm in charge of us—no, no! I mean, left us in charge of the farm. It gave us a very landed-proprietary feeling to be masters of all we surveyed and a good deal that we didn't—just then; viz. and namely: 1 alleged horse, 2 indubitable pigs, 3 positive cows, 97 acres, 1.97 dog (the 1 was the canine core, so to speak, and the .97 was its bark), 197 hens, 1970 rats and 19,700 mice. I am not sure about the mice. Maybe there were 19,702. Population fluctuated, from time to time.

We found out about the rodents, very presently. F. Wife can't stand rodents, so there. They give her goose flesh 'n' everythin'. She never even speaks of them save euphemistically as "live stock" or "Uhs." Some women are like that.

Purrington, our neighbor, arrived with a wagon and our trunks and a lot of supplies from the store, only six miles away, toward nightfall. It was then I made a great discovery—that one end of a trunk loaded with clothing, books, and a typewriter weighs 2½ tons, when carried upstairs. (At this present writing the doctor says the ligaments will knit, in time, and I shall not be much crippled.)

After that, F. Wife discovered that the water tank attached to the stove, and the wood-box back of it, were both empty. From that time to the end, they were never anything else. No

matter how much water I pumped or how often I staggered into the kitchen with my brawny arms laden from the woodpile, both tank and box continued to yawn for more, like the brass idol of Baal into whose fiery mouth the Carthaginians used to hurl their infants. (Original Baal-shevik method of quieting unruly babes.) How can one tank and one box consume so much? The subject is worth scientific investigation. This, however, is a digression. Let



His own idea of the calf's vain effort to return to its parent

us return to our rodents.

"Oh, there's a great big Uh in the pantry!" F. Wife suddenly informed me, shuddering. "And I peeped into that awful grain-room, and it's just full!"

"Little Uhs, or big Uhs?"

"All sizes. Oh, you've just got to get a trap. Sic Prince on 'em, why don't you?"

I sicked Prince, but I guess he was sick of being sicked. He showed no enthusiasm whatever. The least sporting chance in the world is that a large, hairy high-brid can catch Uhs in a room riddled with Uh-holes. Later, I set two powerful traps, but all I ever caught was my own thumb and one rat's foot. After all, what does a man need two thumbs for? I do not play the piano; and my virtuosity on the victrola has hardly been affected at all by this. As for the rat's foot—oh, yes, the rat escaped—I fed the foot to the chickens. Agricultural note: Chickens will eat a rat's foot. Farm papers please copy. But this is a digression.

AT nightfall, we filled lamps and found out how much handier they are than gas and electricity, and how much better light they give. Then I discovered what a lot of grain it takes to feed the stock above enumerated, even excluding the Uhs that economized by living partly on our groceries. This was considerate of them, as regards Ezra, because it was his grain, but the groceries belonged to us. Later on, when I had

to drive down to the store for grain, and drag it into the grain room, I learned that grain dealers positively do *not* cheat on weight. Every hundred-pound bag I handled weighed at least a hundred and fifty pounds. The chiropractor assures me my arms will in time return to their sockets; but he warns me I must be patient and not expect him to do miracles.

It was simply idyllic, feeding and watering and haying and graining and dry-mashing and wet-mashing all the stock. Later, I dry-mashed and also wet-mashed a great many flies. We had no trouble at all about raising flies. They seem an easy crop. Culinary note: As substitutes for huckleberries, in johnny cake, flies are not highly recommended. Let me observe here that few pigs require a tonic for the appetite. A pig and a cookstove are the eatin'est quadrupeds on a farm, except an Uh.

It took me only 1¼ hours to mix all the feed and serve it. But first I had to get the cows down from the pasture. Cozily pastured cows tend to coyness. There is hardly a pleasanter pastime for a rainy evening than to coax coy cows out of a seventeen-acre pasture, well-wooded.

Ezra had assured me that if I went out back of the barn, in my nice new rubber boots and overalls, and in a gentle and persuasive manner remarked: "Co' boss; co' boss," a few times—only a couple of thousand or so—the bovines would take it under consideration. But no; not so. Another illusion shattered.

Hairy Hound helped, however. He scooted vertiginously up the hill, and then returned—and encored. The fact that he never found any cows or drove them didn't bother him in the least. He had

co'-boss brainstorms all summer, just like that, with more bark in 'em than a tannery. By lots of marathoning and sleuthing and flailing and oratory, I usually got the cows down, however, morning and night. But this is beside the point. Cow:—An animal that can move in two directions at once, without usefully progressing in either.

FOR all-round, general sport there's nothing quite equals getting three active and "breachy" cows into a barn and putting their heads into the stanchions. It's got Olympian games faded. "Pigs in clover" and the "17-puzzle" aren't in it. Diplomacy, a stout cudgel, and a pure heart are requisite to win; also prescience and diplomacy. It can be done, though, I know, because I've done it, let's see—three months, 90 days—180 times. Enough. I give way to others, now. One shouldn't be selfish. Next in order of rural entertainment



The calf, finally resigned to its fate, after being weaned by the amateur farmer

is milking. Here are some handy hints for husbandmen:

1.—Always sit on the starboard quarter of the cow. If you sit on the port quarter, the cow will propel you backward into fertilizer. Ask dad; he knows.

2.—While milking, hold the pail between your knees tightly and rather high. If the cow starts to kick forward, you may ward off the kick with your left hand. This sometimes works. The idea of keeping the pail high is to prevent the cows from catching cold. Cows like to take footbaths in new milk, which opens the pores and makes them susceptible to colds.

3.—In milking, grasp the teat firmly. Then squeeze, beginning with the top fingers and working down, not up. I have tried both ways, and find the latter method results in forcing the milk out of the cow's eyes, so that you have to hang the pail on her horns by a rope and collect the milk like maple syrup from the sirup tree. (*Siropus semper-adulleratus*. This method is more artistic, but not so speedy.)

4.—With luck and plenty of adjectives, a gentleman farmer can milk the average cow in an hour. Three cows, four hours; because after the first 2½ hours, paresis sets in—on the gent-farmer, not the cow.

5.—Keep talking pleasantly to the cow, while operating. "So, boss," is the correct formula, interspersed with Biblical selections and genealogical remarks.

These rules are not copyrighted. Freely and gladly I give them to a world that needs uplift.

(Do not forget to keep a piece of 2x4 scantling handy. This at times may be useful. But use care. Scantling costs money.)

I soon came to love my—that is, Ezra's—cows. Cows are gentle, sunny-dispositioned creatures, with large, innocent, mild eyes, sweet breath and modest ways. I consider them completely cherubic, except that they won't drive, stand still, wait for their meal(s) without vociferating; won't listen to reason, "give down," come when called, go when commanded, or do anything they should. On top of this, they love to get into the garden or the grain, and eat till they look like ZR-22—and also burst like it. But barring these slight foibles, they are the angels of the animal order.

NEXT to a cow under restraint, a cow practising communism in a neighbor's corn-field affords the most entertaining exercise. When three get

away, cosynchronously, that's nine times more amusing. A cow will blow up with a loud bang, and still go right on eating corn. A little thing like that doesn't bother it. Every successful farmer must keep a supply of inner-tubes to repair his cows. No extra charge for this information.

One night, all my—Ezra's—cows broke jail and all speed-records, and raided Neighbor Purrington's corn. F. Wife, Hairy Hound, and I pursued. What F. Wife and H. Hound did, I don't know; but as for me, Patrick Henry, give me liberty from runaway cows out under the star-sprent majesty of the heavens, or give me Uh-poison. Beside what the cows broke, that night, I broke a massive stick, my overalls-galluses and the Third Commandment. But this is a mere digression.

Next to a cow, for general cuteness, comes a calf. One of the Elmwood Farm cows introduced a calf into this vale of tears during my incumbency as cattle chiropodist. I soon discovered that a cow with an olive branch is wilder than the wild flowers. If you are troubled with a sluggish liver, due to sedentary habits, attempt to bring a cow and her calf down from a pasture. The next best bet is teaching a calf to sup anywhere but at nature's fount.

Agricultural note: Before attempting this, don a gas mask, a sou'wester, and oilskins. Better still, put

on a diving suit. Any normal calf can outblow a reasonable-sized whale. When a calf comes up for air, out of the milk pail where you have been giving it immersion, stand back.

Another note:

*If you want to run a mile in a minute and a half,
Just let yourself be towed by a week-old calf.*



Mr. England declares this to be a correct sketch of him in the act of preparing this article for SUCCESS



He was told about the fresh strawberry pie made from berries he would pick himself, but—

Calves enjoy jerking you round the old apple tree, on high. They have no known speed limit, and their kicking-coefficient is 100 per cent. They smite swiftly and in totally unfair places. They fight foul; would be disqualified in any legitimate ring. I will back the calf I hand-raised against Dempsey, and will bet 13 to 1 on the former.

George Barnyard Shaw says: "No man is a match for a woman except with a poker and a pair of hobnailed boots, and not always even then." For the word "woman," substitute "calf," and there you are. But this, like Eve, is only a side issue.

F. WIFE and I soon found the milk piling up on us. I don't mean the milk that the calf blew, but the regular, solid milk. Much of it began to get very solid, indeed. We couldn't dispose of so much, even though we stowed it in crocks, cans, jardinières and umbrella racks and everything. I drank milk till I began to moo, but it was no use. The milk still accumulated. So we began swapping it with Purrington for vegetables.

This was a good arrangement, because our vegs. didn't seem to be much good for anything except to maintain in luxury a large number of un-Seton-Thompsonsque Wild Animals I Could Never Meet. It's astonishing how much garden sass a few healthy families of pasture pets will get away with. I tried to shoot a (quadrupedal) coon one night, but the rifle hung fire till I'd blown down the barrel. Shortly after that, it went all right. Next morning, we found the bullet. It had drilled the house, assassinated a perfectly inoffensive rocking-chair, ravished one eye from Grandpa

Hicks's crayon enlargement, and buried itself in the "God Bless Our Home" worsted motto. Thereafter I let the coons board on us, undisturbed.

After all, what are a few vegetables between friends?

WE presently discovered that the poultry weren't poulting as they should. Perhaps this was due to the fact that we never could remember the right ration. Was it a bushel of bran to a barrel of cornmeal, or the reverse? We knew how to feed all the other animals, right enough. Their mixture was just-about-so-much bran, to Oh-well-that's-enough-meal. They thrived, but the poultry pined. When we kept them in the hen house, the Uhs killed them, also, the skunks and foxes; and when we let them out they laid under the barn, and also reduced the yard to a Sahara.

Purrington said that salt would surely make hens lay—dead; so we didn't try that. Our eggs fell off. One whole basket fell off the pantry shelf. Most animals can be managed, with kindness and plenty of scantling; but it takes inspiration to deal with hens. It was a hard problem, all summer. Harder than the water in the well out in the side yard.

A still harder problem was wood. Even the soft wood was hard to get. The wood lot was half a mile distant. It was worth any man's money to see me felling great trees, some four and five inches in diameter, and placing them so accurately that they would drop within 180 degrees of where I meant them to, every time. My stumps were distinctive. Vulgar wood-cutters' stumps all look alike—just a stupid notch and a straight cut. Mine were executed more in the style of a paint brush. I left far more fibers standing than anybody else ever did. Purrington used to compliment me on my style. He claimed he had never seen anything at all like it.

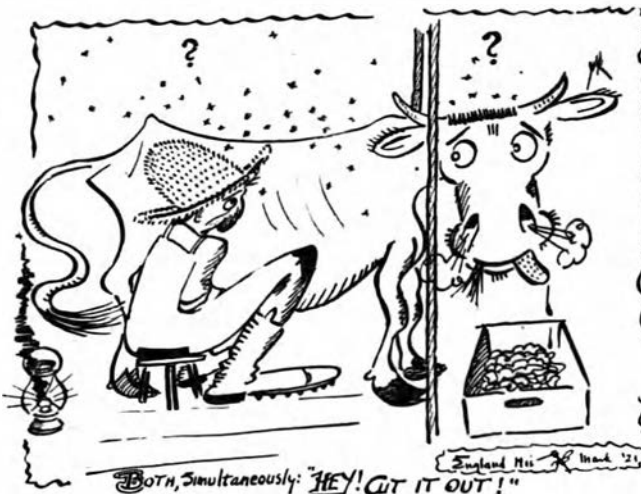
In addition to cutting down the forest primeval and bearing it home with labor that would have put Hercules in the bush league, F. Wife and I cut down a lot of apple trees with the buck saw. They didn't look to be very good trees, as the bark was all scaly. We felt sure Ezra would be glad to have them cleared off the place.

As fast as we conquered a tree, we sawed it up on the horse. The saw-horse, I mean. We had two horses, equally speedy. When we had to go to the village for groceries, we harnessed up either one that came handy. I couldn't see much difference, except that the live one had the blind staggers, thrush, bots, heaves, spavin and housemaid's knee, and used to lie down in the shafts to rest. The other one kept right on the job all the time. So did we, and by wearing out two saws kept nearly ahead of the stove. I should think sawing cordwood, at a dollar or two a cord, would be an ideal job. It gives you wood and water at one and the same time. The water

comes in blisters. In the original package, so to speak. This, however, is merely digressive.

ICE is what it's cracked up to be, but a garden isn't. Our garden got jaundice, because of a dry spell, and the bugs smote it hip and thigh. Bugs and weeds were our two best crops. We had more and larger bugs than anybody in town, and Purrington said our weeds beat anything he had ever seen, except my wood-chopping. We felt pretty proud of our bugs and weeds, now I tell you. People used to stop and look at 'em, whenever any went by, which was about once in ten to eleven days. I don't take any credit for our bugs and weeds, though. Anybody with even the smallest grain of intelligence could do as well as I did—a fact that F. Wife often pointed out to me.

The madding crowd didn't overrun us, to any noticeable extent. With the



Talk pleasantly to the cow while operating. Cows are gentle, sunny-dispositioned creatures, with large, innocent, mild eyes

exception of Purrington and the R. F. D. man who brought my manuscripts back to me, every afternoon, and left them in a little tin sarcophagus a mile down the road, nobody really butted in on us. This was just as well, because whiskers never did become me.

Whiskers grew on the farm, all right. Grew on me and other things, especially eatables. Bread and cheese and everything had a tendency to sprout beautiful blue and green beards. If Omar Khayyam had been there, he certainly would have sung about "remolding things nearer to the heart's desire." As we had no depilatory, we had to shave the food.

Agricultural tip: Never go to live on a farm without taking a pair of clippers along. A razor is too slow, in preparing dinner.

Lacking an ice-box, we kept our milk down the well in the side yard; lowered it down with a rope, in a pail. But, one day, something happened; rope got excited, some way; pail tipped over. F. Wife cried, when she pumped up water, after that. She claimed the water reminded her of the cream we used to have at our palatial city home, and said it made her homesick. So I had to clean the well out.

Did you ever clean a well? Mere

trifle, I assure you. All you have to do is move a stone slab weighing a couple of tons, with crowbar and rollers; then put down a ladder; descend and dip out 9,876,543 buckets of water, which F. Wife pulls up and dumps; and then replace the stone slab—not forgetting to leave the well before doing so. It only takes about twenty-four hours. Anybody who's troubled with adipose should take the well-cleaning cure. I gained on the water, all right, but was delayed by sweating so much that every time I stopped work the well gained on me—filled up with honest sweat.

Some of my other statements may be a trifle overdrawn, but for this one I will vouch. I scorn to deceive confiding friends looking to me for agricultural information.

BUT we were speaking of potatoes. I hoed potatoes all summer, after laying the bugs aside in a safe place.

The sound of my blisters, bursting, brought Purrington up several times. He thought gunmen were at work. But no, it was only a gentleman farmer having a vacation. Eventually I dug the potatoes. They turned out to be a new variety, filled with cream. It was lovely thick cream to look at, but would not whip. Purrington called it some kind of blight. The bugs didn't mind, however, so why should we? The potatoes weren't ours, anyhow.

Neither were the apples. These belonged to an enterprising lot of worms. Out of 19 million apples we examined, we found three wormless ones. I don't mean three million. I mean three apples. Speaking dispassionately, as a skilled agriculturist, I should say the four best crops of a New England farm are: potato bugs, blight, worms, and weeds.

All a man need do, to become rich beyond the dreams of Avy Rice—whoever he was—would be to discover a market for potato bugs, blight, worms, and weeds. I am now working on this problem. It is copyrighted, so beware how you attempt to infringe. But if you have any really substantial capital to invest in the investigation, I will accept it and report progress.

OUR days, weeks and months on the Dear Old Farm were one long sweet song. Ivy round the door (poison ivy); own vine and fig tree, and all that sort of thing, you know. Nothing in the way of diversion, variety, or society marred the blissful summer, except that now and then we rolled an old wagon-wheel down hill at the barn, the game being to see if we could knock planks in. One plank counted 5 points; two, 10; and so on. Killing a hen, 20 points. Maiming a pig, 50 points. And so forth and so on. We had it all worked out like bridge. That was our only amusement, except that once when the wind was blowing just right, we heard a locomotive whistle from the railroad, sixteen miles away. At first we thought

(Continued on page 82)

Is Your Daughter Safe?

Every year, in the United States, so the New York police declare, 65,000 girls disappear. Here are specific instances how the white slavers do their work

JULIA, an attractive girl of seventeen, quarreled with her father and left home, vowing never to return. She found employment as a maid with a woman who had three names, one of which was Mrs. Hall.

One day Mrs. Hall said, "Julia, if you will go out west with me, I will give you twenty-five dollars a week and an easy time. Then you can get far away from that old tyrant of a father and be your own boss. Is it a go? All right. We start Wednesday night."

Julia was willing but fearful. "Won't they find it out and bring me back?"

"Oh, no. Trust me. I'll fix that. I'll put all your things in my suit cases, and get on the train at the Broadway Station. You go over on the West Side without any suitcases and get on at Fourteenth Street. I'll be in the back of the car. You sit in front. We get together again in Chicago."

That plan was carried out. Mrs. Hall and Julia did not stop until they had reached Vancouver, B. C. There Mrs. Hall made the girl work in a factory. Meanwhile Julia became homesick and wrote to her brother, back in Cleveland, begging him to send her money for heavier clothing.

"Address me at General Delivery," she wrote. "If you try to find me, I'll kill myself."

Police and detectives were called in, and while they were working out their plans, a sister of Julia found a sister of Mrs. Hall, and "swelled her head so much," she said afterward, that the woman gave the street number in Vancouver where Mrs. Hall was living. A telegram to the police in Vancouver reached them just in time to save the girl. Mrs. Hall was trying to induce the girl to enter a vice resort. Mrs. Hall was arrested and the girl turned over to the police matron. Later Mrs. Hall was tried for white slavery, found guilty, and sent to prison. Julia was returned to her home in Cleveland by an agent of the United States government. Afterward, she married a worthless fellow "to cover her shame," as explained. A child was born, which Julia had to support. Then Julia died of pneumonia, and the little girl was taken away from the father and adopted by an aunt.

A sordid tragedy all the way through! Yes! The pity of it is that this case is not exceptional. Thousands of girls either leave home or are lured away every year. Some disappear completely, and others crawl back when there is no other place for them to go.

To this list must be added elopements, the false promises of men, and the girl who runs away to escape disgrace.

It would be unfair to a large number of capable and self-reliant young women to say that all girls who strike out for themselves go wrong, but it is a fact that they run a great risk. On the other hand, the girl who remains at home to look after her

By Albert Sidney Gregg

My reasons for writing this article

By Albert Sidney Gregg

Because of the broken-hearted wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts whose loved ones have been robbed of all that makes a woman noble.

Because Mr. Indifferent Voter is so busy making a living or striving to get rich that he doesn't care a hang who is elected to office, unless the election happens to hit his pocketbook.

Because evil men in high places corrupt the people and control government for private gain.

Because ignorant goodness and a "pork barrel" state of mind breed "pork barrel" law-makers.

Because fiends in human form "sit in the lurking places of the villages" and often in the palaces of the city, and plot the destruction of innocent young girls.

Because our jails, asylums, and poorhouses are overflowing with the uncanny victims of vice, drink and degeneracy.

Because many men are so rotten with the results of vice and drink that they could not defend the country in case of attack by a foreign foe.

aged parents may be trapped and dragged to her ruin through no fault of her own, except her ignorance of the world.

It has been published broadcast, by the New York Police, that 65,000 girls disappear in the United States each year! Reliable newspapers indicate that these figures are not exaggerated. There are many more that are not reported to either the authorities or the papers.

In ten years the government has convicted 2,801 white slavers and assessed fines aggregating \$279,913.63. But the evil still exists in various forms. Those who seek to get control of girls insert advertisements in daily papers offering desirable positions at large pay; they watch possible victims on trains, inter-urban cars, at depots, in moving-picture shows, dance halls, theaters, skating rinks and churches. They impersonate

ministers, deaconesses, Salvation Army workers, and respectable old men and women. Operations are carried on so cleverly that

frequently the danger is not suspected until it is too late for the victim to escape.

"All we have to do," explained a confessed white-slaver in a New York court, "is to keep an eye on the little towns and find out when a girl decides to go to the city to get a job. Girls in small towns are always eager to leave home for that purpose. When they arrive we are watching for them. It's a good graft. I don't know how much it is worth for the older hands at the game, but I know it brought me fifty dollars a week."

Activities of this sort are not limited to the little towns and villages of New York. Every community throughout the country has its stories of girls gone wrong, and of sorrowing fathers and mothers. Very few of these cases ever get into court, because the victims shrink from exposing their misfortunes to public gaze. Without the testimony of the victim the officials cannot prosecute, and for that reason many unscrupulous men escape punishment.

White slavers and libertines always plan to get the victim at a disadvantage by luring her into a trap.

ADVERTISEMENTS for girls to become actresses or do some other light work for large pay have caused the downfall of many girls.

Arline Yerkes, of Akron, Ohio, answered an advertisement of this kind and a few days later a young man drove up to her house in an automobile and announced that he had come to give her a job. The girl got into the machine and rode away with him. The police, later, were asked to find the girl.

"I am being taken by four men in a boat somewhere." This note written on an envelope and found in a glove picked up on the street in Detroit, was the first information received by the police that Mary E. Caldwell, a beautiful stenographer, eighteen years old, was missing. What has become of her is a mystery.

"She was last seen to leave the Hudson pier bound for her home in Jersey City. Since that day no trace has been found." These two sentences tell the story of the disappearance of Martha E. Crowell, of Jersey City, who had just returned from Cuba.

Catherine Hoffman, a girl of fifteen, was called from school at Berwick, Pennsylvania, by a strange man, and has not been seen since.

Unidentified persons traveling in a car bearing a New York license, kidnapped Elizabeth Smith, fifteen, from the campus of the Overton School, Towanda, Pennsylvania, and disappeared without leaving a trace.

Yee Wing, a young Chinese, of Reading, Pennsylvania, was fined fifty dollars for luring an American girl from Reading to Pittsburgh. He had promised her a gay life and fine clothes.

Bessie Schaeffer, of Omaha, was dragged into an automobile, gagged and beaten. She escaped when the car of her captor collided with another motor-car.

Police and citizens of Waukegan, Illinois, are seeking a man who accosted Nellie Cashmere, thirteen, and attempted to drag her into a cemetery.

Gladys Miller, of Youngstown, Ohio, thirteen, who was missing from home for several days, says she was kidnapped by a strange man and held under a hypnotic spell. She was rescued by another young man in Lisbon, Ohio.

A girl who was being held in an automobile, by some men in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, kicked out the windshield, broke off a door, and aroused the passersby by her screams, in an effort to escape. The affair is being investigated.

A girl of fifteen was dragged into a garage, near Centerville, Delaware, and tied to a post, by a strange man. A machine stopped near the garage and the man fled through the rear door.

The disappearance of six girls, some of them high school students, from Green Bay, Wisconsin, within a few weeks, has started a State-wide investigation.

Mrs. Violet Kalajian, wife of an American business man living in Detroit, says young girls are being imported into America from Armenia, Palestine, and Turkey, and sold to rich aliens at \$1,500 a head.

Irene White, daughter of a farmer at Leary, Texas, told a curious story after being found eight miles north of Ranger. While on her way to school, she was kidnapped by a man who cut off her hair, dressed her like a boy, in overalls, and made her go along with him. After walking for several days, she refused to go any further and started back toward her home.

A gang of twenty young men armed with revolvers took a young woman away from her escort in Youngstown. Some time later the girl reached her home unharmed after her screams had frightened away her captors.

Irene Kendt, a girl violinist, of Chicago, vanished after leaving a cryptic note for her parents in which she says: "I shall do the next worst thing to suicide."

THE foregoing are just a few instances taken almost at random from the daily papers since the first of the year. Scarcely a day goes by without an article about a "missing girl." Sometimes the story begins with the announcement of a murder or a suicide.

A very unusual case has developed in a Massachusetts mill town. A girl—we will designate her as Grace Dawson—mysteriously vanished. The State police and private agencies tried to find some trace of her, but without success. A year later, her mother received a letter from Grace who stated that she was in a town in Georgia, and wanted money to pay her way home. The money was sent, and, in due time, Grace returned. Bit by bit the story was obtained.

Working in the factory with Grace was a married couple by the name of Jones. They had no children. In order to obtain a child without adopting it, they had planned for Jones to ruin

Here are some of the causes why girls leave home:

**Lure of the city.
Unhappy home conditions.**

**Need of finding work.
Desire to escape parental control.**

A determination to get away from the neighbors.

Grace, and then adopt her child. Mrs. Jones herself was actually a party to the plot. In order to carry out this damnable undertaking, Grace was induced to go South. She yielded to their threats and promises, and accompanied them to Georgia, and then to Florida. En route, Grace was introduced, when necessary, as a sister of Jones. After the birth of the baby, Mr. and Mrs. Jones went into court in a Florida town and adopted the child. A copy of the court record shows that they represented that Grace was the widow of a dead brother of Mrs. Jones. Grace was mute in court because Jones had threatened to injure the baby if she caused any trouble. Later he warned her if she "made a fuss" he would "send the hants" after her—a favorite form of intimidation in the South, meaning that he would make her "see ghosts."

What can the law do in such a case? Jones could be sent to prison for white slavery under the Mann Act if the government would take the case up and follow it through. Meanwhile, Jones and his wife have the child, and the girl is back in Massachusetts grieving her heart out for fear Jones will "hurt her baby."

A YOUNG woman who had just graduated from a commercial school advertised for a position as a beginner stenographer. In a few days, she received an insulting proposition written on hotel letter-paper.

The girl was so utterly innocent of the ways of the world that she did not realize she had been insulted. It took the manager of an employment agency some time to make her understand. The note was turned over to a detective agency, and plans laid to catch the writer. This was done by altering the advertisement in harmony with his suggestions, and thus luring him "out from under cover" to "make a date."

Here are two big facts to consider:

White slavery and vice thrive because of overconfident, negligent parents, and ignorant, uninstructed girls.

Unscrupulous men and women are ever on the alert to get control of ignorant and defenceless girls for immoral purposes.

A girl decoy was used, who arranged to meet him in front of a certain house in the residence district at eight o'clock one evening. Concealed in the house, in the dark, were four detectives ready to jump out and catch the fellow when he appeared. But he did not show up. Later, he was caught by a fake advertisement, and proved to be a dissipated youth of twenty-two. He said he had failed to keep his first appointment because he had lost his nerve. Then he begged the police to be easy on him "for the sake of his wife and child." He did not "mean any harm," he said. As he had not violated any law, he was allowed to go with a warning to behave himself. No more girls will be bothered by that fellow, for he died a few months afterward.

In another instance of this kind, a young man was captured who had in his pocket a list of the names of over fifty girls who had put advertisements in the papers for positions, and with whom he was trying to "make dates." One of the girls got in touch with the police, who caught the fellow when he appeared to keep an appointment with her.

The ways of the underworld are a sealed book to many good people who are unwilling to believe that it is possible for such depravity to exist. This very attitude makes it easier for the social pariahs who prey on girls to operate unmolested. It is so convenient to assume that the girls who get into trouble are largely to blame themselves, and, therefore, do not deserve help. But that is not quite the right way to put it. They generally want to do right, but are uninformed about the traps that may be set for them by unscrupulous men.

FOR example, Blanche Walker was a fine girl of eighteen. She attended church and was a member of a Bible class. If anybody had suggested that Blanche might become the victim of a white-slave plot, it would have been sternly resented as an insult. It would have looked like an insinuation that something was wrong with her and that she was not able to take care of herself.

Here is what actually happened. Follow it closely, for you may have to deal with a similar situation some time. Blanche had a girl chum, Mary, not a church member, who lived a few blocks away. Mary's gentleman friend, George, had a "friend" named Joe. Blanche was employed in a large department store. Joe came in, one day, and as Blanche had met him at the home of Mary, she did not suspect him of having any evil purpose. He bought a bottle of toilet water from Blanche, and as she was handing him the package, he said, "Be a good little sport and slip me two bottles for the price of one."

Without stopping to realize what she was doing, Blanche handed him the second bottle and he put both into a small grip, he had in his hand. Then Blanche realized what she had done and asked for the return of the extra bottle. Joe opened the grip. As he did so, the store detective came along. Seeing her taking the bottle from the bag, he thought she was putting it in, and accused Blanche of stealing it. She was discharged on the spot. Joe knew that he was to blame but he did not do any-

thing to save the girl. As they left the store together, Joe offered this consolation:

"You can't go home now with that hanging over your head, so you had better stay with Mary."

Blanche was frightened. She shrank from facing her mother. Although resentful at Joe, she accepted his suggestion. Now, it chanced that Mary's parents had gone to Michigan for a visit. Mary and Blanche had the house to themselves. George and Joe came in the evening. The next morning, Blanche's mother called Mary on the phone and asked for Blanche. Mary said she had not seen anything of her. The distracted mother hurried to Mary's house and searched it from attic to cellar, without finding any trace of her daughter. For a week the parents sought the missing girl. Then a letter came to Blanche, from a city bank, asking her to call and leave her signature so they could forward her savings and Liberty bonds. She had written from Pittsburgh, using hotel letter-paper. Her father rushed to that city and found the girl living there, all alone, under the name of a married woman. On the center table of her room lay a letter from Joe containing a twenty-dollar bill. It was on his suggestion that Blanche had asked the bank for her bonds and savings. He had accomplished her ruin the night she stayed with Mary, and Mary and George were accomplices.

On the very day that Mary had shown Mrs. Walker through the house, Blanche was crouching in a closet in the attic, where she had been told to hide. Then she had been shipped to Pittsburgh.

It was a case of white slavery and conviction would have been easy, but the parents decided not to prosecute Joe and his associates because of the publicity that would result. Joe had deliberately trapped her. He had planned to get her disgraced and frightened so she would stay with Mary. If the girl had known more of the ways of the world she could have saved herself.

A YOUNG woman was enticed from Buffalo to Detroit under a promise of marriage. After the couple had lived together for a while, the young man disappeared and left the girl stranded. She found friends in Cleveland, who located the truant young man in Niagara Falls. In order to hold him, it was necessary to secure a warrant for his arrest. When the United States authorities in Cleveland were approached they asked:

"In going to Detroit from Buffalo, on Lake Erie, did the boat carry-

ing the girl keep within the Canadian line or not?"

That part was not known; and because the information was not forthcoming, the warrant was refused. The girl was sent back to Detroit with a note to the United States attorney who persuaded the chief of police in Detroit to wire the chief in Niagara Falls to arrest the man and hold him. Then the girl was sent to Niagara Falls and the prisoner was glad to marry her to get out of jail.

The foregoing story is given to show the difficulty of getting results under the law, especially where several jurisdictions are involved and the evidence is weak as in this case.

The federal white-slave act, which became operative on June 25, 1910, is commonly known as the "Mann Act." It forbids the transportation of women from one State to another, or importation, for "purposes of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose." The penalty is a fine not to exceed \$5,000 and imprisonment for not more than five years, or both, in the discretion of the court. If the victim is under eighteen years of age, the fine shall not exceed \$10,000 or ten years imprisonment, or both. It is necessary to prove that the accused purchased the tickets for the transportation of the girl, and that the purpose was immoral. The man cannot get out of it by showing that the woman was willing to go. In other words he cannot "hide behind a woman's skirts," as many such men try to do.

But the Mann Act has a weak spot. It applies only to interstate traffic, and the great majority of these cases are within State lines and fall under the jurisdiction of State laws. For example, a man may take a woman from New York City to Albany for immoral purposes, and it is not white slavery, but if he goes over into New Jersey, the federal penitentiary yawns for him, because he has crossed a State line.

He must cross a State line with the woman for an immoral purpose in order to incur the wrath of Uncle Sam.



MISS CAROLINE RICHARDS
Field Secretary, American Civic Reform Union

THE State laws and the Mann Act differ widely in the nature of the evidence required, and in the way they are enforced. It is comparatively easy to prove a white-slave case under the Mann Act, but quite difficult under the average State law.

However, there are other remedies in addition to law enforcement. The outstanding one is to warn parents and educate girls. If a young woman realizes her peril, she will be less apt to fall into a trap than if she is not informed.



ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

Mr. Gregg speaks from an abundant experience with the world. He has worked on a farm, herded cattle, been a police and a political reporter, sold books, and finally ended up as a Methodist preacher. He was born on a farm in Iowa. City life claimed him when he was sixteen years old, and, for ten years, he worked on newspapers in various parts of the United States. Twenty years ago, he gave up newspaper-work for the ministry, in Seattle, Washington, and was later transferred to Boston and placed on the staff of a Methodist paper. A few years afterward he deliberately cut loose from the pastorate with the sanction of the bishops and the New England Methodist Conference, of which he is still a member, and became a reformer. He has fought rum, gambling, cigarettes, and white slavery in many States.

In all the big cities, there are agencies for taking care of girls; but nearly all deal with the victim after the harm has been done. There are several national agencies that give particular attention to both prevention and relief. Among them are the Travelers' Aid Society, and the American Social Hygiene Association, both of New York; the International Purity Federation of La Crosse, Wisconsin; and The American Civic Reform Union, Cleveland, Ohio. These organizations lay particular stress on warning and instruction, through books, lectures, conventions, and by obtaining new laws. A very unique feature of the American Civic Reform Union, of Cleveland, is its system of Welfare Circles in charge of mature women as leaders. A leader is given a set of books on the methods of white slavers, which she distributes. Any woman who will agree to keep the books going until at least one hundred women have read them, will be appointed a leader and furnished with the books free.

(Continued on page 93)

"Take Him Out!"

The psychology of baseball is the psychology of life

WHEN a man feels that the crowd is against him in any game, whether baseball, football, or the game of life, it must needs be a very stout heart which does not lose a bit of its courage and its morale.

When a baseball pitcher is in a tight game and the batter makes a hit which brings another fellow home, and the fans yell, "Take him out!" this is what Christy Mathewson, once the greatest pitcher in the game, calls "the dirge of baseball."

When this cry, "Take him out!" is taken up and continued by the fans, the pitcher has to face it with a smile. He can't afford to show resentment. Nevertheless, the feeling that the crowd is against him, affects his whole nervous system, lowering his courage, demoralizing his morale. It has broken the hearts of a great many pitchers.

When the manager of a team stops a game and, from the bench, beckons to a batter or a pitcher and orders him to drop out, the player is obliged to obey, and is compelled to walk away from the box, facing the very crowd which by its taunts and jeers has weakened his morale, lowered his courage and confidence in himself, it is pretty tough, and takes a strong nerve to stand the test.

During the recent world series between the Giants and the Yankees, in New York, when Babe Ruth, with his left arm swollen and infected from a severe blow he had received the day before, when—in trying to do his best—he slid into a base, he was ordered by his manager to quit, because of his suffering, he, of course, had to obey. And when the crowd began to hoot and boo at him, he suffered more agony than was caused by his wound. He had been so marvelously successful, so long a popular favorite, that the very thought of his former friends going back on him, just because, owing to his great suffering, he didn't come up to his usual batting average, was too much even for his iron nerve.

THE history of baseball tells us that, on one occasion, when at the supreme crisis of a terrific game appreciative, cheering words were whispered into the ear of the batter by a clever manager, the pitcher, who had been working perfectly through seven terrific innings, having overheard what was said, became so unbalanced that he lost the game. He lost his nerve, his grit, at the critical moment, not because of any inherent weakness, for he was a fine pitcher, but because his morale was weakened by the unfortunate suggestion of the opposition manager.

All this is what is called the psychology of baseball. Yet it is just as truly the psychology of the game of life. From the very start the things that discourage the baseball player and destroy his morale have the same effect on the players in the life game.

How easy it is, for example, for a tactless or unsympathetic teacher to so spoil

By Orison Swett Marden

the morale of a timid scholar that he can't make a perfect oral recitation, or even a written one for that matter. The very suggestion of failure or incapacity from the teacher, to whom he looks up for counsel and encouragement, prevents him from doing the thing he might otherwise do, for, he can't who thinks he can't.

The lack of confidence, the hostile or unsympathetic attitude of an audience has made many a singer or young actor break down. The same is true of orators, politicians or other public speakers. If their audience shows prolonged hostility, unless they have unusual nerve they lose their poise and have to leave the platform. Of course, a Beecher would not do that, no matter what an audience might say or do, as Beecher proved during the Civil War, when he was making anti-slavery speeches in great halls in England. All sorts of cruel remarks, abuses, hisses, jeers, threats, were hurled at him from vast

FUN is the cheapest and best medicine in the world for your children as well as for yourself. Give it to them in good large doses. It will not only save you doctors' bills, but it will also help to make your children happier, and will improve their chances in life. We should not need half so many prisons, insane asylums, and almshouses if all children had a happy childhood.

audiences who misunderstood his motives, but he had the poise and character to stand on the platform, sometimes for hours, until he finally won his hearers to enthusiastic approval.

The psychology of the crowd, "mob psychology," as it is called, has a terrific influence in buoying a man up or pushing him down. It is well known that in battle even cowards, or those who would be cowards alone, are braced up by the psychology of the crowd to the point of real bravery, even to doing heroic things.

During the most terrific battles in the World War, our soldiers were braced up tremendously by the encouragement, the yells, the singing and cheering of one another. The soldier alone could not have maintained his morale. It is the psychology of the crowd, the influence of the mass that enables armies to maintain their morale. When one man alone is attacked by the crowd it is very different. It is the same among boys. We all know how the jeering and abuse of a youth by a crowd of other boys will take the grit out of him.

Young or old, whatever the game we

are engaged in, we are all made of the same kind of stuff; and it takes a lot of stamina and clear grit to stand up under failure; to keep our poise and stand denunciations and abuse, cat-calls and jeers from the crowd, without wincing.

BASEBALL experts say that the temptation to quit and run away in a pinch, in a supreme moment, never leaves a ball-player. The temptation to quit in a great pinch, to run away in the very critical moment, is not peculiar to baseball players alone. It is a queer weakness of human nature that is present, more or less, in all human beings, even the bravest. The man who conquers it is the man who wins out in the life game as well as in baseball.

When baseball players are being tried out for major-league teams, they are put through a third-degree test. The men testing them use all sorts of sneers, jibes, cat-calls, and suggestions to prove their mettle. "The poor boob!" they'll cry. "Watch him!" "He'll miss the ball sure!" "There's a fellow in the hospital now who stopped the ball with his head!" Perhaps the last suggestion works, and, the next thing you know, the man being tested dodges when the ball is nowhere near his head. This is an unforgivable thing in a baseball player, and he is "razed" mercilessly. But he is given another chance. Perhaps the pitcher will continue to hurl the ball close to the novice's head. Unless he is made of wonderful material, he dodges; and then comes the cry: "He won't do! He's yellow!"

When a player is game and never once weakens under the ordeal the catcher says, "That man is game. You can't scare him. He's a winner." Only the best timber has a chance of winning a place in a baseball league.

It is the same in testing out for a worth-while place in the life game. You must watch out for your yellow streak. It is the fellow who can stand the gaff, no matter how cruel, who can stand criticism, denunciation and abuse, who does not wilt under failure, who will rise to the top in spite of the hardest knocks.

THE royal baseball fellows, the Babe Ruths, who have stood the test in many a hard-fought game, who have been as plucky in defeat as in victory, can't be downed by anything. Even though they feel hurt, they keep their poise, their temper, their heads, under the gaff, under the ridicule and jeering, the sneering and abuse of the crowd. Defeat doesn't down them. They gather their forces together and come up smiling for the next game.

It is the royal fellows in the game of life, the men of courage and stamina who stand the gaff, no matter how cruel, who come up smiling after every defeat and push on as if nothing had happened, who do the big things in the world. They are the salt of the earth.

Wise Guy!

Jimmy Williams married the girl after Henry Snyder had decided not to. Now, which was the wise guy?

By Mary Singer

Author of "Where There's a Will There's a Way," "The Best Little Tip," "Yea, bo; I've Lost My Job," and other stories in SUCCESS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. L. BAIRNSFATHER

WHEN Henry Snyder had been engaged to Carrie Wallace for three years, he suddenly came to the decision that marriage is not a good thing—particularly for a man who wants to get somewhere in the world.

"You see," he explained to his friends, "I've got this whole business figured out. The man who marries before he's reached his goal, ties a rope around his own neck. He's done for! Can't get anywhere at all! Simply finished!"

And while he was airing this philosophy, Jimmy Williams was standing with the much-shaken Carrie Wallace, trying to persuade her that it was really a good thing matters had taken such a turn. That Henry was a fine chap, only he had too much ambition. That he, Jimmy, had loved her from the moment he set eyes on her soft brown hair that caught the light and held it like glints of gold. And that the only ambition he, Jimmy, had, was to marry her and make her happy forever.

Jimmy was a nice, big, good-natured boy with frank, smiling eyes and a baby's way of creeping right into a woman's heart. One lock of his sleek brown hair managed to creep over his forehead, and, though his mouth was firm and strong, there was a dimple right in the middle of his chin. For these and other reasons, Carrie began to feel a peculiar stirring, a breathless flutter that she had never felt for Henry Snyder.

And so, much to the consternation of everybody concerned, a scant three months after Henry had broken his word to her, Carrie Wallace became Mrs. Jimmy Williams and seemed to be very happy about it all. Everybody talked. Jimmy Williams married! Why, he was a mere youngster! Of course he was as old as Henry Snyder; but the difference between them! Jimmy was such a boy—a dreamer, a natural sort of poet who would never get anywhere at all in this world. Of course he was absolutely ruined.

Henry Snyder was so disgusted with Jimmy's unpardonable act, that he spoke rather harshly.

"There you are!" he declaimed. "Where a wise man stays away, a fool rushes in. Jimmy! Who'd ever have thought it? Absolutely done for! Just built his own prison. And he'd have made a halfway decent poet, one of these days, if he'd only have gone along living a free and easy life. Can you see what's before him now?"

Henry's listeners clucked sympathetically. They all liked Jimmy. Such a good fellow. What a shame! Now Henry was the wise guy for you! There

was a man worth listening to! Going to make his mark, Henry Snyder was!

Jimmy was rewrite man, editorialist, space filler, and general reporter for a dinky class-magazine that successfully fooled itself into believing it had a mission to fill. For his services he received the princely sum of thirty dollars and was generously permitted to put in anywhere from eighteen to twenty-four hours a day on the job. He had Saturday afternoons and Sundays to himself.

He planned to do much in those free hours. But his friends, headed by Henry Snyder, decided that he must be saved from the bondage of marriage. That a little freedom must ooze into his life. So they insisted that Jimmy spend his Saturday afternoons playing poker on the flat-topped mahogany desk in Henry's law office. To be fair to Jimmy, it must be told that he did not want to play poker at all. He wanted to go home and help Carrie hang ruffly curtains on the windows. But he was hard put to it to prove that he was still as free as ever, and that Carrie was the most sensible little woman in all the world.

No one knows how the news traveled to Carrie, but she arrived in Henry Snyder's office one Saturday afternoon when the game was in full swing and greenbacks lay scattered about on the shining mahogany. For a single second she stood in the doorway, quietly self-possessed, while the eyes of half a dozen men were riveted on her as if fascinated. Then, with the same contained manner, she approached the table, scattered the cards to the floor, and swept every bit of money in sight into her handbag. Not a man made a movement to stop her. When she was through, she faced them determinedly.

"You'll find it very expensive to gamble with Jimmy," she said.

The men never saw their money again for they lacked the courage to ask for it. Jimmy Williams never played poker

again, and Henry Snyder asked the world:

"Now! am I right? See what marriage does to a man? Makes a slave of him, body and soul! Can't even enjoy himself once a week! It's a shame! A shame! Take an example, boys, and step easy!"

WHEN Jimmy Williams wasn't working for his magazine, he usually wrote jingling verse or else composed letters for his friends. For though it was quite generally conceded that Jimmy would never make a business man, that he was nothing but a halfway poet, it was also generously acknowledged that he could certainly write a letter with a wallop in every line.

Carrie was no critic of poetry, no great *litterateur*, but she was a clear-thinking little woman with a level head on her shoulders, and she couldn't exactly see the world's need for Jimmy's poetry. Yet, she did know that every once in a while some one of his friends would drop around with an urgent:

"Say, Jimmy! I was wondering if you could help me out? I must write a letter with punch and bingo in it! Got to be short, snappy, and vital! Something that'll sell my product. We've got an advertising man to do this sort of thing; but he's in such a rut, he doesn't seem to have an original idea in his head."

And, invariably, Jimmy seemed to be able to fill the order.

One Sunday, when he was sweating away at such a gratis assignment, Carrie approached his chair, and, over his shoulder, read what he was pounding out on the typewriter.

"Who's that for, Jimmy?" she asked, quietly.

"Lenny Wilkinson."

"He's rather wealthy, isn't he?"

"I should say! His father owns one of the biggest dress-houses in the city. Worth close to a quarter of a million."

"Does Lenny give you anything for writing these letters for him?"

"Of course not! It's just a favor."

"A favor! I see." There was a peculiar intonation in her voice as she stretched out her hand and asked, "Will you let me see it a minute, Jimmy?"

He handed it to her, watching her wonderingly while she read through it. When she was finished, she folded it neatly and held it behind her back.

"What's the idea, Carrie?" Jimmy's eyes narrowed. Experience had taught him that when she acted so deliberately, so quietly, she was about to make a decisive move.

WHEN we come into the realization of the great, silent, vital energy within us which is able to satisfy all the soul's desires, all its yearnings, we shall no longer hunger or thirst, for all the good things of the universe will be ours.

"Nothing," she answered. "Only, if Lenny wants this letter, he's got to pay for it!"

"I say, Carrie! That's not playing fair! Where's your sense of ethics? It's not right!"

"It isn't—isn't it? I suppose you call it fair when the boys go around calling you an easy-going poet who'll never amount to much, and then come around to ask you to write letters to help them make money? Do you call *that* ethics? Do you call it fair for them to make a fool of you? To use you? To take for nothing what they have to pay for, elsewhere? I don't see any ethics in their dealings. Lenny pays for this letter, or he doesn't get it!"

"Carrie! If you do a thing like that, the boys'll never get over it!"

"Well, they need a jolt of some kind." Lenny Wilkinson paid for the letter—paid for it handsomely.

"Of course! Of course, Jimmy!" he hastened to right himself. "I've always wanted to pay you. You know, it's one of my mottoes: 'Nothing for nothing.' Only, I thought you'd be hurt or something. You poet fellows have queer ideas. But if I do have to say it, Jimmy, you're the best little letter-writer I ever came across!"

"Do you mean that?" interrupted Carrie.

"I certainly do! Why, if he got out into business, he could clean up a neat little pile. In our firm, alone, there's enough work—tell you the truth, Jimmy, I've always wanted to ask you to do more letters for us, only I didn't feel as if I could, since you wouldn't take pay for them. But then, you poets never have any business heads."

Carrie didn't answer that last reminder. But when he had left the house, she turned to Jimmy steadily.

"You're not going in to the office tomorrow, Jimmy. You write and tell them so. Let them give your thirty-dollar job to some one—"

"What's that?"

A SPARK had flared into Jimmy's eyes. Carrie saw it; and she went to him, pulling him down on the settee next to her.

"Listen, Jimmy," she said. "Lenny has accidentally opened a new world to you. You like to write. I suppose it'll hurt you to hear it and, perhaps, it isn't a wise thing for me to say. But I'm going to take the risk. Jimmy, your poetry is rank nonsense. And as a poet, you're a failure! But you *can* write letters! The business world needs those letters! And as a letter-writer, you've a chance to be a success! Now, which is it to be?"

Jimmy Williams did not go in to the office the next morning.

And when the news of his defection from the cause of poetry came to the ears of Henry Snyder, he lifted up his voice to the high heavens and wailed:

"Look at that, will you? Jimmy going into business! Why, he doesn't stand a chance! He's not meant for it! Why, Jimmy's as retiring and shy as a rabbit! He had a real chance as a poet. Do you know? He'll have to go out and sell—mind you—sell his services! Bah!

Women! Marriage! See what they do to a man? Even commercialize his art!"

It has not been generally conceded that poets make good salesmen. As a matter of fact, the consensus of opinion is against them. But then, when Mrs. Jimmy Williams deliberately pulled the life raft from under her husband's feet and left him floundering not only for his own life, but for hers as well, she wasn't thinking of him as a poet, but as a man.

You see, Mrs. Jimmy was a woman, and being a woman, she had that sixth sense which told her that it is good for a man to feel the whip of necessity. Moreover, she knew Jimmy.

She knew that he was considered shy and diffident; that his friends had talked him into believing he was never meant for the world of action. But she knew, too, that when Henry Snyder had deliberately broken his word to her after a three-years' engagement, Jimmy had come to her, and in one short evening had sold himself so completely to her that he had made a place for himself in her heart never approached by Henry Snyder. And what greater test of salesmanship could there be than that? What cargo, what stock more difficult to sell than one's self?

And so, during those first few weeks when Jimmy Williams insisted that, somehow or other, he could not sell his letters, Mrs. Jimmy insisted more strongly than he that he could.

"Remember," she used to tell him, over and over again, "the cheapest thing in the world to sell is merchandise. The dearest thing is life—service. And every time that you sell a man a letter, you sell him life, you sell him a salesman who goes out on the road. Jimmy, men need you. Sometimes they won't be able to see that they do. Then it will be up to you to show them. You ought to make the best salesman in the world, because you're selling the best product—brains! I've got faith in you, Jimmy!"

That "I've got faith in you, Jimmy," struck deep into Jimmy's heart and made a little song of itself. It was as if Carrie were with him all the time, continually urging him on. Yet, even though faith alone has been known to work miracles, Mrs. Jimmy had something more substantial to keep Jimmy's nose to the task when he wavered and came home with the report that he could get a job here or there, on this or that weekly.

She found a job and went to work herself.

"Jimmy," she said, "I know you don't want me to work. I know it hurts you to hear the other men talk about it. And people will buzz a lot. They always do. But I'm going to keep my job until you make a go of what you started out to do. I mean to have you succeed. It's in you, and I'm not going to let up till it comes out!"

Jimmy's heart bled, but he became tinged with a ferocity that made him charge into his work like a bull. If Carrie had so much faith in him that she was willing to stake herself on the chance of his coming through, then there *must* be something in him!

He invaded the garment section of the

city and grimly tramped from one firm to another. He learned to plunk his letters down in front of a man and say, "There! Here's what you need to start your business humming! If you had fifty salesmen out on the road, they couldn't put your product over more effectively than this letter! It tells your story straight from the shoulder! It'll bring results!"

And, somehow, after that first fierce charge, it was easy. He was so completely sold on himself, so absolutely confident of his own powers, so firm in the belief of his letters, that his confidence communicated itself and reached out like a handclasp. One manufacturer recommended him to another; his name went the rounds; and he outgrew the little desk in the insurance office where he rented "space."

For all of which Henry Snyder moaned over him.

HENRY SNYDER rode his years easily and carelessly. There was no whip to lash his feet into a brisker trot. He worked at his law practice evenly, regularly. When business was good, he was contented. When it was slow, he waited for it to spurt up again. He ate well and waxed fat. He joined a club of unattached men and enjoyed the vicarious pleasures that came his way.

"This," he told his friends, "is what I call living! Time to work and time to play; know the people I want to know; do the things I want to do; go wherever I want to go. Free to make something of myself!"

But it was a strange thing that when Jimmy Williams moved out of the insurance office, where he had rented desk space, to an office of his own, Henry Snyder was neither the President of the United States nor was he making speeches in Congress, nor yet trying to make new laws in the legislature.

And, when he accidentally came upon Jimmy, he wept over him as if he, Jimmy, were the most miserable of men.

"Ah, Jimmy! You wouldn't listen to me. I told you, you'd be digging your own grave, but you went ahead and dug it. What a life! You could have been a man to-day! With your name in all the newspapers and your poetry in the best magazines!"

"Yes?" said Jimmy. He hadn't known he was such a fine poet.

"And what are you now?" continued Henry Snyder, mournfully. "Lenny tells me that you go in and sell your letters like so much stock. That you go from manufacturer to manufacturer, like an ordinary salesman! You—who were never cut out to be a salesman!"

"No?" asked Jimmy. "Wasn't I?" And he inwardly wondered, if he was not a salesman, and was never cut out to be one, then how did he come to have a thousand dollars saved up in the bank?

WHEN Jimmy Williams, junior, was born, Mrs. Jimmy announced her intention of moving to a suburb.

"What for?" asked Jimmy. "It's convenient here, isn't it?"

"But convenience isn't everything in life, Jimmy. As a matter of fact, I think



And the only ambition he had was to marry her and make her happy forever

conveniences are a handicap. They soften people. Let's move to a place where there's some fresh air, green grass, and a country club where you can go and play tennis or ball."

"But I don't need to play—"

"Yes, you do, Jimmy. You're getting a bit flabby. Pretty soon you'll be puffing like a steam engine when you have to climb a flight of stairs."

"Well, can't I?"

"I should rather say you can't! Not if you intend to be the father of Jimmy, junior, for any length of time."

"I see," said Jimmy. "I suppose from now on, everything I do will have to be done with Jimmy, junior, in mind, won't it?"

"Well?" asked Mrs. Jimmy. "Name your objections, if any."

Jimmy smiled. All in all, he hadn't fared so badly. As a matter of fact, he had gotten a good deal more than he had bargained for.

But Henry Snyder considered that he had been brutally imposed upon.

"What?" he shouted. "Moving to New Gardens? Jimmy, I could cry for you! What sort of a life is that for a man? Why! You'll be stagnating in the trains for two hours a day; you'll be going to town meetings; being dragged into church on Sundays when you want to sleep; and, the first thing you know, they'll be making you chairman of a baby parade or something! I know these suburbs. Every time you come to New York to see a play, you'll be boasting that you've been to the city, like a hick villager!"

"But the youngster needs it," defended Jimmy.

"What's that got to do with you? That any reason why you should sacrifice yourself? Jimmy, the city was meant for such as you. But that's what happens to a man who marries before he's arrived. First, he sacrifices himself for his wife, then for his kids. I ask you, Jimmy, what'll become of you? Don't you count at all? How do you ever expect to make anything of yourself?"

"I don't know," answered Jimmy. "I'm clearing four thousand a year."

"Oh, that!" said Henry Snyder, contemptuously.

Jimmy wondered just what Henry Snyder was making of himself.

IT was a hot, close evening, and as Henry Snyder snapped his desk shut, he wondered what he would do with himself. The club was stuffy; and most of the fellows were away. He didn't feel much like eating. He could enjoy the company of a woman to-night,

THOUGHTS are forces, and by them we create ourselves and our conditions. These little force points are constantly chiseling, molding the character, fashioning the life. We can not get away from our thought. ☺ ☺ ☺

but then it was too much of a bother to call up and see who was disengaged. Well, he would walk leisurely along for a while.

Henry's hair was a bit sparser now; it had thinned out at the temples and was gradually receding from his forehead. He was fuller of form with the maturity of thirty-five years. His appearance was still as imposing as ever, his clothes as immaculately pressed, his air of good-living very evident. But there was a listless look in his eyes, as if there were no aim, no destination to his journeying.

"Hello, Henry!"

As Henry turned his head sharply, a car drew up at the curb, and a lithe, wirey form bounded toward him.

"As I live! Jimmy! Haven't seen you in years! What you doing in the city at this hour?"

"Just going home. Come along? It's cool out in New Gardens, and it only takes a half hour with this bus."

Henry climbed into the car and Jimmy shot off.

"Some little boat you got here, Jimmy. So you're still living in New Gardens, eh? Gotten quite used to the chickens and cows, I'll bet. But you look good."

Henry added the last grudgingly; for Jimmy's eager, active form was as supple, as trim as it had been ten years before.

"How's Carrie and the youngster?"

"Fine! Only, it isn't the youngster now—although he's some boy! There are three of them."

"Three of them! Jimmy! Don't you know when enough's enough? Man! You'll never get a chance to live. You'll be working till you're an old man. Don't you ever want a chance to sit down and rest?"

"Haven't thought about that," said Jimmy. "Haven't time to think about it. Got to keep on the job all the time."

Those youngsters of mine do some eating. And they wear out shoes! Whew!"

Henry Snyder had expected to find a rickety wooden bungalow-affair with a spindly porch and a front lawn decorated by a string of cackling hens. Such was his conception of New Gardens. But after they had driven along as smooth a road as ever the city boasted of, Jimmy swung into a wide asphalted street, overhung with spreading trees, and drew up in front of a two-story red-brick house perched on the top of a smooth, green lawn, where a youngster was watering a neatly laid out pansy-bed, with a hose.

A woman came out of the house to greet them. Henry knew she was Carrie; but, for the life of him, he didn't know just what to say to her. She had been a thin, pale-faced, soft-spoken girl. The woman who raised her lips to Jimmy now, was energetic, red-cheeked, with all her hollows filled out and the curves of a girl. There was fire and love in her eyes; she dressed with the coquetry of a young girl about to meet her lover; and her voice was firm, yet gentle. It needed but one look to see that Jimmy was still madly in love with her. Wherever she went, his eyes followed her. Henry Snyder compressed his lips, disapprovingly. Men with ten-year-old sons are supposed to be over their honeymoon days.

When dinner was over and Carrie had carried the children off to bed, Jimmy took Henry around the place; showed him his lettuce patch, his cucumber frames, his wired-in chicken farm, the kennel where he raised a brood of puppies, and Carrie's pet rose-bushes.

"I'll bet it takes a nice little sum and no end of work to keep this place looking right," said Henry.

"It sure does. I'm up at six every morning. So is Carrie."

"That's just it!" exclaimed Henry Snyder. "That's what's the trouble with marrying the way you did. You never got time to get your wind. You were just whipped right ahead like a horse driven by a brutal driver. And now, you've gotten so in the habit of galloping that you can't stop to take life easy. Now, I'm going to marry some day. But I'm going to wait until I've made my pile first and arrived where I want to be. No woman's going to come along and tear my life up by the roots to suit herself. Not me! I'm too wise for that sort of thing!"

And Jimmy Williams, who had always considered Henry Snyder a wise man, wondered if he was wise. For a single instant the suspicion flashed through his mind that he was a fool!

Be A Good Listener

IF you wish others to be interested in you, you must be a good listener. Listening, itself, is a fine art. There is nothing more flattering to a person than to feel that you are interested in what he is saying. To be a good listener is next to being a good talker. But if you seem indifferent, if your eyes wander about the room and you seem bored when others are talking they will lose interest in you. It is not absolutely necessary to be a great talker in order to be popular, but it is necessary to be a good listener. If you will just make up your mind that there is something interesting in everyone you meet, and that you are going to find it, you will be surprised to see what facility of speech you will acquire.

Have You the Essentials of Leadership?

EVERY man has one or more of the qualities that mark the leader: courage, self-confidence, initiative, steadfastness, self-control and others; but few men have, in combination, the two qualities indispensable to leadership: self-control and the ability to size up people, to place them rightly, to read at a glance their motives, their character.

Alexander the Great, one of the world's most famous leaders and empire builders, was a remarkable student of human nature. He knew men, and the motives which actuated them, as few men did. He could read the human heart as an open book. After his great victory over the Persians, he showed a remarkable instance of the two pre-eminent leadership qualities in action.

Having been taken suddenly ill, his physician was summoned. Soon after, a letter was handed him from one of his generals, stating that his attending physician had resolved to poison him. He read the letter without the slightest sign of emotion, and put it under his pillow. When the physician came to his bedside with the medicine he had prepared, Alexander said he would not take it just then, but told him to put it where he could reach it and, at the same time, gave him the letter from his general, telling him to read it. Raising himself on his elbow, the conqueror fastened his eyes on the physician's face, looking into his very soul as he read, but he did not see in it the slightest evidence of fear or guilt. Reaching for the medicine, without a word, he swallowed it to the last drop. Amazed, the physician asked him how he could do that after receiving such a letter. Alexander replied, "Because I know you are an honest man."

THE man who aspires to leadership must be not only a good judge of character, a good reader of human nature, but, also, an organizer. Not only must he have that intuitive faculty that enables him to read men like an open book, but he must be able to judge accurately what to do with them—how to weigh, measure, and place them.

The main cause for the early defeat of the Allies in the World War was the lack of one supreme head or organizer. It was not the man who could most skilfully handle a regiment, a division, or a single army; it was not merely a good general, or a popular one, that was needed; it was, above all, the best thinker, the best planner, the most far-seeing executive, the man who could make the most effective combinations, the man who could direct the movements of all the allied armies in the most masterly way for a single purpose.

Foch was the man who combined all these requirements. None of the other generals—and there were many good ones—had the consummate ability to handle the entire forces available as one regiment, with such superb skill as

By Orison Swett Marden

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

that great leader. He was not only a master of military tactics, but, by reason of his profound knowledge of human nature, a master of men, a reader of men, an expert in assigning each one to the post where he could be of most service.

The head of a great business organization becomes such by virtue of the qualities that make a great army general. He knows how to make the right combinations, to get the right people about him, and to place them where they will be of most value to the organization. Andrew Carnegie used to say that the secret of his success was his ability to get around him men who were cleverer than himself, men who could do the things he could not do.

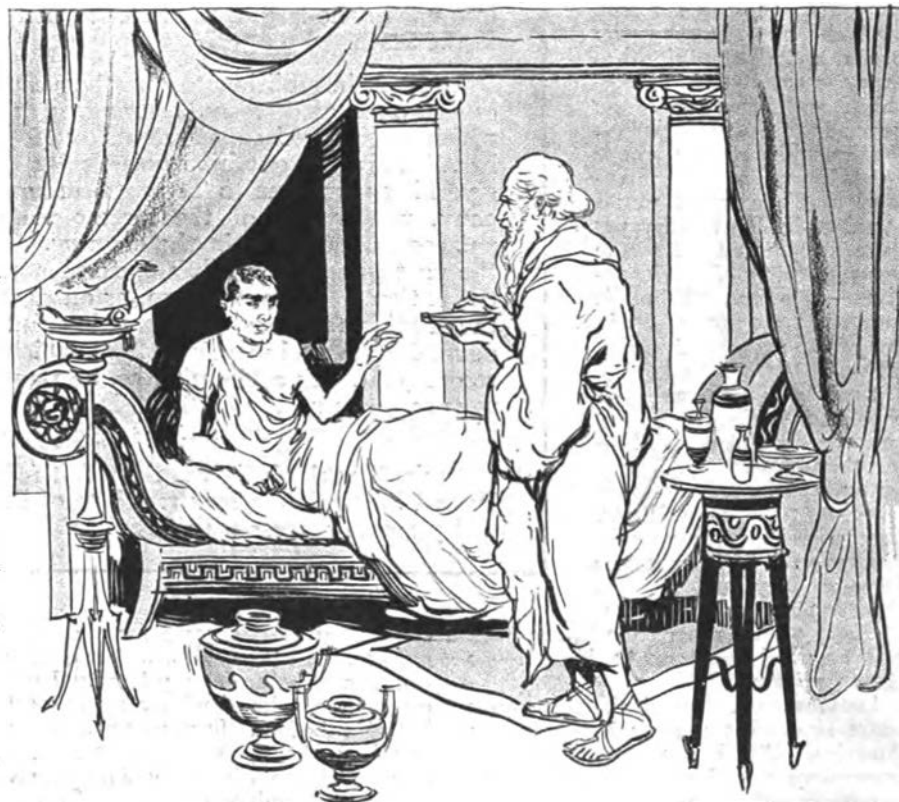
MR. CARNEGIE, naturally, was an able man, but his shrewdness in reading character was undoubtedly one of the factors in the upbuilding of the organization that made him the industrial king of his time. He was an expert in selecting such lieutenants as Charles M. Schwab and others—young men in whom he saw, long before they realized it themselves, the germs of leadership.

While there are "born leaders" as well

as "born" artists, poets, cooks, and all other sorts of geniuses, the difference between the "born leaders" and the others is that one may cultivate the qualities that make the leader.

We all know that self-control is the characteristic of strong men. The man who hasn't learned to control himself, no matter how able he may be in other directions, is shorn of half his strength. And, as for the ability to read character and to weigh and measure people at sight, it is one of the best success assets. It is just as valuable to a young lawyer as a knowledge of law; or to a physician as a knowledge of medicine. It is invaluable to a salesman, whose success is largely dependent on his ability to size up his "prospect" and make the proper approach. In fact, the man who is a good reader of human nature, who can "size up" a person quickly and arrive at an accurate estimate of his character, no matter what his vocation or profession, has a great advantage over others.

IN this country where so many different nationalities comprise the population, any one who takes pains to study and observe the different types he meets will soon acquire this power. The eyes, the face, the expression, the manner, the speech, the walk—everything about a man means something to the observer who is on the lookout for the earmarks of character.



"How can you take this medicine after receiving a letter stating that I intend to poison you?" his physician asked Alexander the Great.

"Because I know you are an honest man," replied the conqueror.

The story of a Russian Jew who started here as a notion peddler. Last year his factories were unable to fill orders worth hundreds of thousands of dollars

What I Owe to America

By Louis Topkis

President of Topkis Brothers Company

MY earliest impression of America was a bustling railroad depot at 32nd and Market Streets, Philadelphia, 2000 or more strangely clad immigrants herded into it, with their ponderous bundles, and me, among them, clinging to my mother's skirt, wondering vaguely what it was all about.

We were fresh from Russia, many of us fugitives from the massacres which terrorized the Jew of Odessa in the early eighties. From all parts of Philadelphia and for miles around, people came by the thousands to see us, to marvel at our picturesque costumes and foreign speech, some, perhaps, to pity us.

I now believe they should have envied us. We came with everything before us to gain, nothing behind us to lose. Whatever handicaps were in our way, whatever obstacles ahead, they certainly could have been no worse than those from which we had fled. The man who begins life with nothing has every incentive to win something, and incentive is the governing factor in progress. Without incentive there would be no progress; mankind and the world would stand still. We immigrants were confronted with the most pressing of all incentives—necessity. What is more, we had a virgin faith in America and what America offered.

I was only nine years old, the second eldest of four children. But I can still remember, almost as if it were yesterday, how my father stood up a little straighter, how, somehow, the worried expression left my mother's face, as they told us that this, indeed, was America, the land where, report had it, any man was as good as he made himself—no better, no worse.

Looking back through the thirty-nine years since, I can see what I owe to America. We had only the meager possessions contained in the bundles on our backs—that and a promise for the future. To-day, I am at the head of my own business; a dozen mills scattered over three States are turning out

Readers of SUCCESS, meet Mr. Topkis, a man who had the incentive to win.

LOUIS TOPKIS, President of Topkis Brothers Company, Wilmington, Delaware, was born in Odessa, Russia, forty-eight years ago. He came to America as an immigrant at the age of nine, settling with his parents at Chester, Pennsylvania, and, a year later, at Wilmington, Delaware. When twelve years old, he went on the road as a peddler of writing paper, tin ware, and notions. Day after day he carried a pack weighing from forty-five to a hundred pounds, some days plodding thirty miles before nightfall, under his load.

His first real job was in a Philadelphia wholesale house where he worked seven days a week, from seven o'clock in the morning until nine and ten o'clock at night. He received two dollars a week and his board. In a little more than a year, he became manager of the establishment; a year later, he had his own business in Wilmington which quickly grew into one of the largest wholesale notion houses in the State.

In 1909, in addition to his wholesale interests, he entered manufacturing, a venture which had proved so successful by 1914, that Mr. Topkis sold out his wholesale business to give his entire time to Topkis Brothers Company, to-day one of the largest makers of nainsook underwear, in the country. During the past year, when other businesses all over the nation were closed down, or on part time, the Topkis factories were running full time, doing double the business of 1920, which was a record year. In a few months, he was forced to turn away nearly \$300,000 in orders which his factories could not fill.

Louis Topkis believes that faith in the United States is the first requisite of business and personal success within its borders.

more than 5000 miles was actually here. True, all of the 2000 who came with us did not find as much. But, surely, every one of them found more than he had left behind.

I have no patience with that one who is foreign born and who will not gladly admit his debt to this country. I have no use for the American born who does not appreciate the great fortune of his birthplace. I believe that, in order to be genuinely successful in America, a man must first inoculate himself with the principles for which America stands. When one begins to whine that the country is going to the dogs, that Washington is the playground for a mysterious Wall Street, that no longer is there opportunity for the poor man here—certainly he will find no opportunity.

There is an old saw which reminds us that he who looks for trouble invariably finds it. The same thought applies with equal force to opportunity. We can find only what we look for, as a rule; and if we do not believe opportunity is here, we will not look very hard for it.

For months, people have been complaining there is no business, that the public is refusing to buy, and that "times are bad." The times will get no better as long as we retain that attitude of mind. Business, as with anything else, is largely what we make it. When we sit back complacently and say there is no business, customers will be just as reluctant to deny what we say. But when we get over the idea that the world is broke, and begin to see that the savings accounts of the public are larger than ever,

that the theaters and hotels have more patrons, that men and women are buying readily when they find what they want at a fair price, then we will be inspired to get out and hustle for some of those idle dollars.

The forlorn hopes are seldom any hopes at all. No man ever won a fight who lacked faith in himself at the start. No salesman ever got orders, except by accident, when he made up his mind

goods bearing our name for a national market. All the comforts that civilization can offer, are at my hand. I may escape the cold of winter by going to Florida, the heat of summer in a cottage at the seashore. My children are educated, my family is happy and respected in the community in which we live. It seems to me that the promise of America has been more than realized, that the opportunity for which we journeyed



Photograph by Ellis

LOUIS TOPKIS

ahead of time that there were no orders to get. The secret of any kind of success—whether it is business or personal success—and provided there is any secret, is in getting the right perspective first, in getting rid of the notion that it isn't worth while to try, or that results will come through any other channel than that opened by one's own effort.

An excuse is always an excuse, nothing more, nothing less. It is *prima*

facie evidence, to my mind, that something has not been done, usually that something has not been given. First, I would say, one must have faith to succeed, faith in this country, in its business and in himself; second, there must be an incentive. The nearer it comes to necessity the better; third, you've got to give if you're going to get

—give time, value, service, sweat—and the giving by all means must come ahead of the getting. The cart must not be before the horse.

Reduced to a few words, these are the principles which I have tried to apply to my life and to my business. They paid me when I was a boy tramping the roads with a peddler's pack; they paid me as a wholesaler; they are paying me now as a manufacturer. For ten years

or more, I have never seen a time when we did not have more orders from customers on our books than our factories could fill. I have never seen a year go by that was not better than any that had gone before, or a year ahead that did not look brighter and more promising than the year that had passed. I have never known a business depression—and the present is no exception. During the past twelve months, my business has more than doubled in size, and I have turned away many thousands of dollars' worth of orders. I do not assert this boastfully; rather do I put it down as a recognition of a debt. I can only say it because I am living in America—make no mistake about that.

IN Russia, my father was a copper-smith. My mother had a little retail booth on the public square in Odessa. Back of my father's shop, over which was our home, was a great courtyard entered from the street by a large gate. During the massacres, hundreds of Jews fled with all their belongings into this courtyard. Whatever valuables we had were hidden in the wine cellars of a nearby saloon, and the cellars were charged with sulphur gas so no one could enter. I have a dim recollection of those terrible scenes, the ten days and nights when we were kept hidden in the courtyard with men on guard at the gates every minute. My mother's store was wrecked and her goods destroyed; homes of our people were ransacked and burned.

Next, I remember, we were at Hamburg—a great drove of refugees hurrying away to America. Chance played its part in our destination, for there were two outgoing boats—one to New York, the other to Philadelphia. We were assigned to the one for Philadelphia and, once there, because of skill at his trade, my father was picked for work in a shipyard at Chester, Pennsylvania. It was all decided for us, so to Chester the family went, to remain about a year. A better position opened up for my father then and we moved to Wilmington, Delaware, a dozen or so miles south.

Wilmington is not a large city; it was much smaller at that time. Delaware was one of the smallest and most unpretentious States in the Union. People were talking of the wonders of New York, of the vast wealth of the West, and Philadelphia was only an hour or so away. But it was our lot to locate in an average, wholesome, American town, little different from hundreds of other towns, with no greater opportunities surely than any other.

Right at the outset, an excess of the wrong sort of knowledge proved my undoing as far as schooling was concerned. I had advanced rapidly in mathematics in Russia and, also, had learned to speak four languages—Russian, Hebrew, French, and German. But I had not learned a word of English. I was assigned to the eighth grade in a Wilmington school for arithmetic; but for reading, writing, and spelling, I was put down in the baby class. In the one class, they laughed at my inability to read and write; in the baby class, they laughed at my size, for I was twice as big as any other pupil. I am afraid I

was a little oversensitive to good-natured ridicule, and I didn't learn much in either class. At any rate, I made the mistake of quitting school as a bad proposition when I was twelve years old.

Since, I have seen young fellows fresh out of college, come into a business office and find themselves in virtually the same predicament that I was. As far as book education was concerned, they were in the highest grade; but in business experience they had to be put into the baby class. It is only natural for young men to resent this. Oftentimes, they make the mistake that I did and quit, go looking for another job. For it is hard to understand that many of the things which we accumulate in our heads, are very often, little better than dead stock in a market which is different from the one to which we have been accustomed. It is a case of adapting oneself to the market in which he finds himself. However excellent an education, it is never complete. The sooner one realizes that fact, the better off he will be to himself and to the man who employs him.

When I buy an automobile, I don't care so much about what the agent tells me it *will* do; I want to know what a car of that make *has done*. If it has won a hill-climbing contest, showed up well in an endurance test over rough roads, and demonstrated in other ways that it is a good machine, I will consider buying it. The same principle holds true with a young man. The question the employer wants to know is: "What have you done?" The fact that a boy has gone through college at his father's expense, only means that somebody has done something for him, not that he has done something for himself. Until he can point to something he himself has done, the college man must stay in the baby class in business. His education is not a handicap, if regarded by him in the proper light. It should help him the quicker to get where he thinks he belongs.

WHAT I refused to learn in school I had to learn by hard experience. And experience proved as good a teacher as she is reputed to be. I was itching to get to work, to get out and sample those wonderful opportunities which people were talking so much about. So, much to my mother's grief, I discarded my schoolbooks for a peddler's pack. Sometimes, I peddled writing paper and envelopes; they were somewhat of a luxury among the country people at that day, the paper selling for one cent a sheet. Again, I would load up with dish pans, wash boilers, tin cups, and all other varieties of kitchen ware until I looked like a walking tinware-establishment. Later, I sold handkerchiefs and lamp wicks.

The country was full of peddlers just like myself, and many of them were out-and-out fakers. They considered it good business when they could make a sale through misrepresenting their goods and by getting all the traffic would bear in the way of price. Consequently, when they had covered a territory once they could not come back to it. The handkerchief peddlers were especially bad offenders.

These men worked mostly in cities, selling their handkerchiefs in office buildings. They told such stories of their successes that I was tempted more than once to give their methods a trial. One story, which always brought them sales among professional men, was to the effect that the handkerchiefs were made from scraps of linen collars and cuffs, the inference being, of course, that, therefore, they must be of linen. People with less education would never take any stock in this story; but the professional man as a rule swallowed it, at least once. When he would ask how it was possible to make these scraps into handkerchiefs, the peddler would reply vaguely, "How do they make rags into paper?"

But, after observing the eventual consequences attendant upon these methods, I became convinced that such faking did not pay. The deception was soon discovered and the customer was done with the clever peddler and his goods for all time afterward. But when the customer received just what you represented you were giving him, he was always willing to buy of you a second, a third, and even a fourth time.

That lesson has stuck with me through all of my business dealings since. I saw that it was well to put especial emphasis on the point of pleasing the customer, making him feel that he had been rendered an honest service. Business, I discovered, is more than a mere selling transaction. It is a problem of gaining men's confidence, in making friends and, to the best of one's ability, supplying those friends with what they want at a price they can afford to pay. I cannot recall a faker among the peddlers I knew, who ever amounted to much of anything. They failed because they took a wrong slant on life; instead of working to build confidence, they worked to destroy it. And confidence is the magic lamp in business success.

I remember one deal on which I particularly prided myself. It is illustrative of the policies which I had determined to follow. I traveled from Wilmington to Delaware City by train, and from there walked to Fort Penn, a little fishing village on the Delaware Coast. My stock, a packload of writing paper, sold out quickly, and I found myself with \$4 in my pocket and a half day of time on my hands. My first impulse was to call myself lucky and start home, but a latent business-instinct gave me another idea. During my journeys about town, I had noticed that the fishermen all wore high rubber-boots and that any number of these boots had been discarded as worn out. I thought I could find a market for those old boots in Wilmington.

I MADE a house-to-house canvass and expended my entire capital of \$4 for old boots and rubber shoes. With these tied up in a burlap sack, I set out for the nearest railroad station, five miles away. The sack was heavy, it must have weighed all of a hundred pounds. But by partly dragging it, partly carrying it on my back, I got it to the station. In Wilmington, I disposed of my old rubber for \$4.75, a net profit of 75 cents on the transaction.

Down at Augustine Beach, a few weeks ago, this incident came back to me. I was on a picnic. It was in the same section of Delaware through which I had toted those old boots. And as I thought the thing over, I asked myself: "How many of the young men at work in my offices would be willing to carry a hundred-pound pack, five miles, to make seventy-five cents?"

I put the question to a friend a few days later. He laughed at the story. "Of course they wouldn't," he said. "Ask a young fellow to do that to-day, and he will think you are crazy."

Fortunately, times have changed and it is no longer necessary to carry heavy packs about the countryside to make a dollar. But another thought occurs to me in connection with the story. I think, sometimes, that too many of us are inclined to quit too soon for our own good. By that, I mean that we take a job, do it well, and then consider ourselves done for the day. A bookkeeper sits at his desk and sees the floor littered with paper. What of it? It is the janitor's job to keep the place clean; the bookkeeper's job to attend to his books. A salesman encounters a customer who wants to know something about advertising. Very well, let the customer consult the advertising manager; it isn't the salesman's job to look after advertising.

MONEY which is hidden away in a stocking earns nothing. Realizing this, the business man endeavors to keep his money working every hour and day of the year. Time is the capital of most of us. If we don't keep it invested, it isn't going to bring any returns, not any more so than money hidden away in a stocking, under the floor. The man who works hard, simply to get done, is only doing what he is supposed to do; the chap next to him who works hard in order to finish one job and tackle another will have the jump on him every time. The latter is getting turnover out of his most potent capital—time.

At the same time, effort should be properly directed. I knew the people of Fort Penn needed writing paper, and my judgment was sustained by their buying my stock. By the same reasoning, I saw that I could find a market for rubber in Wilmington. Had I turned the transaction around—tried to sell writing paper in Wilmington and old boots in Fort Penn—I wouldn't have made many sales. My excuse would have been that "people were not buying." The truth of it would have been that I wasn't offering them what they wanted.

When I was about nineteen, there was a Grand Army encampment at Detroit, which I was impelled, by some adventurous spirit, to attend. By selling writing paper from town to town, I made my way across country, from Wilmington to Detroit, with little capital, in eight days. At Detroit, on the day of the parade, a friend advised me to sell programs among the spectators who were lined by the thousands along the streets. So I loaded up with programs and started out.

But there was no market for programs. The people were there to see

the parade, not to read about it. Besides, any number of other peddlers were selling programs. The competition was keen and the supply of programs was far greater than the demand.

Here and there in the crowds, I spied a man head and shoulders above the rest, with a fine view of the entire parade course. That man, I ascertained, was standing on a fire plug or on some kind of a box. I went to a grocery store and bought two or three empty boxes. They sold at once for 25 cents each. I dropped my programs and went into the box business, selling boxes from one end of the parade course to the other. At the end of the day, I had made \$50. My competitors, selling programs, had barely made enough to keep them overnight, though they had worked just as hard as I had.

You've got to give if you're going to get. With this instance, as with the

THE miracles of civilization have been performed by men and women of great self-confidence, who had unwavering faith in their power to accomplish the tasks they undertook. The race would have been centuries behind what it is to-day had it not been for their grit, their determination, their persistence in making real the thing they mentally saw and believed in, things which the world often denounced as chimerical or impossible.

boots, it was a case of selling what the people wanted. They didn't want programs; they did want boxes. By providing them with boxes to stand upon, or to rest on, I rendered them a service for which they gladly paid. I gave them something, if only the benefit of an idea of how to make them see that parade more comfortably. You can't sell diamonds to a pauper, nor can you sell Latin and Greek to a machine-shop foreman. The fact is self-evident, so evident that many of us overlook it altogether.

After my trip to Detroit, I went to work for a wholesale notion-house in Philadelphia, for \$2 a week and board. The proprietor wanted someone who was willing to work his head off, beginning work in the morning at six or seven o'clock and staying until the day's work was done. I not only did the work that the proprietor wanted, but I stayed on the job until nine and ten o'clock at night, and came around on

Sundays to get the next day's work under way. I did many things that it wasn't my job to do, simply because I wanted to show that I could do them and was capable of filling a bigger job. Within a little more than a year, I was manager of the establishment. Not long after, my employer extended me \$5000 in credit as an aid in starting a wholesale and retail business of my own in Wilmington.

In later years, I have learned that it pays to give more than service for profit. It pays also to give money for worthy purposes even when no immediate return other than the satisfaction of giving is apparent. Again, it is a question of incentive.

A clerk making \$30 a week, gives \$5 to a hospital. He needs \$30 to meet his household expenses, and the only way he can make up for the money he has given away is by going out and earning an extra \$5 for the week. To do this, he must look about him for opportunities to make more money. He has the incentive to look, and it has been my experience that he usually finds what he goes after in this kind of looking. By giving money away he has found a way to increase his earning power.

On the other hand, the clerk who insists that he "cannot afford to give" brings his \$30 pay-envelope home intact. It meets all his needs and he is satisfied. Why look around for more work when it is not necessary?

THE habit of giving is a good habit to cultivate. But as in giving of one's time and energy, it is essential that one give intelligently. The man who tells me that he cannot afford to make a donation to a worth-while cause in his community, is informing me, to all effects, that he has not the ambition or the ability to get out and get, so that he can afford it.

It is a weakness with humans to want to get first and give afterwards. The man in the shop wants more pay before he will give more work; so does the stenographer, the bookkeeper, and the boss himself more often than not. My returns have come principally through the reverse of this attitude. I have had faith in my fellow beings to do the right thing, and seldom have I been disappointed.

My experience as a peddler brought me into direct contact with people and gave me what I consider one of my most valuable assets as a business man. It gave me another valuable asset, that of keeping my eyes open. There is nothing like a touch with the world to sharpen one's wits.

On my way to Detroit, in the trip I have referred to, I landed in Buffalo with \$2.25 in my pocket. I had to be in Detroit the next day, if I were to see the encampment, and the fare was something like \$8. About the railroad station, men were offering tickets for sale. Travelers going in one direction would buy two-way tickets because they were cheaper, and then dispose of them to "ticket scalpers," who, in turn, would sell them to travelers making the return trip. I saw a chance to get a ticket through this system, finally

(Continued on page 93)

This story could not be published until
Woodrow Wilson had retired to private life

I Might Have Made a Million; But I Turned it Down—Cold!

By True S. James

ON May 5, 1917, I called by appointment at the private offices of a phonograph-recording company. Those were exciting days—one month after President Wilson had delivered his famous war message to Congress. I was one of the many excited and patriotic people on that day—and so was the man who stood before me: a short, robust individual of sixty years or more, who spoke good English but was very aggressive, forceful, and convincing in his manner.

"Mr. James, can you speak Woodrow Wilson's famous war message into that phonograph-horn and record his words?"

The question, coming so abruptly, stunned me.

"I understand you are an actor by profession and that you can imitate the voice of most any person you hear," the man continued.

"Yes," I replied, "but—"

"No 'but' about it," he interrupted. "You need money. I will make you rich—if you will just record this message."

Visions of my humble little home—not yet paid for—my dear wife waiting patiently for news of work which I could not secure, surged through my mind. Finally I recovered my voice to ask: "What's the idea?"

In his rapid, aggressive way he added: "This message of Wilson's—we will give it to the world. Come! Speak into that horn—this first paragraph—for a test! Recorder, are you ready? Yes? Begin!"

Soon I found myself sweeping along, punctuating and emphasizing with an eloquence that I never knew I possessed. Enthusiasm was consuming me.

"THAT'S enough. Now, recorder, sound that back to us," said my robust friend. We listened. "The voice seems so strange to me—yet the same, even as I heard him, the President, speak in campaigns," my robust friend said. Then turning to me: "Ah, yes! You have even heard the President speak! It is the same voice and style of delivery. If you speak this record as well throughout, we are made men. Take this copy home to-night. Come to-morrow and the rest of the week. We will make this record."

That night, I was never so proud in my life. Yet, some misgivings crept over me. Was this record to go out as President Wilson's own voice? The next day I ventured to ask my robust friend if this was what he intended.

"Oh! yes," he replied. "That will be our wonderful success."

"Are these records to be sold for our own private gain?" I continued.

"Yes, indeed! In the United States, Canada, England, France, Australia! Millions at two dollars each."

I gasped at the thought. My heart almost stopped beating.

"Liberty Loan drives," he continued. "All the schools, churches, Y. M. C. A.'s and private homes."

"But—wait a moment," I said. "Where do we get the capital to carry out this plan?"

His reply was most assuring. "I shall organize a corporation of strong patriotic men, with a capitalization of, say, three million dollars." Imagine my little home that night. We were thrilled with the idea—eager for the future.

Then began the promotion of the record.

My father, George C. James, for forty years was a rancher in Northern Nebraska. As a boy, herding cattle, I used to lie in the grass with my head on the saddle, dreaming and dreaming that, some day, I might be a power in Wall Street.

NOW, here I was, forty-eight years old, suddenly plunged into a group of financiers and talking millions. I had read many times of the miracles of Wall Street; yet here I was, right among the big ones! It doesn't seem possible, does it? Yet it actually happened.

The narrative of the birth of the record and its stormy life, I will now relate, and should Woodrow Wilson, the private citizen, mayhap, read it, he may smile at an incident or two. And I must add that while he was still President, I never could have related this story.

During the manufacturing of the records, I was simply swept along with the tide of events.

First came the "master" plate. It was splendid. Then followed the "mother." And for the benefit of those who might be interested in knowing how a record comes to life, it may be explained:

The "master" is made in copper from the recording wax; then from this "master," or "father," as it is commonly known among the record makers, is made the "mother" in copper. Then from the "mother" is taken all the "children." These "children" are the pressing plates in copper from which the finished record is made, the labels being pressed in at the same time.

Regarding our record, the "master" was splendid, the "mother" lovely; but the "children!" They were hard to raise—naughty, moody, falling, breaking their faces, absolutely refusing to be put in good condition.

One day in June, 1917, the first "child" was born. But it wasn't a very promising child. Then began the hunt for a factory to press our children. A good one was found and anxious days were spent waiting for the first "record." At length it came, but we were dismayed to find that the first half dozen records were crudely pressed. There were faults in the plates. However, we had agreed that the first set of records were to go to President Wilson, and we kept our agreement. I'll never forget



ALDEN, N. Y.

TRUE S. JAMES, author of this remarkable true story, is a well-known actor. He has played over a thousand different parts. He is, also, a playwright—the author of "The Royal Prisoner," "The Garden of the Gods," "The Old Melody," "John's Way," "The First Violin" and "The Way Station." In his youth, he was a cowboy and a telegraph operator. Before he was four years old, he migrated with his parents, to the Black Hills country, in a prairie schooner. That was during the gold rush of 1871. His boyhood was spent on his father's ranch in Northern Nebraska. He has an unusually fine speaking voice, and for this reason he was chosen to immortalize President Wilson's war message into the phonograph—but his conscience prevented him from carrying out the carefully arranged plans.

how gladly my little wife packed them in tissue paper and tied them with patriotic ribbons. And they were addressed: "Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, The White House, Washington, D. C."

A few days later we were rewarded with a note of acknowledgment, from Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty, the President's secretary.

Then, on another day, I hurried to an office on the twelfth floor of the Pulitzer Building, Park Row, and sent my card to Miss Margaret Wilson.

"Oh, isn't that dandy!" she exclaimed when I showed her the record.

MY robust friend arranged for an "exhibition" of the record on the battleship in Union Square. One day, at noon, vast crowds gathered, but the voice was disappointing in the open air. However, the great thing my robust friend had hoped for came to us, that noon. In the crowd was a famous promoter. I won't give his real name. Permit me to call him Mr. X. He was well known in Wall Street. I afterwards learned that he was that sort of promoter who can grab a new inventor with only an idea and, in a day, have the whole thing underwritten and the stock for sale!

Well, Mr. X came into our lives at the right moment—or wrong moment, if you will—with a sudden burst of speed, a short, thin body, eagle eyes pressed close in under a broad forehead covered with a bulk of iron-gray hair—and with hands and fingers rather uncanny!

"Mr. James," he said, "meet me at Delmonico's, downtown, for lunch to-morrow at one. That's all; good day." He was gone like a flash. My robust friend then remarked with great assurance, "You see, we are moving. I shall now rent a little office on Twenty-third Street. We must have an address."

The next morning I occupied an office with my name on the door. A small table-phonograph was placed in the room. I was busy trying the record for over an hour. The voice sounded clearly but the record could not be marketed owing to a fault in the manufacture. The plating firm was notified. New plates were made and sent to the factory, but the result was no better.

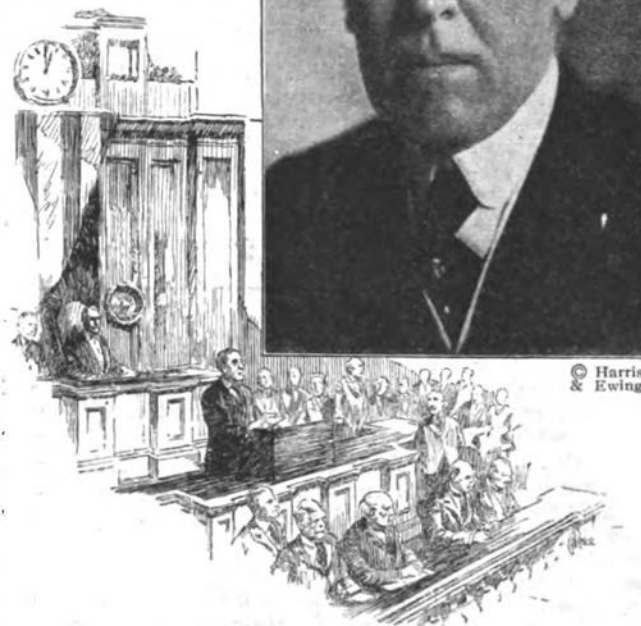
At that time we had about ten crude records. The "master" and "mother" were tested and found perfect. Then we knew that the "children" were at fault. So new plates were ordered.

Meantime I had met Mr. X at Delmonico's. He was very agreeable. We had just ordered our luncheon when he asked that a telephone be attached to our table. He called up his office and requested his secretary—a young woman—to come over at once. When she arrived, I could not help but notice that she was strikingly beautiful. When the luncheon was finished, Mr. X asked her to pay the bill—and she did.

"Mr. James," he said at that luncheon, "I want you to come at once and meet my lawyer." We started for the lawyer's office, but Mr. X walked so briskly that I could not talk to him en route. When we reached our destination, I noticed on the door the name

of a firm of prominent attorneys. They received Mr. X and myself graciously. After explaining matters, my robust friend said, "All right, be ready at any moment to draw up the corporation papers. I only wish to cover all the proper data, then we're on." Then turning to me in his habitually quick way he added, "Come on, Mr. James, let's now investigate the factory we intend to buy."

It was a splendidly equipped factory with a capacity for producing from 5000 to 6000 records a day. Mr.



X looked it over briefly; then, with a grunt, said, "Huh, worth seventy-five thousand, and the man who owns it wants a hundred thousand. He'll get fifty thousand, cash, payable on time. I'll see him to-morrow morning."

Then turning to me, quickly, and in most positive tones he said, "Mr. James, it's all very simple—the way we do things here. All you and your partner need do is sit tight, and listen to that telephone in your office. At any moment during the next forty-eight hours, you'll get a call for a meeting at Delmonico's, downtown. Then the record is on its way for millions! Now, mind what I say. Wait for the telephone. Good day!"

THE next moment he was out of sight. As I entered the Fulton Street subway station, I was in a daze—bewildered at the turn of events. My robust friend must have anticipated my arrival for he met me as I was leaving the elevator.

"Mr. X," he exclaimed, "has just telephoned me that everything is in grand shape—lawyers and all! Now, I've had a grand idea come to me! We are soon to have a big dinner at Delmonico's. A banker, lawyer—the whole corporation will be present. You must, early to-morrow, Mr. James, go to Washington with the record. Stop at

a nice hotel. Rent a phonograph. Display the record. Call in a few senators and, if possible, a cabinet officer. When they hear the voice, the newspapers will do the rest." Then, rubbing his hands, "By golly! that is a fine move. Then you come back here all primed for the meeting at Delmonico's."

"But," I replied, "this record won't do for exhibition." "I'll have the factory furnish new ones to-morrow," my robust friend answered. "And now there's one great favor I must ask: Don't come from Washington without seeing the President and getting his endorsement of the movement."

THIS staggered me. "How can I gain an audience with the President?" I asked. "The President is fond of you stage folk," said my robust friend. "Go up to your theatrical club and secure as many signatures as you can to this letter, which I shall write to The White House, and present it to McNulty. You'll get in."

Among my friends I had always been considered well balanced; but this thing was whizzing me toward Matteawan.

Nevertheless, at my club, I secured many notable signatures. Thus armed, I was waiting for my new records, the next morning, when the telephone rang, and Mr. X said, "To-morrow at three—Delmonico's downtown—the big meeting." My robust friend replied that he wished me to go to Washington first, but Mr. X said, "No—the big meeting first; Washington afterwards."

But I never went to Washington on that mission.

All parties of the meeting seemed to be on hand at the appointed hour, except my robust friend and myself. We were a few minutes late, which time Mr. X utilized in telephoning for the owner of the phonograph factory, who was, also, a prominent corporation lawyer. As we were approaching the table, I heard Mr. X say into the phone, "I have invoiced your factory and appraised it at just fifty thousand dollars. No more; no less. We want immediate action. All right! Fling yourself into a taxi and be here inside of ten minutes. Our time is worth one thousand dollars a minute, right now, while the war is raging. We will wait for you only ten minutes."

He hung up the receiver with a slam, and his secretary had a long specially made cigarette ready for him to light. He paused long enough to puff forth a screen of smoke, and, after a choking

cough, finally dominated the group with "Gentlemen!" We all gave attention as he rapidly continued, "We are about to embark on a very novel enterprise. While it is commercial, it is artistic, interesting and entertaining—something unusual in Wall Street. It isn't often that I'm swallowed up with enthusiasm; but this idea 'gets me,' as it were, thanks to Mr. James and his lofty and patriotic motives in presenting this wonderful record. I say, Charles!" he went on, calling to the head waiter, "have that phonograph I ordered sent to this table. Mr. James, you will oblige me with the record you have."

I handed it to him tenderly.

"Mr. James," he went on, "has explained to me that the poor appearance of the record itself is due not to the 'master' or the 'mother' but to the faulty 'children'—in plain terms, the pressing plates. This trouble, he says, should be rectified easily. However, these faults in no wise interfere with the sound of the voice here on record."

"Charles," he again turned to the head waiter, "have the plates all been prepared for our party? Very well, gentlemen, listen!"

I did not listen. I watched the expression on the faces of the men whom I knew had hard and rockbound souls. They were simply counting thousands of dollars with each syllable of sound from that record—at times nodding their heads in approval of the history-making words. Once, the factory owner approached on tiptoe, after a silencing gesture from Mr. X; and as the last of Mr. Wilson's soul-stirring words were heard, it seemed that every person in that huge room was on his feet in perfect reverence. The applause at the finish reminded me of an ovation in a theater. Mr. X had staged a great situation. I no longer wondered at his ability. When order was restored, he simply glanced about as if to realize what he had accomplished. I could have collected many thousands of dollars in that room, at that moment, for purpose of war.

After a short silence, I heard such exclamations as "Wonderful." "Now his great message can be heard all over the world!" "It will help win the war!"

HERE I was—my pocketbook absolutely empty; my wife at home, anxiously waiting for news of the day. I listened to the chatter of men talking millions. I was inclined to burst into laughter, but realized a drift of things which absorbed my thoughts and saddened me.

It fully dawned on me that these men meant to market this message of our beloved President with the understanding that the record was spoken by President Wilson himself! The idea became unbearable to me. It could not—must not—be done! Yet I knew the fatal consequences, should I object. While the others were eating and drinking—and toasting our great efforts—I thought over the necessity of doing only the square thing. But how to meet the situation when it came; for come it would before the meeting ended. I

thought only of the great unpardonable offense to the President of the United States.

The moment for me to decide came sooner than I expected. Mr. X interrupted my thoughts with, "Mr. James, I have here, at my right hand, a private banker who will furnish the immediate working capital. On your left, is the factory owner, who will throw his shop into the pot for a hundred thousand dollars—fifty thousand cash, on time payments, and fifty thousand in stock."

"With the understanding," the factory owner interrupted, "that the entire block of three million dollars worth of stock, except the promotion stock, be placed in my hands and dished out only when sold—and that one half of all sales be turned over to me until my fifty thousand in cash is fully paid." He hit the table with a clenched fist as he spoke.

"And I," said the banker, "must have a first mortgage on the entire plant to secure my investment."

"Quite right!" said Mr. X. "You gentlemen shall be satisfied. To my left, here, is the sales manager on whom will rest the great duty of selling the records all over the world, at two

I KNOW that prosperity and opulence cannot flow into my life through poverty-stricken thought, lack thought, and failure thought-channels. I know that I must think prosperity, I must hold the prosperity attitude, I must expect prosperity, and work for it, before it will come to me. I know that there is no science or philosophy by which I can receive the good things of the earth while I am thoroughly convinced that they are not for me.

dollars each. He, of course, will find no difficulty in making mammoth sales so long as it is known," and he emphasized his words, "that this record was spoken by the President, himself."

"Wait a minute, gentlemen," I interrupted. There was deadly silence. I looked squarely at the lawyer and asked, "Would that be legal?"

"Oh—no! Not exactly legal," he replied. "But it would be good business."

"I fail to see it," I said without emotion. "Gentlemen, I think you are hasty in what you intend to do. I feel certain that the only right way is to place my name on the record, as spoken by me. That is the fact."

In a second, I knew I had touched off the powder. Mr. X glared at me while sparring for words. Finally his quick temper consumed him.

"It's useless to try to deal with an actor!" he shouted. "He always has that big 'I' in front of his nose. You're looking for fame, eh? At our expense!

Well, we don't see fit to promote you as a star; and that settles it!"

My robust friend twisted himself toward me. The factory owner glanced at me over his shoulder. The banker leaned forward. I stood up.

"Gentlemen," I said—I was cool and had command of myself—"the insult offered me, I will not resent because these are nerve-racking days and we all need calmness of judgment in all things. Now, I will state that I anticipated just this situation, and my mind is quite clearly made up. Woodrow Wilson did not speak this record. I wish to God he had, and not me. This record must stand on its own merits. That's all, gentlemen. Shall I be seated?"

"YES, yes; by all means!" replied the banker, while Mr. X rubbed his head. The banker continued: "I take it you are a poor man. A goodly fortune is in your grasp. Your scruples are only little sentiments that are soon lost in the flood of business. As for myself, I don't care to risk one cent on the enterprise if it is known that you, and not Wilson, spoke this record."

"I quite agree with you," said the factory owner.

"Then we may as well break up this meeting," I said; but my robust friend was tugging at my coat.

"Wait—wait—wait!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, wait a minute," added Mr. X. "What do you suppose I spend five dollars a plate for a luncheon for? To have a mammoth proposition like this turned down by a busted actor?"

"Just a moment, Mr. X," I said, with a little fire. Then I stopped to count those present. This done, I tore a piece from the menu-card and wrote, "I. O. U. \$40." After signing my name, I passed the note to Mr. X, and said, "Good day, gentlemen." I departed, followed by my robust friend. But no words were spoken by us until we had reached our office.

Arriving there, I could anticipate, by the way my robust friend was puffing and blowing, that a stormy scene was about to take place. He furiously upbraided me for my scruples. In the midst of our argument, we were interrupted by the landlord demanding his back rent which amounted to \$20. My robust friend insisted that I pay it because of the stand I had taken.

"Very well," I said, "I will assume the debt and pay it to-morrow, if you will assign to me your entire share of all rights in all records now made, and give me an 'I. O. U.' for the fifty-five dollars you already owe me for money advanced." There was no way out of it, and he did so. The formalities were soon over, and he dashed for the door; but his parting remark stunned me.

"Huh! The record, anyway, is a failure. The time will come when America will not want Wilson's words."

But, I thought, if such a thing ever came to pass, Woodrow Wilson will always have in me a true and loyal supporter, record or no record.

Then I made up my mind to put the record "over the top," for the war was still raging. It was then April, 1918.

(Continued on page 90)



"You're the fifth guy that's wanted a job this week. Say! Do you know that everybody's out of work in this town?"

Beaver City's Buying Strike

By Crandall Hill

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

IT was a hot day in Beaver City, and the policeman in charge of traffic at the corner of Broad and Park Streets paused a moment to wipe his forehead with a soiled glove.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice beside him, "but would you mind telling me which is the worst newspaper in the city?"

The policeman turned and regarded the owner of the voice with a look of deep suspicion. He saw a comparatively young man, dressed in a fashion quite acceptable to Beaver City, who was looking at him with a pair of keen, dark eyes.

"Where was it you said you wanted to go?" asked the policeman.

"Nowhere, in particular," answered the curious young man. "I just wanted to know the name of Beaver City's worst newspaper. I've looked over all three of your papers and it's pretty hard to decide which is the worst."

He smiled, and so innocent and disarming was the smile that the policeman smiled back.

"That's easy," he answered. "The *Gazette-Post*. If you want to go there, just walk two blocks down Broad, turn left along Market until you see an old sign with *Gazette-Post* on it. Then turn into the alley and you'll find the office across from a garage."

"Thanks," smiled back the young man; and he proceeded two blocks down Broad, turned left along Market until he saw an ancient sign on which was the battered legend: "*Gazette-Post*." After a moment's hesitation, he plunged down the alley.

The *Gazette-Post* was published in an old frame-building that creaked and shook every time anyone walked up or down its stairs. On the first floor, was the press and composing room; on the second, the editorial offices. The

young man went into a door on the first floor and found himself looking at the back of a compositor. He was setting the classified section for that afternoon's edition, and trying to whistle something that got all mixed up with the tobacco he was chewing. The effect was, to put it mildly, weird.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, gently, as if fearing to interrupt the concert, "but I would like to ask you a question."

"We ain't got a job in this office, right now," answered the compositor, as he turned about. "Besides, we ain't a union shop." He looked at the young man over a pair of soiled spectacles. "And besides, you're the fifth guy that's wanted a job this week. Say! Do you know that everybody's out of work in this town? Why, last week, the silk mill closed down; and week before—"

THE railroad laid off thirty men at the shops. And I understand that Hemphill's mill is shut for the summer. But I am thoroughly conversant with the industrial situation in Beaver City. I just wanted to ask you what furniture dealer in this town was in the poorest condition financially."

"Well," replied the compositor, judiciously, "I should think the best furniture-store in town was Boardman's. Yes, they're about the best. You see—"

"I'm afraid you misunderstood me that time, old timer," the young man said, shaking his head. "I wanted to know what furniture dealer is the worst off. Shall I say, hardest up?"

"Oh, that's easy," answered the compositor. "Old man Seymour. But you ain't got a chance of sellin' him nothin'. Why, I heard old man Toll say, last night, he was about through trustin' Seymour for any more advertisin'."

"I don't want to sell him anything, thanks."

"Well, I didn't know but you wanted to sell him one of these efficiency courses. Been quite a lot of those fellows through here lately. But I ain't noticed business pick up any." He chuckled. Evidently he had a sense of humor.

"Funny, now," added the compositor, "I was just settin' a 'want ad' for Seymour. Here it is. Goes in the *Post* this afternoon." He passed a soiled sheet across the stone.

WANTED: A bright, wide-awake young man as clerk in a furniture store. Must know furniture and have had experience as a salesman. Must be willing to work. Salary, \$12 per week. Apply Seymour's, corner Park and Hancock St.

"HMM-MMM," murmured the young man as he read it over. "Isn't that fine? Twelve per. That'll bring the experienced men on the run—won't it? Well, thanks, old timer." He glanced at the address again. "Smoke cigars? Sure. Take this one and try it after dinner."

A few minutes later he stopped in front of a four-story wooden building that was just beginning to show signs of decay. Some years before, it had been painted a vivid red; but the color of the paint had faded to a dirty brown and, in many places, even this brown had peeled away. Several shingles were gone from the roof, and a few of the windows were cracked. It was an old-fashioned, barnlike furniture-store of a vintage that



"Hatty. Call up the *Gazette-Post* and tell 'em not to run that 'ad' this afternoon. Tell 'em I got a man."

"Don't be too sure of the job, though!" He turned fiercely on Gordon. "I'm going to ask you some questions. Then we'll see."

For fifteen minutes he put the young man through a grilling examination concerning furniture. When he had finished, each man had a growing respect for the other's knowledge of the business.

"**S**TICK your hat in the office," Seymour said finally. "You're hired. Office is back here."

Gordon followed him down the long aisle until they came to a glass-partitioned room which served as an office. From its windows one looked out over an alley piled high with old crates and excelsior. At the other side of the alley was an old barn that had once served as an emergency warehouse.

"First job for a bright, wide-awake young man will be to clean up that mess of stuff out there," remarked the old man, sarcastically. "Hatty," he called, "come out and meet the bright young man."

A girl came from behind the desk and approached Gordon. She blushed as she held out her hand, which was firm, slender, graceful. Gordon gave her a quick scrutiny and saw that she was fairly tall, erect, with a suggestion of lithe power beneath her simple clothes. He felt instinctively that she was a girl for the court or the links, and not for the store. When she dropped his hand he was blushing, too.

"Don't be angry with father, Mr.—" she hesitated.

"Gordon. Don Gordon," he aided her.

has almost ceased to exist. Across the top was a large sign which read: "Seymour Furniture Company. See More at Seymour's."

"See more at Seymour's," muttered the young man reflectively. "Some pep to that slogan. Must bring the customers in flocks."

He sauntered over to the show windows—and frowned. They were filled with a heterogeneous collection of furniture which seemed to include everything the store had for sale, from bird cages and baby carriages to dining tables and davenport.

"If the proprietor was only sitting there in that easy-chair, we'd have the whole works," thought the young man. Then he strolled to the door, whose glass was covered with a dozen or so transparent advertising-signs.

AS he opened the door, he heard, in the back part of the store, the tinkle of a bell. A chair moved, and there was the sound of slow-moving feet coming down the long, dusky aisle between the high-piled pieces of furniture.

A man, past sixty, emerged from the gloom. His face was deeply lined and, about his eyes—which blinked uncertainly at first—were many deep, ominous lines. His mouth was thin and drooped at the corners, and above it was a discouraged white moustache. About his whole bearing was an air of dejection almost as oppressive as the jumbled atmosphere of his poorly arranged stock.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, combatively. His attitude seemed to say that he was looking at just another of those persons who hadn't come to buy but who, probably, had something to sell.

"I'm a bright, wide-awake young man, who knows the furniture business and wants a job at twelve dollars a week. More than that, I'm willing to work. The name is Gordon—Don Gordon. I haven't any recommendations because I've only been in Beaver City a day. If you don't believe I know furniture, ask

me a few questions. If you don't think I'll work, try me."

He stopped and waited. For several seconds the old man looked at him intently. Then his mouth set in a harsh line.

ANSWERING my 'ad,' eh?" he questioned. "Want a job?" He gave a start. "But, look here. That 'ad' hasn't run yet. How did you know I wanted a man?"

"Just thought probably you did," smiled the young man. "That's all."

"Well, you thought wrong. I don't,"

the old man answered angrily. "That is, not just now. I put an 'ad' in the paper and the job isn't open until that 'ad' runs." He pounded on a sideboard for emphasis.

"Now, look here, Mr. Seymour," said Gordon, his voice matching the old man's in harshness, "you are going to run an 'ad' because you want a man. Well, I'm here and I'm the man you want. I'll take twelve a week to start. Where do I hang my hat?"

The old man muttered to himself. Then he raised his voice and called to some one at the back of the store.



"Mr. Gordon, Father is having fun with me as much as he is with you. You see, I wrote the ad." She laughed, and he saw that she was once more at ease. But there was something pathetic about the laugh, about the painful simplicity of her clothes, about the stuffy and dejected atmosphere of the store, about the stooped figure of the old man.

"Hatty'll show you over the store," interrupted Seymour. "After you've cleaned the alley," he added significantly.

"Father," protested the

girl, "Mr. Gordon doesn't want to start in on those old boxes right away."

"Ah, but I do," insisted Gordon. "If you'll just dig me up an old pair of overalls—"

Several minutes later, a smiling young man was administering heavy punishment to certain excelsior-filled crates and boxes.

That afternoon, accompanied by his employer's daughter, Gordon looked over the stock. As he had expected, the three upper-floors presented an even worse jumble than the main floor. But, keen judge of furniture that he was, he saw that the stock contained some wonderfully fine pieces of furniture—although only the most experienced eye could have discovered this beneath the film of dust that covered everything. Evidently the old man was a good

laughed Gordon. "Besides, we won't say any more about money. Promise."

"Not if you don't wish it," she replied.

"Thanks," and he took her hand. She reddened slightly and went back to her office.

WITHIN a week, Gordon had gone over the store from top to bottom. The few customers who came were cared for by the old man and his daughter, and Gordon soon surmised that they had wanted some one to look after their stock rather than a clerk. Greatly to his joy he found a number of fine pieces of furniture that had been in the store for a long time.

"This is 'real pre-war stuff at pre-war prices,' as they say in the 'ads,'" he thought.

He had dusted every piece in the store,

tising. And I've still got a lot of furniture in the store."

"Try a different kind of advertising," suggested Gordon. "Let me write some."

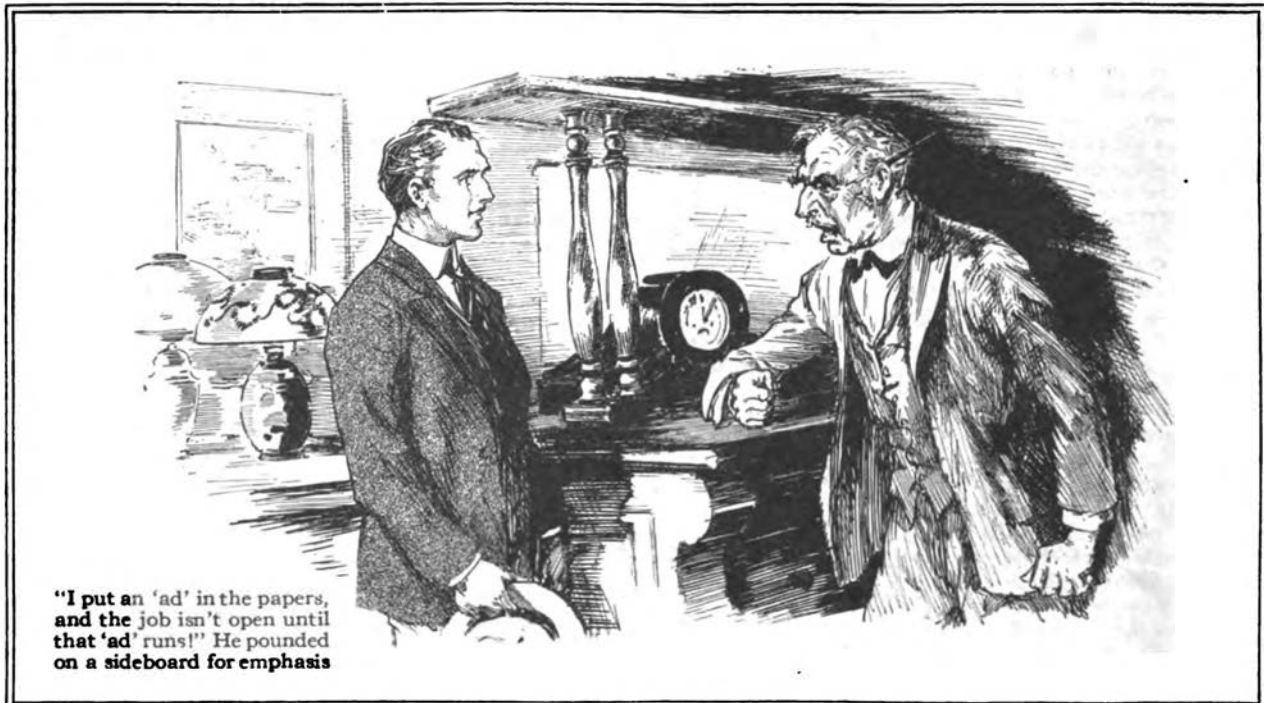
"You write some? I should say not. I know what I want to say. Who knows more about advertising my furniture than I do?"

"I do," snapped Gordon.

The old man was speechless. "If I hear much more of that talk," he said, when he had recovered his voice, "there'll be a nice, bright, wide-awake young man looking for another job where cleverness is appreciated—and they don't mind freshness." With that he shuffled away, talking to himself.

Gordon heard a step behind him and turned to see Miss Seymour.

"You mustn't mind Dad." She was



"I put an 'ad' in the papers, and the job isn't open until that 'ad' runs!" He pounded on a sideboard for emphasis

buyer who didn't know how, or was too old, to take care of his goods. Store and stock were in a dangerous state of dilapidation, but Gordon felt that a few days' hard work could bring things back to their proper condition.

"The stock is in pretty poor shape," the girl said when they had finished their tour of the store. "I've tried awfully hard to get father to keep things up, but he can't. And we've not been able to get a clerk who would do things decently. I've done the best I could—but it's almost hopeless." Her voice trailed away in a tone of discouragement.

"DON'T feel that way," Gordon tried to cheer her. "To-morrow, I'm going to start in at the roof, and in a week or two we'll have this store looking like a million dollars."

"Please don't mention money," the girl protested. "You are planning to do a lot, when we only pay you twelve dollars. She looked at him intently. "You don't seem like a—twelve-dollar clerk."

"It's more than I'm worth, at that,"

and his study of the tags showed him that the prices were surprisingly low. When he had finished, he made a rough estimate of the value of the stock and whistled with surprise. The old man had sunk a lot of money in his store—and Gordon could see now why he had every reason to feel dejected.

The next day he went to Seymour.

"Mr. Seymour," he said, "you've got a lot of mighty fine stuff here."

"Knew that without being told," grunted the old man. "Trouble is, nobody knows it but you and me."

"Why not have a sale?" asked Gordon.

"Going to have one in August," grunted the old man.

"Why not one now?" queried his clerk.

"In June? In June?" The old man was highly indignant. "June isn't any time for an August sale. People aren't ready for it."

"Then let's advertise a little more," suggested Gordon, trying a new tack.

"Advertise!" shouted Seymour.

"Young man, for four years I've done nothing but throw away money adver-

speaking swiftly. "He's really an old dear if you know him as I do." She stopped and looked about her. "Won't you come up to the third floor? There are some things I feel that I ought to explain to you."

IN a few moments they were seated in two easy-chairs looking out over the street.

"Mr. Gordon," the girl began, not meeting his eyes, "I feel that I ought to tell you a little more about the store. You've been mighty fine since you've been here and have earned your wages twelve times over. I'm sorry we can't pay more—awfully sorry. But that isn't what I wanted to say."

"Don't worry about that any more. Please," protested Gordon.

"Ten years ago father had the best business in town," the girl went on. "For a while he kept it. We had an automobile, were planning a new house, and, finally, I started in at college." Her voice choked.

"Then mother died, and I quit college after my first year. After that I couldn't seem to go back. Father

was so lonely, and I felt that he needed me here every minute. It was a lot to give up—but I just had to do it. Then they decided to build the hotel, and the new bank-building down at Park and Broad. Almost over night, things moved right away and left us stranded. I couldn't wake father up to the fact until it was too late, and we discovered we were out of things. Then he didn't seem to have the initiative to move. So we just hung on here."

She stared out of the window as if she were visualizing the march of business that had left them behind.

"Then Lon Appleby, who had been with us for a long time, and who really was a splendid clerk, left us and set up a business of his own. He said some mean things about Dad. They weren't true—but they hurt just the same. Since then we've had a procession of boys who wouldn't work, or who didn't know what to do if you could get them to work. The other day, we discharged the last one; and I wrote the 'ad' as a sort of forlorn hope. I didn't think we'd ever be as lucky as we were."

"I wanted to tell you all this so that it would explain some things about—about—oh, about the store and father's temper and—everything." She flung her hands out in a gesture of impotence. Even in her discouragement her eyes held their quiet beauty, and her hair caught the flash of the sun and sent it back defiantly.

GORDON sat for a long time drumming on the arm of his chair. Finally, he moved forward and spoke earnestly.

"I don't see any reason now," he said, "why I shouldn't tell you who I am. Of course, I'm no twelve-dollar clerk. That's what makes me feel so—so rotten. My name is Gordon—and I haven't committed any crime; that is, any that the law can get me for." He smiled.

"Up to a year ago, I was production chief of an advertising agency. That means the man in charge of copy—the words that you read in advertisements, or that you are supposed to read. Then I was taken into partnership. I had been working steadily for five years; and, the other day, I found I was getting stale. My stuff sounded pretty and looked good, but it didn't have the punch that sells goods. So I decided I needed a vacation."

As he went on he was finding it more difficult to explain than he had thought it would be.

"My partners told me to go ahead—to take three months—more, if I needed it. They knew I'd been writing advertisements so long that I had forgotten what people really needed to make them buy. I was thinking too much of what I was writing and not enough about what I was selling. I thought things over and decided the best vacation I could take would be to go somewhere and get behind a counter—and sell stuff to people who were there to buy. I knew in that way I'd be able to get back the old punch that I got when I used to be on the road selling furniture. So I got out an atlas and looked right in the middle of the Middle West. There, in

NO man has really finished his education until he has learned to live the life victorious, that is, until he has learned to face always towards victory, never towards defeat, until his habitual mental attitude is what Mirabeau's was when he said: "Why should we call ourselves men, unless it be to succeed in everything, everywhere? Say of nothing, 'This is beneath me'; nor feel that anything is beyond your powers. Nothing is impossible to the man who can will."

pretty good-sized type, I saw Beaver City. I looked up the population—I think the atlas was a little optimistic when it said sixty thousand—and got my ticket. Here I am."

He walked to the window. Then he turned about and faced the girl.

"So you see I'm what you might call an-impostor. I'm no twelve-dollar clerk. Why, I make more than that in a day. But the plan looked mighty good when I started. But now that I'm here and have seen your father and—met you—why it seems to me I'm sort of cheap. I've wanted to say this for a week, but I couldn't get it off my chest. Now, if you'll have anything to do with me after this—"

He spread his arms out as if throwing himself on her mercy.

"Don't. Please," she said softly. "You've been—splendid. Already you've done more than we can ever thank you for. But I suppose now you'll be leaving. There isn't much experience here—selling experience." Her lips curled bitterly.

"Nothing here!" exclaimed Gordon. Then he smiled happily. "Why, there's everything here. All the chance in the world to sell—if you'll only give me the chance. All this time I've felt pretty selfish, but I've been thinking up a plan that's a bird—a positive bird. Listen."

FOR an hour he talked to her excitedly. When he had finished, her eyes were shining and she took his hand for a moment impulsively.

"Oh, that's great!" she laughed. Then her face grew sober. "But it'll take more money than we've got."

"Don't worry about that," he answered. "I've got money. And out of what we make you can pay me back."

"But if it fails?" she objected.

"It won't fail," he said, positively; and his confidence won her.

"You'll never get father to believe you," she doubted.

"Oh! I'll get him to agree or I'll—I'll—get around him," and he rose and led the way downstairs.

"Where's my bright young man?" called the old man's voice. "Got some boxes for him to move."

"Coming, sir!" shouted Gordon, as he hurried down the stairs.

The next day Gordon was dusting the furniture in the front of the store when

the door opened. He looked up and saw a heavy gentleman who exuded optimism and pleasantness through a film of perspiration.

"Well, well; good morning," said the heavy gentleman. "So glad to see you, Mr. Seymour."

"Flattered, I'm sure," Gordon smiled; "but I'm afraid you've gotten off on the wrong foot already, old man. I'm only a clerk. What's your line?"

"Kitchen cabinets," replied the heavy gentleman. "Where's Mr. Seymour?" His pleasantness had decreased visibly.

"Back there in the office. And please don't trip over a sideboard." And Gordon pointed toward the back of the store.

TEN minutes later, the heavy gentleman emerged from the piles of furniture. He was perspiring even more profusely than he had been when he entered, and now he seemed shorn even of his optimism. As he went out of the door, Seymour shuffled up to Gordon.

"Know what he tried to do?" he asked. "Tried to sell me a carload of kitchen cabinets. He's a darned fool." He puffed angrily. "Got eighteen of them upstairs right now. Haven't sold, one in a year. A carload! Rats!"

"Let's put on a sale of kitchen cabinets," suggested Gordon.

"A sale of kitchen cabinets! Why not a sale of guinea pigs?" queried the old man, sarcastically.

"Because we haven't got eighteen guinea pigs upstairs now," answered Gordon, unruffled.

"No one wants kitchen cabinets," objected Seymour.

"No one wanted safety razors a few years ago," calmly interposed Gordon. "Then a man named Gillette came along and told 'em they wanted safety razors. The last I heard, the Gillette factory seemed to be doing a nice little business—selling safety razors to people who used to think they didn't want 'em."

"No analogy at all. Safety razors haven't anything to do with kitchen cabinets."

"Oh, yes they have. At least, advertising has a lot to do with them both. Advertise kitchen cabinets and I'll bet that, inside of a week, you'll sell all eighteen of them and be ordering eighteen more."

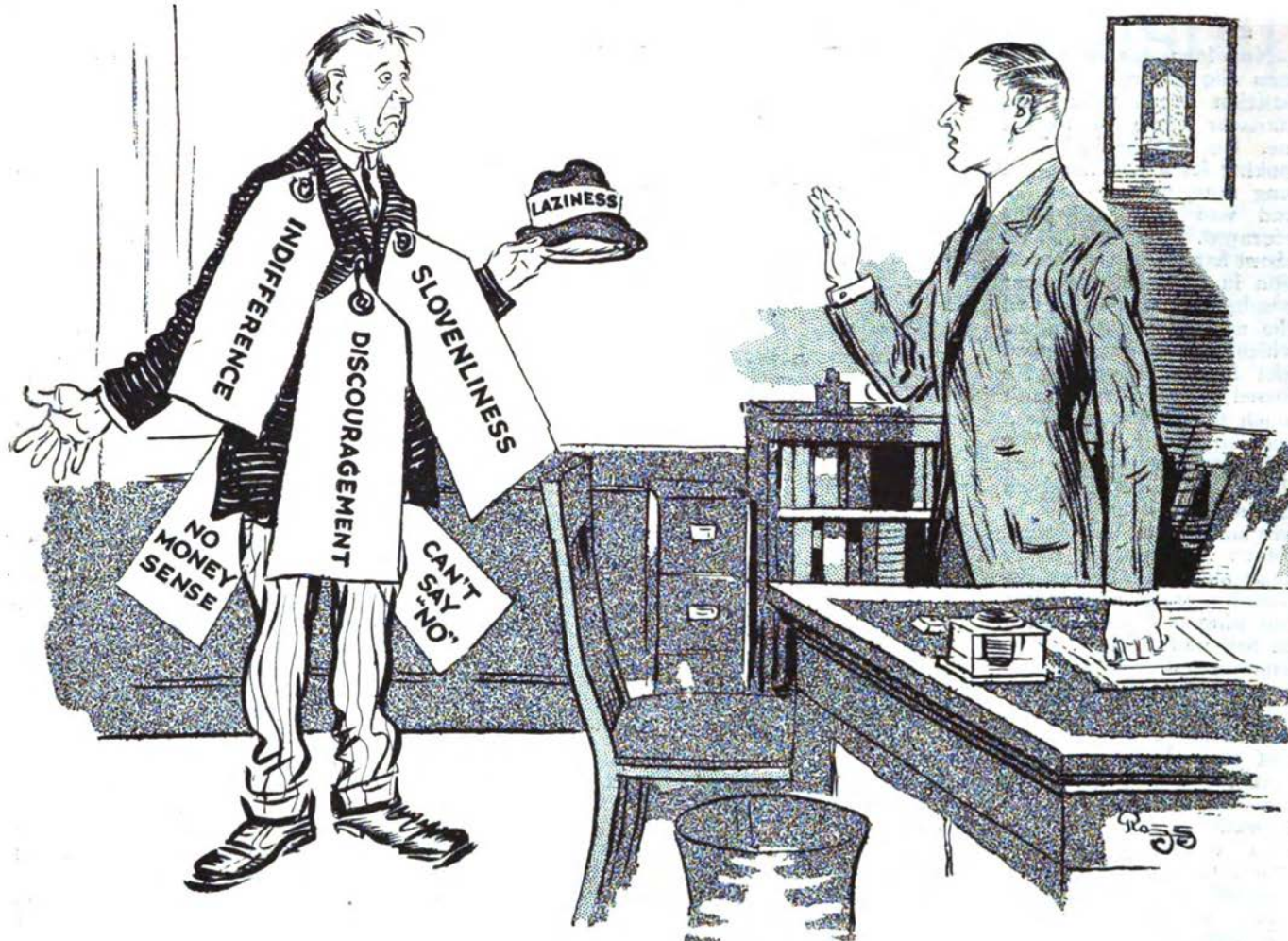
"In Beaver City? No, sir! Why, everybody's out of work. There isn't any business. The silk mill's closed—"

"And the railroad's laid off some men, and Hemphill's mill is closed for the summer," finished Gordon. "But what's that got to do with it?"

"What's that got to do with it?" mocked Seymour. "How you going to sell things like kitchen cabinets when business is rotten and nobody is working?"

"Too bad everybody is out of work," said Gordon, sympathetically. "Still, I got my hair cut yesterday. There were three barbers working in the shop. And on my way to work, this morning, I bought some tobacco. There's a clerk working—and a man who owns the store is selling. My landlady still buys groceries, and, the other day, when her

(Continued on page 88)



How Are You Tagged?

NOT long ago an old man, shabbily dressed, was discovered at midnight, in a fainting condition, in the Pennsylvania Station, New York City. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital where, on being questioned, he said that he longed to get back to his native Siberia to die, but he had no money to take him there—he had only fifty cents in the world. His wretched appearance seemed to corroborate his story; but he was really a wealthy man. He died that night and, before the hospital authorities destroyed his old shabby clothes, they found in his pockets a large number of Liberty Bonds, a quantity of valuable jewelry, and ready cash, amounting in all to not less than a hundred thousand dollars!

Multitudes go through life, like this old man, tagged with the earmarks of poverty and failure—often suffering, as he probably did, for the actual necessities of life—who have ability enough, if they knew how to market it, to support them in comfort, even in luxury, and make their lives a real success.

It doesn't matter what your vocation is or where you are located, if you are making your own living, whether you are a salesman or a clergyman, a stenographer or a bookkeeper, a lawyer or a merchant—whatever your occupation or profession—you are always selling yourself—your health, your strength,

By Orison Swett Marden

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

your energy, your education, your training, your personality.

If everybody who meets you gets the impression that you are ambitious, alert, progressive, up-to-date, you will sell yourself, your ability, your training, your experience, to advantage. But if, like the man Gordon Ross has pictured in this cartoon, you put your worst instead of your best foot forward: if you apply for a position tagged all over, as he is, with the indications of your worst qualities instead of your best; if your linen is soiled, your clothing shabby and dirty; if you are unshaven, if your hair is unkempt, your finger nails unclean, and your appearance generally slouchy, down-at-heels, and unattractive, no man will employ you, no matter how much ability may be hidden under your unattractive exterior.

DR. A. Y. REED, expert in vocational guidance says: "It is important for pupils to realize that personal appearance is frequently nine-tenths in securing a position." First, last, and all the time, your personal appearance is the only thing by which a stranger can judge you. It is to you who are trying to sell your services

what show windows are to a merchant.

Suppose the proprietor of a big department store should put a lot of seedy, second-hand, out-of-date clothing and other articles in his show windows, and stack the new and up-to-date goods back in the store, out of sight; do you think people would be drawn in there to buy? Of course they wouldn't. The merchant may protest that he is honest, and that he has the newest and latest styles to sell; but that won't help him, because people don't know it. They don't know what he has on his shelves and in his stock rooms. They judge his wares by what he puts in his show windows, and they will pass by his store and give their custom to the progressive merchant who pays a man a big salary to dress his show windows in the most attractive, fascinating manner possible.

You are your own show window; and if you display things which are inferior to what you have to sell you cannot blame the public if they don't buy. The difference between the man who sells his ability to the best advantage, and secures a ten- or twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year job, and the man who sells himself for a thousand dollars a year, is often only a difference in appearance; the difference that makes the merchant who displays his best merchandise in his show windows a success, and the one who displays only his worst a failure.

Not long ago, a young man who was trying to get a position as an advertising manager came in to see me. He said he had been looking for a position for a long time, with no results, and was thoroughly discouraged. He complained about hard luck, the depression in business, the great number of unemployed, and the many other difficulties which, he said, handicapped him in his efforts. He feared that there wasn't much use in looking for a position.

I agreed with him that there wasn't, for I had been looking him over while he was talking, and this is what I saw: A man about thirty years old with a beaten, dejected expression, who sat slouching in his chair as if he had no backbone. Two front teeth were missing. His face was stubbly with several days' growth of beard. His clothes were unbrushed and showed grease spots. His shoes were unpolished, his trousers unpressed, his collar crumpled and soiled, and, altogether, he presented the appearance of a down-and-out. No employer would think of considering him as a possibility for a position such as he was after. He had asked for my advice and I frankly told him what I thought.

GUARD YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS

GUARD your consciousness as you would your life, for everything that comes to you in life must come through your consciousness. Don't allow anything opposed to your ideals, to the things you want to realize in your life, to obtain lodgment in your mind. If you want health, hold the health consciousness; if you want prosperity, hold the prosperity consciousness, the opulence consciousness; if you want success, hold the consciousness of success; if you would be happy, hold the consciousness of happiness; if you would be efficient, hold the consciousness of efficiency, of initiative, of executive ability. In other words, whatever ideals you wish to realize, whatever qualities you wish to establish, to dominate in your life, hold the consciousness of these things in mind, for this is the doorway to all attainment. This is the only way to make them yours. Your consciousness is the sum of everything you are, or can be, or can achieve.

you may know everything there is to know in your particular line, but there is nothing in your show window to indicate it. You are a mighty poor advertisement of what you are trying to sell. You can never convince your employer that you can do what you claim, until you put up a better front. Nineteenths of a sale depends on the appearance of the thing you are trying to sell."

Everything about a man is a telltale of his character, of his sales value. We are all tagged with the earmarks of our possibilities, so that shrewd business men, who are experts in sizing up people, can tell how far we have progressed on the road towards our goal—our exact ranking in our specialty. Your dress, your manner, your deportment, your speech, your general appearance are all labels by which the world rates and classifies you.

You can't afford to be a bad advertisement of yourself, for an unfavorable first impression is a very difficult thing to overcome.

If you expect to be a success you must look like one, you must act like one, you must talk like one, think like one; you must be tagged for victory—not failure.

"My friend," I said, "you are a very poor advertisement of what you are trying to sell. You are not likely to get the job you are looking for. No man who wants to buy brain-power, or a high order of ability, would think of employing a man of your appearance. You make a very unfortunate impression. You may have a lot of ability;

Discipline *By Harry Irving Shumway*

THE Horse said, "Now, if I didn't have this old tight harness on, I could be happy." And the Harness squeaked, "All they expect me to do is to haul this heavy cart around the world and back again." And the Cart complained, "I could be comfortable if I didn't have to hold up this Fat Man. He makes me squeak in every joint." And the Fat Man snorted "If my hired man wasn't such a lunk-head, I'd trust him to drive this outfit to market." And the Hired Man, leaning against the barn door, groaned, "If I didn't have to feed the Old Horse and rub him down when he comes home, I could go fishing."

Which shows that there is no such thing as being your own and sole boss.

THE private has to mind the corporal, the corporal must mind the sergeant, the sergeant must obey the lieutenant, the lieutenant takes orders from the captain, and so on away up to the President; and if we don't like the President we can tell him so quite formally on a Tuesday in November every four years.

It's discipline that makes the mare go—also everybody else. Discipline chafes—yes. But it's minding the one higher up that spells duty. Well, just supposing now—

The Hired Man does go fishing; the

Horse falls sick through inattention. The Cart gives up, breaks, and the Fat Man is let down. The Harness breaks a tug—and the Horse runs away. And that would please the Horse, be just what he wanted. But of what service is a runaway Horse, a damaged Fat Man, a broken Cart, and so on?

If we had never had discipline—well, there would be no Pyramids of Egypt, no heroism at Verdun, no exploration of Africa, no great railroads, no great paintings, no great music. In fact, as the old illiterate Yankee said, "We wouldn't have nuthin' nohow."

OF course, there are two kinds of discipline: that which comes from others and which is most apt to irritate the feelings, and self-discipline which irks the soul. The soldier can vouch for

the first. The great artist, the great musician, the captain of industry, and the great athlete—all these can speak fluently of the second.

Learn to take orders from yourself and you can take them with a grin from somebody else. They say about those who can't take them: "They can't stand the gaff." And those who can't stand the gaff never ripen into the best specimens.

Before steel has been through the fire and tempered, it's brittle—it couldn't be made into a spring for an automobile, it would make a mighty poor gun-barrel; and everybody would have to wear whiskers with no steel for razors.

Discipline is the tempering of a man. It puts the spring into him, enables him to buck the line, stroke an oar, build a railroad, and knock sixty or more home runs a season.

Perhaps the Horse would say as he sought the comforting straw in his stall for the last time, "Well, I'm glad I stuck to it. I took the Fat Man to market for fifteen years and never missed a trip. Some record."

The soldier will say when he listens for the last time to taps, "I saw it through. I'm glad."

And you—well, when you are three-score and ten, and you're watching the game from the grandstand, you'll say, "Discipline? Just what I needed."

THUGHT is another name for fate,
Choose, then, thy destiny,
and wait—
For love brings love, and
hate brings hate.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Unseen Forces in Salesmanship

There is an odd little quirk in human nature that works different ways in different men. How is it dealing with you, Mr. Salesman?

WE all know the dead little town of dusty streets, old-fashioned buildings, and petrified atmosphere. How we do love to pass it up! We fly right on through to the country seat just beyond, to more businesslike customers and—to better hotels.

Or, if the little old town has been arbitrarily added to our list of troubles and we are compelled to stop off, we delight in passing by the dingy, dilapidated general store to the more modern "plate-glass front" farther on.

The old-fashioned, rambling homestead fares no better at the hands of the specialty salesman. One glance at the rickety gate, grass-grown brick wall, and dormer windows is sufficient to hasten his steps toward the snappy new bungalow next door.

We are influenced by things as they seem to be instead of as they are. Mud-ridden Hickville may be the wealthiest town, per capita, in the State; the weather-beaten general store is possibly the most prosperous in town, and the dreary looking old homestead might easily be the abiding place of a wealthy family of a dozen persons or more: the very best kind of a prospect for our particular line of goods.

More than half the orders written, are sales that have been passed up by someone else. Success in salesmanship depends on how much we get of what the other fellow overlooks.

Be a Competitor

MR. BUYER greets you with, "Nothing doing this trip. All tied up on everything."

You come back at him with a suggestion: "How about brass fittings? Hose-cocks, for instance." And, to your surprise, he shows a sign of interest.

"John," Mr. Buyer calls to his clerk, "have we ordered hose-cocks?"

Certainly not. Some salesman preceding you passed them up. If it had not been the item you first suggested, it would have been something else. Your pencil moves across the sheet "and having writ moves on." Hose-cocks suggested something more—and so on.

Just here, let us ask a question. How much will you overlook for some other man to get? You can not get it all; but if you are a thoroughgoing salesman instead of a make-believe, you will get all you can. If you are in the selling game, be in it with all your might. Let nothing slip. Be a competitor.

By L. B. Michaels

Sales Campaign manager, Welsbach Company of New England, Boston

Mr. Michaels says—

MORE than half the orders written, are sales that have been passed up by someone else.

Success in salesmanship depends on how much we get of what the other fellow overlooks.

The gruff old buyer is avoided by many salesmen, and is all the more valuable as a prospect because of this fact.

Your salesmanager passes up less than you do, hence his title. He cashes in on your ability every day of his life.

We are influenced by things as they seem to be instead of as they are.

The big man, almost without exception, is the easiest to do business with.

Don't blunder in with nothing to say, and nothing to offer but an indiscreet cigar.

Help the Blind

THE principle underlying our contention is as old as the hills and is not confined to salesmanship—far from it. Automobiles were needed as much a hundred years ago as they are now, but the idea of a more convenient means of transportation was ignored—"passed up" until Haynes and Apperson saw the possibilities.

A dozen years from to-day an automobile will be equipped with needed improvements not even considered at the present time.

Airplanes, submarines, typewriters, telephones, and so on through an unlimited list of inventions from the earliest days to the present, are filling requirements that were as real before they were discovered as they are at the present time.

Someone first had to see the need, to then experiment and study and plan, and execute the plan before every device of either simple or complicated utility could be perfected and produced; but first it was necessary to see the need, even where it was latent and did not seem to exist, before even experimenting could be practically done.

Likewise, in the selling of an idea or merchandise, the need may be hidden

behind an overabundance of contentment or misleading appearances: so much so, in fact, that the less-observing salesman sees no possibility of writing an order, but passes on with eyes shut the same as he would pass by the little town, the general store, or the house of old-fashioned brick.

The Busy Bee

THE little old man in the "Bee Hive Shop" who owns the store and runs it has always been poor pay. It made little difference whether or not he bought a bill of goods because Mr. Credit Man, back in the office, would cancel the order if one were sent in.

Salesmen, for years, passed the old man by—never giving a thought to how it happened that the Bee Hive store still continued to do business at the same old stand.

On one trip, however, Jones stopped in; and, before he left, he noticed an odd coincidence: Everything in the store had been shipped from not more than three firms, all competitors of his.

One day, a year after that trip, Jones had occasion to look up the sales to his various customers. The Bee Hive store had purchased \$1,200 worth of merchandise. Jones selected three letters from the filing cabinet and read them over. The first one he had written to his firm:

Enclosed herewith find ten-dollar order from Bee Hive. Have not sold them for three years. Credit not good. Let's take a chance and see what happens. Can't lose much.

JONES.

The next letter, also to his firm, was dated six weeks later:

Herewith find order for thirty-dollars' worth of novelties, from Bee Hive. Look out for credit. Bought small bill last trip through. Have they paid up? If so, let me know credit limit.

JONES.

The next letter was a copy of the answer which Jones had received out on the road:

The Bee Hive store in Bingville, referred to in your favor of the 16th instant, discounted first bill and placed another small order. We O. K'd., it and shipped. This invoice, also, was discounted. We are passing through your recent order and have placed credit limit of sixty

dollars (\$60) on Bee Hive card.
Will keep an eye on the account.
Please do likewise.

Yours very truly,
JOHN SMITH,
Credit manager.

"Good," thought Jones, "the old boy did just as I advised him to do and is building up his credit with us again."

From that day on, other men have sailed blithely by, never giving a thought to the Bee Hive store. The old man continues to buy "small but often;" but now he buys all his goods, not from three concerns, but four.

The Versatile Quirk

ALL salesmen are not like Jones. Frequently they are just the opposite and prefer to call only on smaller dealers of the Bee Hive type, consistently avoiding large establishments; palatial homes, and prominent men.

There is an odd little quirk in human nature, a sort of pet aversion that works different ways in different men. It is like a taste for parsnips; some like them and others do not. But it depends on how they are prepared more than on the parsnips themselves. Some of these salesmen who habitually ignore the people who, above all others, are the best equipped to buy, have a surprise awaiting them. The big man, almost without exception is the easier to do business with. However, you must be prepared to talk business English if you expect to get anywhere with him. He has a quirk also. If you blunder in on him with nothing to say and nothing to offer but an indiscreet cigar not half as good as his favorite brand, you will look like a parsnip to him—and feel like one.

If all things were as they seem to be, it would be different. If we all understood one another, we would never dodge any one.

Straightening Out a Kink

A SALESMAN who had been ignoring the Grindley Corporation, the biggest store in one of his towns, had occasion to undergo a change of heart. Driving along a country road, in Ohio, one rainy day, he came upon a car stuck hub-deep in the mud. In two minutes he had hooked on a towline and hauled the derelict safely up to a plot of grass beside the road.

The driver of the car had the appearance of being well-fed and prosperous and wore a habitual scowl. How it happened, nobody knows; but for some reason the two men sat in the salesman's car, in the rain, discussing, for an hour, a subject of delectable interest: bass fishing in the State to the north. Incidentally, the scowl on the "pilgrim of the mud" had disappeared.

The next day, the salesman and the fisherman were discussing another subject, and they were not seated in a car

beside a country road. There was a desk between them, and it was in the private office of Mr. Howard Grindley, President of the Grindley Corporation. They were talking about the size of an order. Mr. Salesman had gained a new impression of supposedly unapproachable men. An unseen force, an interest in common, had brought the men together.

Virgin Territory

YOU and I and the rest of us, pass up opportunities every day of our lives. The convenience of a safety razor afforded Gillette an opportunity in exactly the same manner as the need of an air brake was, for years, an unrecognized opportunity for Westinghouse.

Success

CONNY LEIGH HILL

THERE'S something that beckoned
Cæsar's men
O'er the burning plains of Gaul;
A something that glows like a hidden
flame,
Deep in the hearts of all;
Something that draws us ever on,
In spite of a world's duress,
Like a guiding fire, it leads us higher:
The magic word, Success.

Something that whispers of things un-
done,
Of things that the world shall need;
Of a power that rises supreme above
The curses of fear and greed;
But all the hopes that mankind has
But shadows are, unless
There's a guiding fire to lead us higher:
The magic word, Success.

The gruff old buyer is avoided by many salesmen and is all the more valuable as a prospect because of this fact. The short side streets and outlying districts are covered less often by specialty salesmen than the more accessible avenues and more thickly settled parts of town. Why not try them out?

The writer knows a high-grade specialty salesman, older than many less active, less brilliant—and who earn far less money than he does—who prefers a section that has been previously covered. This man sells a twenty-six-dollar specialty and believes that one in a neighborhood helps to sell others. The logic is so simple that it is almost childish, yet the average man will run a mile a minute from a district that has "been worked." "Just give me what the other fellow passes up," this veteran has said a dozen times, "and you can have the rest."

The other man's loss is your gain and your loss is his gain. The law of compensation never fails. The retail-furni-

ture salesman who does not follow the registered-marriage intentions helps his competitor make a sale just the same as the shortstop in mugging a liner, assists the opposing team by letting in another run—sometimes four.

Forty-Love

IN a game of tennis, checkers, in a horse race, a prize fight, in baseball or salesmanship, we win on the lack of skill of someone else—on what slips through his fingers.

When our adversary of the tennis court picks up and drives back over the net, every ball we serve, it is another version of the truth that "competition is the life of trade." Our opponent is our competitor, and when we miss his drive he gains a point—just the same as the other fellow following us on the road picks up an order, and, maybe, a permanent customer, on what we fail to grasp. The unseen forces never sleep.

It's Anybody's Trick

SOME years ago, a large stock of new books was shipped to the capital city of Ohio. Soon after, a store in a busy section was opened and the books sold at auction. The sale went on every day for months, although there were several good book stores in town, thousands of volumes were sold.

There are churches in every community in the United States, but more people flock to Billy Sunday's revivals than attend church in an entire year at any other time. How much good Billy Sunday does, or how many converts stick, is beside the point. The fact remains that multitudes of people of all sorts attend these great revivals.

A farm on the outskirts of a town is bought by a real-estate man, cut up into lots and sold. Houses are built, streets laid out, and "Cloverdale Heights" begins to flourish. Ask old Dad Time where so many "new home-owners" come from. He knows. So also does the land promoter.

Every volume that was sold by the auctioneer, every sinner who "hit the sawdust trail," and every house built in Cloverdale represented an opportunity that had been open to any one.

Eureka

THE atmospheric conditions, the circulation of the blood, and gravitation, all existed before Marconi, Harvey, or Newton experimented with these phenomena to the everlasting gratitude of all mankind.

When the first John Jacob Astor bought his Long Island acres, with coon and beaver skins, when John D. Rockefeller followed Drakes' discovery of petroleum in Titusville, Pennsylvania, with Yankee foresight and investment, when the Wright Brothers in Dayton,

(Continued on page 91)

How I Commercialized Cleanliness

John L. Golden put his faith and his limited fortune in the public's support of strictly moral plays and broke several records

IT is more to the credit of the American people than it is to John L. Golden that he staked his last dollar on his belief that a clean and wholesome play stands a better chance for success than one based on the many risque elements with which the stage has abounded for many years. Mr. Golden had never produced a play until he found one that squared with his ideals. That was the simple, touching drama, "Turn to the Right," based on the oldest human element in the world—mother love. He staked everything he had on the possible success of that play. It was not the type of entertainment that critics rave over or that seemed indigent to so gay a city as New York, but Mr. Golden seems to possess an uncanny regard for the mind of the public. He realized that the demand for decency on the stage was not a dead issue.

"They say I commercialized cleanliness," he told me. "Put it that way if it seems to the point. I gave the public what it wanted—that is the secret of it."

John Golden is one of those live-wire men whose personality protrudes through everything he does. He is proud of the fact that he began life as a brick-layer. That he would have been a successful brick-layer, had he continued at this calling, is beyond all peradventure. There is little doubt that Golden would have placed a few more bricks, in a day's work, than any of his competitors and blamed the contractor because the building was not going up faster. But he saw beyond his sordid calling and permitted himself to drift where his talents were best appreciated.

He realized that he could discern the black keys from the white on a piano, that he could rhyme "love" with "dove" and produce other effects so common to the regulation musical comedy. He wrote some good songs and composed some good music, and rather than be denied an intimate knowledge of the stage, he became an actor.

HE is a stockily-built, good natured individual, still in the sunny forties, with as keen a mind as ever pitted itself against the adroitness of complexity. He is sharp and decisive. He answers quick and to the point. He is what they call in his profession "a sure-fire man," whose keen judgment is so deftly welded with his determination that his successes so far overbalance his failures, the latter do not start the slightest qualm in his serenity.

There are many who will say that John L. Golden is the type of man who would have tried to compete with a dozen other producers who wonder why their plays never succeed—and this is simply because they are plays that are

By Howard P. Rockey



John L. Golden is the producer of the successful plays, "Turn to the Right," "Lightnin'," "The First Year," "Three Wise Fools," "Dear Me," and "Thank You." In a way, these plays are a new departure; for they are based on the old and homely virtues that many other producers believed to be dead and buried. But Golden resurrected them for a public jaded and nauseated with sex problems and psychological entanglements. He tells here how he staked his savings on what he believed to be a desire for clean, wholesome plays. Critics said he was wrong; the public said he was right. To-day, this intrepid young producer holds an envious position in his field.

built along those ancient and boring principles based on the sordid side of debauchery. Golden said, "I will go it alone. I believe in the homely virtues. So do the people. On what do I base this belief? That seldom has a play built on these principles been anything but a great success and lived longer than those constructed on suggestiveness.

"It is a fallacy to assert that the public is only interested in risque plays. The theatergoer wants clean plays as well as clean food. Make everything clean—let people know it's clean, and everybody wants it. The food manufacturer tells you of the sanitary condi-

tions in which his product is produced and puts it into airtight cartons to keep it pure. And when I put my name on a play the public may know that I am offering just that.

"By sticking to cleanliness I have proved that the clean cut play enjoys the greatest patronage and earns the most money. A play might well be compared to a motor car. You can paint it as prettily as you like, but if the motor is no good it won't run. And fine writing doesn't necessarily mean a fine play. Plays are made to be seen and the public votes for or against it at the box office.

"The secret of stage success is a story of nature, honesty, and truth, a play of moral influences. We talk about motion-picture censorship. I believe in censoring the stage. No motion-picture producer would dare put on the screen what some managers put before the footlights.

"And the stage is more important in its public influence than the motion-picture. The picture is cheap and handy of access, but the theater is taken more seriously. It is a national seat of learning and it should be kept clean."

"What do you think of the motion-picture industry to-day?" I asked Mr. Golden.

"It needs to grow up," he said. "It takes a man, a theater, or a motion-picture producer forty years to grow up. The motion-picture will improve in its artistry just as the stage has improved. Mary Pickford stands in the same relation to the motion-picture, to-day, that Annie Pixley did to the stage several generations ago. Salvini, with his ranting style of acting, would be laughed off the stage to-day.

"Motion-pictures are going through the identical stages of development through which the stage has passed—but both should be cleaned up. So far, the motion-picture producers are straining art to accomplish ultra things; but the public will soon tire of this and then we shall have artistic, worth-while, clean films.

"I'd lose every shred of self-respect if I thought myself better than any one else, but I believe I've proved conclusively and commercially that cleanliness pays."

JOHNN GOLDEN knows the theater from the ground up, and, from the first, his work has been constructive—for his first association with the theater was when he was engaged as a brick-layer during the erection of the old Harrigan Theater, now known as the Garrick, New York.

At one time, during his early career, young Golden was a super at Niblo's

Garden, Broadway and Spring Street, and he was paid twenty-five cents a performance.

"A few years later," said Mr. Golden, "I had risen to small speaking parts in the companies playing at Proctor's and Wallacks. I made twenty-two dollars a week—but the weeks were few and far between. Augustus Thomas, the playwright, finally gave me a juvenile lead in 'A Night's Frolic,' and I soon found myself getting a reputation. But gratifying as this was it did not prove self-sustaining, so I began writing verses which I sometimes sold to the magazines and newspapers for two dollars apiece.

"Then, one day, I discovered a traveling salesman whose fiancée desired to shine histrionically. The man admitted he knew nothing about producing plays, and I admitted that I knew all about it. He hired me for fifteen dollars a week. I was to play the leading male part, manage the show, and, if necessary, write the play. We opened in Middletown, New York, and closed there the second night. I walked the ties to Troy, and, finally, was ejected forcibly from the Hudson River night boat, on its arrival at New York, because I had neglected the formality of purchasing a ticket—not having the necessary funds.

"This and subsequent experiences convinced me that wherever my ambitions might lead, I wasn't much of an actor. I had been selling my verses for some time, and, one day, it occurred to me that I was also a composer, having once taken a course in music from a cigar maker who charged twenty-five cents a lesson. I had taken seven lessons on the violin, so I felt myself equipped to write the music as well as the words of a song. I did, and sold several for twenty dollars each.

"Before long I found that I had made quite a hit with a song called 'Yvette,' sung at Koster and Bial's famous old theater. After that, I wrote several other songs which were popularized by Lillian Russell, Elsie Janis, Marie Dressler, William Collier, Rock and Fulton, and Eddie Foy."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Golden has written the lyrics and music for several Hippodrome productions, probably his best known musical works are "Poor Butterfly" and "Good-by Girls, I'm Through." For the last-named song, Mr. Golden received, one morning, a check for \$4,300 royalties. And that check proved to be the capital of a business that has made Mr. Golden more than a million dollars. This was seven years ago.

"After I had banked my check," said Mr. Golden, "I ran into Winchell Smith. Smith was a better actor than I had ever been, but he was tired of acting and wanted to become a manager. Now, Smith couldn't have known that I had that much money, and I don't think he was looking for money; but he suggested that we go into the producing business as partners. It sounded good to me, and I consented.

"We shook hands and called it a bargain. That's the only contract or agreement there has ever been between

Christmas Don'ts

DON'T leave the cost-mark on presents. Don't let money dominate your Christmas giving.

Don't let Christmas giving deteriorate into a trade.

Don't embarrass yourself by giving more than you can afford.

Don't try to pay debts or return obligations in your Christmas giving.

Don't give trashy things. Many an attic could tell strange stories about Christmas presents.

Don't make presents which your friends will not know what to do with, and which would merely encumber the home.

Don't give because others expect you to. Give because you love to. If you cannot send your heart with the gift, keep the gift.

Don't give too bulky articles to people who live in small quarters, unless you know that they need the particular things you send them.

Don't wait until the last minute to buy your presents, and then, for lack of time to make proper selections, give what your better judgment condemns.

Don't decide to abstain from giving just because you cannot afford expensive presents. The thoughtfulness of your gift, the interest you take in those to whom you give, are the principal things. The intrinsic value of your gift counts very little.

Don't give things because they are cheap and make a big show for the money. As a rule it is a dangerous thing to pick up a lot of all sorts of things at bargain sales for Christmas presents. If you do, there is always the temptation to make inappropriate gifts. Besides, there is usually some defect in bargain articles, or they are out of style, out of date, or there is some other reason why they are sold under price.

us—and it's the only one there ever will be. We have built our business on friendship and mutual confidence in each other.

"Neither Smith nor I had played a part in ten years, but he had been writing plays with Arnold Daly and producing some of the works of Bernard Shaw. We had both been through the theatrical mill and we wanted to do something worth while. I believed that I knew quite a little about the theater and the sort of plays people liked. I wanted a clean play, about the everyday life of ordinary Americans, written by an American.

"It was hot in New York, so Smith and I planned to go away over the weekend and talk things over. We hadn't found the play we wanted and were rather out of sorts. But as we left The Lambs we ran into that play quite by accident.

"On the steps we met John E. Hazzard. He was financially embarrassed and took no pains to conceal the fact. He seemed to resent our having money and being able to journey to the country and leave him to swelter in the city.

"I think you should take me with you," said Hazzard.

"We were amused at his nerve and asked why we should take him when he hadn't any money.

"'Because it's hot and I want to go,' he replied.

"That chance meeting made a small fortune for all of us. I don't know what made me do it, but I said, 'We'll take you on one condition—that is that you make us laugh whenever we want you to.' Hazzard, you know, is one of the keenest-witted men in America.

"'You're on,' agreed Hazzard.

"He kept his promise to make us laugh, as any one will realize who has ever heard his droll stories; but he did something more important than that. He outlined an idea for a play he had in mind. It was a corking story. He said he had in mind naming it 'Little Mother Made.' I didn't care for the title, but I did like the idea and I paid him five hundred dollars and asked him to go to work on the manuscript.

"'I'll get busy,' said Hazzard, 'but until the thing gets on, I want you to send my mother fifty dollars a week.'

"I agreed, and Hazzard and Winchell Smith developed Hazzard's idea into the play that we called 'Turn to the Right.' Thus far it has earned more than a million dollars besides the motion-picture rights which we recently sold. My check for four thousand three hundred dollars and our chance encounter with Hazzard, was the start of it all."

MR. GOLDEN is a human dynamo. He is always at his desk in his attractive, restful office in the Hudson Theater building, by ten o'clock in the morning. There is a business-like hum of typewriters in the great suite, and the staff of men and women move about with a cheerful, earnest air of purpose. Golden's own dictation each day would astound the executive of a great mail-order house.

"I believe the theater can encourage people—and it should do so," he said to me as he paced to and fro, pausing now and then to seat himself on the edge of his flat-top desk. "The mission of the theater is to recreate people through recreation. It can be made a cure for unrest and discontent—a tonic and an inspiration. Clean plays of laughter that reflect our everyday life are most needed. A clean play will succeed as invariably as a man who lives a clean life will succeed.

"During the World War, when every non-essential was being curtailed and when the saving of fuel was of paramount importance, I learned that it had been suggested that the theaters be closed. It seemed to me a colossal mistake. The public was weary, discouraged—sick at mind and heart. More than ever, it needed the inspiration of good plays.

"I hurried to Washington and consulted my friend, Bernard M. Baruch. That night, we attended a theater, and President Wilson, then a sick man, happened to be in a stage box. I saw the President smile. I heard him laugh. His worries had vanished.

"And I turned to Mr. Baruch. 'There,' I said, 'is the evidence to support my plea for the theater. A sick man has been made better by seeing this play. It isn't a luxury—it's medicine, and the country needs it.'"

The Victorious Consciousness

WHAT sort of a consciousness do you habitually hold? This is the secret of your life locked up in you.

What is coming into your life will be but a manifestation of your various forms of consciousness.

If you hold the consciousness of personal supremacy, it will lift you to a higher level; but if your ideal of yourself is low, you will never carve out of your life anything great. Your life statue will have all the qualities of your model.

A large part of Napoleon's success was written in his unalterable conviction that Napoleon was "It," in the conviction of his own inherent power and ability to put through the things which he undertook. This very conviction, this consciousness of power, multiplied his ability enormously.

It is invariably the case that men who do great things believe they can do them. Such men have great faith in themselves. Because of this they are often misunderstood and unpopular. Theodore Roosevelt appeared to many overbearing, dictatorial, and domineering; but it was simply his consciousness of unusual ability and power that created this impression. It is the consciousness of a triumphant, victorious mind that makes so many men who do big things seem egotistical.

It is a great thing to go through the world radiating power; to walk among men like a conqueror, giving everybody the impression that you are a winner. It not only backs up your confidence in yourself, but it also has a powerful way of establishing the confidence of others in you. Such an attitude will very quickly get you the reputation of being a winner, and everybody will want to help you. Capital will be attracted to you, positions will open up to you, opportunity will chase you.

THE faith of others in us is a tremendous tonic, a powerful stimulus; while on the other hand the very consciousness that nobody believes in us, that nobody takes any stock in our future, makes us begin to believe that we never will amount to anything. The consciousness of the boy that somebody, either parent or teacher, has discovered unsuspected ability in him, is one of the greatest boons that ever comes to him.

To a young man, just entering on an active career, his reputation, if it is the right sort, is a tremendous asset, and a lamentable loss, if it is the wrong sort. It is a very difficult thing for a man to battle against a bad reputation; while on the other hand when everybody is speaking highly of him, and, if he is a lawyer or a doctor, recommending him, sending him clients or patients, or, if a business man, sending customers to him, his reputation is all the time working for him.

I know of no other way for a man to get to the front so quickly and so effectively than by bearing the victorious mental attitude toward everything,

By Orison Swett Marden

never allowing oneself to drop one's standards either mental or physical. Even if you are driven to the wall, and don't know how to make the next move, hold the victorious attitude, hold on to it desperately and the way will open for you to go forward. Hold on to it for your future is in it.

HOLD the victorious consciousness towards everything in life and especially towards your health. Never think of the cell life of your body as diseased in any organ or tissue. Think of all the cells as perfect intelligences, as little perfect minds. Think joy, gladness, truth, beauty, health, strength, confidence, and prosperity into them; and, because they are intelligent, they will respond to your higher intelligence, the master intelligence of the mind, the brain.

When you are thinking defects and deficiencies you are building them into your body, taking them into your life. If you have rheumatism in your thoughts, and are always telling people about it, describing its symptoms, your remedies for, and your experience with rheumatism, it will certainly increase your trouble.

That's the law.

Some people imagine they have inherited tuberculosis, and are always thinking about it, expressing their fears, and predicting an untimely end for themselves. This is the very thing they should not do, for it causes depression in the little cell minds which make up the lungs and other tissues, and discourages these little workers instead of encouraging them as praise would. These cell minds are like many employees, they need encouragement and praise and uplift to produce their best work.

The trouble with the majority of us is, we do not half believe in ourselves. We are controlled by our doubts, our fears and our uncertainties, and a false sense of our inferiority. In fact, the average mind is saturated with the very opposite of the victorious, the triumphant consciousness. We hold the failure thought, the poverty-stricken, the poor-health consciousness, when we should hold the success, the opulent, the robust consciousness.

VISUALIZING poor health will ruin the good-health consciousness, just as fear, worry, and discouragement will kill the victorious consciousness. As long as you are convinced that you are a physical weakling, that your health is not up to standard and probably never will be, your whole future will be crippled, cramped, and dwarfed by this conviction. There is no getting away from it. If you would build health into your life, you must keep a hopeful, inspiring, encouraging consciousness.

We must not only hold the consciousness of whatever we wish to come true in our lives, but we must hold it vigor-

ously, persistently, enthusiastically, or we will get a weak, wishy-washy product, corresponding to our mental attitude.

Education, experience, means an enlarged consciousness. We may impoverish or enrich our consciousness; it depends on ourselves. Whatever we do in life, insofar as it is real to us, will function on into our consciousness, and it affects us only in the degree of which we are conscious of it.

What we get out of life depends very largely upon the size of our consciousness. If you have a nickle-and-dime consciousness, a cheeseparing, nail-saving, string-saving consciousness; if you are always counting the nickles and dimes and never thinking of larger things, then you will never demonstrate the larger things.

The men who become successful do not focus their minds upon the nickles and dimes; they think in large, generous terms, because they know there is plenty for everybody. It is just a question of having the larger consciousness, of holding the larger model and working to produce it with all their might. If you would win success, you, too, must hold, as these have held, the victorious consciousness. Think in large terms, and then you will begin to demonstrate large things. With the poorhouse consciousness you can only demonstrate the poorhouse; with a failure consciousness you can only demonstrate failure.

All through life most of us demonstrate the very things we want to get rid of, the things that hamper and distress and cripple and handicap us. We have not learned the secret of holding the victorious consciousness, the consciousness that life was intended to be infinitely more glorious than any of us make it, that we were all intended to be very much happier than any of us are at present.

THE development of a selfish consciousness will never give us the satisfaction which comes from the development of the unselfish faculties, the consciousness of helping others, of being of use in the world, the consciousness of one's effort to make one's life a masterpiece.

Hold a higher ideal of your possibilities, a higher ideal of your manhood, of your womanhood; a higher ideal of your business or profession, a higher ideal of other people. Think of all people as your brothers and sisters, no matter how low they may have sunken in appearance. Remember, they are made in the image of their Maker and that image cannot be lost or smirched.

Hold a higher consciousness of your home and the possibilities of it; a higher consciousness of family harmony, of happiness and appreciation. Visualize life as beautiful, as glorious, as a grand opportunity to enjoy and make good. Approach all your problems, all your tasks, however small, with the victorious attitude, the assurance of victory. If you expect to win out in life you must carry conquest in your very presence.

Where All but One Angel

A Christmas Story

HE fairly catapulted into the front door, and one of his many bundles, unsteadily balanced on the edge of his armful, slid finally over.

"Quick, catch it, Nell! Oh, that one's all right—that's a woolly dog. Can't smash a woolly dog! Nell, help me unload, can't you? Count 'em—see if there's ten."

"Sandy Jefferson Mills!"

He laughed joyously.

"Didn't expect me to lug 'em all, did you? The rest will be deliv—"

"The rest!" Ellen Mills regarded this pack-husband of hers with amused eyes that merged into tender ones instantly. "You mean you got more than *ten*? And, oh, Sandy, this feels like a Teddy B—it is! I got a Teddy Bear."

"You? Nell, have you been shopping, too?"

"I got a—a few things to-day. Biddy took care of the baby. What's this that feels like—Sandy, if it's a train of cars!"

"Tis! Engine, tender, two coaches—dandies."

"But he's only ten months old—and I believe to my soul this is a fire truck!"

"Of course it is a fire truck," stoutly. "The hook-and-ladder's coming on the delivery team. Say, Nell, the ladders take off neat as pins and so does the dinky little red driver! The boy can load 'em and unload 'em."

"Sandy! Oh, you boy!" And now she was laughing the sort of little laugh that answers for a sob, too. She caught his face between her palms. "Oh, isn't it good, Sandy! Aren't we having a beautiful time!"

"Nell!" his eyes shone down into her eyes. Speech further than just that "Nell" seemed to fail him. To fail her. They stood so, in a long silence. Then Sandy found his tongue.

"If you go and tell me he's asleep!"

"I'm so sorry, dear, but he is. He's worked so hard to-day! He went to sleep while I was undressing him—little log! Never knew even when his arms went into his nightie sleeves!"

"Must have been asleep all right!" laughed Sandy.

"Doesn't he hate sleeves!" laughed Nell. "Sandy, come on up—on the tips of your toes!"

On the tips of twenty toes they went up and stood beside the baby's crib. A shaded light illumined faintly the small round cheeks swept by long lashes.

"Sandy!"

"Nell!"

"Does it seem," she whispered, "as if in just six little weeks—"

"Six little weeks," he prompted softly.

"We could love him like—this, Sandy? Does it seem?"

"It seems!" he exulted. "Nell, look at his fist!"

"I know! I was going to show you! I never discovered it till to-night—there were so many things to discover. Isn't that the cunningest little trick, to curl his thumb in between his first two fingers! Look at the tip of it coming

through like a little rose leaf! Two rose leaves—look, look, Sandy, the other one, too!" She had stooped and lightly turned the warm little bulk till the other tiny thumb-tip came into view. Same little trick! Nell laughed deep down in her throat, but, strangely, her eyes were full of tears. Now what was there in two pink rose-leaf thumb-tips to cry about?

"Let's go—we'll wake him up, Nell."

"Yes, let's do. But we'll kiss—you, first, Sandy. On his cheek, e-easy."

On his cheek, easy, the big man deposited a tiny feather kiss. His eyes, too,—dear, dear!

In the hall Nell resumed her bantering.

"A body'd think there were half a dozen of him, by the presents you've got—and the whole half dozen of him grown up! Trains and trucks and hooks and ladders!"

"And what did you get, Mrs. Mother?" glorying in the soft color that flew to her cheeks at the name.

"Oh, I got—things."

"Show 'em—trot 'em out!"

"Oh, Sandy, after sup—"

"Before 'sup'—now!" for he sensed the guilt in her manner. "Lead me to 'em, Mrs. Mother."

They were all unwrapped and arranged smartly on the broad closet shelf. In vain for her to try at this late moment to hide the little train of cars; it stretched its gay length in the fore-front. Engine, tender, little red coaches.

"Ah-h!"

"Yes, I know—but you needn't have got *another*! I didn't mean to get anything but rubber dollies and woolly things and rattles—Sandy, look, isn't it a darling drum!"

"Ten months old, did you say?"

"Yes, I did! But I'd like to know what the—the pot's doing calling the kettle black! Or—or folks in glass houses throwing stones!" She was rearranging the little display with tender fingers. Her laugh rippled over her shoulder to him. "Oh, Sandy, aren't we sillies! Isn't it beautiful being sillies! I got a trumpet, first—a shiny one with a worsted cord—but I boiled the trump out."

"Boiled the—"

"Trump—trump—the noise, sound, *tune*! I was boiling the germs. So then I sent Biddy back after a drum—you can drum to him, anyway."

Sandy's next remark was almost startling in its relation to trumpets and drums.

"How long have we been married, Nell?"

"I'm thirty-four. You're thirty-six—we were nineteen and twenty-one, Sandy. Do your own reckoning—wait, I'll say it! I know what you are thinking, dear. You're thinking we've never hung a little stocking up. We've never trimmed a little tree."



"A—boy? You mean—"

"His little Nibs. I've got and next and next. Nat—Nat wants me to rock him to for a long minute. After the long minute it was Bess again

Feared to Tread

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD S. ROSS

"Fifteen years, Nell." Sandy had done his reckoning. "Is it so much wonder if we over-fill and over-trim this year?"

"We will! We'll over-trim! We'll over-fill! Sandy, you go shopping again to-morrow—I'll go shopping again! We'll get the biggest, shiniest things for the tree and a bluebird for the toppest tip, for the electricity to shine through. This is our happiness year, Sandy! Only—"

"Only, Nell?" he wondered. Wasn't the child satisfied yet? He flung an arm across her slender shoulders.

"Only I keep thinking of the other two, Sandy—I can't help thinking of the other two."

"Nell! You little greedy! Do you mean—"

"Oh, no, I don't mean," she sighed. "But they'll be so lonesome without our baby. Especially—especially the little Betsey one, Sandy."

He nodded gravely. He knew why especially the little Betsey one. If there was anything in what some people said about twins—but, great Scott! a man couldn't be expected—He gave it up and resumed his gaiety.

"If women didn't worry they'd do something else, probably worse!" he bantered. "But my woman might take a holiday Christmas time. 'Especially'—I can find especialties, too!—with that little begger in there."

"The precious little begger!"

she cried. "Oh, Sandy, won't we have a Christmas this year!"

"Looks like it, the way we are starting in. And, look here, Nell, they'll have one at the Home, too. For the—other two. All the little others."

In spite of her, her face clouded a little.

"A Home Christmas, Sandy, not a home one. Can't you see what the little 'h' stands for in Christmases? Our baby will see!" she laughed softly.

"You bet he'll see! There aren't going to be any trimmings left out of his Christmas, if his old dad has to take in clam-digging!"

"His old dad just six weeks old! Sandy, I never did think you'd be so adorable as an 'old dad'! It's taking the years right off from you."

"And your years right off," he countered. "We'll be young again at this rate! That makes me think that I saw Nat Coleman to-day. He'll never be young again, Nell. Looks like a walking grouch—what's the matter with Nat? He used to be the jolliest chap."

"So did Bess Coleman use to be the jolliest 'chap'! She was here the other day—honestly, Sandy, she nearly made me cry. Not anything she said but her eyes. I couldn't

bear her eyes—Sandy, have you heard—anything?"

"Anything?"

"Yes, about—Sandy, I believe you have heard it! So have I heard—Bess Coleman's eyes told me. Oh, how can anybody think of separating in such a darling world as this! That's such a perfectly terrible world—separating! And Bess is dear and Nat is dear—oh, Sandy!"

"We can't help it, Nell, honey."

"I don't suppose so, but I don't know so. People ought to be able to help people, Sandy."

"Not in delicate cases like that. You know 'where angels fear to tread,' Nell—"

"Well, if I was an angel I wouldn't fear to tread! Do you know what I'd do, Sandy Mills? I'd tread right in and—and drop a darling baby between those two—right half way between! A baby like ours or the little Betsey one or the other one. Then I'd like to see 'em separate! Oh, Sandy, why don't the babies come to the right places—no, I'm not, yes, I am crying, too!"

Sandy Jefferson Mills and his small, sweet wife, Ellen, had needed no angel's treading in to keep them together in an abiding and a satisfying life-pact. But oh, the added joy that the little child was bringing them! After fifteen wistful years—didn't they deserve this joy? It has taken much and long deciding, but now they were satisfied. There had been the "other two" that Nell talked about—another boy-child and the little Betsey one who was twin to their baby. But 'their baby' had won out; there had been no mistake made, oh, no mistake!

"If you want him you can have him, Mrs. Mills," the matron had said, smiling down at the tiny one.

"Well," smiled Nell, "he is 'preferred stock,' but the others—the little common stock."

"Somebody else will adopt the others," replied the matron briskly. "And it's no use—I've tried my best—it's no use urging 'em to take both the twins. Not in these expensive times. My dear, they'll never know they're twins! They'll be just as happy. You don't suppose little Betsey, there, is going to miss your baby, do you?"

But although Nell knew there was little sense in it, yet she did 'suppose,' she did! Nights she woke up and supposed. It was the only drawback to her utter joy.

The third baby had been a boy like their baby and just about his little age. A trio of babies ten months old, the darlings!



to rock him to sleep, Nell! To-morrow night, next night—sleep—" She got no further. None of them got any further who spoke. Her cheeks were flushed but she spoke steadily

On the afternoon following the mutual discovery of the two little trains of cars, Sandy again came home bundle-laden and happy-eyed. Nell met him at the door and unloaded him.

"The tree's come," she announced. "My, it's a big one! I'm glad of it—with all the things we've got to put on it. And all these things! Besides, I've been thinking, Sandy—"

"Bet you have! What mischief have you thought up now?"

"A house-party!" She laughed with glee at his face. "Jeffy's house-party. I've—I've invited it, Sandy—subject to your approval. I can un-invite it if—Sandy, don't you go and do it! I dreamed last night how the little Betsey one missed Jeffy." They had named their baby for Sandy but decided to call him 'by the middle of Sandy' as Nell put it, to avoid complications. And Jeffy sprang quickly from Jefferson.

"I DREAMED," Nell went on, "that the poor little thing cried, Sandy." "Bet she cried!"

"So I woke up and planned Jeffy's little house party of the other two. To stay over Christmas and have the kind with a little 'h'. We have so many presents, Sandy—" She had both hands on his shoulders. Her eyes coaxed him. "I called up the matron person and—ordered 'em. To be delivered to-morrow night. Christmas Eve, Sandy. With their little nightgowns!"

"But, Nell—but, great Scott! You can't manage three babies—"

"Can't I! But I won't try, dear. I've invited help. Subject to—"

"A whole lot 'subject to!' he scoffed, but his eyes were tender. Nell trusted his eyes.

"I've invited Bess Coleman, Sandy," she said. "She'll take care of one of them and I'll take care of one and you and Nat of the other. Between you, if you can't manage one tiny baby! You may have Jeffy. We'll hang 'em all up, Sandy! Three little stockings in a row—row—row!" she sang. The eyes of her, with their shining! Sandy simply stood and waited. That was all there was to do. But Sandy trusted Nell's eyes.

It all came out in due time.

"They couldn't have a Christmas in a hotel, Sandy—not Christmas. We—we couldn't let 'em, could we? Sandy, supposing—just supposing—you and I had lived fifteen years in hotels? All our together-years. Not ever a home to our names—no little kitchen suppers when it's the Biddy's day out—no chance to laugh at the tops of our voices—or scold—or kiss each other all over the house. Supposing, Sandy—"

"We'd separate," he said grimly.

"Then we can't blame them. I got to thinking I guessed we didn't want to move to that little new house, Sandy, because it would hurt so to leave this house. Sandy, it's so full of kisses! all over it, Sandy."

"You little hinter!" he cried, filling it fuller still. His face was a wonder of tenderness. She snuggled down in the warm coziness of his arms.

On Christmas Eve the house party

THE man who radiates good cheer, who says kind things about people, who sees in his fellow-man the man God made, the immortal, perfect man—not the sin-stained, the vice-scarred man—is the one we love and admire

began. The Colemans were rather late. Nell met them in the lighted doorway, a vista of home—with a little "h" behind her.

"We're late, dear," young Mrs. Coleman said languidly. "Nathan didn't put in an appearance till never-was."

"Oh, he didn't, didn't he?" mocked Nathan, who had once been Nat, "who was it wasn't dressed when he did appear?"

"Oh, well, we're here now anyway. Hope we haven't inconvenienced your guests, Nell."

"Goodness, no; dear! They haven't waked up yet."

"Waked—you don't mean they are asleep at six o'clock!"

"Sure thing!" laughed the host over the hostess' shoulder.

"You see," the hostess explained, "we planned it very carefully, so they wouldn't go and drop off this evening! At the Christmas tree! We decided to have it to-night. You come with me, Bess, and Sandy'll see to Nat."

Upstairs in the cosy guest room the two women "visited" briefly. They had been school chums fifteen years back.

"How young you look, Nell!"

"How old you look, poor dear!" thought pitying Nell. But wouldn't anybody—wouldn't she look old on the ragged edge of separating from Sandy! Nell shuddered.

"Bess," she said hurriedly, "did you ever hang up stockings? To-night—I mean Christmas eve?" She was unprepared for the sudden flinching of Bess.

"Once," she almost whispered. "A few ones we—I mean I—"

"Poor dear—oh, poor dear!" cried out happy Nell in her heart. Then once—a

FAITH never fails; it is a miracle worker. It looks beyond all boundaries, transcends all limitations, penetrates all obstacles and sees the goal. If we had perfect faith—the faith that moves mountains—we could cure all our ills and accomplish the maximum of our possibilities.

few ones—they had been happy, she and Nat. You couldn't hang each other's stockings up without being happy.

"Well," gaily. "I'll let you help me hang the house-party's up to-night!"

Nell! What a funny idea! We're going home to-night, besides."

"Plenty of time beforehand," returned Nell cheerfully. Suddenly she caught her friend's hand and pulled laughingly. "Come!" she cried, "I can't wait another minute—can't you hear the house-party waking up! Bess, I'll let you undress one of 'em, after the tree! I invited their nightgowns, too. We'll have a regular little bee. Oh, Bess, a bee-utiful time! Come—hark!"

Distinctly waking-up sounds. In three separate, adorable keys! Nell flung wide the door.

"There!" The house party in flushed and recuperated state was exceedingly waked up. The little Betsey one's plump legs leaked through the rails of Sandy Jefferson Junior's crib, side by side with the tiny proprietor's plump legs.

"I napped them together," Nell said.

"Look at them sitting up there together like darling imps! Actually, Bess, these little crows are twins! Did you ever hear such a lovely duet! And here is his little Nibs on the big bed—look, Bess, will you! They call him Jimmie at the Home but he's his little Nibs to me, aren't you, dear? Wouldn't you rather be a little Nibs than a Jimmie? Yes, he should be, so he should! Yes, they are a beautiful house party, so they are! Oh, I suppose we've got to go down to dinner, Bess. Biddy's coming up to give the house party its. Then after dinner we'll fill stockings and have trees! You and that lazy Nat have got to turn to and help."

"Of all things! Nell, I believe you are crazy!"

"Well, what if?" laughed Nell.

"Can't a sober hard-working woman be crazy once a year—Christmas Eve? Can't she have as many babies as she likes that once? Any minute, my dear, you may see me dancing or clogging or skipping a rope. So's Sandy crazy, too—Sandy!"

"What sa—ay, up aloft?"

NELL'S flushed face peered over the banisters.

"Are you crazy, too, Sandy? Say 'yes.'"

"Yes!"

"Say 'why shouldn't I be on Christmas eve?'"

"Why shouldn't I be on Chris—say, come on down, you two! We're hungry."

A moment later Nell caught his sleeve in a nervous clutch. "I'm—scared, Sandy," she whispered in his nearer ear. "A little. Not much!" she added quickly. "It's baby-night, Sandy—I won't be scared! I wish you could kiss me, though—crook your arm up and kind of drop a kiss down you sleeve and it'll soak through where I rub my cheek!"

She slipped away presently laughing and patting the cheek that had rubbed. The other husband and wife were standing before the fireplace idly, silently.

"So far apart you could drive a car between 'em!" pitied Nell in her warm pitying-place. Her courage—yes, it certainly was oozing.

But it shouldn't all ooze!

The dinner was gay with the gaiety of host and hostess. And afterward Biddy brought the house party down, an armful at a time. The three tiny stockings were hung side by side. The great shining tree was exhibited to the wonder and delight of the babies.

"In a row, on the rug, Sandy! Where they can see it the best— Beat the drum a little soft beat, Nat. Bess, you tinkle the three little bells. Will you see, Sandy Mills—the little Betsey one is looking right straight at that dolly! She knows she's a girl-baby, don't you, Betsey-one."

"Jeff knows he's a boy all right—choo-choo cars for him! Let your old dad run 'em for you, son."

"Son—old dad—" sang Nell in her singing-place. But a little sorrow crept in among all her joys, that she could not say "Let mother hold the dolly for you, little Betsey one." Why must one want *all* the beautiful things?

THEN it was the house party's bedtime. Even late naps could not sanction too late hours. Now was Nell's scaredest time, but she gave no sign.

"Biddy's gone out. I told her she might. So we've got to put the babies to bed. No way out of it. I told you, Bess, you'd got to turn to! But it's as easy as pie to put a baby to bed—guess I know! It's the sweetest kind of pie you ever tasted! Nat, Sandy'll show you—you two are going to undress Jefferson Junior. Down here by the fire—I've brought his little things. Come on up, Bess—you bring his little Nibs."

They went slowly up the stairs, each with her armful. The baby heads drooped sleepily—drooped lower still. The soft fuzz of his little Nib's head tickled Bess's cheek; she felt the soft warmth of him.

"Nell, I don't know *how*!"

"Bess, I'll show you *how*! I didn't tell the men folks, but we're going to 'bath' 'em, as Biddy calls it! Yes, sir—in Jeffy Junior's little tub! I've got everything ready. Jeffy Junior had his ducking this morning, and anyway you couldn't trust *men*."

They were both a little out of breath when it was over but two moist, rosy little bodies lay on the warm blankets in their laps. Nell hugged her roll in a sudden gust of yearning. She dared not look to see what Bess did.

"Oh, Lord, let Bess hug hers!" she prayed, over the damp head of the little Betsey one.

DON'T be a peddler of gloom. The world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs encouragers, not discouragers, men and women, who shall lift and not bear down; who shall encourage, not discourage.

"Now we'll tuck 'em beddy-bye—everything's ready. You can lay yours on the guest-room bed—"

"You can tuck yours all the 'beddy-byes' you please, I am going to rock mine to sleep! Don't try to stop me, Nell! In there, in the guest-room, with—the door shut." She was laughing but it might as well have been sobbing.

"Oh, Lord, she hugged!" breathed Nell. She sat very still after Bess had slipped across the hall and closed the door. She almost seemed to hear a low croony sound. "Don't you hear it, little Betsey one? Hark!"

After a moment or two she stole downstairs, leaving the drowsy baby in Jefferson Junior's crib where she had taken her nap in the afternoon—where she did so seem to *belong*! Downstairs she found Jeffy peacefully sleeping on the couch and the two men talking in front of the fire.

"Pretty neat job!" Sandy said modestly, waving a hand couchward. "Efficient, quick, no woman frills to it."

"Fine!" praised Nell a little absently. "Nat, do you mind doing an errand for me upstairs? I've got another errand for Sandy. Up in the room on the right, at the head of the stairs—get my—the—a shawl there is there. If it isn't there never mind— Oh, Sandy!" as Nat departed promptly. "Oh Sandy, I've done it! She's up there rocking his little Nibs to sleep. I—I wanted him to see."

"Yes, dear—hush! What are you crying for?"

"I'm not. This is laughing! Don't you know the diff—"

"No, I don't know the diff. Here, take my handkerchief. Now what are you going to do next, plotter? *Dear* plotter!" he added gently.

"I'm going to take Jeffy up—no, not you, *II*! Wait at the foot of the stairs

till I call 'Ready.' " She was already on the way, the baby's head tucked into her neck. In a surprisingly brief time she was at the stairhead whispering down, "Ready—sh!"

They tiptoed in together.

"Sandy, look—both their little twin heads! Do you see Jeffy's arm? Round the little Betsey one! So—so she won't get away, Sandy. Sandy, don't you think they—belong together, dear? Don't you, Sandy? Especially as—"

He was nodding his dear head. "Especially as," he whispered. And Nell buried her face in his arms with a long sigh of utter happiness. She might have known her Sandy!

"Two cost more than one, Sandy, and we're not very rich. But I've been thinking—"

Trust Nell to have been thinking!

"We needn't move into that new house and this house is so much inexpensive, Sandy—won't that help? Besides, who wants to move with a family of twins! Oh, let's kiss 'em, Sandy—one apiece, then we'll swop!"

DOWNSTAIRS again, they waited for the appearance of the other husband and wife. It was the wife who came.

"Nat's staying with the baby. He's asleep—the baby, I mean. Nell, we want to know—are you and Sandy going to take that new house you told me about? The furnished one—Nell, you are shaking your head! Then Nat and I are going to take it—a hotel is no place to bring up a boy."

"A—boy? You mean—"

"His little Nibs. I've got to rock him to sleep, Nell! To-morrow night, next night—and next and next. Nat—Nat wants me to rock him to sleep—" She got no further. None of them got any further for a long minute. After the long minute it was Bess again who spoke. Her cheeks were flushed but she spoke steadily.

"If we don't like the furniture we can change it. I mean if it isn't homey enough—Nell, do you think we could leave the baby here just to-night? We can move in to-morrow, so—so the family can spend Christmas at home. Nat's going to engage the house to-night."

An hour and a half later Sandy Jefferson Mills suddenly sat up in his bed and said something.

"Nell," he said, "you intended it all from the very beginning—every last bit of it!"

The tiniest of trilly little laughs stirred the darkness beside him. Somewhere downstairs a clock struck twelve times.

"Merry Christmas, Sandy!"

In SUCCESS for January, 1922

Another charming story by **Annie Hamilton Donnell**

"The Little House by the Road"

also

"Shoe Mileage" by **Lyman Anson**

One of the most snappy and up-to-date business stories ever written

Have you the nerve to ask ten different persons to give you their honest reply to this question—

"What Is the Matter with Me?"

Robert Armitage did, and he heard the bitter truth, but he landed a good position

ROBERT ARMITAGE was a young man who had acquired some distinction in his particular line of work. One day, he was suddenly faced with the problem of looking for a new position. In the past, positions had come after him, but this time it was different. After two years work with his firm, he had been given three months in which to sever connections. It was not because his employers were dissatisfied with the quality of his work, but because they were forced to reorganize on account of economic conditions. About one third of the personnel had to be released, and Armitage was one of them.

Armitage had made something of a reputation in his specialty. He was not widely known, but he was a national figure in a way. He thought that a person of his distinction would have little trouble in making a new connection. He decided that the best way to get in touch with affairs was to write to a number of persons who were eminent in his field, most of whom he knew or had met, and inform them that he would be available after such and such a date. Accordingly, he wrote to about thirty such people. Then he waited confidently.

AFTER a while, replies began to come in. Armitage was astounded to find that some of them did not seem particularly cordial and that none of them mentioned any golden opportunities for him. The tenor of all was about the same. They begged to acknowledge his communication of the third instant and regretted that nothing which would be suitable for him occurred to them just at present. Trusting that he would make a favorable connection and assuring him that they would keep him in mind if anything turned up, they were "Sincerely yours." The letters ranged all the way from the gushingly cordial kind to the curt, go-to-the-devil type.

In his self-confidence, Armitage came to the conclusion that there must be considerable business depression in his field; and yet, a man prominent in it, who should have known, informed him, recently, that good men are hard to get and in great demand. This anomalous

By James A. Tobey

How Do You Score on Faults?

HOW would you like to see your faults catalogued and arranged in startling tabulation before you? Would you be shocked to find that you had any; or, admitting that you had a few, would it surprise you to discover that your defects were more serious and had done you more harm in life than you ever dreamed?

None of us like to be reminded of our shortcomings, and yet they are just as important to us as are our virtues. Many writers on personality have evolved systems whereby one may figure out with numerical precision how near perfect one is. It is, of course, deeply gratifying to learn that—out of a possible 100—one is 82.4 per cent perfect, but it does not necessarily follow that one is only 17.6 per cent imperfect.

The trouble is that only the positive characteristics are considered in the grading scheme, the negative is forgotten. A man may be efficient, progressive, and energetic; he may have initiative and executive ability, yet, in spite of all these assets which would contribute to place him in the 80 per cent personality class, he may have one defect that destroys all these good qualities. He may think that he is 80 per cent, or more, perfect, but like Robert Armitage, he is mistaken.

his excellent experience, and his acknowledged brilliance along certain lines. A number of these faults were carefully enumerated and the letter closed with the desire that Armitage would consider this letter in the spirit of sincere friendship which actuated the writer.

THE feelings of the recipient of this message were peculiar. At first, Armitage resented it. He was not so much offended, as he was hurt. An outline of his faults came as a shock to his pride. He was the type of man who would score high in an efficiency test, could achieve a high rating in a personality contest, and could even answer many of Edison's questions. To be thus confronted with a set of faults, about which his critic might be entirely mistaken, was irritating. At bottom he was a sensible fellow, however, and, whatever his other faults were, narrow-mindedness was not one of them. So, after thinking it all over carefully, he decided that, perhaps, his friend was right. To make sure, he mapped out a plan to check him up.

His scheme to ascertain his personal foibles was as follows: He carefully selected ten persons of the highest standing in his profession and sent to each a skillfully worded personal letter. The ten persons were all people who knew him and were thoroughly aware of his personal and professional characteristics. He had been associated with most of them in some kind of a business capacity. In his letter, he said that most men had some inherent personal defects which militated against their success. He stated that he was no exception to the rule. He wished, he wrote, to attempt to correct these faults. He was, therefore, asking ten persons to inform him what, in the opinion of each, were his serious faults and how he could overcome them. In order that all these estimates might be entirely frank and not biased by any feeling of generosity, he requested that they be sent anonymously to a friend, who would collect them all and turn them over to him.

Nine replies were received. One man wrote directly to Armitage, over his own signature, and began by saying that if he couldn't sign what he wrote that it

wasn't worth writing, and, further, that he wouldn't hesitate to be frank. He didn't; and when Armitage had completed reading his exhortation he decided that the man bore a bitter grudge against him for some long-forgotten incident. Nevertheless, he took to heart what this letter contained. One other man did not bother to reply at all. He was either too busy or else did not think that Armitage was worth it.

The other eight answers followed out the terms of the request. Most of them were returned promptly and all entered into the spirit of the thing. After all, men who are themselves successful, who are broad-minded and altruistic, are only too glad to give assistance to a less fortunate individual who sincerely asks for help. On the whole, the replies were strikingly similar. All agreed that he was inclined to have too good an opinion of himself. To put it bluntly, said one, he was conceited. Another called him swell-headed, and the terms "egotistic" and "arrogant" were also used. Most of them said that he was too aggressive—presumptuous, in fact. And so the criticisms continued. Of course, one man would sometimes cite a fault which no one else seemed to have noticed, and there were a few variations.

The result of this questionnaire was that Armitage was confronted for the first time with honest criticism of his faults. Even if he did not entirely agree with some of the comments, they were, nevertheless, the result of impressions which he had caused. It behooved him, therefore, to suppress all those actions of his which might give rise to similar ideas in others. He swallowed his chagrin and determined to correct his defects of personality. He had a hard time and forgot occasionally, but on the whole was successful in this endeavor. As a consequence of his efforts, he is, to-day, considered one of the best in his profession. He has lived down his early errors and he has never forgotten the lessons that he was taught. When a temptation to do something false comes along, he hesitates long enough to think, "That is the kind of thing that got you in wrong before, so go slow, Bob, go slow," and he doesn't do it. If we could all see our faults reflected before us as in a mirror, we should be that much better able to cope with them.

In order that some of the most disadvantageous of faults may be suggested, I present, with this article, a Fault Score-Card. One hundred points indicates the height of imperfection. The score is divided into four sections: Personal, Moral, Professional, and Physical Disqualifications. Sixteen items are included, all but one receiving six points. The one which gets more is Dishonesty, which no one can deny is

the greatest fault possible, and deserves at least 10.

The subjects listed in the Fault Score-Card may need a little amplification and explanation. It is hardly necessary to go into a dissertation on the disadvantages of being conceited. Everyone is familiar with the pompous, self-satisfied individual, who knows it all and feels considerably superior to the rest of the world. No matter how good he may be in his work, his supercilious attitude irritates everybody and seriously interferes with his success. So, too, with the

approaches everybody with the thought that he may try to four-flush him. A little caution is a good thing, but constant suspicion gets a man in wrong, as nothing else will. The world is not yet so bad but what our fellow men can, as a rule, be considered reasonably on the square.

Then there is the type who is never sure just what to do. He is always on the fence. He hesitates about every move and, as the axiom goes, "He who hesitates is lost." Some day, when the golden opportunity which we all await, and which never comes for some of us, arrives at the door of Mr. Vacillation, he will spend so much time deciding whether to jump or not, that the opportunity will pass by in disgust.

PERHAPS one of the worst of the faults is over-aggressiveness. You may call it forwardness, presumption, super-ambition, or what not. It is displayed by the man who antagonizes others by his methods, who wants to be in the front and take a leading part in everything. If he goes to sell goods, he argues violently with the prospective buyer about some minor point and is requested to depart. He has no tact, no thought for others, and is generally one of the "all-out-of-step-but-Jim" type, like the obstinate man.

Although the five imperfections which come under the category of Personal Disqualifications are all bad and all of a somewhat similar type, we will allow a man a sprinkling of each. This must be so in order to maintain balance. A little egotism does no harm, for a man who has none at all will be so lacking in self-confidence as to be in the vacillating class. A trifling amount of stubbornness is an asset, otherwise we should always be rushing in "where angels fear to tread." A grain of suspicion is a wise precaution in dealing with others: not too much, just enough to be on guard against the vagaries of the world, for even the world is

sometimes false to us. A slight amount of vacillation prevents us from jumping too quickly at conclusions and making decisions which we may have to repent of rather bitterly. Aggressiveness is a good thing, so long as it never becomes over aggressiveness. Roosevelt was a very aggressive man, some people thought he was too much so; but he was a success as men go. Perhaps, however, his aggressiveness, his dynamic personality, was too much in evidence.

When we come to the Moral Disqualifications, we can, of course, allow nothing for dishonesty. We can allow only a faint trace of hypocrisy, the less the better. Just the slightest amount of greed gets by. Far be it from us to try or wish to defend obscenity in any way. We have allowed one-fourth of a point

Fault Score-Card

I.—Personal Disqualifications:

	Imperfect	Allowable
1. Conceit.....	6	1
2. Obstinacy.....	6	1
3. Suspicion.....	6	2
4. Vacillation.....	6	1
5. Over-aggressiveness.....	6	1
	30	6

II.—Moral Disqualifications:

6. Dishonesty.....	10	0
7. Hypocrisy.....	6	$\frac{1}{4}$
8. Greed.....	6	$\frac{1}{2}$
9. Obscenity.....	6	$\frac{1}{4}$
	28	1

III.—Professional Disqualifications:

10. Inefficiency....	6	$\frac{1}{2}$
11. Carelessness....	6	$\frac{1}{2}$
12. Discourtesy....	6	$\frac{1}{2}$
13. Disloyalty.....	6	$\frac{1}{2}$
	24	2

IV.—Physical Disqualifications:

14. Unhealthiness..	6	$\frac{1}{2}$
15. Slovenliness....	6	$\frac{1}{4}$
16. Laziness.....	6	$\frac{1}{4}$
	18	1
Total.....	100	10

obstinate person. He is the man who always wants his own way, never listens to reason, refuses on general principles to agree with anybody on anything. Once his mind is made up, absolutely nothing under the sun can change it, even if he is wrong, which, strange to say, he frequently is. He is the man on the jury who disagrees with the other eleven, and keeps them all up late arguing with him.

Chronic suspicion is a severe handicap to a man. We know of a capable individual, who has much common sense, is a conscientious and thorough worker, and generally well thought of, except that he suspects everybody of something. If you joke with him, he takes it seriously and broods over it. He is hypersensitive, he "suspects" that someone is trying to get his job. He

for it as against 6. That is the proportion of 1 to 24 and is only enough to permit of a little spice in life, hardly enough to shock a blue-law puritan.

A man's professional qualifications contribute, along with his personal, moral, and physical aspects, to making him worth while to his employer. So, too, his disqualifications may make him a fifth wheel in the machine, or an oilless bearing. Inefficiency, the lack of knowledge of the technique of his profession, craft, or trade is as big a drag as anything. But carelessness is just as bad. The two are more or less interlocked. Perhaps we should allow a man nothing but zeros to attain all along here. If we did that, however, we should have to go hunting for a superman to come up to the ideal.

No one is so perfect that he never makes a mistake, and the good man admits his and learns by them. Discourtesy is a common and unfortunate fault. The authors know a man who received a legacy of \$25,000 because he was always polite to an old woman of means who did business with his establishment. He did not know that she was wealthy. Aside from such material rewards, courtesy is worth while for its own sake—though you can't make a lot of people believe so. Disloyalty is a fault for which there is hardly any condonation. If a man can't give his employer the best he has, he ought to get out.

LET us throw away all animosities, forgive all of our enemies—we if we have any—and try to be large enough and grand enough at this Christmas to see the God in the meanest man, the possible hero in the biggest coward.

In considering physical defects, it is almost trite to say that there is no excuse in this day and age for a man to be unhealthy. Modern sanitary science has so advanced that sickness is a crime. Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." If the modern populace knew only half as much as the teachers of hygiene, and applied their knowledge, the people of to-day would be at least 40 per cent healthier. This is scientific data.

We allow half a point to cover congenital defects, for which a man is not himself responsible. Slovenliness and laziness are also in the preventable class. Nothing is more disgusting than the

unkempt, poorly groomed, ill-favored, generally dirty employee. Nothing is more lamentable than sloth.

HAVING exhausted our list of imperfections which disqualify one from the pursuit, or, rather, the attainment of maximum success, the question arises, where does each of us stand? It is to be hoped that no one believes that the author of this essay on personality, or lack of it, is on a gilded pinnacle himself, haughtily looking down on his inferiors. He doesn't score at all well himself, but hopes to improve.

In attempting to ascertain where we stand, we should pick out half a dozen of our friends and acquaintances who are eminent in certain fields. Give them a rating, an impartial one, and so endeavor to set up some standards. Try to select an ideal for each of the items in the list. Of course, no one will probably score perfect, and so it is useless to wrack one's brain to find the superman. Having selected your standards, compare yourself. If you discover that, after fair consideration of yourself—and that is why conceit is suggested first—your score is not as high as it might be or should be, the proposition is obvious. The score must be improved. All right, you say, it will be—must be—improved. And when it has improved, you will find that the world is a little better, too.

Happy? If not, Why not?

MYTHOLOGY tells us that the god, Pan, agreed to grant King Midas the wish which he most desired. After pondering long on this question of desire, the king asked that everything he touched might turn to gold, because he thought, as so many think to-day, that money would procure about everything that is desirable in life.

After Pan had bestowed on him the power to turn everything he touched into gold, the king congratulated himself that, at last, all of his wishes in life were to be realized.

So the king started out with high hopes on his new career. But very soon he began to realize what a fatal choice he had made; for when he would order costly wines and the most delicious viands for his table, he found that he could neither eat nor drink; the costly wines, even the purest sparkling water, and all the tempting delicacies of his table turning into solid lumps of gold just as soon as he put them to his lips. More tragic still, his only daughter, whom he loved better than his life, when he caressed her, turned at once into a statue of gold. Nearly dying with thirst and hunger, for he could neither eat nor drink, the king sought out the god, Pan, and pleaded with him to free him from the curse.

"WHAT a foolish man that King Midas must have been!" you say. "One would think that any one would know better than to ask Pan to grant such a silly wish!"

But are not you, who think yourself

so wise, just about as foolish as this mythical king? Your greatest longing is probably for money. Like Midas, you may think that if you could only get all the gold you want you would be happy forever after, believing that it could buy for you everything you desire, including happiness. You, perhaps, think that if you had plenty of money you would be without worry, without anxiety or trouble, and without the necessity of work; that you could do as you pleased, have all your desires gratified, all your wishes granted, could live in perpetual bliss.

Since the beginning of time people have had such dreams of happiness. They have believed that if they could add something to what they already have; if they could have more property, more money, more things, more of this or that or the other, that then they would be content, happy. But adding to their possessions, piling up money and things, has never yet made any one happy, because happiness does not exist in conditions or things. It is purely a mental state. Real happiness is independent of external conditions. It is a creation of the mind.

IT is unfortunate that most of us should place such great emphasis on the importance of wealth as a factor in happiness. If the possession of money and things were really essential to happiness, then all rich people would be happy, and the richer they were the happier they would be; while all poor people would be unhappy, and the

poorer they were the more unhappy they would be. But we know that the opposite is the case. There is more real happiness among the poor—not the pauper, down-and-out class—than among the rich. On every hand we see people who have accumulated vast fortunes who are uneasy, discontented, unhappy, restless, seeking happiness everywhere and in everything but in themselves, and never finding it.

A WRITER, famous in the Middle Ages, said that the happiest person he had ever met was a galley slave who was chained to his oar. He was so cheerful, had such a sunny disposition, and was so happy that everybody loved him. This galley slave could have given the rich patricians of his time a cue on how to be happy, just as might some modern washerwoman do the same thing for a wealthy New York lady of whom I recently heard. This lady boasts that she never lifts her finger to do any kind of work which she can possibly have done for her. She takes two perfumed baths daily; she is massaged every morning and every night by a masseuse; she employs a professional hairdresser and manicurist and has numerous servants to wait upon her wherever she goes. She gratifies every desire that money can satisfy; her every whim is catered to, and yet she is not happy.

She never will be, because she does not know that happiness is from within, not from without; that it can come only from simple living, high thinking and service to others.

These Are The Hours That Count



MOST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are *yours*, and your whole future depends on how you spend them. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, *real success* in life.

Thousands of splendid, good-paying positions are waiting in every field of work for men *trained to fill them*. There's a big job waiting for *you*—in your present work, or any line you choose. Get ready for it! You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep, without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour after supper each night, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

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Hundreds of thousands have proved it. The designer of the Packard "Twin-Six," and hundreds of other Engineers climbed to success through I. C. S. help. The builder of the great Equitable Building, and hundreds of Architects and Contractors, won their way to the top through I. C. S. spare-time study. Many of this country's foremost Advertising and Sales Managers prepared for

their present positions in spare hours under I. C. S. instruction.

For 30 years men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. Over 130,000 men are getting ready *right now* in the I. C. S. way for the bigger jobs ahead.

Since 1891, more than two million ambitious men have enrolled with the I. C. S. This is six times as many students as have enrolled at Harvard in three centuries—ten times as many as Yale has taught since her doors swung open in 1701—five times as many as are in attendance today in all the colleges, universities and technical colleges in the United States.

The practical value of the I. C. S. courses is so well recognized that I. C. S. textbooks are used today in 379 colleges, universities and technical schools. They are also used in Government schools and by many of the largest industrial corporations.

More than two million dollars have been invested in the preparation of I. C. S. courses—thousands of dollars are spent every year in keeping them up to date.

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No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to *you*. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your pre-

vious education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 300 I. C. S. courses will surely suit your needs.

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When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means, can you afford to let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste?

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.

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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:—

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<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 Draftsmen	<input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice	<input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary
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<input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating	<input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER
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What You Shouldn't Eat —and Why

YOU eat too much—like everybody else,” said Dr. Robert Hugh Rose, as he swung around in his swivel-chair. “You eat too much meat, sugar, starch, and spice.”

The eminent stomach specialist and author of the widely read book, “Eat Your Way to Health,” talked to me in his spacious office in one of the New York skyscrapers devoted exclusively to doctors—his clear skin and eyes, and rugged form, making a vivid contrast to the patient who sat huddled, a despondent heap, in a chair in the corner. It stimulated one just to look at the doctor, and you felt instinctively that here was a man who could lead you to the paradise of good health, if you would do as he advised.

“You eat too much,” repeated the doctor, in a tone that dared the patient to contradict him.

THUS challenged, the inert heap in the chair came back weakly, “But, doctor, I’m sure I don’t.”

“You do,” snapped the doctor, “and I’ll prove it to you. It is written in your face for the medical eye to read. Hopelessness and fear of an impending fate are stamped on every feature. You have gained twenty pounds in three years, which proves my contention beyond a doubt. You are only fifty, and you look sixty. While, a few years ago, you were active and exuberant, you now are all but in a coma and so phlegmatic that, by contrast, an oyster would seem hysterical. And all as a result of too much food.”

“You are like all the others who come here, or the millions who don’t come here, or go to any other doctor. I see hundreds of them on the streets every day. They are fat, short of breath, have dull headaches, are unable to think clearly, and, altogether, are about ready to be Ostlerized.”

“I guess, maybe, your right,” conceded the patient, “but I feel as if life had me down for the count. If I have a chance, tell me what to do and I’ll do it.”

“With your splendid constitution, there is nothing to alarm you,” said the doctor. “But the extra work you have put upon your system, through your diet, has weakened you and destroyed your morale. A few weeks will straighten you out completely. First of all, you must cut down on meat. We all eat too much of it. And, let me say here, meat includes fish. That may sound queer to you, but it is the truth. You are not abstaining from meat when you eat fish. Meat contains protein, as do eggs and fish, and you get as much of this substance in sea food and omelets as you do in steak, and the system can only handle a certain portion of protein without being overworked. One-third of a pound of meat is all the average person requires in

An interview with
Dr. Robert Hugh Rose
Author of “Eat Your Way to Health”

By Nan Tempest

twenty-four hours; and if eggs are eaten, the amount should be cut down. But can’t you hear a howl go up that would reach St. Peter, when a doctor tries to shave the allowance of meat to just one serving at dinner?

“What can I eat for breakfast and luncheon?” they ask in a bewildered manner.

“When I suggest a breakfast consisting of fruit, cereal, a roll and coffee, they act as if I had condemned them to bread and water for life; and when I follow it up with a suggestion that they eat lettuce salad, a dish of string beans, and a baked apple for luncheon, they have to be revived by my attendant nurse.

“Of course, a man who is a day laborer, or has a job that requires strenuous physical exertion, can eat more protein with less disastrous results than a man who works in an office, because his bodily efforts burn it up. But, taken as a whole, I believe that the various kidney ailments that people develop in middle life are due directly to too much meat.

“Just stop and consider the amount of meat one consumes in a modern course-dinner.

“First, there is soup—probably made from a meat stock. Then fish; then an

entree of more meat; then a roast; then chicken. It is appalling. That a chef refrains from adding a chop, or a small steak, in the dessert is astounding.

“Is it any wonder, when this sort of carnivorous gluttony goes on for years, that the internal mechanism is put out of commission? Is it surprising that the blood pressure mounts to one hundred and eighty, when it should be one hundred and twenty, and that the human meat-trap becomes ill and depressed, and wheezes like a prize pug-dog, at the least exertion?”

“And dinner is only one meal. Luncheon is a pocket edition of dinner, and breakfast is only little better. Everyone seems to think that a meal minus meat isn’t a meal. One of the most recent discoveries in medicine is that much of the illness among people who are not suffering from some organic complaint, is caused by high blood-pressure; and, in every case that has come under my notice, the elimination of meat from the diet has relieved the condition.

“But regulating what people should eat is the hardest task a doctor has. It has been said that a stomach specialist is a man a patient consults for advice, and that after it has been given very minutely he goes home and does as he pleases. I can say, from bitter experience, that it is only too true. Gluttons will undergo all kinds of painful treatment without a whimper; they will be baked, and boiled, and rolled, and ironed; they will don sweaters and run five miles before breakfast; they will do anything, in fact, but abstain from gastronomic orgies.

IHAD a woman patient who was suffering from Bright’s disease. When I told her that she would have to cut out meat and some of the other things of which she was very fond, or she would die, she calmly informed me that ‘when she couldn’t eat what she wanted she would be glad to die!’ And she did—just ten months later.

“Next on the list of foods we overeat, is sugar. And how we do go the limit on that! Sugar, of course, includes pie, cake, puddings, candy, ice cream and all other desserts. I have seen a man whose heaviest manual work consisted of signing some letters his secretary placed on his desk every working day, eat a dinner that would enable a stevedore to unload about seven tons of cargo, and then finish off with a rich dessert smothered with whipped cream. As a result, he felt like a boa constrictor who had just swallowed a calf.

“The day of simple confections has passed. Even plain ice cream is almost extinct. I went to a candy store, recently, and asked for a plate of vanilla cream.

“What do you want on it?” asked the clerk.



Marceau, N. Y.
ROBERT HUGH ROSE, M. D.,
Author of “Eat Your Way to Health”

Do You Want \$200 a Week?

An Amazing Story of How Carl A. Rowe Jumped from \$200 to \$1000 a Month

MY name is Rowe—Carl Rowe. I live in a small city in New York State.

I am going to tell you an amazing story about myself. It may seem too strange to believe, but you can easily verify everything I have to say.

Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family. There was no prospect for the future.

Today, just two years later, I am a successful business man. I have plenty of money for all the things we need and want. Last month I made \$876 during my spare time, and was able to put \$200 a week in my savings account.

And I'm going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but couldn't afford that.

It made me desperate to think of what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardships might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theater, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I worked hard eight hours a day for \$50 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost.

I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket, and the next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded, beyond any dream I may have had three years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company are one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats on the market; but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives.

The local representative does not have to buy a stock—he does not have to invest any money. All he does is take orders from Comer customers and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half of my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

* * *

If you are interested in increasing your income from \$100 to \$1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write The Comer Manufacturing Company at Dayton, Ohio. Simply sign the attached coupon and they will send you the eight-page booklet referred to by Mr. Rowe and full details of their remarkable proposition.

-----Cut Out and Mail-----

The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. N-45, Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"Nothing!" I replied.
 "Shall I put a little fruit syrup on it?" he inquired.
 "Plain vanilla cream," I reiterated.
 "Can't I put a little whipped cream on it?" pleaded the clerk.
 "Can't you understand English?" I asked. "I want plain, vanilla cream."
 "He balanced a glass dish in his hand, hesitated, and finally ventured, 'Would you like a few nuts on it, sir?'"
 "Once more I repeated, 'I want plain, undecorated ice cream. Do I get it, or don't I?'"
 "Yes, sir," he answered in a puzzled tone.

"He brought me the cream, and set it down before me as if he expected me to snap at him. While I ate it, he watched me surreptitiously to see if I showed any further signs of being mentally unhinged.

THAT is just a sample of what we do with our food. Time was when ice cream was ice cream. Now it is only the foundation for a weird conglomeration of fruit, nuts, syrup, and whipped cream. "And the rich candy that is consumed! There are as many confectionary shops to the block as there were saloons in pre-prohibition days. The candy factories ought to get a rake-off from the 'reduso' corset manufacturers and the diabetic specialists, for they certainly furnish them with more customers and patients than any one in the world.

"In spite of all I could do, a patient of mine, who was suffering from diabetes, would lie down with a book and a box of chocolates, and consume the candy in an afternoon.

"I asked another physician what he would do in a case like that, and he replied: 'Why, I'd stop worrying about her, and, being a good Catholic, I'd pray for the repose of her soul.' And that was about all he could do for her.

"And not only in our desserts do we overeat sugar. We do it even at breakfast. Take pancakes, for instance. We put sugar or syrup on them, and that is all wrong. A pancake is starch, and during mastication this starch is changed to sugar; so, with the addition of sweetening, we have gone over the limit. This is very apt to cause fermentation, and is one of the reasons why people suffer from indigestion after eating pancakes.

"Then we take sugar in our tea and coffee, in our vegetables, which are often creamed, and, even, in our salads. Time was when a salad was lettuce, or endive, or watercress, with a little oil or vinegar. Now it is anything from a combination of grated raw-vegetables, mixed with raisins and topped off with a cherry, to a strange collection of fruit, cheese, and nuts that only differs from a dessert because it is perched on a diminutive lettuce leaf.

"The main trouble is that we eat too artificially. We want everything doctored up, or disguised so that it takes a seer to determine what it is. Instead of cooking our vegetables in a small quantity of water, and then adding a lump of butter and a little pepper and salt, we pour off the water which contains the precious vitamins so necessary to our well-being, and add a lot of things that do us no good.

If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy, and not with the man.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AS to seasonings, we use too much salt. We are used to salt, and we like it; but it must be eliminated from the system through the kidneys, and it tends to irritate and overwork them when it is taken in excess. This will aggravate Bright's Disease and cause high blood-pressure. Very little salt is required, merely enough to remove the flat taste being sufficient.

"A sensible man won't work a horse more than twelve hours a day, yet he will make his internal organs work for twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, year after year, and then wonder why they finally rebel. Salt your food lightly and notice the difference it will make in the way you feel, if you are suffering from any form of stomach trouble.

"Pepper and mustard are two other things that we have absolutely no need for and which we use too much of.

Success Nuggets

To hear always, to think always, to learn always, it is thus that we live truly; he who aspires to nothing and learns nothing is not worthy of living.

Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it!—Thomas Carlyle.

It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail.—Emerson.

The more persistently we hold the prosperity thought, the more we strengthen and intensify it, the more we increase its power to attract prosperity.

Whatever page we turn,
 However much we learn,
 Let there be something left to dream of still!

Set all things in their own peculiar place,
 And know that order is the greatest grace.
 —Dryden.

Without Him, Heaven were an arid waste;
 With Him, a desert Heaven.

A grouch and his customers are soon parted.

The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows.—Julia Ward Howe.

The most valuable "system" is a good nervous system.

They are inclined to cause intestinal disturbances of numerous kinds. Cut down on them, and notice your digestive apparatus show its gratitude by improved functioning.

"Of course, it is hard not to eat the things one likes when one sees them; but a little sense should be mixed with one's desires. The principal mistake we make is that we eat what we like in great quantities, and neglect what is good for us if it doesn't happen to tickle our palate.

"Because of our geographical position we secure foods from all over the world, at all times of the year, and are tempted accordingly. Most of us live to eat instead of eating to live. Why can't we have as much intelligence about what we put into our stomachs as we have about what we put into our automobile? You give your car so much filtered gasoline, so much sterilized water, so much fine-grade oil, otherwise it won't run properly. Those are the things it needs. Not too much of one, or too little of the other. If you were to fill the tank with root beer because it smelled better than gasoline—and the oil cups with maple syrup because it had a pleasant taste—you wouldn't be surprised if it didn't work, would you? Still you put into your stomach a mess that is just as foreign to its requirements and wonder why you don't feel up to par.

"Every one—from the grandmother who bobs and dyes her hair, and has her face enameled, to the bald-headed man who wears a toupe and colors his mustache—wants to stay young.

"Ponce de Leon has more followers than any one in the world. Old Age is the bugaboo that all mortals fear, and you can hold off his offensive more successfully by cutting down on meat, sugar, and spices, than by any form of defense I know. He is a peculiar enemy in that his power lies in your weakness, rather than in any strength he possesses. If he breaks through your outer guard it is your own fault. You carry life insurance, why not protect yourself against being incapacitated by your arch enemy—Old Age?

"All you need to do is conform your mode of living to nature's laws and eat intelligently.

"Excessive eating of any kind, and especially of the principal things I have mentioned, overburdens all the organs, especially the intestinal tract, and a state of interior uncleanness arises that is incompatible with good health.

"It is said that 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness,' but it is more. It is the alpha and omega of perfect bodily condition. There is nothing that will come nearer to causing perennial youth than interior cleanliness.

"All civilized peoples are clean exteriorly, but one must apply the recent discoveries for cleansing the inside. You can do this by your diet. You will live longer and, what is more essential, you will be healthier if you eat moderately and wisely. Consult a physician occasionally, as you do a dentist, and let him look you over. You will be saved from many serious illnesses. The Chinese are not so far wrong when they pay a doctor to keep them well, and stop his fees when they are sick."

Why Millions Flocked to Hear Him!

THEY ALL LOVED HIM AND ADMIRER HIS WORK

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher
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Charles Sumner
Vice Pres. Charles W. Fairbanks
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Pres. James A. Garfield
Gen. Nelson A. Miles
John Burroughs
Thomas H. Huxley
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Edwin Booth
Joseph Jefferson
Gen. Tecumseh Sherman
Gen. Phil H. Sheridan
Gen. Ulysses S. Grant
Senator Roscoe Conkling
Judge Henry Drummond
Walt Whitman
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Do you feel the need of a mental locomotive to pull you out of the rut of ordinary thinking? Do you want to put more logic, wit and force into your speech and writing? Do you want to become from ten to fifty or one hundred times more interesting than you are? Do you want to make your brain more capable of reasoning out your problems? Do you want to enjoy the greatest mental treat of your life? Here is your opportunity.

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Robert Burns
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The Great Infidels
Liberty in Literature
Some Reasons Why

Think It Over!

DURING last year:—

The fire waste ran higher than \$500,000,000 in the United States.

It was nearly equal to the loss in 1906, the year of the San Francisco fire. It was larger than any other year except 1906.

Fifteen thousand people lost their lives in fires.

Sixty thousand were injured.

Fires averaged one per minute.

Fire burned one-fourth the number of the year's new buildings.

Most extraordinary fact of all—one hospital burned every day.

And seventy-five per cent of all these conflagrations were due to carelessness.

—*Evening Post, Chicago.*

Most of our apparatus of teaching—lectures, recitations, old-time text books—really belongs in the scrap heap, especially our text books. Not only our text books, but we teachers and we college executives are no longer vital in the eyes of our students. The profound interests to which they vibrate, their currents of passionate thought, sweep by in secret channels unknown to us.—MISS M. CAREY THOMAS, *president of Bryn Mawr.*

The size of the families in the United States is steadily decreasing, the average number of persons to a family in 1920 being 4.3, while in 1880, five people to a family were recorded.

New York State has one motor-car for every fourteen residents.

There is a woman here suffering the horrors of the money madness. She lives on thirty cents a day or less. She is wealthy—no heirs—saves twenty-five cents daily for a monument to perpetuate the grewsome memory of a few years of an absolutely useless life. The horrors of money clutching are equal to cancer or tuberculosis. This woman has several thousands drawing interest; but would not give a nickel, not one cent, to help the cause of science, though the arc-light illuminating her little street is due to science.—PROFESSOR EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN in New York *American.*

Marriages for money, say scientists, are bad, of course. In France every girl is expected to bring her *dot*. That business-like arrangement helps to explain France's falling population. In England, as Galton shows in his book on heredity, great families have died out because the men of the family have selected rich girls. The rich daughter is usually an only child.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

An auto-truck ran into a pushcart, tipped it over on the sidewalk, did two

dollars' worth of damage, and the case was settled for that sum. Within a week after the accident, thirty-nine suits were registered by lawyers representing clients who claimed to have been standing beside the overturned pushcart. Some of the claimants displayed bruises and cuts; others alleged they had had their backs strained; some supposed themselves to be suffering from hysteria. The evidence showed that, though the pushcart had turned over, no one had been hit.

One of the most encouraging statements that have come out of Europe since the war is Premier Briand's declaration that: "This Government (the French) has confidence in the Government of Dr. Wirth. The undertakings made by the present German Government have been fulfilled."

There will be no "servants" in the German Republic if a bill introduced in the Reichstag becomes law. The word "servant" is disappearing from the German vocabulary, the term, it is argued, offending the spirit of liberty and equality.

New York City has 281,121 persons ten years old and above unable to write in English or any other language.

Why He Couldn't Build Up His Church

By Elizabeth S. Muir

HE used the pulpit as a convenient place for getting off the latest jokes, for the airing of his store of anecdotes, for sly allusions to his family, and for political speeches.

He was so busy with his clubs and organizations that he had no time for private prayer and study.

He only called on the well-to-do of his congregation, that is, in a friendly manner.

He depended on a stereopticon instead of the Word of God to fill the church.

He stayed clear of "the earnest seeker," being afraid he might get into a hole.

He was always in such a hurry after service that the heart-hungry could never get a word with him.

He gave out a text and then soared completely away from it.

He had a hazy notion that a nice little essay on the dignity of man, garnished with poetical selections, was an excellent substitute for Bible expositions.

Nobody under his ministry was ever inspired to take notes.

Finally, he treated the greatest piece of literature in the world, The Holy Bible, as a graceful adjunct to the pulpit—quite a family heirloom style—instead of using it as a text book from which to expound the things of the living God—His plans, His promises, and His purposes.

Planes leave Paris for London daily at 9.30, 11.30, 12.45 and 16.00, arriving in London at 12.00, 14.00, 15.00 and 18.30, respectively. Returning planes leave London for Paris daily at 10.30, 11.00, 12.45 and 16.00, arriving at 13.00, 14.00, 15.00 and 18.30. Why not something like this in America?

The number of British women who are refused life insurance policies because they have what is called a "smoker's heart" is startling. Smoking has the same hold on a woman as a drug has.

A German who owned a million marks (\$250,000) before the World War is now worth \$10,000. War is expensive when you lose—also when you win.

"I am seventy-seven years old, but my determination never to retire from the stage is irrevocable. Please reassure America regarding my health. I have a bad cold, but my youth will enable me to pull through."—SARAH BERNHARDT.

In one of our public schools where 27 nationalities were represented, 997 per cent of the pupils passed their examinations. Those who failed were pure American.

Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and other scientists declare, as a result of their researches, that there is no physiological reason why a human being cannot live 150 years.

Sir James Cantlie, a noted English surgeon and physical culture authority, is seventy years old and as supple as an athlete. He conducts a physical culture class for men who are close to their eightieth year, and a class for elderly women. Some exercises he prescribes are the same as those used by the Chinese 5000 years ago.

Students of Cambridge University have a stronger feeling that the scholastic superiority and exclusiveness of the male must be maintained. They swear by the tradition that only their sex is really qualified for education—at least within the ancient walls of Cambridge. By way of demonstrating the superior masculine intellect a crowd of boys battered down a gate valued at \$3500, which had been erected as a memorial to a woman teacher.

Refusal to worry is one of the secrets of a long and happy life, says Chester R. Woodford of Avon, Conn., who is 107 years old.

When Brann Discovered The Shame of the World

Under the darkness of night a thirteen-year-old orphan boy left behind him the farm of his childhood days and set out to see the world. In his tender years he faced the bitter realities of life—he knew the hard facts of existence. Hatred of sham and pretense and hypocrisy was implanted in his heart, and Truth became the guiding star of his life. Out of the lowliness of his career kindled the spark of genius that was to hold men spellbound. Blazing ever at white heat, his spirit became as a torch that touched the warm fires of love, igniting the fierce flames of hatred. He dared the wrath of the great and mighty, the titled, the worshipped. He spared neither position, nor fame, nor fortune. Wherever he discovered fraud or hypocrisy, sham or pretense, injustice or imposition, falseness or deceit, there he loosed the thunderbolts of his fury, heedless of consequences, careless of the devastation he wrought, regardless of the reprisals he brought down upon his own head. Society was shocked at his merciless exposures. The guilty hung their heads in dishonor. The whole world blushed in shame.



BRANN, the ICONOCLAST Fakes and Frauds Feared Him The Wizard of Words

They could not silence him—they could not stop him with power or money or threats. So they killed him. Oh, vain is death. For today Brann's flaming spirit again startles the world. At last the complete writings of Brann, the Iconoclast have been collected and permanently preserved in book form. Here is a treat for the booklover, the thinker, the lawyer, the writer, the business man, the preacher,—for every one who loves a two-handed fighter. Here is a veritable treasure trove of genius—here is a phenomenon of language such as the world has never seen before—nor ever will see again. If you would know the wizardry of words—the magic of expression—the power of language, then you will read eagerly every word that this master has written. If you would write and speak with facility—if you would mold words to your every thought and mood—if you would impress others with your opinions and convictions—if you would make your utterances sparkle with life, kindle with spirit, glow with beauty, sparkle with wit, scintillate with originality—then you must have this great new edition of Brann.

From Brann's pen flowed a mere combination of letters, but they marched with stately tread, galloped with breathless fury, frolicked with irresistible humor. Language molded itself to his mood, rose to his heights of fancy, danced to his caprice, rolled forth in a thunderous torrent at his anger. With the genius of his pen he played upon the heartstrings of humanity. Thousands have been held beneath the spell of his strange magic. Thousands have felt the charm of his style, laughed with him in his lighter moods, gasped at his daring, shuddered at his merciless attack. Thousands have been moved to tears at his pathos, have felt their hearts wrenched with compassion, their emotions shattered and shredded, their blood flowing faster. He was known as the "Wizard of words."

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Loves Way! Why Not Try It?

ON the steps of a public building in Florence, an old, disabled soldier sat playing a violin. By his side stood a faithful dog holding in his mouth the veteran's hat, into which, now and then, a passer-by would drop a coin. A gentleman, in passing, paused, and asked for the violin; first tuning it, he then began to play.

The sight of a well-dressed man, playing a violin in such a place, and with such associations, attracted the passers-by, and they stopped. The music was so charming that they stood enchanted. The number of contributions largely increased. They had become so heavy that the dog began to growl. It was emptied, and soon filled again. The company grew until a great congregation was gathered. The performer played one of the national airs, handed the violin back to its owner, and quickly retired.

One of the company present said: "This is Amard Bucher, the world-renowned violinist. He did this for charity; let us follow his example." And immediately the hat was passed for a collection for the old man. Mr. Bucher did not give a penny, but he flooded the old man's day with sunshine.

IT is related that when Michael Angelo was at the height of his fame, when monarchs and popes were paying fabulous prices for his works, a little boy met him in the street, with an old pencil and a piece of dirty brown paper, and asked him for a picture. The great artist sat on the curbstone and drew a picture for his little admirer.

A CHARMING story is told of Jenny Lind, the great Swedish singer, which shows her noble nature. Walking with a friend, she saw an old woman tottering into the door of an almshouse. Her pity was at once excited, and she entered the door, ostensibly to rest for a moment, but really to give something to the poor woman. To her surprise, the old woman began at once to talk of Jenny Lind, saying:

"I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"Would it make you happy?" inquired Jenny.

"Ay, that it would; but such folks as I can't go to the playhouse, and so I shall never hear her."

"Don't be so sure of that," said Jenny. "Sit down, my friend, and listen."

She then sang, with genuine glee, one of her best songs. The old woman was wild with delight and wonder, when she added:

"Now you have heard Jenny Lind."

IN a large, open square in New Orleans stands a beautiful marble statue erected by the city, and on the

statue are these words: "The Statue of Margaret, of New Orleans."

She was left an orphan by the ravages of yellow fever. She married in early womanhood, but her husband soon died, also her only child. She was poor and uneducated, and could scarcely write her name. She went to work in the Orphan Asylum for Girls. She toiled early and late, solicited groceries from merchants, and, indeed, put her whole life into the work for these orphans. When a new and beautiful asylum was built Margaret and one of the Sisters of Mercy freed it from debt. Margaret opened a dairy and bakery. Those who knew her, and patronized her. She worked very hard and saved every cent to help the orphans whom, in effect, she had adopted as her own children. She never owned a silk dress or wore a kid

WE are so constituted, so truly "members one of another," that it is impossible to injure another willingly without injury to ourselves. If we would be good to ourselves we must be good to others also. We cannot possibly strike our neighbor without receiving the blow ourselves. This is the new philosophy which Christ taught. Before his day it was "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood." That was the philosophy of Hatred. The new philosophy is the philosophy of Love.

glove, and she was very plain; but the city erected this beautiful monument to the orphan's friend as a thanks-offering for a noble, helpful, unselfish life.

IT was a cold, dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy shoppers were eating their hot dinners, and when the shop-girls were plodding home, many too poor to ride, tired with the long day's standing and work.

One girl was hurrying home through the slush, after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable to keep out the winter's cold, with a thin fall cloak. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed.

A blind man was sitting in an alley by the pavement, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The

wind and sleet beat upon him. He had no overcoat. His thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, sleet-covered pencils. He looked as if the cold had congealed him.

The girl passed the man, as did the rest of the hurrying crowd. When she had walked half a block away she fumbled in her pocket, and turned and walked back.

For a moment she looked intently at the vender of pencils, and when she saw that he gave no sign, she quietly dropped a ten-cent piece into his fingers, and walked on.

But she was evidently troubled, for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned, and walked rapidly back to the dark alley, and the man half hiding in it. Bending over him, she said softly, "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indescribable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said humbly. "Please give me back my ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, and held out the coin.

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two dollars, one-third of her week's hard earnings,—all she had. She put one dollar of it into his hand saying, "Take this instead and go home now; you ought not to sit here in this bitter wind."

I KNOW a very poor woman who has nothing to give in the way of material presents, but who does more good according to her means than any one else I know of. She makes a point of going about among poor people before Christmas, trying to cheer up and comfort the cripples, the unfortunate, the sick and discouraged, all those who are in trouble. She gives such a wealth of love, of sympathy, of encouragement, of sunshine, of good cheer, that they feel richer after she has visited them than many dollars' worth of material gifts would have made them. Mere things are cold and unsympathetic in comparison with what this poor woman gives them.

No one is so poor that he cannot give something. Where love is there is always something to give, for "love never faileth." But where love is not, where the Christ spirit is absent, there is poverty, indeed.

"Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul is all forlorn."

What we think most about is constantly weaving itself into the fabric of our career, becoming a part of ourselves, increasing the power of our mental magnet to attract those things we most ardently desire.

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Alfred B. Flemming of Newark, N. J., writes: "Since the last lesson was returned, I have sold \$85.00 worth of drawings (3)."

And another, J. B. Barwell of Staunton, Va., tells us, "Have

just sold the first installment of twenty drawings on a comic series."

And again,—O. B. Blake, Old Town, Me., says: "I am certain that anyone, whether he has talent or not, cannot fail to make rapid progress under your instruction."

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Gloom Chasers

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Harry was spending the day with his aunt. Dinner was late, and the child began to grow restless.

"Auntie," he said finally, "does God know everything?"

"Yes, dear," answered his aunt.

"Every little thing?" he persisted.

"Yes, every little thing," was the reply.

"Well, then," he said in a tone of conviction, "God knows I'm hungry."

The Sunday-school superintendent was reviewing the lesson. "Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?" he asked. There was no answer.

Pointing to a little boy at the end of the seat, he demanded, a little crossly, "Little boy, who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

The little boy was ready to cry as he piped out with a quavering voice, "Please, sir, it wasn't me. We just moved here last week. We're from Missouri."

The wife of a Western Congressman is sensitive on the subject of her deficient orthography, and her demands for information as to correct spelling sometimes place her peace-loving husband in a delicate position.

One day, as she was writing a letter at her desk, she glanced up to ask:

"Henry, do you spell 'graphic' with one 'f' or two?"

"My dear," was the diplomatic reply, "if you're going to use any, you might as well use two."—*Harper's Magazine*.

She was applying for a position as stenographer, and he questioned her thus:

"Chew gum?"

"No, sir."

"Spell cat and dog and such words correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get here on time and work while you are here?"

"Yes, sir."

Then she began:

"Smoke bad tobacco while you're dictating?"

"Why, no."

"Take it out on your office force when you've had a row at home?"

"Certainly not."

"Know enough English grammar and spelling to appreciate a good letter when it's written for you?"

"Why—er—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time so—"

But he interrupted her eagerly:

"Say, there's a locker there for your wraps. Hang them up and let's get busy at these letters."—*Forbes*.

MOTHER—"Do you feel timid about asking Jack for money, dear?"

DAUGHTER (a quite new bride)—"No, mother, but he seems very timid about giving it to me."—*London Mail*.

"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry?"

"It all depends upon how many times you marry."—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

"Father," said a little boy thoughtfully, as he watched his parent collect his notes and arrange the slides for a parish entertainment, "why is it that when you spend your holiday in the Holy Land you always give a lantern lecture on it? You never do when you have been to Paris!"—*London Morning Post*.



THE SISTER—"You can tell by just looking at him that it's a her."

THE OLD 'UN—"Pluck, my boy, pluck: that is the one essential to success in business."

THE YOUNG 'UN—"Yes, of course, I know that. The trouble is finding some one to pluck."—*London Opinion*.

MRS. BROWN—"I hear the vicar thinks your daughter has a real genius for reciting, Mrs. Smith."

MRS. SMITH—"Yes. All she wants, he says to me, is a course of electrocution, just to finish 'er off, like."—*London Opinion*.

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"Bout like this way," exclaimed the negro, clapping his hands with an inter-

val of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's show in the basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was passing de Big Fo' depot."

I'm not quite sure about your washing-machine. Will you demonstrate it again?"

"No, madam. We only do one week's washing."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Even if it is a good deal of trouble, motorists usually can avoid some additional trouble by stopping as soon as possible after hitting a pedestrian. And, besides, ordinary manners demand that they stop; the pedestrian nearly always does.—*Kansas City Star*.

Angry Purchaser—"Didn't you tell me that you had got as many as twelve eggs in one day from those eight hens you sold me?"

Poultry Raiser—"Yes, ma'am."

Angry Purchaser—"Then why is it that I'm never able to get more than two eggs from them and sometimes not so many in one day?"

Poultry Raiser—"I don't know ma'am, unless it's because you look for eggs too often. Now, if you look for them only once a week, I feel quite positive that you will get just as many eggs in one day as I did."

YOUNG LADY—(entering office)
—Father, dear, can't you come over to have dinner with me and my husband?

PAPA—Your husband? Are you married?

YOUNG LADY—Why, yes! Don't you read the papers, papa?

"Pa, what is meant by spirit control?"

"Formerly the butler, now the physician."—*Boston Globe*.

TEACHER—Now, children, it is a curious fact that the bee stings only once.

BOY—But, isn't once enough?—*The Bulletin, Sydney*.

Four-year-old Hilda had been visiting her two cousins, romping, boisterous boys, who had teased her sadly the whole time. When she came back, and was telling her father all about her visit, she said:

"Daddy, every night when Jack and Roger say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys."

"That's quite right," said her father.

"But," she added significantly, "he hasn't done it yet."

The Couple Who Spent Every Cent

ABOUT six months ago I got the scare of my life. Edith was worried, too. But in the end it was one of the best things that ever happened to us.

I guess I had a pretty close call. The doctor said afterwards that he never expected me to pull through.

But it wasn't my own sickness that gave me my fright—at least I wasn't alarmed about myself. It was the sick condition of the family finances, and thinking of Edith and the boy that put me in a panic. There I was, flat on my back in bed; a big doctor's bill running up; a trained nurse to pay every week; and no reserve to fall back on—not a dollar laid by for emergency.

Luckily the firm was good enough to continue my salary without a break, or I don't know what we would have done.

The things that went through my mind during that slow process of getting well made me feel like a criminal. Suppose the worst had happened? No provision for Edith and the boy except a little insurance—the total amount not enough to last more than a year at the rate we had been living.

It hurt like a stab. It seems incredible that two people in their right minds could drift along the way we had been doing, constantly living up to the last cent, constantly on the edge of a slippery precipice. Yet according to statistics, something like 50% of all the men in America over sixty years of age are dependent on relatives or charity for support—including men who had earned princely incomes when in their prime. Think of it! And all because they had failed to look ahead—had never learned how to save. It hit me right between the eyes. For I was nearly thirty-two years old—certainly old enough to know better; yet I wasn't a dollar nearer independence than when I was twenty.

One day, while still in bed, I ran across something in one of the magazines that opened my eyes to our whole trouble. It said that most people make hard work of saving simply because they don't go at it in the right way. Their money doesn't last long because they have no check on it—no definite system for adjusting their outgo to their income. It said the only practical way is the budget system—split your salary up into proportionate parts; allow so much each week for this, so much for that, and then stick to it.

Then the article told of an almost automatic way for doing this—a new system for managing personal affairs; it was called the Ferrin Money Making Account System. It struck me that this was just what Edith and I needed if we ever expected to get our feet on solid ground. When I showed my discovery to Edith, she agreed with me, and immediately sent for the complete system.

That little step has proved to be our salvation. It has helped

WHERE did it all go? Forbes earned a good salary. Neither he nor Mrs. Forbes could be accused of extravagance. But somehow they could never keep more than a few dollars ahead of expenses. Then something happened that gave them a scare—and out of it they found an easy way to get on EASY STREET



"The things that went through my mind during that slow process of getting well, made me feel like a criminal."

READ!

Letter from Head of Financial Department of Largest Corporation of its kind in the United States.

"I consider your account book a remarkable contribution to the people of this country at this time. In our company we have 5,000 employees, and it was a revelation to me in giving them advice in regard to the making out of their income tax returns to find how few had any intelligent idea of their income and their living expenses.

The simplicity of your plan, which, by comparison with previous methods of account keeping, would seem to be well-nigh automatic, appeals to me strongly.

"They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but I will say to you that I am going to use the Ferrin Book for my own family expenses, and consider it will make money for me right from the start."

(Signed) D. S. Burton.

Letter from A. B. Dick, Jr., of the A. B. Dick Company of Chicago, Manufacturers of the Edison-Dick Mimeograph Machine:

"I can candidly say that all the record books which you have issued are practically invaluable to the man who wished to handle his personal and household accounts in the proper manner. I have seen several systems to take care of these matters, but yours covers the ground in a more thorough manner than any of them.

"To further show my appreciation I would like to have three copies of your Investment and Insurance Register, and also one copy of the Money Making Account Book if those are off the press and available. It would be particularly gratifying to have them in sufficient time for the opening of the new year. If you will forward your bill I will be very glad to remit."

(Signed) A. B. Dick, Jr.

us put nearly \$500 in the bank in less than six months—out of the same salary that was formerly never enough. At the same time it helped us to pay a big doctor's bill without ever missing the money.

The Ferrin Money Making Account System has shown us how to cut out all that old haphazard, hit or miss kind of spending, how to save money that we formerly frittered away—how to stop the little leaks that were keeping us poor.

The Magic Budget Plan

The Ferrin Money Making Account System is simplifying money matters for thousands upon thousands of people all over the country—helping square up bills and debts—putting money in the bank for people who never before saved a cent. It will help you in the same way. This system, which is simplicity itself, comprises:

The Ferrin Money Making Account Book
The Ferrin Kitchen Calendar (for the household)
The Ferrin Pocket Account Book
The Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register
The Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record

Compact information is given on Making a Budget, Keeping Expense Accounts, Making Safe Investments, Making an Inventory of Household Goods.

The pocket Account Book (price when sold separately, 50 cents) contains printed slips so that you have only to jot down the amounts of your daily expenditures. The Kitchen Calendar (price 50 cents) keeps track of household expenses. At the end of each week or month these amounts are transferred to the Money Making Account Book, which contains 112 pages, size 8 1/4 x 10 1/2 inches, and is bound in half blue Silk Cloth Back—Cadet Blue Cover, Paper Sides—Turned Edges, semi-flexible, stamped in gold on Front Cover. This book has been prepared by an expert to fit any salary from the smallest to the largest. Incorporated in it is a recapitulation for every month of the year, which shows at a glance the Budget and the amounts paid out during the month for the various classified items of expense. It is the only book to our knowledge which has a Budget Column for every month. Special columns are provided for items on which an income tax does not have to be paid, so that these amounts may be deducted at end of the year.

One Money Saving Feature

A war tax is now levied on almost every kind of article you buy. Few people know that the amounts so paid on daily purchases may properly be deducted from their income tax report. The following items, for example, are deductible: Interest on personal indebtedness; taxes on land, buildings and household property; war taxes on club dues, theatre tickets, transportation, telephone messages, telegrams, tobacco, etc.; contributions to churches, charitable, scientific or educational institutions which are not conducted for profit. By keeping track of these war taxes on the pages for daily expenditures, and transferring the weekly or monthly totals to the Money Making Account Book, you will effect a saving on your income tax that will surprise you and that will pay the small price of the System many times over. The Ferrin Investment Insurance Register is designed to keep an accurate record of your investments, insurance policies, etc. Contains 32 pages, size 5 x 8 inches, price separately, 50 cents.

The Ferrin Inventory and Fire Insurance Record will enable you to make and keep a complete inventory of every room in the house; also provides for record of your fire insurance policy. It is an absolute necessity in case of fire. It may save you many thousand times the cost, which is 50 cents when sold separately.

Two Minutes a Day

The Ferrin Money Making Account System takes only two minutes a day. Any grammar school boy or girl can keep the accounts. This method is not a hard task. Now you need not worry about the money you spend for clothes, food, rent, or the theatre. You will spend it freely because you know how much you can afford to spend. The Ferrin Money Making Account System is a most practical gift to any newly married couple. Many people use them for Christmas gifts.

Send No Money

See how the Ferrin Money Making Account System works magically, no matter how much or how little your income. We know what you will think of it when you see it. So we are willing to send you the complete System without your sending us any money in advance. Just mail the coupon and back will come the System by return mail. If you feel upon examination that you can afford not to have it, simply send it back and you will owe nothing. But when you have seen what big returns the Ferrin System will pay you, you will surely want to keep this wonderful aid to money-making.

You will appreciate what a remarkable offer this is when you consider that other expense account books are sold for \$3 and cover a period of only two years. The Ferrin Money Making Book covers four years, and therefore has twice the value, \$6. And in addition you get the Ferrin Kitchen Calendar, the Ferrin Pocket Account Book, the Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register, the Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record, each worth 50 cents, or \$2. You have the opportunity, therefore, of securing \$6 value for only \$1.97 plus postage. Thousands of these Systems were sold for \$3.50. You have the guaranteed privilege of returning it and having your money promptly refunded if you are not more than satisfied after the 3 days' examination. Independent Corporation, Dept. F-5812, 311 Sixth Ave., New York.

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State.....
Price outside United States, \$2.15. Cash with order.

Success 12-21

An Ounce of Nerve

(Continued from page 23)

of the mystery," began Clark. "I've been allowing everybody to put things over on me. I've been afraid to stand up for my convictions, and for other people's rights."

"Goodness! Now what's happened?" broke in his wife.

"Yesterday, I let myself get into the dumps because the office manager found our department empty. To-day I had a chance to get McIntyre's salary raised, but I didn't speak up. I was afraid."

"Afraid, dear; of what?"

"Afraid of losing my job, that's what!" The vigor of Clark's expression frightened his wife.

She tried to turn his seriousness into fun. "Ah, ha!" she declaimed, dramatically. "The chains of married life!"

"That, too," he came back with alarming quickness. "I was afraid for all of us. But now, instead of a gasoline wagon, those eighteen hundred dollars are going into the bank, and I'm going to find out whether there's anything to be afraid of. If they chuck me out, we'll have plenty to live on for several months till times pick up and I can find another job."

"Really, Frank, you had me scared to death with your weird talk," said Mrs. Clark with a sigh of relief; "but now I understand. I'm glad to hear you talk that way. I know you have worried over a good many things you never mentioned at home."

"Well, Hazel, will you pass up the motor-car for awhile and go in on the investment with me?" He was still excited.

"To the last cent, dear. What are you going to do first?"

"See that Mac gets his increase. Pass the biscuits, please."

SCARCELY had Clark entered the office, in the morning, before Williams, the office manager, put his head inside the traffic department. "The old bird was hoping he'd find me late," thought Clark. But at once he chided himself for his sarcasm. "E. W. is all right—outside of office hours. The poor fellow thinks he has to be a crab to hold his job—afraid like the rest of us." Then aloud: "Good morning, Mr. Williams."

"Good morning," answered E. W., forgetting to smile. "The bookkeepers are behind in their work, and I came to see whether you could let us have some help."

"I wish we could," said Clark, catching the direction of the office manager's thought, "but we are still collecting data on that rate case and trying to keep up our regular work at the same time. Maybe by the end of the week—"

"Miss Campbell told you I was here Monday afternoon?"

"Yes," fenced Clark, "I believe she got you the information you wanted."

"But there was an apparent lack of activity in the traffic department that afternoon. The young lady was not using her typewriter. Doesn't that

indicate that someone in the department hasn't enough to do?"

"Not at all, Mr. Williams." E. W. started. He was not used to such replies, especially from Frank Clark. "It merely indicates," Clark kept on, "that you happened along after Miss Campbell had finished a good day's work. She sticks to her work till it's finished and doesn't drag it over the whole day to avoid getting more."

For a moment, Williams was silent. Clark was surprised at himself for not trembling; he wasn't thinking about the eighteen hundred dollars, he was merely saying what he considered the truth.

But Williams was not through. "Couldn't the men, perhaps, spend more time at their desks, Mr. Clark?"

"Yes, they could; but they'd be neglecting the work for which they're being paid. For instance, when you found the office almost empty, I was in Mr. Hamilton's office, one man was out checking cars, and the other was at the city ticket-office. To take care of our work, I think it's going to be necessary to put on another man, and then we may be able to keep at least two in the office all the time."

"That is unlikely just now," Williams declared. "We are going over our organization with a view to reducing the force twenty per cent. Therefore, you may receive instructions to drop one instead of adding one."

Williams started for the door, evidently considering his last remark a good parting shot. Clark followed him. "Of course, if it comes to that, we'll have to obey orders, but"—with a force that sounded almost angry—"it can't be done down here unless we eliminate necessary work. It must be remembered that we have been working under a handicap ever since the boss's death."

Williams only shook his head up and down and closed the door behind him.

Clark wondered what had taken possession of him. Yesterday he would have said meekly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Williams;" to-day he spoke as he felt, and he knew he was speaking for the interests of his employers. The traffic department had an essential part to play in the growth of the company, and it was up to him to keep the department members happy and efficient. The incident made him feel taller, broader in the chest, and lighter at heart. Clark realized that his determination, born the night before, had put a new spirit into him. "Wonderful, what self-confidence a bank account can give," he mused. "Something like conversion."

THAT evening, after supper in the company restaurant, the department heads held their regular monthly meeting. Williams was in the chair, and the discussion had turned on the perennial subject of "help." A year ago, it was getting enough help; now it was reducing to the limit and getting a full day's work. Hamilton, the company treasurer, was called on to close the subject with a few "official words."

Everyone knew his theme in advance. He reviewed the thoroughly familiar business-situation and did not overlook the fact that many firms were laying off employees in great numbers, and others were reducing wages. He believed that the department heads should keep this trend of events before the members of their departments and make it clear that only by an unusual increase of efficiency and, in many cases, a doubling up of work would it be possible for the company to adhere to its historical policy of not reducing the incomes of the salaried men. His hearers exchanged inquiring looks and fidgeted around in their chairs. Was Hamilton's talk intended for advice, or was he preparing the way for breaking the sad news?

When he sat down, there followed an awed silence. The applause which customarily acknowledged an official's remarks was forgotten. Even the chairman was slow to rise to his feet. Clark wanted to get up. If ever he felt his heart in his mouth, it was at that moment. His temples throbbed, his heart hammered, and his lips were so dry that they felt glued together. He looked around twice, but finding that this survey only made him more feeble, he seized the back of the chair in front of him and pulled himself to his feet.

"Mr. Chairman," Clark's knees shook. His voice trembled. "And Mr. Hamilton." That was better; his voice was firmer. In the instant that the chairman granted him the floor, Clark thought of his eighteen-hundred-dollar sinking fund. His heart returned to its proper place, and he felt his voice ready to express his thoughts. "The importance of what you have just told us cannot be over-estimated." He swallowed. Yes, the saliva had returned. "But I think it's time to stop cracking the whip." Clark's eyes had been fixed on Mr. Hamilton; but, several chairs away, he saw such a start rouse Mr. Burns, who was languishing behind his cigar, that Clark turned and directed his speech towards the sales manager. He went on, more steadily than before. "By this time we have certainly weeded out the unsatisfactory help whom we took because we couldn't get anything better. Now I believe it is time to begin building up the morale, the spirit, of what has become our permanent force. We can't do it by keeping them worried, any more than you or I can do our best if fear is clogging our brain cells."

Clark saw that old man Sales Manager was sitting bolt upright. "I have too much confidence in the word of this house to think for a minute that salaries are going to be cut," he continued. "When we could get other jobs and higher wages almost anywhere, we were told that a day of reckoning would come some time; that those who remained loyal to the house would be taken care of when the crash came. We took their word for it, and we passed the same promise on to our departments. When profits were good, we salaried men took

(Continued on page 78)



Why Many Men Are Old at Forty

What you should know about the
Glands of your body

You have observed that some men of 70 appear to be younger in vitality than other men of 40 to 50. There is a vigor, an alertness, a commanding appearance much admired and coveted by the man who knows he is much younger in years. Perhaps the most common cause of ebbing strength and vigor which takes the spring out of the step and confidence out of the bearing, is the disturbed condition of an important gland. Even men of iron constitution are not exempt from the slow decline which is the result of this amazingly common irregularity. For those who would like to know its characteristics we have published, for limited complimentary distribution, an ethically accurate, educational, interesting book.

Prostatology

You may have a copy by simply requesting it. Its message may prove of unsuspected value to you. It clearly explains this vital gland and its functions, and how its disturbed condition may cause sciatica, backache, painful and tender feet, interrupted sleep, and other extremely uncomfortable and often serious conditions. It will tell you 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. (One should not confuse this new idea with massage, movements, diets, electric rays, drugs, etc.) Followers of the great Metchnikoff and other investigators in the science of long life endorse this means. The record of its successes, covering a period of nearly five years, is incontrovertible. The book is free. Simply address

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are a new means of applied hygiene, and therefore ethical. This is proved by the fact that hundreds of reputable physicians use and prescribe them. They are so simple to use, so understandable that the use of them has proved safe in the hands of the public. Their success has gained the highest commendation from men of prominence in health circles.

Here Is the Proof

Fort Wayne, Indiana,
August 19, 1921.

The Electro Thermal Company,
Steubenville, Ohio.

I wish to say that the Electro Thermal appliance is all that you claim for it and then some. It certainly is putting me back in the "A" class, and you may use my name and say anything you want to. From one of your clients you have made happy. Wishing you continued prosperity, I am
Yours truly,

B. FRANKLIN HUMMONS.

Graff, Cass County, Minnesota,
August 10, 1921.

The Electro Thermal Company,
Steubenville, Ohio.

I would not take \$500.00 and be placed back where I was six months ago. I feel very grateful to you people for what your appliance has done for me. My bowels are in fine working order. You may use my letter in whole or in part for the good of mankind.
Yours truly,

ED. CURTISS.

Ontario, California,
August 23, 1921.

The Electro Thermal Company,
Steubenville, Ohio.

I have always been inclined to discount testimonials, but I have no hesitancy in saying (in the interest of fellow sufferers) that the faithful use of your appliance for the treatment of prostatic troubles and constipation, has brought to me a wonderful relief from suffering and worry. This testimonial is entirely unsolicited.
Yours truly,

N. EATON.

The Electro Thermal Company, Pottstown, Pa.
Steubenville, Ohio.

I have given your Electro Thermal Apparatus a very fair trial in treating PILES, PROCTITIS, CONSTIPATION AND PROSTATIC TROUBLES. So far I have had gratifying results. Your device relieves pain in the rectum in cases of Piles, etc., and overcomes constipation. Piles yield very promptly to the application of heat which your apparatus produced. I had one case of SUB-ACUTE CYSTITIS that was very much benefited by the treatment, though you do not lay claim for anything in that line. It is certainly a very useful Electro Thermal applicator, and no up-to-date physician who is interested in the treatment of rectal troubles should be without it.
Yours truly,

W. O. SMITH, M. D.

Lawrence, Kansas.

The Electro Thermal Company,
Steubenville, Ohio.

The Electro Thermal appliance is an EXCELLENT INSTRUMENT FOR THE TREATMENT OF RECTAL AND PROSTATIC CONDITIONS, and the most satisfactory rectal appliance I have ever used. The instrument itself is HIGH GRADE and simple to operate. I am very well pleased with the results produced through its use.
Yours truly,

Dr. R. C. ALBRIGHT.

Boise, Idaho,
June 5, 1921.

The Electro Thermal Company,
Steubenville, Ohio.

Having now used the Electro Thermal treatment for three months, do claim it has been of great benefit to me. It gives quiet and rest to my tortured stomach and bowels, which worried me more than tongue can tell. It has saved the price which I paid for it, in medicine, which did me no good. Also quieted aches of the generative organs.

Bad stomachs and bowels like mine need this Electro Thermal treatment. I am very, very thankful to you and think others may be happy after giving Electro Thermal treatment a trial.
Yours truly,

J. W. LOFTON.

Canton, Illinois,
July 27, 1921.

The Electro Thermal Company,
Steubenville, Ohio.

The appliance I bought from you some time ago for enlarged prostate saved me from an operation. It also helped my digestion and rheumatism. It is a god-send to suffering humanity, a trial will convince the most skeptical. You may use this as you see fit with my signature.
Yours truly,

R. F. COX.

Are You Self-Poisoned?

If You Suffer from Autointoxication, Which Is Nothing More Than Self-Poisoning, You Are Getting Your Body in Condition for Serious Disease

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.



R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

All chronic systemic diseases are built on some form of autointoxication. It does not matter if you call the disease catarrh, bronchitis, rheumatism, Bright's disease, arterio-

sclerosis, neuritis or headache, you will find a history of autointoxication before the trouble became chronic.

Let us take a case from life and see what often happens to a person who is severely troubled with autointoxication. A manufacturer, fifty-five years of age, had the following history:

He had been in good health until he was fifty years old, that is he had not been troubled any more than the average with physical ills. At this time he failed in business and the fretting and the worry brought out his latent physical troubles. In a short time he became pale and anemic. His complexion was somewhat ashen, his tongue and his lips were pale; he complained of constipation, he felt weak and languid, and he was very depressed and hopeless. A physical examination showed that there was no serious organic trouble, but there was a lack of power and energy, partly manifesting in cold hands, cold feet and too low blood pressure. For five years he had been taking tonics, especially those containing iron, quinine and strychnine. He had also taken great quantities of beef cubes. This was for the purpose of building rich, red blood. At the age of fifty-five he was a physical wreck, and an admitted failure.

Then he stopped poisoning himself with drugs and followed a few simple instructions, with the result that within three months he was able to do good work. Within a year he was in good health and enjoyed as much energy as he needed. In short this man's trouble had been

autointoxication or self-poisoning. If it had been allowed to go on unchecked it would have resulted surely in serious disease.

Autointoxication is self-poisoning, brought about by incorrect habits. The chief source of this poisoning is the digestive tract, or there may be waste matters produced in the nerves, muscles, glands or other physical structures. When these wastes fail to be eliminated they poison the body, that is, they cause autointoxication. People eat and drink in such a way that the food goes into abnormal fermentation in the stomach and the bowels. The result of fermentation is the production of gases, acids and other forms of waste, including some waste materials that are violent poisons. These abnormal products are partly absorbed into the blood, where they poison the entire body. If the elimination is very good this poisoning is not extensive, but unfortunately the elimination often diminishes and then this poisoning or autointoxication grows progressively worse. This is especially true in cases of constipation, and it is well known that in chronic disorders constipation is the rule.

Another factor in autointoxication is that the body is forever undergoing change. In the processes of this change, which is called metabolism, acids, gases and other waste materials are produced. When the elimination is below par a part of these waste matters remain in the system and intoxicate it.

So the essential point of autointoxication is that we assimilate into the blood stream poisonous materials, and we fail to eliminate from the blood stream and from all the organs of the body enough of these wastes to keep the body wholesome, pure and clean. Then the body becomes foul, and filth within the body means disease.

How are we to prevent this undesirable condition, and how are we to overcome it when it has become established?

First, face the fact that if you are a sufferer from autointoxication it is your own fault. We get all things in life that are due us, including disease. Second, make up your mind that you are going to overcome it, and you can do it in every instance unless the condition has gone so far that destructive organic change has taken place in some part of the body, and even if organic degeneration has occurred the autointoxication can often be eradicated.

• • • • •

One of the first symptoms of Autointoxication is catarrh. If you take cold easily, or suffer from one cold after another, you are in a catarrhal condition; and the sooner you take heed of nature's warning and

eradicate your catarrh the surer you may be that serious disease will not overtake you.

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 the eradication of autointoxication, 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**, and all the attendant ills and symptoms that are the forerunners of more serious disease. 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 autointoxication, colds, coughs, or catarrh in any form, send only \$3, to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 805, 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 **re-mail the book and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.**

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from self-poisoning and the resultant 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.

How In One Evening I Learned The Secret of Drawing

By Walter Sayden

FROM boyhood, I have always wanted to draw things. I suppose there are hundreds of young fellows who feel the same way as I did. I often said that if it were possible, I should choose commercial art as a profession. It was not only the big salaries and independence enjoyed by artists and cartoonists that appealed to me, it was the fascination of the game itself.



He was drawing little pictures

But I could hardly draw a straight line. My friends used to have laughing hysterics at my attempts to sketch things.

One morning, as I was coming into town on the eight o'clock train, I met Larry Stafford. I had come into town with him every day for years, usually passing the time discussing the morning papers.

But this particular morning he had a pad and pencil in his hand. He was drawing little pictures of things that looked like a series of small animals.

"What on earth are you doing?" I asked in amazement.

Larry smiled. "Don't be afraid, I am quite sane. These little pictures are part of a scheme of mine. I am illustrating an idea. They are supposed to be a graphic representation of a deal I am putting over. They speak louder than words."

I watched him—amazed to see that he drew very well indeed. As he proceeded, and the drawings became more life-like, my curiosity was aroused—I asked him about it.

"Why, I am surprised that you ask me!" he answered. "Look how easy it all is"—and he quickly sketched a few other figures and grinned at my amazement.

"There is just one little secret of the whole thing, Walter," he added. "I never drew before in my life, and you see,—these little sketches really are not bad, are they? You have always wanted to draw, and even if you don't become an artist, you will find it a mighty convenient thing to know. This secret makes drawing as easy as writing. Let's get together this evening and I'll show you how simple it is. I'll give you a little lesson."

The Greatest Surprise of My Life

That night I was astonished to learn that there was but One Great Rule that covered every sort of drawing. I mastered this rule in just fifty minutes, and in two hours found that I could draw. Think of it! It was almost like magic. I had never before been able to draw a recognizable object.

At this time I was a salesman, so that the only time that I had to practice and apply this secret, this Rule, was in spare minutes when at the office or at home. But I progressed with almost unbelievable rapidity.

My First Real Drawing

One day I was talking with a buyer. Remembering Larry's "idea-pictures," I drew some figures to illustrate the point I was trying to establish. He looked at the pictures and caught my idea at once. Before I left he

gave me a larger order than I had ever before received from him. My pictures had put my idea over.

This worked so well, that I tried it again several times, in fact—and each time I got the same results. My pictures seemed to make a stronger appeal than my words, and my sales increased tremendously. But that was not all. Two weeks later, I overheard a conversation that struck me as amusing. I wrote it down, illustrated it and just for fun, sent it to one of the humorous weeklies. A few days later, to my great surprise and pleasure, I received a check from the art editor and a request for more contributions.

From that time on, I sent in little sketches and jokes, more or less regularly. A few months ago, I received an offer which startled me. The magazine for which I had been drawing wished to take me on the regular staff at a much greater salary than I was making.

My love of drawing came strongly to the front and, needless to say, I accepted at once, and the first thing I did was to tell Larry Stafford what his idea had led to. When he heard that I was actually a successful artist on a real magazine he gasped with amazement.

I told him how the same One Great Rule of drawing which had made it easy for him to draw had meant even more to me—and how this simple home-study course by a famous artist, Charles Lederer, which we had gone over that evening, had given me the secret which had meant so much.

Larry laughed at my enthusiasm, but admitted that such a remarkable success as mine was enough to make a man a bit optimistic.

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Don't misunderstand, I am not praising myself. The point is this,—if I, who never was able to draw at all, could achieve this really remarkable success, others can do the same or better.



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(Continued from page 74)

a virtual loss by bearing up under the high cost of living. Now, do you suppose this company is going to ask us to take another loss—just because we didn't get ours while the getting was good?"

The sales manager's look was becoming too penetrating to face, so Clark turned the flow of his speech on Williams. "You don't believe that, Mr. Chairman, and neither do I. Then why insinuate it to the men and women under us? We have been preaching loyalty to them for the past four years, and we're not going to destroy the wonderful spirit we have around this place by pumping fear into our people, by going to them and saying, 'don't be surprised if, one of these days, we come and tell you that all these fine speeches during the last four years were false—lies!' I for one have too much faith in my employer to believe that!" He sat down, and suddenly became self-conscious. He couldn't turn his head. His cheeks were burning and he was so numb he couldn't see or hear how his words had been received. His eyes found their way back to the sales manager. What made Burns stare like that?

Hazel was asleep when Clark got home. He tried to crawl into his bed without waking her; but just as he pulled the sheet about his shoulders, she spoke. "Have a good meeting, dear? You're late; it must have lasted long."

"Long enough for me to spill the beans, anyway. I'm afraid I put my foot into it to-night."

"Don't say you're afraid; remember the eighteen hundred dollars. Tell me about it at breakfast. Good-night."

"I'll bet she's dying to know; but she's a good bluffer," he thought. Then aloud, "Good-night."

THURSDAY morning, the president sent for Mr. Burns and Mr. Hamilton. "Let's decide what we want to do about the traffic department," he began. "The inquiries about the Big Four man all look favorable; and, in this morning's mail, I get an application from the traffic manager of the Parke-Butler Company."

Burns spoke up this time without waiting to see whether his superior had finished. "I've changed my mind. I'm for Clark."

"Well, that's a surprise. I thought he was out of the running altogether," said Mr. Rawling tauntingly. "What about his courage?"

"That man has more nerve than anybody else in this business," Burns made a gesture with his fist as he spoke. "I changed my mind last night."

The president's telephone rang. "Yes, Mr. Williams. Yes—yes—that's all right—go ahead." He was about to hang up. "Wait!" Rawling shouted into the instrument. "Mr. Williams, will you please come up to my office for a few minutes?" Then turning to the two other occupants of his office, "It'll do no harm to get Williams's opinion, and he'll like our having consulted him."

Mr. Rawling removed his eyeglasses and looked at Burns. "Tuesday I went down and had a talk with Clark; cov-

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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 \$1.98 plus a few cents postage. 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 little. Not to buy it may cost you business success, and you can easily waste in time and money many times its cost in unwise experimenting and in experienced effort.

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ered scarcity of jobs, changed conditions, and so forth—and finally told him we were turning down his recommendation on McIntyre. Clark didn't have a word to say. I came back convinced that you were right, that Clark hasn't enough courage to uphold our side of an argument. Now you change your mind."

Hamilton, elbows on chair-arms and chin on fists, had been sitting apart thinking and had not said a word up to this time. When he lowered his hands, the others turned to listen. "I didn't know what to make of it," Hamilton said. "Clark nearly bowled me over. I admit I didn't like it at first, till I remembered what Burns had said about backbone and I decided that Clark is our man."

"What's it all about?" asked the president. But before he could be answered, Williams came into the room. Rawling swung around in his chair.

"Mr. Williams, what is your opinion of Mr. Clark?" he asked. "What has been your experience with him in the office?"

Williams perceived at once that the department heads' meeting was being discussed by the three officers, and took for granted that Clark's speech was being criticised as effrontery. He felt called on to side with what he believed was their attitude.

"If you want me to speak frankly, Mr. Rawling," Williams said, and looked from one to the other, "I must admit that my last two observations could hardly be called favorable."

"We recognize the sincerity of your motives, Mr. Williams, and we value your observations," Mr. Rawling assured him.

"In an encounter I had with him yesterday afternoon," Williams went on, "I should say that he spoke with impudence."

"Impudence! From Clark?" exclaimed Hamilton with an air as if such a thing were beyond belief.

"Explain," requested the big chief.

"Monday afternoon, I found all the men out of the traffic department and the stenographer—unoccupied—profitably. Yesterday, I suggested that the work might be better arranged in order to give help to some of the other departments—" Williams stopped.

"Yes?"
Williams tried to fathom the peculiar look in Rawling's eye. Was he on the right track? "Mr. Clark disagreed with me!" The sentence was spoken with evident uncertainty.

The three officers laughed aloud, then, suddenly conscious of the heartlessness of their laughter, checked their mirth. Hamilton and Burns leaned back in their chairs as a signal that they left the healing of Williams's wound to the big boss. He, too, seemed at a loss, but finally said, "Thank you, Mr. Williams, that's exactly what we wanted to know." A nod indicated that Williams was permitted to retire, so he withdrew with evident relief.

"So you see the boy has some mettle, after all," laughed Burns.

"Now what about last night?" asked Rawling, and looked at Hamilton.

"As soon as I got through telling them

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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."

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that they'd have to work if they hoped to keep their salaries, Mr. Clark stood up and said we are not going to reduce wages."

"Give the boy credit," spoke up Burns. "He didn't say that at all. What he said was that he has too much confidence in the word of the house to believe that we are going to cut salaries." Burns spoke deliberately in an effort to quote Clark verbatim. "That if we want to keep a good spirit around here, we mustn't destroy confidence in our policies."

"Clark talked like that?" asked Rawling, lifting his eyebrows.

"Yes, he did," answered Burns, "and the boy's right. We preached loyalty to keep them from demanding a share of the profits when business was coming our way, and we're not going to double-cross them now and make them share our few losses."

"But wasn't such language a little too presumptuous before those men—almost contradicting an officer of the company—on a serious subject like that?" Rawling was seeking refuge from a question which he thought would occur to none but himself. He hadn't supposed that employees dared think thus.

"If this business is to live, that's the spirit it needs," the sales manager replied. He felt that he had committed himself to Clark's cause, and his sales instinct wouldn't let him yield. "Perhaps it isn't the sort of talk you want out of your clerks, but I tell you it's the courage that we must have in a traffic manager."

The president pressed his buzzer. When his secretary responded, Rawling asked to have Clark called to the executive's office.

Hamilton thought he had remained silent too long and the chief might believe Clark's remarks had offended the treasurer. "Just as I said," Hamilton put in by way of comment, "you can't judge a man's courage unless you give him a chance to show it."

"I'd be convinced," Rawling admitted, "if it weren't for my experience the other day. That's why I sent for him. Let's see whether he will stand up for McIntyre to-day."

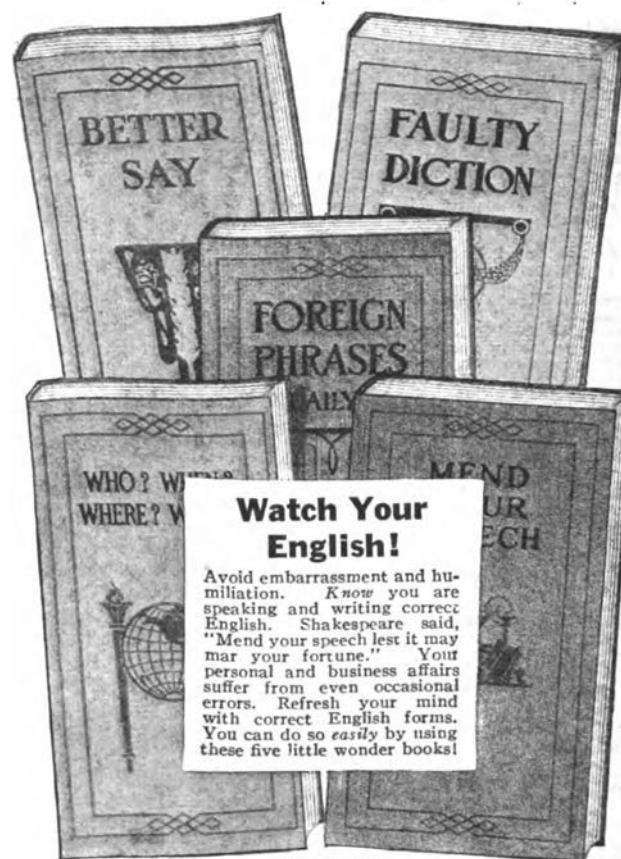
When Clark received his summons, he scented trouble. Maybe he shouldn't have used such a bold phrase as "cracking the whip." He heard that Williams, too, had had a star-chamber session that morning. "Collecting evidence to brand me as an agitator," he supposed. "But I'm no more socialist than they are. I'm a genuine capitalist with eighteen hundred dollars for assets."

This thought put just enough smile on his face to give him an air of confidence as he entered the sanctum and greeted the officers.

"Tuesday afternoon," commenced Mr. Rawling, "I told you that there could be no salary increases, but that—"

Clark in the instant decided it would be less impolite to interrupt than to dispute the chief's word, and he could not do otherwise if he were called here to explain his stand of the previous evening. "Yes," he broke in, "but I believe Mr. McIntyre's case should be considered on its own merits and not swept aside by a general policy. An increase for him

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would be a profitable investment for this business."

"That will do!" The words shot from the president's lips with such suddenness that Hamilton and Burns were as much startled as Clark was. "Wait for me in the anteroom."

Clark obediently put his hand on the door and then turned to say: "I hope you will give me an opportunity to lay the facts before you."

The president stared at him, but said nothing as Clark walked out of the office.

Hamilton still wondered at the chief's abruptness. "That was cruel," he remarked as if inquiring for a reason.

"But he didn't wince, even when you threw him out," grunted Burns, and shook his index finger at the door through which Clark had been dismissed.

FIFTEEN minutes later, Clark came down the stairs, smiling all over. He was tempted to hunt up Williams and give him a hearty slap on the back, but he didn't have time. The members of his department saw the beam on his face as he hurried past them and into the private office. He closed the door and picked up the telephone.

"Listen, Hazel, we're not going to deposit that eighteen hundred. No—six cylinders and all the trimmings. The piano? Get it on payments."

"You must be out of your head," came the acknowledgement over the wire.

"Out of nothing!" shouted Clark. "I'm right here in my own private office!"

Frenzied Farming

(Continued from page 28)

it was some new kind of a cow. You get that way after a while—bovinitis on the brain. That whistle was the only really exciting outside event in many weeks. We marked it down in our diary as distinguishing a day to be marked by a Blackstone.

I won't write much about haying, because I feel so sad it's all over; that is, all over but getting the eighth and ninth vertebra straight again. Maud Muller had nothing on me; and while I was haying, I had nothing much on myself but some overalls and a new crop of blisters. I forgot to add blisters to my list of four best crops. Make it five.

Thus a time of gladsome, health-bringing toil, of inspired literary work, of soul-refreshing slumber—lulled by the gentle harmonies of the Mosquito Wing'd Orchestra—sped swift away. Those three months didn't seem much longer than three years, really they didn't. That's getting a lot of vacation for nothing, I'll say.

After things got running in good shape, my daily round of elegant, gentlemanly farmerish activities assumed some such proportions as this:

A. M. Schedule

- 3.30 —Rooster Choir Overture, with Mooing Obligato.
3.30-4.10—Prayers for welfare of roosters and cows.
4.11 —Up, and bath in alabaster Roman pool, with solid silver piping.

A. EARL KAUFFMAN, of York, Penna., won Second Prize of \$1,500. Mr. Kaufman writes "I didn't win the \$1,500 prize The Palmer Plan won it. But I'm going to spend it."



ANNA B. MEZQUIDA, of San Francisco, won Third Prize of \$1,000. Mrs. Mezquida writes "I should not have known how to go about preparing an acceptable scenario without the Palmer Plan to point the way."

FRANCES WHITE ELJAH, of Chicago, won First Prize of \$2,500. Mrs. Eljah writes "You can understand how thankful I am to the Palmer institution for having given me a training which made the success possible."

them because they had courage enough to clip a coupon and test their ability to write for the screen. Will you, in your own home, make the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability, by filling out the questionnaire designed by Charles E. Van Loan, the famous master of the photodrama and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly professor of short story writing at Northwestern University? The questionnaire will be sent free, without the slightest obligation, as a part of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation's nation-wide search for story-telling talent for the screen. Will you clip the coupon below and make the test? The effort required is trivial; the possible rewards are immense.

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The questionnaire is for our protection as well as yours. If you have story-telling talent we want to help you develop it. If you have no story-telling ability we shall tell you frankly. For unless you can write scenarios that we can sell we do not profit.

We shall treat the questionnaire confidentially. For your own sake, and for the sake of the future of the motion-picture industry, send for the questionnaire and try, at least.

Clip the coupon, put in an envelope and mail; who can tell what the rewards in your case may be.

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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.

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Present Position

Success, Dec. 1933

- 4.11½ —Out to woodpile.
4.12-4.29—Getting fire started
4.30-5.01—Pumping water, shoveling away the Uhs, mixing grain, carrying grain and water to barn, hen house, pig pen. Putting hay and grain in cows' stanchions.
5.02-5.28—Feeding and watering horses, pigs, poultry.
5.29-5.58—Cleaning the Augean stables.
5.59-6.14—Calling, "Co-boss, co-boss!"
6.15-6.37—Hiking to pasture with brain-storm hound, and coaxing bossies to "co."
6.38-7.38—Incarcerating bovines, milking same, turning same loose with boot-toe massage, a hoe handle and prayer. Carrying milk to house.
7.39-8.02—Rescuing calf from drowning self in milk bucket. (Application for Carnegie Medal already sent in, thanks.)
8.03-8.14—Partly successful attempts to wash up.
8.15-8.21—Breakfast in the Blue Room, on the ancestral Sèvres ware.
8.22-11.29—Off to fields, to dig up blight camouflaged as potatoes, and pick worms masquerading as apples.
11.30-12.19—Lumbering operations, followed by riding the saw horse for exercise

P. M. Schedule

- 12.20-12.31—Partial failure in washing up.
12.32-12.39—Lunch in the Mauve Room, on the ancestral silver.
12.40-1.07—Pumping and woodbox-drill.
1.08-5.01½—Haying, to tune of: "Scot wha hay, wi' blisters bled."
5.02-5.17—Going down to R. F. D. box to remove returned manuscripts choking same.
5.18-5.33—Returning to Elmwood, with muttered prayers for editors.
5.34-8.31—Same pogrom—I mean, program—as beginning at 4.11½, A. M., ending in
8.32-8.41—Full Dress Dinner in the Jade Room (appropriate, as we were always completely jaded), on the ancestral gold-plate.
8.42-8.44—Piling the day's dishes in sink, with remark: "Well, I guess we'll leave these till to-morrow."
8.45-9.03—Bandaging blisters and applying iodine to same.
9.04-9.06—Rest, recreation, reading works of literature, walking close to nature, thinking pure thoughts—uplift, gratitude for all blessings, etc.
9.07—Retire in the Imperial Suite. Allow Uhs to begin operations. Nothing to do till to-morrow at 3.30 a. m.

Appropriate Quotation:

"Something attempted, practically nothing done.
Had earned a night's repose."

The rest of the time I had to myself, for writing my immortal classics.

Pogrom subject to change (for the worse), in case of rain.

THUS passed that happy, carefree summer, in idyllic idleness. All we worked was an eight-hour day—eight in the morning and eight in the afternoon. Why do young folks ever leave the farm for the false lure of the Great White Way? Mystery unsolved, up to date of going to press.

Back at Elmwood we totally escaped the dangers of "high living and low thinking," about which I believe Emerson says nothing. Our life was ideally perfect and perfectly ideal. We cried bitterly when cousin and Mrs. Ezra returned; and so did they when they looked over the farm—especially the apple-tree stumps. It sometimes affects people that way, to get back home again and find the dear old place has been going on without them. Great tears rolled down all our faces when we had to leave, and once more return to the hardships and privations of a city apartment.

But F. Wife and I bore up bravely under it. We're always that way, courageous in a vital crisis.

We are now back in town, mourning for the "dear dead days beyond recall," like a Supreme Court Justice. Up at Elmwood, Cousin and Mrs. Ezra are mourning, too. I think they want us to come back, most cordially. At least, Ezra writes that if I *do* come back, he'll hand me something—I forget what. Ought we to go? We shall have to consider this question seriously.

I am now writing a
"HANDBOOK OF HANDY HINTS
FOR HARASSED
HUSBANDMEN."

Those who have seen the manuscript declare that nothing at all like it exists. Please get your orders in early.

My blisters are practically all healed. The osteopath says my spine will probably be pretty nearly all right in a couple of years. I don't mind much now, either. If you didn't know it, you'd hardly know it.

F. Wife wants to go to Bar Harbor, next summer. So it's either that or Elmwood Farm.

As I think it all over, Bar Harbor hasn't a chance in the world. To escape our visit, I mean.

I don't think Cousin Ezra would go all that distance, just to hand me that present he has for me. Something seems to whisper that I'd rather he wouldn't. After all, why put him to unnecessary expense?

P. S.—But this is a mere digression.

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Contributes another wildly humorous article to the January **SUCCESS**

FIGHTING FOR FAT!

You have read how Irvin Cobb, Samuel G. Blythe and Don Marquis struggled to get thin. Don't miss George Allan England's story of his effort to do the opposite.

In **SUCCESS** for January



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Send your order early so it may be filled before the Christmas rush begins.

Success Magazine
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Generosity

A NEW YORK Christmas Fund received a letter from an inmate of a New York penitentiary, enclosing two dollars for the poor children's Christmas Fund. "I am to spend my Christmas in the penitentiary, which will bring unhappiness to me," the writer stated. "I want to even up the score by bringing happiness to someone else on Christmas Day, and at least bearing a part of the burden it is my duty to bear."

Another letter signed, "Just a No-good Guy," enclosed a dollar for the Children's Fund.

The inmates of the poorhouse on Blackwell's Island, New York, made up a purse of quite a good many dollars for those who are poorer than they. Think of poorhouse inmates trying to help others! It should shame those of us who do not give a hundredth part of what we should and could give to help others who are unfortunate.

How cold blooded most of us are when it comes to others' needs and others' troubles! How selfish we are, always thinking of our own comforts, our own luxuries before we help those who haven't even the necessities of life!



Her Idea of Drudgery

A LITTLE girl in a poor family has to wash a great many dishes. Someone began sympathizing with her one day, remarking what "drudgery" it must be.

"No," she replied. "It's great fun. I have given every dish a name, and they are all my children—my dolls. I talk to them while I am washing them and drying them. I pretend that I am dressing them. I like to have them all nice and clean. And I'm sure they like me for looking after them so well. It's lots of fun."—B. C. Forbes, in *The New York American*.



Bad Manners Are Punished

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE was on his way to Richmond, and was seated in the extreme end of a railroad car, every seat of which was occupied. At one of the stations, an aged woman of humble appearance entered the car, carrying a large basket. She walked the length of the aisle and not a man offered her a seat. When she was opposite General Lee's seat, he arose promptly and said, "Madam, take this seat." Instantly a score of men were on their feet, and a chorus of voices said, "General, have my seat."

"No, gentlemen," he replied, "if there was no seat for this old lady, there is no seat for me."

It was not long before the car was almost empty. It was too warm to be comfortable.

General Lee sounded the keynote of a true gentleman in his unselfishness and consideration for others.

The punishment for bad manners is as certain as the punishment for crime. By common consent, society banishes the bad-mannered.



"STRIKE and the world strikes with you, Work and you work alone; Our souls are ablaze with a bolshevik craze, The wildest that ever was known."

Groan and there'll be a chorus;
 Smile and you make no hit;
 For we've grown long hair and we preach despair,
 And show you a daily fit.

Spend and the gang will cheer you;
 Save, and you have no friend;
 For we throw our bucks to the birds and ducks,
 And borrow from all who'll lend."
Walt Mason (Selected.)



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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.

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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

We Must Look to the Schools

By Frank A. Vanderlip

Formerly President of the National City Bank,
New York

THE changed scope, character, and methods of modern business have united to demand men with a training superior to anything that was ever needed of the future. That general training cannot be had in the highly specialized process of the routine work of the office. The practical school of experience is too wasteful as a teacher of general principles. There will, of course, be the exceptional man who will come up through that routine training and dominate his field by the force of his intellect, but in the main the new conditions of affairs demand a superior training such as only the schools can give.

A Change Is Coming

ONE of the strangest and most unaccountable things in the world is to be found in the fact that we so flagrantly misinterpret the Great Teacher's personality and message. The sunniest and cheeriest of souls and the bravest message of hope and victory that ever came to man have been made the medium for centuries of dolor and gloom to the world—the good news being turned into the bad news, the glad tidings into the tidings of gloom, and the fairest vision that ever greeted the children of men transformed into a death's head!

But a change is coming over the spirit of the long-time hideous dream.—Thomas B. Gregory in *The Evening World*, New York.

Would You—?

WOULD you be at peace? Speak peace to the world.

Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.

Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.

Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his desire except all the world share it with him. And every good word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power, working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—including yourself.—Elizabeth Towne.

Get It Done

IT isn't the job we intended to do,
Or the labor we've just begun,
That puts us right on the balance sheet;
It's the work we have really done.

Our credit is built upon things we do,
Our debit on things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay bills;
It's easy enough to plan.
To wish is the play of an office boy;
To do is the job of a man.
—Richard Lord (Selected).

Remorse

"I AM the guest who comes unbid, with voice forever chiding,
Deep in the secret heart of man, I am the long abiding;
Would you avoid the pain of me, the wracking, cutting laughter,
Pause ere you speak or act, to ask if I may come thereafter."—Selected.

Don't simply see how you can "put in the day." See how much good you can put into the day.

How to get a grip on life

THOUSANDS of people are failures because their grip is weak and lifeless. They never impress anyone—nobody ever pays any attention to them.

All around you are men who are forging ahead. How do they do it? Through impression—through mastering and dominating other weaker individuals. The biggest part of impression is in the hand shake—the grip you give another. It marks you then and there, either as a success or a failure.

A strong grip is a matter of development. In ten days you can double the strength of your grip and increase the size of your forearm from one to two inches. It is easy—requires only the use of the VICTOR Master Grip and Forearm Developer. Scientific course of progressive exercises given FREE with each one. Will last lifetime. Price only \$3.00. Send for one now and start on the road to success. Money back if you are not satisfied. Valuable booklet "How to Get a Grip on Life" sent FREE.

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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.

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A WONDERFUL BOOK—read about it! Tells how easily Stories and Plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't DREAM they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy." weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling,

realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to win! This surprising book is absolutely free. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it now. Just add...

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Any form, cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chewing or snuff. Guaranteed. Harmless. Complete treatment sent on trial. Costs \$1.00 if it cures. Nothing if it fails. **SUPERBA CO. D37 BALTIMORE, MD.**

Are You a \$50,000 Man?

DID you ever think what you are really worth as a business producer?

Thompson, of Detroit, puts it this way:

\$3,000 is six per cent on \$50,000.

If you are earning \$3,000 a year you are worth as a human, producing machine, \$50,000.

If you were running a factory in which was a machine of steel and brass that cost \$50,000, you would insist upon it being run to full capacity, wouldn't you? Every hour and every minute of the working day you would want it to be producing.

If it stopped for half a day because it got tired or out of order or someone threw a monkey wrench into the gears you would feel that you were losing a lot of real money.

All right.

Suppose you slow up or lay off.

Maybe you're a \$75,000 man or maybe you're a \$25,000 man—no matter what the value. You see what you lose when you let yourself run slack.—*Impressions.*

What We Need

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the sage of Emporia, Kan., once remarked that if a crowd of Americans fell from a balloon they would organize a rescue party on the way down, electing a president, secretary, and treasurer to handle matters as soon as they struck earth.

Organizing is one of our foremost amusements. It is becoming one of our foremost follies.

Organization implies concentrating, delegating responsibility. This may be all right, and maybe it is efficient, but it can be carried too far.

We are reaching the point where we expect to be waited on. We look to others rather than to ourselves. We organize—then we let the other fellow worry.

The workman looks to his union, and the small business man to the large business man, while the general public expects the government or the newspapers to take care of its interests.

Too much passing the buck is going to get us into trouble.

We need more of old-fashioned individual thinking and action.—*Organization.*

Clock Watchers, Beware!

THE great trouble with too many is that they put no value at all on time. They watch the hands of the clock go round with as little regard for the fleeing hour as for a passing wind. For a spent dollar another may be earned to take its place. For the lost friend another may be gained, but for the hour that is gone, for the minute that is wasted, there is no supplying a substitute, no replacement. It is gone forever. It was time, not guns nor generals, that won and lost at Waterloo, and Napoleon was not alone among the great generals who were defeated by the clock. Beware, time and tide fly. Give us time, great men will tell you, and then we can solve every problem the world gives to us; as the wheels of the clock turn so must brains turn. Clock watchers, beware! Think of your work and work with the sun, and when your work is done, it's done.

If top-notch effort yields you no happiness, there's something wrong either with you or your efforts. Sit down and do some analyzing.

There are some people who live without any purpose at all and who pass through the world like straws on a river. They do not go, they are carried. Don't be a drifter.

New Way to Find and Correct Your Mistakes in English

YOU can now learn to speak and write masterly English without memorizing rules, without tiresome exercises, without drudgery.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Few people realize how many mistakes they make in the vital points of English. Sherwin Cody, in thousands of tests, found that the average individual is only 61% efficient. The reason for this, he felt, was due to the old methods of teaching English, by hard rules and by dry exercises. Mr. Cody then determined to apply scientific principles of teaching the correct use of our language. His great problem was to find your mistakes, correct them, make the RIGHT WAY stick in your mind, and do all this in fifteen minutes a day.



Sherwin Cody's New Self-Correcting Method

Mr. Cody finally evolved a new invention, on which he was allowed a patent. This invention was tried out in the schools of two Western cities; it was tried out by big corporations; it was tested with thousands of individuals. The results universally showed greater improvement in English in SIX WEEKS than was often formerly secured in TWO YEARS with old methods.

With Mr. Cody's unique device, you do the lesson given on any particular page, then you see just how Mr. Cody would correct that paper. You mark your errors and check them in the first blank column. Next week you try that page again and on the second unmarked sheet, correct your errors and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you have failed to remember. A remarkable advantage of Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answer to 50 questions in 15 minutes, and correct your work in 5 minutes.

More Fascinating Than Playing a Game

Another important advantage is, you waste no time in going over the things you already know. Your efforts are automatically concentrated on the mistakes you are in the habit of making, and through constantly being shown the right way, you soon acquire the correct habit in place of the incorrect habit.

FREE Write for this Amazing Book

A booklet explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable Course in Language Power is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling or punctuation, if you cannot instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this book will prove a revelation to you.

A polished and effective command of the English language not only gives you the stamp of education but wins friends and impresses favorably those with whom you come in contact. Many men and women spend years in high school and years in college largely to get this key to social and business success. And now a really efficient system of acquiring an unusual command of English is offered to you. Spare-time study—15 minutes a day—in your own home will give you power of language that will be worth more than you can realize.

Write for this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon or a letter, or even a postal card.



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Beaver City's Buying Strike

(Continued from page 48)

boy was sick she had a doctor for him. I haven't heard of any lawyers going out of business. Or the policemen. Or the firemen. Or the railroad conductors and engineers. Aside from them, and a few thousand others I could name, nobody is working. Beaver City is in the grip of a terrible wave of unemployment."

"Nobody's making any money," growled Seymour. "If they are, they aren't spending it."

"Last night was a pretty hot night," went on Gordon. "I thought there wouldn't be many at the 'movies' so I tried to get into a 'movie theater.' I went to three and found I could only buy standing room. If I'd known they were giving away tickets I'd have tried a couple more. They tell me they had eight thousand out to the ball game, Sunday. If I remember rightly, they advertised that they were going to charge admission. From what you say they must have changed their minds."

"But you don't understand—" grunted Seymour, feebly.

"Yes, I do understand, Mr. Seymour," said Gordon. "This city is like a lot of other cities and business men, too. When one factory shuts down, business has gone to the dogs. If two of them shut down—there's a panic due. But the people are spending money to buy things they know are right. The big fellows in the business world have gone right on advertising. They know business is eighty per cent normal, and they're going after their share. Some day, the rest of us are going to wake up and find out that there wasn't any buyers' strike—and that the fellows who went ahead and advertised just as if they'd never heard those two words, have all the business. If you want a little of the money that they are getting, or that is going for ice cream and 'movies' and baseball, just show the people that you've got something they need at prices they'll like. If you can't show them prices, make them think they need it hard enough and they'll pay your prices—if they know that you aren't profiteering. But you can show prices, Mr. Seymour. Advertise those prices and you'll get business—and lots of it."

"I've told you a dozen times, I've wasted money advertising."

"Sure, you've wasted it," agreed Gordon, cheerfully. "You've been trying to tell the world about what you've got in the *Gazette-Post*, which has a circulation of about three thousand—and a lot of that free copies."

"I buy it," Seymour maintained.

"You buy it. Yes. But you read the *Times*. Because old man Toll is an old friend of yours, you go on, year after year, throwing money away with his paper. Why, you might as well run out into the middle of the street and whisper that your place is being robbed and expect to have the police force come on the run, as to advertise in the *Gazette-Post*, and get buyers. Go into the *Times* and tell thirty thousand people that you've got kitchen cabinets."

"No. I can't afford it. That settles it. And it isn't the time, anyway." With this, the old man turned his back and shuffled his way to the office, leaving Gordon alone.

"I didn't get away with that very well," admitted Gordon, ruefully, a few moments later when Miss Seymour appeared from behind a buffet where she had been hiding.

"No, I'm afraid you didn't," she agreed.

"Well, we're going to start the secret stuff now," Gordon said. "Watch our smoke from now on." He got his hat and left the store.

HIS first stop was the *Times* office. A few minutes later found him at the Hotel Andrews in conversation with a heavy gentleman who was perspiring freely and exuding nothing but heat.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gordon," the salesman said, finally. "I'd like to sell you a carload of our kitchen cabinets. But I'm afraid—Well, you know how business is—And—ah—you know our terms are—as it were—cash."

"In other words," exclaimed Gordon, testily, "you've got orders not to sell Seymour except on a strictly cash basis."

"To tell the truth, Mr. Gordon," the salesman explained, "I had things mixed up this morning. This is my first trip over this territory, and I'm working with Seaman's—he's the fellow who was here before me—information cards. I got them mixed up and didn't find out until after I'd left your store that he hadn't sold the old man anything for five years and wouldn't on a bet. So I guess there is nothing doing." With a gesture of finality, he closed the conversation.

Gordon hastened to the telegraph office, where he wrote a message to the president of the Manton Manufacturing Company, which started: "For the love of Mike, Harry, wire this dumbbell salesman that you've got here"; and ended, "and please make it snappy. Don."

Don Gordon had been writing advertisements for Manton Kitchen Cabinets for six years, and usually managed to get in eighteen holes of golf with the president of the Manton company whenever he visited Saginaw.

Half an hour later, the heavy gentleman, still perspiring but rather white around the eyes, rushed up to Gordon, who was still sitting in the hotel lobby.

"I've—ah—just got a wire to take your order for as many kitchen cabinets as you want." His manner was ingratiating, to say the least. "The home office suggested that you might want more than a carload. They are holding that many for my orders and will ship at once. I'm sorry this happened—really—"

"Don't be sorry, old man," said Gordon, giving the salesman a parting hand-clasp. "Think of the commissions."

Later in the day, he found a chance to talk to Miss Seymour. "There is a carload on the way," he confided. "They're consigned to me, so your father won't know until we tell him."

"We can't ever thank you—" she began.

"Then please don't try," he stopped her, and blushed uneasily.

On the following Monday, the *Times* ran its first advertisement of the famous kitchen-cabinet series. It was a page-deep, two-column advertisement on the third page, right hand, one of the best positions in the paper.

"A message to you, Mr. Grocer," it was headed; and the copy was aimed right at every grocer in Beaver City. Mr. Grocer was told that he had been chosen first to receive the message because he was naturally interested in foods and in getting the housekeeper to use them right. From then on it talked kitchen cabinets in direct, straight-from-the-shoulder language. At first, the grocer might think that he was being told only why his customers should have kitchen cabinets. But, before he had read far, he found that he was being convinced that he needed one right in his own home. And, subtly—oh, so subtly! the advertisement was talking to Mrs. Grocer.

At the end of the advertisement was the following message: "*Don't buy just a kitchen cabinet. You want the best that there is—and you want to buy it at the best price possible. Mr. Banker, I'm going to talk to you to-morrow.*"

The next day, Mr. Banker heard a lot about kitchen cabinets. He learned that a kitchen cabinet was one of the best aids in his present campaign for thrift. Then he discovered that he needed a kitchen cabinet in his home—that his wife would appreciate one in her kitchen whether she did her own work or whether she hired a dozen cooks. And at the bottom was the old message:

"Don't buy just a kitchen cabinet."

"Something new in prescriptions for you, Mr. Doctor," was the third of the series. Then came the lawyers, the clergymen, the jewelers, the barbers, until fourteen of the leading businesses in the town had been covered. Better than that—the wives of each man in these fourteen businesses had been told just why she needed a kitchen cabinet—a new one—then. It was a smashing series of wonderfully written, sales-compelling advertisements.

WITH malicious joy, Gordon noted at the end of the week that three competitors were trying to tie their advertising up with the mysterious series.

"They'll sell some," he thought, "but we've got most of the people where we want them. They won't buy until they see the last 'ad.' Then it will be up to us to give them prices."

"What do you think of that kitchen-cabinet campaign?" he asked Seymour, innocently, one day.

"Darned foolishness!" snapped the old man. "How does anyone expect to sell 'em when he doesn't say who he is? No one wants to buy, anyway." He dismissed the subject with a shake of his head.

After the tenth advertisement had appeared, he called Gordon to his office. "Better get down some of those kitchen cabinets we've got on the third floor," he said. "Put 'em in the window and price them. Maybe we'll corner some of the trade that fellow is trying to get. And we'll run a little 'ad' in the *Gazette-Post*."

Gordon wanted to pat the old man on the back. Instead, he and Miss Seymour spent a good hour convincing him that he'd better not waste his money advertising, and that the window was too crowded already. In the end, they compromised by bringing three cabinets down to the main floor. When Gordon noted Seymour's prices, he felt like kissing the old man.

"Oh, boy," he said to himself, "nobody in town can touch us."

The next morning, it was intimated that the final advertisement of the series would be run on the following Monday. It told the people to wait until then—to wait and then compare prices. It closed with these words: "Don't buy just a kitchen cabinet. Get the best at the best prices. Make an investment, not an expenditure."

On Monday, everybody in Beaver City bought a *Times*. Gordon had spread himself on this last advertisement, and it was a great piece of sound, selling argument, with prices—a fitting finale to the campaign. Gordon had recovered the old punch, and he knew he had never written a better advertisement. He even forgot his old prejudice against the slogan, and the copy ended with: "You'll see more people at Seymour's to-day. And they'll all be buying kitchen cabinets."

"Not any too good; but it'll please the old man," he had thought when he wrote it.

BUT it didn't please the old man because he never got that far. Like everyone else in Beaver City, he opened the *Times* at the third page—and then he dropped it into his coffee.

"Look—look here!" he gasped, when he had recovered sufficiently to speak. "Look at what the darned fool has done. Those are *my* ads." Oh, where does he expect to get the money?" he finished weakly.

Almost apoplectic, he allowed his daughter to help him into his coat. Then, not waiting for her, he started for the store on a near run. Before he had gone a block, he was met by Mrs. Gregg, wife of one of the best surgeons in the city.

"Good morning, Mr. Seymour," she called cheerfully. "Wait just a minute. I'm on my way to your sale."

"There ain't no sale!" shrieked the old man as he hurried on, leaving the poor lady dumfounded.

At the store, he burst into the door prepared to annihilate Gordon. But he found that his progress was impeded by the presence of some fifteen or twenty customers who had already gathered at this early hour to buy kitchen cabinets. The old man pushed his way through the crowd and stopped by a kitchen cabinet. With a groan, he noted that Gordon had marked the price up fifteen per cent. He went to another

and found that the same thing had happened.

"He'll never sell 'em at those prices!" he almost wept. He didn't know that "those prices" were fifteen or twenty per cent below the best that his competitors could offer.

Then Gordon, perspiring from his efforts, spotted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Seymour," he called. "And Miss Seymour," for the daughter had arrived by this time. "Thought you weren't going to be here. Mrs. Silsby, who has just bought one of the kitchen cabinets, is interested in this Jacobean dining-room suite. I'm not so familiar with the better furniture—so I'll ask you to wait on her."

"Look here," murmured Seymour weakly. For the moment he became incoherent. Before he had fully recovered he found that Mrs. Silsby had bought the Jacobean suite and was looking at a high-priced lounge.

"We've needed one so long," she explained, "but never could find just what we wanted at a price that suited us. I wish you'd reserve this for me, for half an hour. I'll call Fred on the phone and get him to come right over and look at it."

Seymour, by this time, had regained his breath. He looked around and saw that, over Sunday, Gordon, aided by a couple of men he had hired, had brought down some of the best furniture from the upper floors and put it where it could be seen, with prices prominently displayed. In almost every case the old man noted that the prices were higher than he had ever hoped to get. When he remembered what Mrs. Silsby had paid for the dining-room suite, he smiled happily.

Half an hour later found him in the thick of things. He had taken over the sale completely and was directing Gordon and his daughter in their work.

BY noon every kitchen cabinet was sold.

"What'll we do now?" groaned the old man. "The cabinets are gone and there are three or four people waiting to buy. I hate to send 'em away."

"I'm having some brought in just as soon as they can be unloaded," explained Gordon, and he told the old man about the carload that was in the freight yards.

"I was thinking about getting that carload, myself," grinned Seymour, and went back to his customers.

That night, a tired Gordon led the Seymours to the hotel for dinner.

"It's been almost too easy," he said, after they had dined. "Now all we've got to do is to keep them coming. We'll keep right on advertising for one thing. I've been in touch with some people in Grand Rapids, and as fast as we clean out the old stuff—and we'll knock competition cold with our prices—we'll be able to load up with new. And we'll get the benefit of the latest reductions in prices. When we offer cash to those fellows at Grand Rapids—they'll eat us alive. I think you'd better go up there to-morrow, Mr. Seymour. On the ground, you ought to be able to pick up some real bargains. Show them cash and they'll give you deliveries."

"On our end here, we'll keep at it with



\$100 a Week!

**He doubled his pay
and now enjoys the comforts and
pleasures of a real income**

Why not double your pay? Thousands of our students have done it and thousands more will do it. You can be one of them. Do not think for a moment that it is luck or pull which brings success and real money—far from it. It is preparing for the big opportunity and knowing what to do when the right time comes that does it. The men who have made successes for themselves were ready when their main chance came. *Your* main chance, too, will come. Are you ready for it?

Remember the Empty Lot?

The older fellows were playing ball and you were watching, wondering if you would ever get a chance to play. You knew if you only got a chance you would show them. Sure enough, one day they hollered, "Come on, kid, grab a bat!" Your chance at the pill had come. That is the way with life. Your chance at the pill will come, but if you want to stay on the team, you will have to deliver the goods—and that you can do only if you are prepared. The big money and the permanent job go to the man who knows.

You Can be the Man "Who Knows"

We will show you how. Without loss to you of a single working hour, we can show you a sure way to success and big pay. A large number of men in each of the positions listed are enjoying their salaries because of our help. We want to help you. Make a check on coupon against the job you want and we will help you get it. Write or print your name on the coupon and send it in today.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. G-96, Drexel Ave. and 58th St. Chicago

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. G-96, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago
Send me full information on how the **PROMOTION PLAN** will help me win promotion in the job checked.

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|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.....

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.



Whatever You Do Don't Neglect Your Eyes, Says Dr. Lewis, Who

Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50% in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa.—Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. He says neglect causes more eye troubles and poor sight than any other one thing. Many whose eyes were failing say they 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 leading druggists.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



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

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.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory. M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 1585 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's, and other First Class Drug Stores

the advertising. Why, we'll make Beaver City forget there's ever been a buyers' strike. These people are furniture hungry—and they've just been waiting for some one to convince them that prices are right to make them buy."

He was right. Within a week, the carload of kitchen cabinets was gone and another had been ordered. It was partly sold before it came. The old man's trip to Grand Rapids was a great success. Always a keen buyer, he had never done better. Even when most of the old stock had been cleaned out—and it was sold at prices that more than paid for its storage—Seymour, bolstered by the bargains he had picked up, was underselling his competitors by a good margin. Seymour's store was alive again. It was on Beaver City's furniture map.

At the end of his third month, Gordon sat down in his room at the Seymour's—he had been invited to move there some time before—and wrote a letter to one of his partners. It read:

"Dear Mac:

"It has been a grand three months. The old punch has come back. Some time, when I'm not so happy, I'll write you a grand story about it. But, just now, I want to tell you I'm going to take another month—this time in the mountains. And when I come back I'll bring with me the latest partner, Mrs. Gordon. Don."

I Might Have Made a Million

(Continued from page 44)

I met an old friend who had a small office in the Knickerbocker Building. He was conducting a play brokerage. He listened keenly as I told him my plans and outlined my ideas of promotion. I was overjoyed when he said, "I'll help you 'put it over.' I have a few dollars and my wife has some saved up. Let's make it a three-cornered affair and go to it on a small scale—at least, until we get it moving."

We organized our little company. It was quite different by contrast from the stupendous affair at Delmonico's.

Immediately I commenced our new "children"—the pressing plates—and money was deposited in an up-State factory to cover the first run of 200 records. But failure after failure followed with the pesky "children." The reliable plating company would issue set after set to the factory, each only to be returned after a few records had been struck off.

A colossal Liberty Loan drive was coming on. I had worked up a possible order for 100,000 records to be sent broadcast over the United States to help the drive. The factory had orders to run day and night for five weeks. It needed five tons of material and 250 sets of pressing plates—and I could not get one set really complete. There were flaws to render the record useless. And I was daily receiving orders from all parts of the world.

November, 1918, and the war was still raging. I left the plating company

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

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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. 750, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

with another new set. They were hurried to the factory. The factory finally reported, "Plates are O. K. We are sending you sample of new blue record before making further run."

No one can ever know how anxiously I opened that box containing the new record. It was a beauty—blue with red-and-white label, forming our national colors.

I obtained a large phonograph and placed it in the Casino Theater, New York, so that I could demonstrate that every syllable could be heard in a theater seating a thousand people. It was a success—a wonderful success! Even my partner—who, by the way, was very deaf—could hear it all! Perfection at last! A fortune in my grasp—and honestly achieved!

I was then playing with Miss Mary Nash in "The Big Chance." I had a small part, to be sure, but it meant a home for my wife and myself. That evening I started for the theater. To my surprise, howling crowds seemed everywhere—shrieking, pushing, blowing horns, burning red fire, mad with some mysterious ardor. I saw a sailor stop and kiss an old woman—and she didn't mind. Arriving at the theater, I stopped at the dressing-room door of the late Jack Mason, our leading man. He was just in the act of pinning on the wall a big flaring headline he had torn from a newspaper.

It read: "GERMANY SURRENDERS!"

That was November 11, 1918. I can never forget how that announcement worked two ways on my feelings! Joy because the terrible war had ended; sorrow because my enterprise was automatically put out of business. The first words my dear old friend uttered when I met him the next morning were: "Truly, our record is dead!" And he was burying "master," "mother," and all the "children" on a shelf under the typewriter stand, where they repose to this day.

I have since learned that my robust friend of the recording room was an alien enemy. He completely disappeared after our story scene when I refused to go with his project.

I have also learned that every workman, even the heads of the firm of that plating company, were also aliens. Then I knew why I never succeeded in getting a perfect set of plates until armistice week.

And I am only an actor still—"waiting to pay off that little mortgage," as they say in the drama.

Unseen Forces in Salesmanship

(Continued from page 52)

Ohio, developed the heavier-than-air machine, these men had seen and taken advantage of forces and possibilities unseen by other men.

Shall we not draw conclusions from such examples as these? Most certainly. We were not all born to be great or famous, but neither were we all born

How to Run a Store

By Harold Whitehead

Head of the Department of Sales Relations, the College of Business Administration of Boston University. 8vo, 300 pages. Net. \$2.50

WE can scarcely conceive of a more practical book than this, for every small merchant and store owner. It takes up one by one the daily problems in so sensible a manner that one could hardly fail to profit by the advice. It begins with the problem of the distribution system and a comparison of retail systems. Then comes the question of location, the kind of trade to seek, and the stock to carry, followed by turnover, salesmanship, advertising, window displays, keeping goods in condition, speeding up sales, the choice of equipment, expense, keeping accounts, the question of granting credit, and many other items equally practical. It would be hard indeed to find a retail problem which this book does not cover.

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Don't buy a Ford. Join our great Auto Club and win Grand Prizes including Ford Touring Cars! Can you make out two words spelled by figures in picture? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What are the two words? Other valuable prizes and hundreds of dollars in cash given. Everybody wins! So enter you will be surprised. We have already given away many Autos. Why not you? Send answer today.
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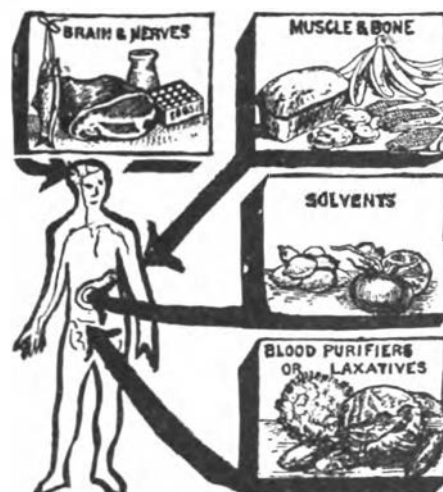
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- (3) Corrects liver and kidney troubles, headaches.
- (4) Dissolves blood clots as in paralysis.
- (5) Dissolves the impurities which cause blemishes to the skin, such as acne, eczema.

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blind. Even the greatest of men became so by seeing and profiting by simple, fundamental principles—and the least of us, in some degree, can do the same.

It is not to be supposed that all opportunities, to be of value, must be spectacular or of gigantic magnitude. How about the groove in the head of a wood-screw, the aperture in the end of a common sewing-machine, and the sulphur on the tip of a sliver of wood which makes of it an article of universal convenience? How about that last order you wrote? Wasn't it one that could have been secured by another salesman, but was not? Did the other salesman misjudge you as a competitor? Were you overrated by him to the point of "getting his nerve," or underestimated to the point of carelessness? Which was it? Or, possibly he forgot to suggest "hose-cocks" to his buyer. Maybe he passed up an item, thus an order; and, depending on your ability, perhaps even a customer.

YOUR sales manager passes up less than you do, hence his title. He cashes in on your ability every day of his life. He sees a need, or a desire, for an article of manufacture long before he employs a salesman to sell it.

If you are brilliant, alert, and blessed with determination, he knows it. He calls these proclivities of yours opportunities and he shapes them to his end by sending you a new proposition on the latest product made or sold by his firm. He knows beforehand that you are the man to put it through just as James Watt knew—after observing the heavy teakettle-lid being lifted by the steam—that steam, properly applied, would turn a wheel. Your sales manager knew you would find a way to "turn the wheel" if it did not start the first time. He knew it because he had seen you shooting steam into everything you had given attention to for many a month before.

Just what is this "steam" we are referring to? By itself alone, it can accomplish nothing. It is, in an unapplied state, a free agent—merely vapor in motion. It is as your health, your intellect, your spiritual powers, your grit, and potential ability—of no practical value until practically applied. A wheel might turn in a circle for a year and accomplish little or nothing, until the cogs mesh in with other cogs that move machinery. It is when it is harnessed up and made use of that motion becomes power.

Your superior knows, and you know, of what these cogs consist. They are the teeth in your proposition; they are the hundred opportunities, missed by the man ahead but not by you, to sell an item, to write an order and to win a permanent customer. These teeth are your health, your intellect, your spiritual powers, and grit in action—unseen forces at work.

In SUCCESS for January
"Confessions of a Salesman's
Wife"
By Frances Van Dyke

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S. 12-21

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Is Your Daughter Safe?

(Continued from page 31)

Here is the problem in a nutshell:

American girls are permitted unbridled freedom without proper instruction. A girl should either be kept behind walls or told frankly just what perils await her.

It is not necessary to be pessimistic or cynical about it. All men are not bad, but those who are bad are so cleverly disguised that it is often difficult to distinguish them from the good.

Girls should be exceedingly careful in their relations with strange men and women in the matter of automobile rides, food, drinks, and free tickets to motion pictures and theaters. In answering advertisements, find out if the advertiser is reputable, before applying for the position. If you are traveling and miss your connections and need help or advice, always seek it of railway employees, the police, or the Travelers' Aid Society. In case you cannot locate a policeman, go to the telephone, call the police station, and tell what you want. Men who press their attentions on you should be promptly rebuffed. If a man annoys you on a train or car promptly complain to the conductor.

Owing to the extreme difficulty of catching and convicting the men who debauch girls, it is important that the girls be told a few simple truths.

Your daughter will be comparatively safe if you show her the perils and point out the way of safety.

What I Owe to America

(Continued from page 41)

locating a man who had a ticket reading from Niagara Falls to Cincinnati. The ticket expired that midnight, and shortly before that time he agreed to sell it to me for \$1.50. Supper and the fare to Niagara Falls took the rest of my money, and I arrived in Detroit without a cent. But the ticket was good to Cincinnati. I turned "ticket scalper" on my own account and sold the pasteboard for \$1.75. Before night, as I have told, I had \$50.

I wouldn't advise a young man to take to the peddler's pack as a means of learning people and of developing the habit of keeping his eyes open. But, I will say this: There is no better training for business than association and friendship with those about you. And the man who takes advantage of this association to search out opportunities to do things for his friends; to find out their wants and how best to fill them—who makes a resolution at the start that he is going to give the best that is in him for the benefit of others—will soon find himself indispensable.

Get down to the very bottom of things, and you will discover that the foundation of successful business is service. Time spent in learning to serve is time well spent. It pays the biggest kind of profits. Happily for me, I learned this fact before I was twenty-one years old. It saved me a lot of trouble later; it is saving me a lot of trouble to-day.

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Begin Right. Make money from very start. \$500 month low estimate. Many earning more. Hargan of Ill. ran \$20,000.00 last year. Fetzer Bros. Pa. made clear profit of \$3,500.00 during first year. Spring City Tire Co. expect 1921 total business to reach \$50,000.00. Ramsey, N. D. working alone cleared \$441.56 in one month. And so on. It's

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and this new machine that does the trick. Get into profitable business on sound footing. Learn advanced methods. Old ideas are obsolete. We teach up-to-date systems. Tell you how to do better and faster work. Learn right in your own home or come to my big Indianapolis or branch schools. I go further. I equip shops complete. This new, modern machine tremendous money-maker. Has wonderful capacity for rebuilding and repairing castings and tubes. Puts you in business to handle all classes of work. Splendid work it does, quickly builds trade and holds customers. Start like others have done. Tucker, Ill. runs high as \$127.00 weekly single handed. Mitchell, Ill. says second day was \$360.00. Send coupon for details. I'll forward FREE book by return mail. Tells everything you want to know. Shows how I'll help you to the limit. Send coupon to me personally.

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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

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The Waste of War

By Frank Crane

(Copyrighted)

IF we can some way substitute an international police for separate rival armies and fleets, to keep the peace of the world, civilization would bound forward like a blooded horse touched by a spur.

Even if we can get armaments back to where they were in 1913 it would save the five allied powers and their associates more than four billion dollars.

This is more than the cost of running the five nations in 1913.

Here are the eloquent figures:

England, cost of armament in 1913, \$391,000,000, and in 1920, \$1,119,000,000.

France, 1913, \$350,000,000; 1920, \$988,000,000.

Italy, 1913, \$149,000,000; 1920, \$1,036,000,000.

Japan, 1913, \$95,000,000; 1920, \$271,000,000.

United States, 1913, \$237,000,000; 1920, \$1,736,000,000.

Total for the five powers in 1913, \$1,283,000,000; in 1920, \$5,351,000,000.

In other words, coming to a sensible understanding on this matter would save the people of these nations a burden of more than four billion and sixty-nine million dollars.

To run these governments in 1913 cost, in millions of dollars, as follows: France, 900; Italy, 500; Japan, 270; England, 850, and the U. S. A., 1,150, a total of slightly over four billion dollars.

The debts of these countries now are, per head: France, \$1,099.50; Italy, \$475.50; England, \$816.60; U. S. A., \$782.20; Japan, \$30.20, and Germany, \$782.20.

Can any one outside of Bedlam look about for any other cause of the world's near-bankruptcy when they see this monstrous waste?

♦ ♦

Told in Tabloid

THE thing labor unions throughout the world seem to be unable to see is how hire ever can be lower.—*Manila Bulletin*.

The world has too many cranks and not enough self-starters.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record*.

Noah sent out a dove and it found a dry spot, but we fear the bird would have a harder time now in the U. S. A.—*Manila Bulletin*.

Another thing that delays the return to normal is the theory that business is equipped with a self-starter.—*Boston Post*.

Elijah being fed by the ravens had nothing on Russia being fed by the American eagle.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

There's always something to make coal cost more.—*New York Sun*.

When a diplomat "lays his cards on the table," he usually has another deck up his sleeve.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record*.

Sometimes a movie hero is one who sits through it.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association*.

The line of least resistance in Russia will be Hoover's breadline.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*.

Lenin and Trotzky are a combination of restraint of trade.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

♦ ♦

Thank God every morning that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and to do your best will breed you a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

—Charles Kingsley.

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For every man who becomes independent on a salary there are thousands who become independent through their own business. This doesn't mean that everyone who goes into business for himself succeeds but it proves convincingly that out of the thousands upon thousands who work on a salary as compared to the few who own their own businesses, the chances of becoming independent are infinitely greater in **A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN** than through any job.

All the secrets of success can be summed up into one word—TRY. Yes—try, in a small way, in your spare time, with little risk—but TRY. Charles E. Hires tried. He started his root-beer business as a side-line when he was in the drug business. Today Hires' is known all over the country and can be

obtained at every soda fountain from coast to coast and from Alaska to Florida.

John D. Larkin also *tried*. He made his first soap in his own kitchen, carting the materials in a wheelbarrow. Now the Larkin business is one of the biggest enterprises in Buffalo.

Alfred C. Gilbert *tried*. He began to make toys in his spare time. Last year his sales amounted to \$2,000,000.

Mary Elizabeth also *tried*. Today her candy is known all over the country—yet she made her first batch on the family cook stove.

Charles Post *tried*. He made Postum in small quantities in his own home. From that humble start he reaped a fortune of millions.

These are but a few of the bigger successes. In every town and hamlet in the country you will find

the same general results, on a smaller scale perhaps, but all of them point to the definite and conclusive proof that in order to become independent your best chance lies in starting a business of your own. When you go into business for yourself you establish and build a property which lives after you. Moreover your own business makes you self-reliant—broadens you, makes you more confident in yourself every time you solve a problem—teaches you how to stand on your own two feet instead of leaning on the shoulders of others—enables you to profit to the fullest extent from your own ability—gives you the opportunity to employ others and make money from their efforts instead of someone making money through your efforts, for bear in mind that every employer makes a profit—a definite profit, from every employee he has.

Send No Money

If you are satisfied with your earnings—if you are satisfied to work for someone else all your life—if you haven't the backbone to TRY, for your own sake don't answer this advertisement for you will be disappointed. There is no magic pill that you can swallow to make you rich—there is no magic formula or secret which, when revealed to you, will make you wealthy. *You must do your share.* Even if you have unlimited capital you cannot succeed in business for yourself if you don't work and work hard. As a matter of fact, thousands of businesses succeed with a few dollars capital because lack of capital is an incentive to work.

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