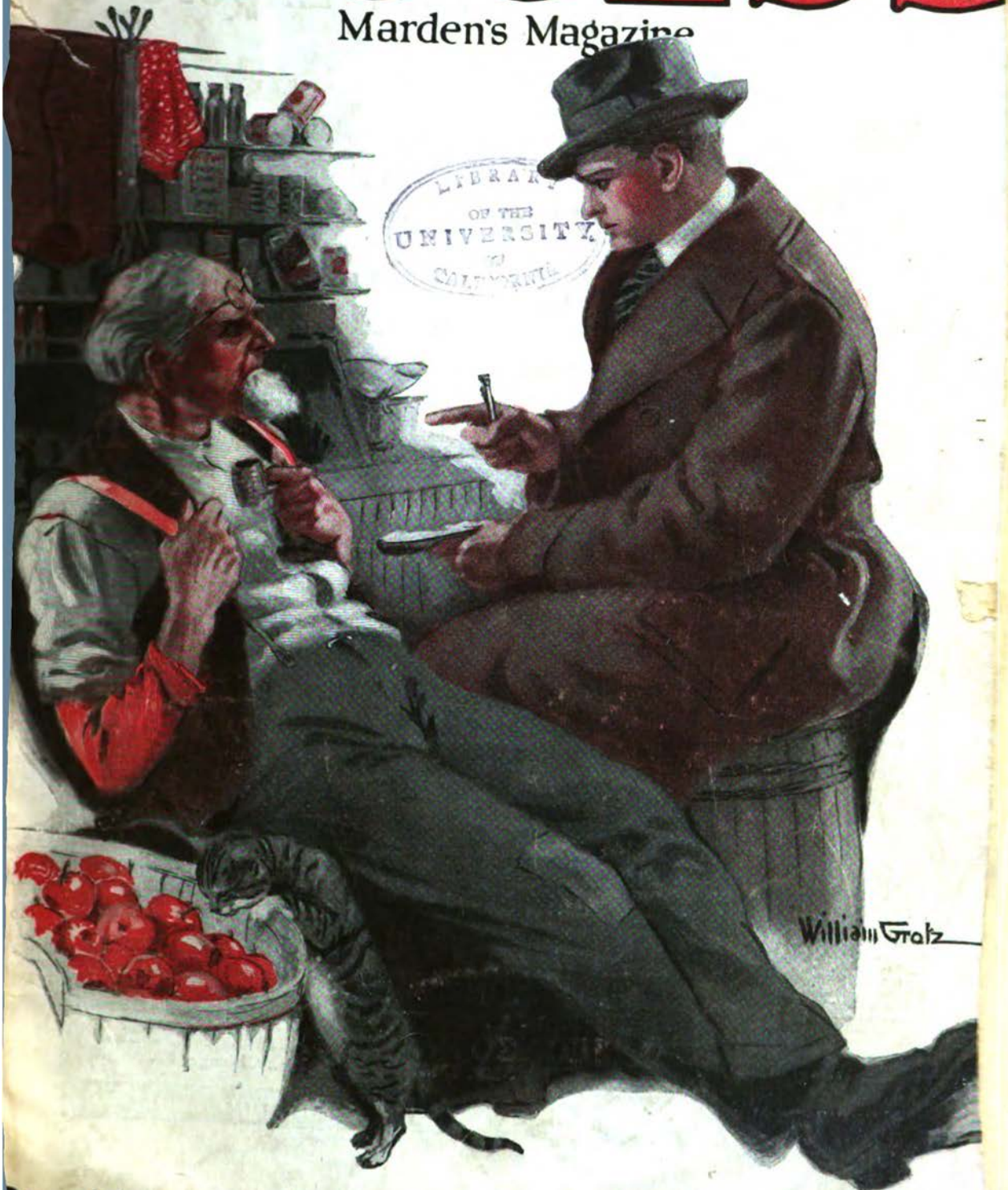
February, 1921

The New

25 cent

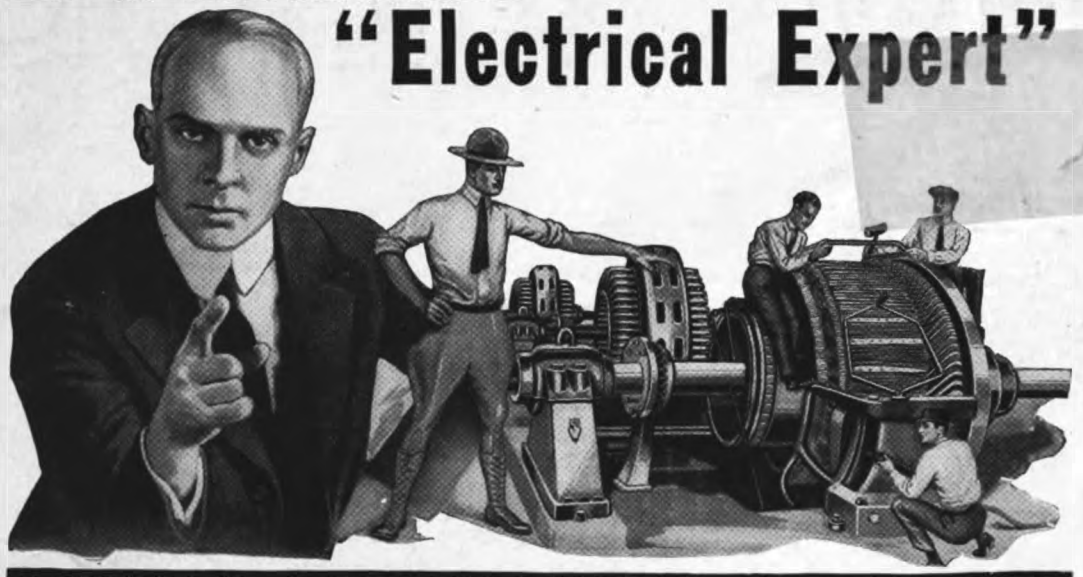
SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine



Our Most Inspiring Magazine"—Edwin Markham

Be a Certificated
"Electrical Expert"



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"Electrical Experts" Earn $12 to $30 a Day
What's YOUR Future

Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known.

"Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions—

Be an "Electrical" Expert

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss the Big Jobs—the jobs that pay $3,500 to $10,000 a year.

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You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough, and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education or previous experience the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

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So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you, too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every penny paid me in tuition if you are not satisfied it is the best investment you ever made.

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I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also supply them with Drawing Outfit, examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish.

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Get Started Now—Write Me

I want to send you my Electrical Book and Proof Lessons—both FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in coupon—NOW.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

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Name.....

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Electricity Means Opportunities

This Letter Saved Me 36%
on a New Typewriter

Chicago, Nov. 2, 1920.

Dear Henry:

I hear that you are down in New York to open a branch office for your firm. You'll be buying a lot of things for the office, not the least important of which will be typewriters.

And that's what I want to talk to you about —typewriters. I want to give you the benefit of an experience I had some time ago, and thereby, I hope, save you some real money.

About a year ago I decided to buy a typewriter for home use. My first thought was to purchase one of the makes we were using in the office, which had been put in before I became buyer for the house. But when it came to digging up a hundred dollars for the machine—I just couldn't. Somehow or other it looked like too much money to me.

Was $100

Before the War

Now $64

Then I thought about picking up a second-hand machine, but the price was about as high, and I had no assurance of service.

I was undecided as to what to do, when one evening at home I ran across an Oliver Typewriter ad in a magazine. I remembered then having read the advertising before and being impressed with the story.

"Why pay $100 for Any Typewriter"—"When You Can Buy a New Oliver for $64?" read the ad—then it went on to explain how The Oliver Typewriter Company had cut the price by selling direct and eliminating costly selling methods. It was clear to me as an experienced buyer how they could well afford to lop off $36 of the $100 by their new economical selling plan.

The ad brought out the fact, too, that I didn't have to pay the $64 in a lump sum. I could settle at the easy rate of $4 a month. Naturally that appealed to me, for it was as easy as rental terms.

But the thing that decided me was their free trial offer. Without my sending or depositing a penny, they would ship me an Oliver for five days free trial. I could use the typewriter for five days just as if it were my own, and if I wasn't satisfied, all I had to do was to ship it back at the Oliver Company's expense. Well, I mailed in the coupon and got an Oliver for free trial. To make a short story shorter, I was more than pleased with the Oliver. I fully agreed with The Oliver Typewriter Company that if any typewriter was worth $100 it was this splendid Oliver.

Well, later when we found it necessary to replace some of the typewriters at the office, you may be sure I put in Olivers, saving the company a nice $36 on each. At first the girls were reluctant about changing machines, but after a week or two with the Oliver, they wouldn't have any other.

Naturally now we are all Oliver enthusiasts—that's why I write this letter to you.

You just give the Oliver a trial and you'll be more than willing to buy me a good dinner when I arrive in New York next month. Yours, J. B.

That is the letter that saved me $36 on each of my typewriters. I not only equipped the office with the Oliver, but, like my friend, I also bought one for home use. Yes, I am more than willing to buy my friend a good dinner for his valuable advice

---

Any reader may order an Oliver direct from this ad by mailing the coupon. No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Return or keep the Oliver as you decide after 5 days free trial. If you decide to keep the typewriter, you may take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of $4 a month. Mail the coupon today—NOW.

Avoid disappointment—Order now to secure immediate delivery

Canadian Price, $82

A Finer Typewriter at a Fair Price
Over 900,000 Sold

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
652 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Save $36

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
652 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $64 at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book —"The High Cost of Typewriters — The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

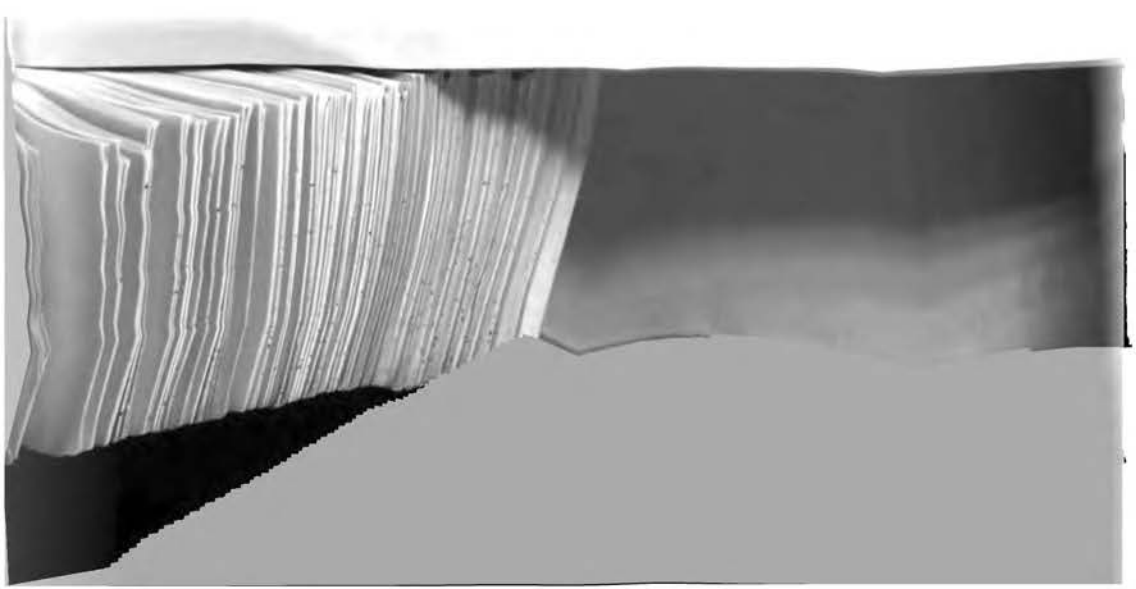
Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Occupation or Business.....

580.08



The New
SUCCESS
Marden's Magazine

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

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LEADING CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

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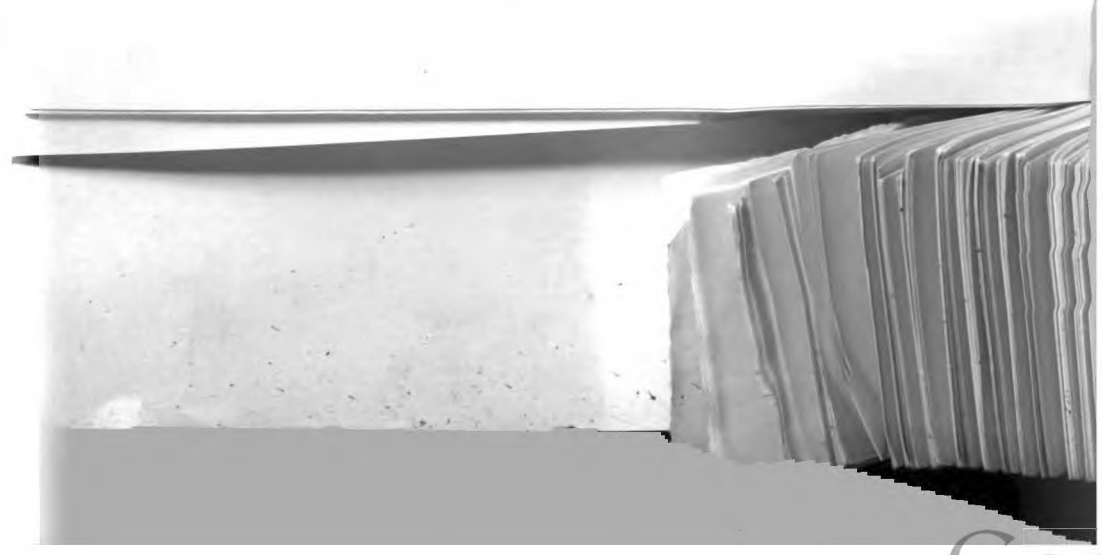


The NEW SUCCESS

MARDEN'S MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1921
VOLUME V. NUMBER 2.

MAKING BUSINESS SICK

DR. BLANK was the finest specimen of robust young manhood in the big city hospital in which he was practicing. He was a bit proud of his superb strength and vitality, and often boasted that he had never had a sick day in his life.

Blank had never felt better than he did the day that a group of the practical jokers among his associates in the hospital decided to rob him of his boast by *making* him sick. Their plan was to operate upon him mentally. So it was decided that, on this particular day, they would keep watch of his movements, and every time he went out one of them would manage to meet him as if by chance and tell him how ill he looked.

"Hello, Blank, what's the matter; aren't you feeling well this morning?" hailed the first conspirator on meeting him. "Of course I'm well, why do you ask me?" answered Blank. "Why, because you do look awfully seedy, old chap," replied the other as he passed on.

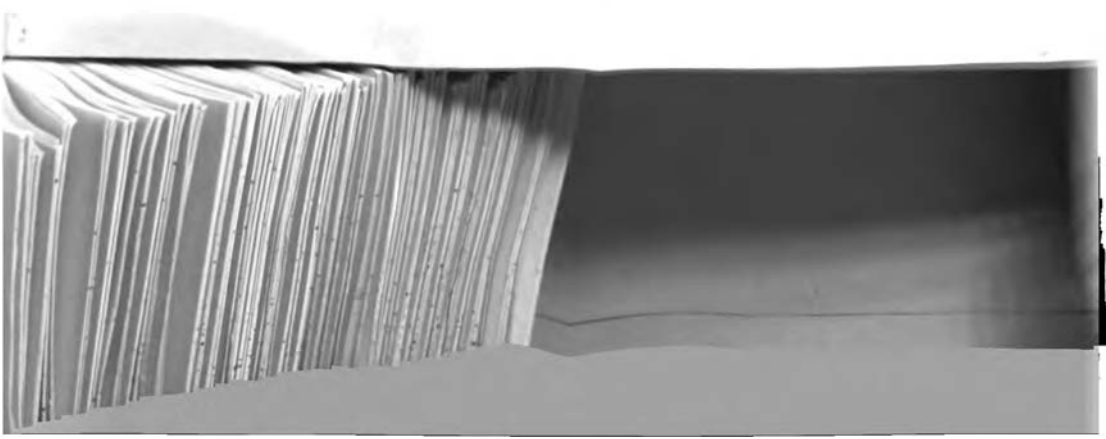
"Why, Blank, I say, man, what's happened? You look as white as a ghost," saluted the next. "Oh, nonsense!" said Blank sharply, "I'm as well as ever I was," and he hurried on without waiting for further comment. Nevertheless, he began to feel a little bit nervous and shaky; to wonder if he was really going to be ill.

After three or four more of the practical jokers had met and told him with increasing emphasis, not that he looked ill but that he actually was ill, their plan had worked to perfection. He believed that he was a sick man, hurried home, took to his bed and had a doctor called.

The doctor, of course, found nothing whatever the matter with him. His illness was entirely mental. The suggestion driven home by his friends created a mental panic that temporarily affected his robust physique just as a real illness would.

Now, the case of the United States in the present crisis is very similar to that of Dr. Blank. Young, vigorous, abounding in health, wealthy beyond all the great nations of the earth, this country is in imminent danger of being talked into a disastrous business panic. Calamity howlers and panic prophets are painting black pictures of the future, telling us that we are in for a dire period of hard times such as we have never had before. Millions of people are talking hard times, anticipating, visualizing disastrous conditions—financial failures, widespread unemployment, tremendous commercial collapses; in fact, a general industrial, agricultural, financial and business breakdown all along the lines. Factories and mills are closing, and all sorts of big concerns are slowing down, canceling contracts and lowering their outputs.

People who only a couple of months ago were spending riotously are now refusing to buy even necessary things. "Hard times" is the thought in everybody's mind, and everybody is sitting tight; everybody



is saying we can't afford to do this and we can't afford to do that until conditions change. Even business men who often say, "If people would only stop talking hard times, we might do something," will turn round and themselves repeat what the other men are saying, not realizing that they are thus passing along the black pictures and dire predictions that will seriously influence other minds.

LET us stop a moment and ask ourselves what is the cause of all this calamity howling, all these hard-times predictions? What are we whining about? Why are we downhearted, discouraged? Is there any necessary reason for panic, any real danger of hard times? There is no fundamental cause for the present depressing condition. It's a mental condition. The whole trouble is mental. The cause of everything in the world is mental. Everything in our environment was first in our thought. Each of us makes the world in which he lives. It is mental, objectified thought. Collectively, by the power of our united thought, we in this country, to-day, are creating the very conditions we dread.

If we could only realize the mischief we are doing by our predictions of hard times, by talking about them, visualizing them, picturing shrinking business, diminishing trade, unsold goods piled up on shelves in stores and in warehouses, with no buyers, we would very quickly change our mental attitude, face right about, and prevent the panic we are so foolishly inviting, so industriously trying to create.

IT is true that we are passing through a "temporary process of contraction and readjustment" following the greatest war in history. For several years we have enjoyed a period of the most unexampled prosperity in our history. Business boomed everywhere. There were no unemployed. Wages had never been so high. Economy was thrown to the winds and money was lavishly spent. Even in the humblest walks of life, people vied with one another in extravagant expenditures. We were intoxicated with the abundance of our wealth, swollen by huge war profits. We had an inflated condition. Now comes the reaction. But as Thomas W. Lamont, partner of J. P. Morgan & Company, recently said: "We can resolve not to be frightened into panic by the wolf that may not come;" and "we can meet our contracts to the utmost limit of our resources."

Our resources are boundless; greater than they were before the war. America is the great creditor nation of the world; the dollar is everywhere at a premium. The natural resources of our country are great enough to make every one of its inhabitants rich besides feeding the rest of the world. In fact, the State of Texas, alone, could feed the world. Our savings banks were never so full as they are to-day. There is plenty of capital available for all legitimate enterprises. Our railroads are in infinitely better condition than they were back in 1913, when President Wilson was ridiculed for saying that it was a psychological condition that kept eighty thousand idle freight cars side-tracked on the main railroad lines of this country. While the psychological condition in regard to business is very similar to-day to what it was then, there is no such actual condition on the railroads.

AT heart the country is sound. Fundamentally it was never in better condition. The things that disturb us are on the surface. There is no panic in sight but a mental panic, and we can easily cure the symptoms of this with a good dose of confidence and optimism combined with downright hard work.

Of course there are problems—big problems—to be met and solved. Readjustments after a world war would be impossible without this. But business confidence, faith in the soundness of our financial industries and commercial condition is the thing that must be established if we are to avoid real trouble. What if there has been a drop in stocks and securities? We expected this decline. It is natural after such tremendous inflation during the war and following a period of unparalleled extravagance and expenditure. But the way to get business and the country back to its normal basis is not to worry and whine and talk hard times and predict all sorts of evil, but to buckle down to the job before us.

The United States is the biggest going concern in the world, and it is not going to be frightened into a panic by the pessimists' cry of "Wolf!" It will do as the manager of a certain big concern did recently—face its troubles and conquer them.

This manager when called to a board meeting of his firm to discuss the situation that confronted them, found the directors very much depressed and discouraged. One of them so much so that he seemed to resent the manager's cheerful and unconcerned appearance. He had come into the directors' room, smiling, perfectly groomed, faultlessly dressed, even to the detail of a boutonnière, looking as fresh and jaunty as if nothing were the matter.

"Our manager," said the disgruntled director, eying him askance, "doesn't look as if he were worried about the situation; or as if he had lost any sleep over it. It seems to me a man in his position ought to be a little more anxious in such a crisis."

"GENTLEMEN," returned the manager, "it is true I am not lying awake nights worrying. You don't pay me a big salary to do that. Instead of worrying and losing sleep, I am trying to save all of my energy, all of my resources, to pull this concern out of a hole. We can only tide over the crisis by superior management, and superior management means that the managing head, first of all, keeps fit; doesn't dissipate in useless worry and sleepless nights the very brain-power that is necessary to bring us out of our difficulties. We're going to come through all right. But it will be by keeping up our courage and working instead of worrying!"

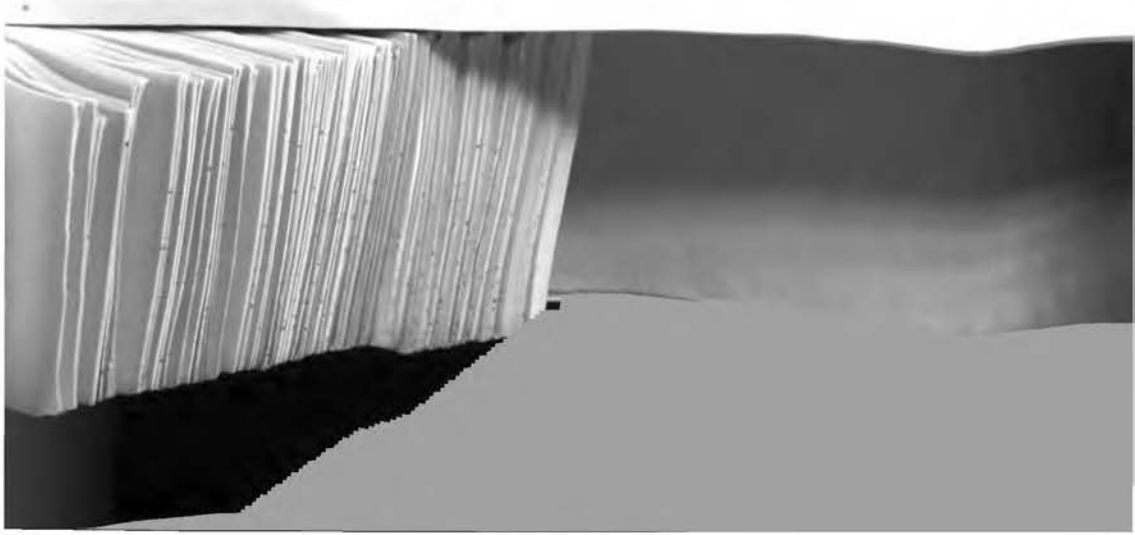
They did pull through, and our national concern, by adopting the sane policy of this level-headed business manager, will adjust its present business difficulties without any trouble or panic. But if everybody is doubting and fearing, talking down, predicting dire evils, losing heart and energy in worrying and fretting, conditions and times will follow the pattern we give them. So long as you tell everybody you meet that business is rotten, going to the dogs; that the bottom is dropping out of everything; that we are in for a panic; and those you speak to repeat the same thing to others, business will go to the dogs, a panic will come, because your thought, your conviction, your prediction, creates that which is like itself.

BUSINESS is very sensitive to the mental attitude of those who conduct it. It is nothing but mind that moves business, and when the mind is not positive, creative, it is negative, destructive, and we know what must happen. It is an inexorable law that a negative mental attitude will cause negative conditions. Most of the great panics in this country have been mental panics. We have had good-times panics. That is, we have had disastrous panics when there was no cause whatever for them but the fact that everybody got to talking business down. Then they began to take in sail, to sit tight, and, of course, business went down and the panic arrived on schedule.

We don't want a panic now and we needn't have one. If every man who is talking about business being rotten, would quit it, buckle right down and try harder than ever, to produce more, to sell more, to cheer up, brace up, the whole business atmosphere would be changed in a very short time. It is perfectly possible right now to start a business boom, a big boom, within ninety days. If everybody who is predicting a panic, talking business down, would talk business up, predict good times for ninety days, we would have good times.

EVERY man, woman, and child in the United States can help to produce this boom. Let us start now. Let us turn about face, away from the black clouds which our own imaginations have thrown up in front of us. Let us face toward the light. Let us put up a good front, a good mental front. Let us look prosperous, talk prosperity, believe good times are coming and we will bring them here. The sun of prosperity is shining as bright as ever back of the panic clouds. Our resources are greater than ever before, and if we only think right and act right, we can register a higher point of normal prosperity this year than ever before in our history.

Orison S. Marden



Too Much Dark Continent

A Success Romance of East Africa

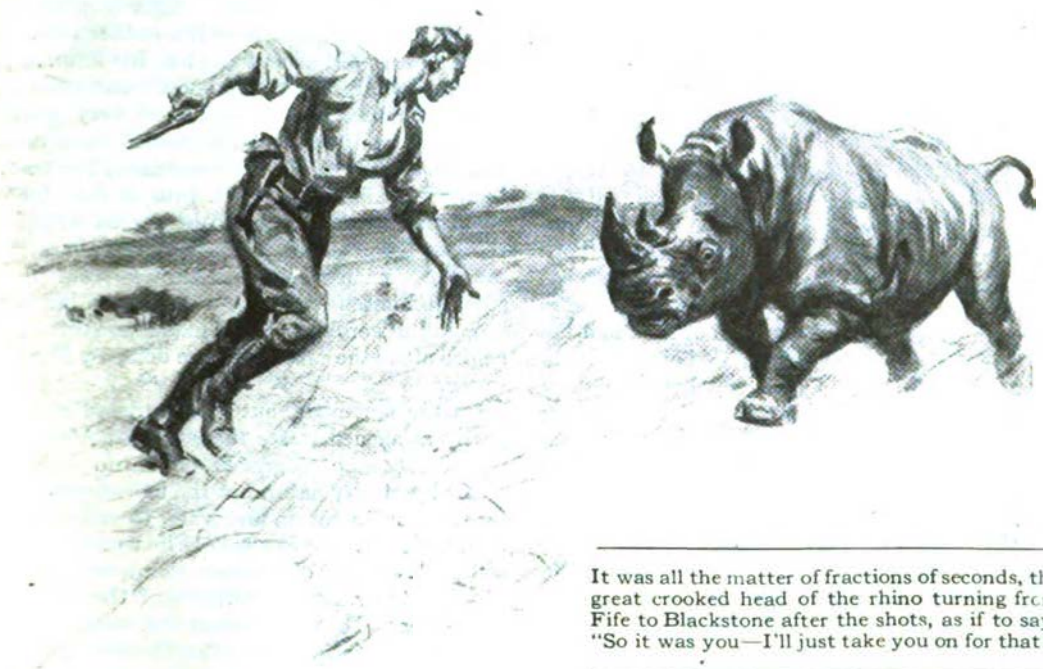
WULLIE FIFE had been waiting for weeks in Mombasa for orders to take the field. He was a plant hunter, "American agricultural explorer," to be more technical, and had been in the African service for twelve years—mostly out for seeds and cuttings and knowledge of the lush and waste places of the darkest part of the darkest continent. Fife was especially famous for his discovery of mock bamboo up in the Nianga country. In the service he was known as much by "Mock Bamboo," as his own name.

In these waiting days at Mombasa, Fife lived at the house of another plant hunter, named Blackstone, with whom he had taken the field several times in recent years. Blackstone was the gentlest of outdoor men and no man, so far, had ever come to the end of his courage. Just now he was on furlough for disability, having been tossed by a rhinoceros nine months before, while afield with Fife. Blackie had no sooner been brought in wounded to Mombasa, than a woman turned up from somewhere to nurse him. She remained to marry the big Scot, who was now

By Will Levington Comfort

Author of "Red Fleece," "Midstream," "Son of Power," and other novels

Illustrated by
CHARLES SARKA



It was all the matter of fractions of seconds, the great crooked head of the rhino turning from Fife to Blackstone after the shots, as if to say: "So it was you—I'll just take you on for that!"

not only out for disability, but on general furlough, threatening to go back to the States for a year, if the department didn't leave him alone for indefinite honeymoon.

Blackstone and the woman were happy. No question about that; Fife lived at their house and couldn't miss it. There didn't seem to be a flaw in their present days, and the only thing that haunted the future was the frequent long weeks afield that the service demanded. Fife learned not to speak of that, for the woman went white and Blackie went red under his tan.

"My leg is stiff enough for six months at home yet, dearie," he would say. "And maybe we can get such a truck garden and such a chicken yard by that time—"

Then Blackstone would avoid Fife's eye, for what he intimated was heresy to a plant-hunter's career. The two men were great friends, though there were few words about it. Wullie Fife was a man's man, first and last, and with Blackstone along for assistant there wasn't a better-mated pair of field men in the African service. They knew their business and the play part, too. They knew the *trek*, and the camp ends, and the big roomy silences together. They had known enough fun and enough peril to weave two tough hearts together with durable threads.

Wullie Fife's orders came at last. He was to take Herder, a Dutch vine expert, and six Mascari bearers, and penetrate in from Mombasa to the borders of the Ichiti country, looking for frankincense trees. Fife sent word to Herder at once. The Hollander was in Mombasa and reported immediately to Fife in Blackstone's little parlor. He was one of those men who cultivate frankness of speech.

"I like you all right, Mr. Fife. Any one would," Herder said, holding his helmet in hand. "It's that bad rhino business that follows you—your

jinx, you know—that stops me from going. I keep remembering Leavitte and Hayward and the blacks, and especially Mr. Blackstone here."

This focalized in a moment all the tragedies of Wullie Fife's years; and started the little man to brooding, deep and dangerous. The worst of it was, Fife caught Blackstone struggling frantically from the side to stop Herder from going on with this explanation. So it was, Fife came to realize that the department in general had discussed the curious fatality which followed him. It all might have passed in time as coincidence or rotten luck, if Herder hadn't brought it back this way to "Mock Bamboo" himself. The nature of the jinx was "armored pig," which was Blackstone's name for rhinoceros.

ONCE, rhino meant adventure to Wullie Fife, but that was far behind. Rhino now meant havoc and waste and delay and dilemma and death; anything to be met without zest, that never ended and never ceased to hurt. Rhino meant to Fife what the camel-thing comes to mean to the old caravan men of Asia and the Near East; something which to be with is to hate more and more; until you begin to show symptoms of an ingrowing, self-feeding hatred, that takes your talk and your thoughts; until you are tired of the subject in every cell and tissue and you use all the strong words in manhood's lexicon of the open—*use them up* and hate on.

Ten years ago Leavitte, one of Fife's first side-kickers in Africa, had been trampled to death. Three years ago, Hayward, another field man working with him, went down before a rhino charge, and a moment afterward was being shaken and tossed like a flag in a whippet's mouth. At least, it was so to Fife's eyes. Nine months ago, as stated on his last trip out with Blackstone, the latter was heaved against a cliff, catapulted off the snout of a mammoth pig—thigh broken, mashed ribs. . . .

For once, Fife had made a good shot. He often smiled at that, for he had never claimed to be a crack with a rifle. The monster had left Blackstone to charge him, but was dropped with one ball—settled like a sick hen in the dust, his three-toed feet sprawling forward. Then Fife had rushed to his companion, crumpled at the base of the cliff. It was the oddest face he ever looked at—Blackstone's, that moment. The mouth had dropped open, but the eyes were full of merriment. They saw Fife, all right; but back in Blackstone's mind seemed to be a ponderous query, having to do with the rhino—why the beast didn't come to finish him off. The wounded man couldn't seem to grasp that the rhino was down and done. That expedition was spoiled.

the whitened stems. Hoary and despairful land, no man's land, behind them, and down before their eyes, the booming jungle; creatures of the wild crowded together like men in cities.

The Scot was in misery from a sore foot. His limp aggravated it, and a badly mended stocking started a blister. Blackstone had been too stubborn three days ago to stop before the end of a full day's march. One night's rest hadn't quite reinforced the broken tissues, and the subsequent travel had broken down more. There was anger in the wound now, and the ankle was swollen. Fife had seen the stocking, a heavy woolen thing for hard field work. *She* had mended it—doubtless tried very hard to do it well. Blackstone had said no word about that. Fife looked at the broad brown face of the other now.

"Good Old Squarehead," he muttered.

The gamest thing he had ever known, looked out of Blackstone's eyes. It touched him in the chest—at the very center of things. Now the thought clutched him coldly again, that Blackstone would never get home to her. The jinx would work. It was in the air. . . . Fife went away into a revery and then the blood rushed to his cheek, because he was hearing his own words, speaking to Blackstone, as the night fell—speaking of armored pig:

". . . . He doesn't do the right thing; he doesn't do the wrong thing; he does the unexpected. For twelve years, he's made a monkey out of me—not that I've got a scratch from a rhino—"

Fife checked himself, but in the very depression of having talked at all, blurted on:

"Every man I've ever been out with has got it sooner or later. They're all talking about it back in Mombasa—"

BLACKSTONE was toasting eland steaks on a long wire. He placed the wire down against a stone, permitting the steak to drip its richness into the ash, and came forward on his knees to where Fife sat.

"I don't like your tone, Wullie," he said gently, taking Fife's shoulders in his hands. "Sounds like too-much-Africa to me, too much dark continent, my son. Rhino may have gotten Leavitte and Hayward and all that; but I'm older than you out here, even though I'm your assistant. As for the rhino, I've got my fingers crossed, son. Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place. Stop that sing-song, Wullie, because it sounds worse than armored pig to me."

The night birds kept up an incessant din down among the leaves. Occasionally a big cat cried; one of the black-maned lions, restless, not yet having broken his fast. There was a sucking, as if from some huge wallowing creature, raising itself from the mud down by the water-hole. Blackstone was early asleep. The six Mascaris still whispered and chuckled by the dying fire. Fife's mind repeatedly turned back to Leavitte, Hayward and the blacks—his rhino memories, the stirring tortures of his mind.

He smoked cigarettes, and held very tight to himself. The one thing that helped most was to think of the late Mombasa days—good days for him, a touch of home; and days of sheer beatitude for the strong-hearted Scot, who had not only loved the woman, but everything around—dogs, chickens, neighbors' children, black and white. And how gamely Blackie accepted these days away from her—for a friend—ate them up scrap by scrap, one by one. Two months away at least, they would be; yet not a word of protest from "Old Squarehead," quiet in his pain of heart, as he was about that terrible foot of his.

NEVER a successful sleeper, Fife dozed, awoke, and dozed again, always measuring the little spells of nothingness by the movements of the stars above. . . . And now there was a keen violent taint across his face. He lay very still. Presently he heard muffled pads to the right of him. The stench was malignant and coming closer. Only a hyena sniffing around camp—hyena, an old and ugly story to the man who had lain out through the large part of twelve years of African nights. But this must be the master-ghoul fresh from work, he thought, as he caught a glimpse of the arched hump in the thin dark, the baleful green of the eyes in the starry light.

Fife's hand reached for his pistol, but there were two reasons why he did not fire: First, not to disturb Blackie who needed rest. A shot in the night takes it out of a man the next day. The second reason was to find out how much there was left of his own nerve; if the thing he was made of still had any holding-stuff left. Fife endured the carrion reek a moment more, and the beast slunk away, nothing ripe enough in camp to hold his interest long. The man was violently ill for a few minutes and covered with cold sweat, but there was a good substance out of it all; the fact that he had been able to hold, and that the droning hum of Blackstone's snoring still went rhythmically on.

It was like Wullie Fife that he didn't mention hyena the next morning. It might have been an ugly dream, except there was an unmistakable hang-over taint in his nostrils that spoiled all thought of breakfast, except for unsweetened coffee, very hot, very black.

The jungle had gone silent. The day mounted with an unearthly lemon-tint in the sunlight; the heat not in the least abated, but the life gone from it. Here was Africa where they had lain: white rock and sand and a litter of bone-white twigs; down yonder was Africa again the matted green jungle, silent as a stopped clock in the daylight. The awful weariness of Africa came over Fife, making feeble any resistance of his, tougher than any man's nerve. The shadow over all, the strain upon every nerve, the deadly burden of his tired heart, was the rhino-thing—the haunt that would not lift. Blackstone was limping around camp, making ready his blanket-roll and talking back to the Mascaris, as they made ready the packing-cases for the day's march.

Another page was turned that day in the crooked book his mind had become. Fife had only to shut his eyes to see a shadowy rhino in Blackstone's background, as they marched. Rubbing his eyes made no difference. Shadowy, amorphous, it humped against the horizon, as he stared beyond the Scot's shoulders. . . . The next day there were moments in which he couldn't be sure that the shadow wasn't real. Twice he almost gave an alarm. Once, he caught Blackstone looking at him in queerly concerned absorption, and he became very busy lighting a cigarette, already lit.

Often he would recall the face of Blackstone's girl back in Mombasa—the face more and more pinched in the last hours before departure. Then he would contemplate the awful responsibility of any man meaning so much as that to a woman. He never forgot Leavitte and Hayward, though they had been folded away for years under humps of African soil. He had frequent struggles this day, trying to down the pictures in his brain that had to do with their deaths, underfoot or tossed high. Possibly a girl had been waiting for Leavitte and Hayward, somewhere. But he hadn't known such a one; hadn't lived in her house, hadn't seen her face at the last, as her man went away.

II

THEY found frankincense trees, and were at the end of the out-journey from Mombasa. The Ichiti border, at the point they reached, was a district of subsurface springs and narrow whispering ravines that gathered the leaking waters and drained them toward the Arivibo. The moist areas between the ravines were reeking rich with jungle masses. Through these pristine shadows Fife and Blackstone followed faint threads of maddening perfume, until they found the orchids ineffable—*Spiritu Santo* and *Madre de Dios*.

A look came to Blackstone that Fife had not seen since the last supper in the little house in Mombasa. They were wild as boys. Only plant hunters could know such joy. These majesties of the tropic shade were rare enough to have called to themselves the glamor of tradition, and were of such color and form and fragrance as heartily to be doubted by those not privileged to see. A big golden-eyed cat followed them through the shades and the flecked lights that first afternoon, and mewed and hissed in unfamiliar ways.

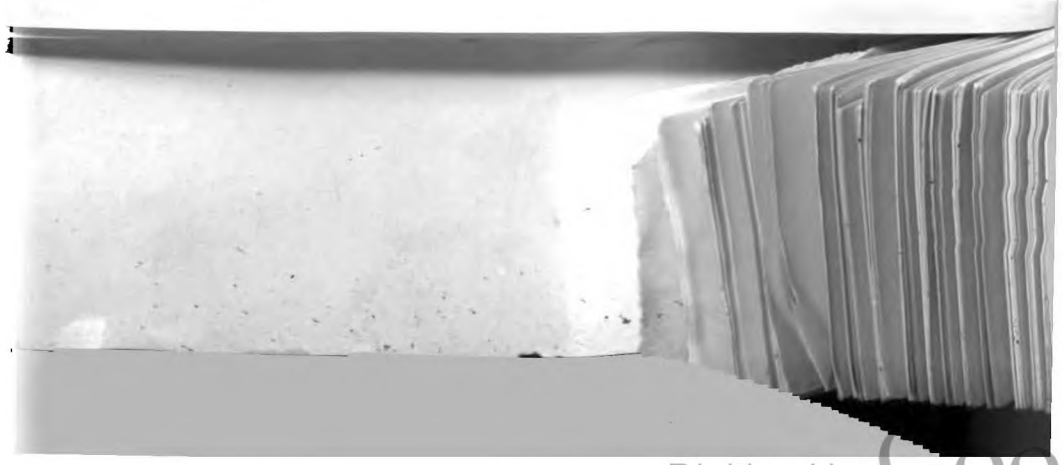
NOTHING less than Paradise for the two white men, after weeks of terrible sunlight, to follow down in the bubbling magic where the waters ran; to drink and stay and drink some more and stretch out on the cool greens—men who had pushed on against every odd and obstacle, who had come to know a thirst continual even the thirst that is a beaten beast in one's throat. Blackstone found a blue clay spring and placed his fevered foot on the slidy marge. Then he turned to find a smile on Wullie Fife's face—or a twisted something, at least, that faintly resembled a smile.

It appeared to Blackstone that he was actually doing something for Wullie Fife's peace of mind, dabbling his foot in the cool clay like that. They made camp on the spot, and the Scot nursed his foot, while the other cooked coffee and pancakes and looked almost human, out from between his sucked-in temples. Rest, cool water and eager drawing earth began a perfect work of healing; and Blackstone, still barefoot, the next day wrote a monograph on the subject of healing clays, forgetting orchids and even frankincense, for the time. Secretly, however, he studied the mystery of "Mock Bamboo's" almost frenzied care for his welfare. . . .

"It's something like this bit of jungle that keeps us here in Africa, Wullie," he observed, as the second day closed in the magic camp. "Old Dame Africa treats us so badly that we get to dreaming of other lands—of the home towns and barber-shops, we used to know. Then she springs a glen or a glade like this—drugging the soul out of a man with her perfumes and her saintly undertones, like, like—"

Now Blackstone saw Wullie Fife's face go stale white, like a dead man. He searched his own mind and went over the words he had just spoken, even to moving his lips with them. He had been thinking of the woman in his own house back in Mombasa, as he spoke of the "saintly undertones" of the waters. Of course, Wullie couldn't know anything like that.

(*Continued on page* 128)



S. W. Downing *Mrs. Harding* *J. C. Woods* *John A. Abel*

Former carriers of the Marion, Ohio, *Star*, and Mrs. Warren G. Harding, who spanked them when they were boys. "I want to have my picture taken with all the boys here that I have spanked," she said, just before this picture was snapped.

Mrs. Harding and Her "Boys"

Wife of the President-Elect Has a Happy Reunion with the "Lads" Who Distributed Her Husband's Newspaper. They Have Formed the Harding Newsboys' Association.

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

A CARRIER for the *The Star*, of Marion, Ohio, had returned from his usual Saturday job of collecting from the subscribers on his route. He approached Mrs. Warren G. Harding with a package in his hand, which he held out with a flush on his cheeks and a new brightness in his eyes.

Mrs. Harding scented something unusual.

"What have you got there, Jim," Mrs. Harding demanded, as she watched him curiously.

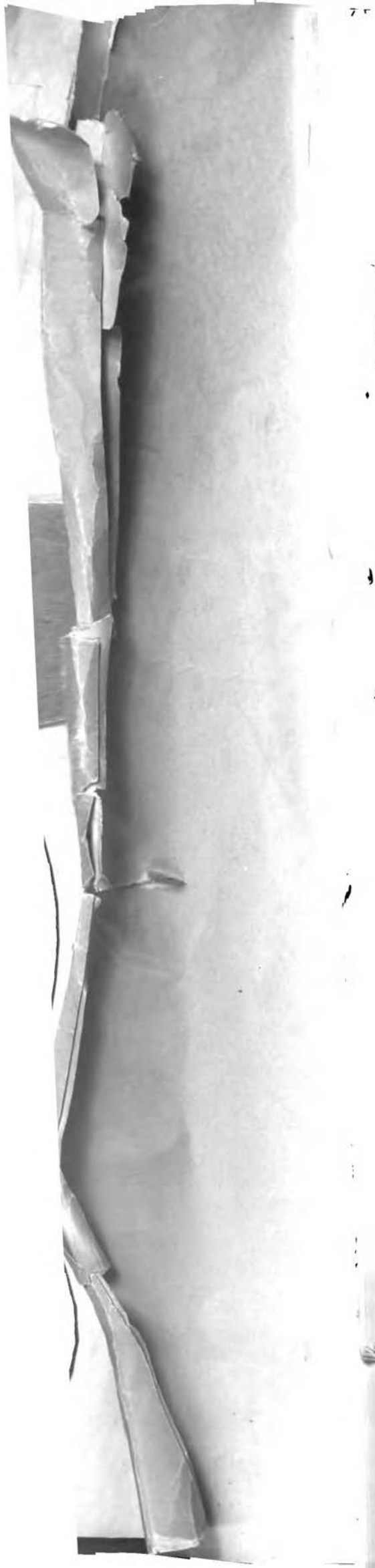
"My collections," he replied.

A pile of pennies rattled upon the desk.

"Where in the world did you get them? What are you up to now?"

But before Jim could be compelled to explain, the other carriers came trooping in, each with something in his extended hand. One by one they laid a pile of pennies before Mrs. Harding, who faced the coppers with consternation.

"Now see what you have done!" she exclaimed.



"I'll have to stop my work and count every one of them. Why did you play such a trick on me, when you know I am just as busy as I can be?"

"So you would get the money," volunteered one of the happy but fun-loving group.

"How is that? I don't understand?"

"Didn't you tell Dan the other day, when you were making change for him, that the boss allowed you to keep all the pennies?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, we went to the banks and got our collections changed so you would get all of it."

Mrs. Harding's face suddenly flushed as she realized the full significance of what the carriers had done.

"Oh, you boys!" she exclaimed with mock severity. "Run along now, while I count this pile of money."

As wife of the President-elect of the United States, as the one who will be the first lady of the land and foremost in the thought of the world, Mrs. Harding is receiving tributes from the great of the earth; but it is doubtful if any of them will reach her heart like that boyish prank of the carriers on the Marion *Star*, her husband's newspaper.

In running *The Star*, which is a daily evening newspaper, Mr. Harding "sold the circulation" to a manager who in turn sold the papers to the subscribers. The manager paid a flat rate and took the hazards of business in working up a circulation that would give him a profit. He employed school boys to make deliveries, and did the collecting himself.

Mrs. Harding did not like this arrangement, and so expressed herself to her husband.

"I believe we can make more money and get a larger list," she said to him, "if we handle the circulation ourselves."

"All right," replied the boss, with his usual genial smile. "You become circulation manager and give the plan a try out."

At that time Mrs. Harding was serving as office manager, bookkeeper, and cashier. She kept the accounts, mailed statements, cared for the money, and paid the bills. Her old ledgers are still a part of the office records.

She Trained the Boys Herself

WHEN she took over the duties of circulation manager she doubled her duties. She had to engage boys, train them, make out bills for each one to use in his Saturday collections, check up the accounts, and keep everything straight. Each afternoon she would go into the pressroom and count out the papers for the carriers. The boys were paid a flat amount by the week, and were not allowed to sell papers on the streets. Their job was to make their deliveries quickly, and not linger by the wayside. Mrs. Harding did not have any fads about working up a circulation. She relied on prompt service and the efforts of the boys, who were required to ask people to become subscribers.

She told them that it was necessary for them to be courteous and careful when approaching a prospective subscriber, and to leave in a cheerful frame of mind if they were refused.

The carriers were made up of boys from twelve to fourteen. Mrs. Harding found that boys under twelve could not be relied upon, so she drew the line at that age.

Many of the lads were the sons of Mrs. Harding's girlhood friends. Their mothers were anxious to have them carry papers so they would get the benefit of the training that Mrs. Harding was sure to give them. The mothers regarded Mrs. Harding in the light of a teacher and sanctioned whatever she did in the way of discipline.

The Boys Paid for Their Mistakes

ONE rule that Mrs. Harding laid down and enforced rigidly was that a boy who accepted bad money—counterfeits, or coins with holes in them—or lost the prepared receipts she gave them for use in making collections, should pay for his own mistakes.

She was constantly giving them little talks on business and personal ethics. As one of the boys put it, when Mrs. Harding failed to deliver her usual lecture, they were sure something was wrong with her health.

"Boys," she would say, "what you learn now is going to affect you when you are men. Now, I want you boys to become the right kind of men, and that is the reason I am so severe with you. It is for your own good. When you accept bad money or lose receipts, one of us must stand for it. And if you cause the loss by your own carelessness, I shall take it out of your pay."

Of course some of the little fellows howled when they were docked a dime or a quarter; but in later years, they admitted that Mrs. Harding was right and that her treatment did them a lot of good.

While she was firm in holding each boy to a strict accounting, she was always ready to do small favors which did not involve an infraction of her business rules. All of the carriers were school boys, and as such they were forever short of lead pencils. Hence it was quite common for a boy to approach "the missus," as they all called her, and ask: "Can't you get me a pencil out of the boss's desk?"

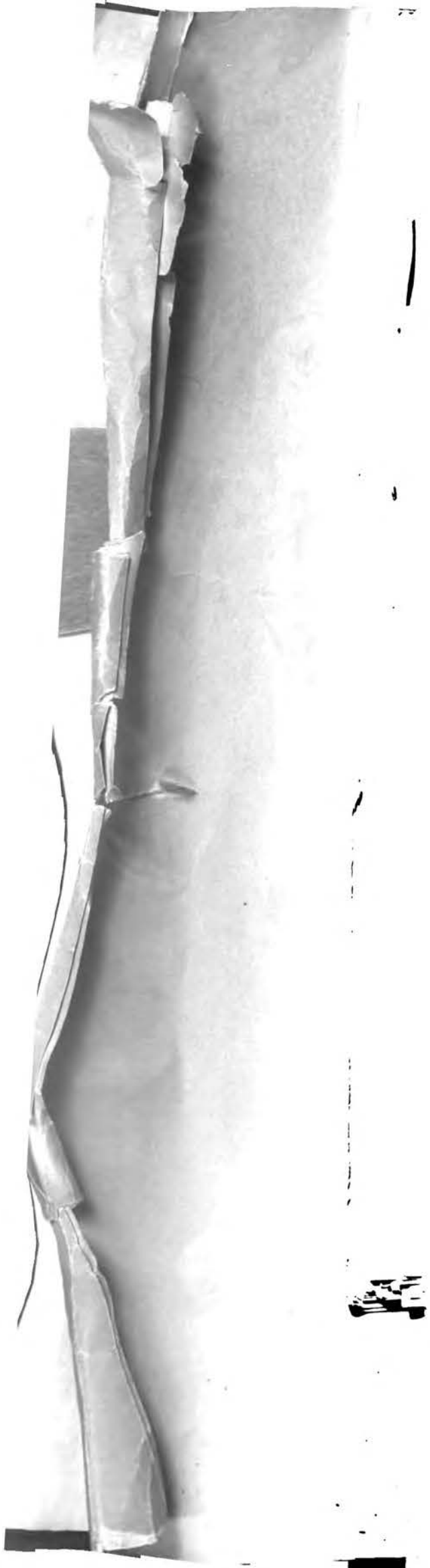
"Wait a minute and I'll see what I can do," Mrs. Harding would reply.

Then, pretending to be very sly about it, she would slip into Mr. Harding's office, and tiptoe out with one or two big long pencils, greatly to the delight of the little fellow who was waiting outside. By the time a dozen or fifteen boys had been supplied in the same way, there were generally no pencils left, and then the boss himself would do some howling when he discovered that his supply had all vanished.

FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. WARREN G. HARDING

Over a hundred boys were employed as carriers at various times by Mrs. Harding. They are now scattered all over the United States, from California to New York. There are lawyers, doctors, merchants, manufacturers, and business men among their number. Soon after the nomination of Mr. Harding for the Presidency, these men formed an organization known as the Harding Newsboys' Association. G. H. Foster is president, and L. D. Zachman secretary and treasurer. Mr. Zachman is assistant cashier of the City National Bank of Marion, and Mr. Foster is manager of two theaters in that city. Both delivered *The Star* when they were boys.

One Sunday afternoon during the campaign forty or more of the former carriers met at *The Star* office and marched to the Harding home on Mt. Vernon Avenue and assembled on the front porch for a reunion. When a photographer was



ready for business, Mrs. Harding startled the group by remarking, "I want to have my picture taken with all the boys here that I have spanked."

Three stepped forward and lined up with "the missus." They were S. W. Downing, who has a responsible position with the Big Four Railroad in New York; J. C. Woods, circulation manager of *The Star;* and John A. Abel, of Marion. Their names are given in the order in which they are shown in the picture.

The good-natured grin on their faces is due to the fire of pertinent remarks hurled at them by their associates who managed to escape being spanked.

In arranging for the informal call on Mr. and Mrs. Harding, night letters had been wired to former carriers living in other cities. Where it was at all possible for them to reach Marion they came pell-mell from all directions. Mr. Downing barely had time to change his clothes after receiving the message, but he managed to make it. Others sent telegrams expressing regrets.

All Hold Responsible Positions

AMONG former *Star* carriers trained by Mrs. Harding, there is quite a notable list of men who have made good in a business or professional way. For instance, there is—

C. L. Gorton, who is in the lumber business with his father, in Marion.

Don B. Jenkins, with a large milling concern with his father in Noblesville, Indiana.

LeRoy Diehl, proprietor of an auto repair-shop, Marion.

C. H. Selby and Paul F. Markert, forming the firm of Selby & Markert, merchants, Marion.

Major George B. Knapp, real estate, Marion, who served in Italy during the World War, and was formerly manager of a newspaper in Bucyrus, Ohio.

Earl R. Sycks, insurance, Dayton.

W. P. Cass, well-to-do farmer, Marion.

Harry L. Gurley, mechanical engineer, Marion.

H. J. Davis, jr., circulation department, *The Citizen*, Columbus.

W. A. Muntsinger, commercial traveler, Marion.

Frank R. Mann, dentist, Marion.

Ernest G. Wideman, attorney at law and justice of the peace, Marion.

Earl R. Wilson, traveling salesman, Marion Steam Shovel Company.

C. Z. Zachman, grocer, Marion.

Frank M. Knapp, insurance agency, Marion.

Hayes Thompson, attorney, Marion.

M. L. Wilson, clerk of the courts, Marion.

John H. Krause, manager of the Northwestern Branch of the Huber Manufacturing Company, Marion, with headquarters in Lansing, Michigan.

R. B. Ullom, secretary and treasurer of the Cyclone Manufacturing Company, Urbana, Indiana.

Among the "boys" who wired their regrets were Dr. F. W. Clark, Washington, Missouri; C. L. Gates, Denver, Colorado; F. C. Sargent, Columbus, Ohio; William Battenfield, San Francisco; Fred C. Debold, Buffalo; Dr. E. K. Clarke, Washington, Missouri; Harold Haldeman, Cleveland; Hugh B. Robinson, Springfield, Massachusetts; J. W. Knapp, Zanesville, Ohio; C. H. Raymond, Lansing, Michigan; D. L. Cheney, Philadelphia.

Others, who came in response to the night letter were P. L. Idleman, Pendleton, Oregon; C. B. Bieber, Columbus, Ohio; E. Meredith, Cleveland; A. J. Sanford, Canton, Ohio; H. Guy Downing, Columbus, Ohio; Dan B. Jenkins, Noblesville, Indiana; Earl R. Sycks, Dayton, Ohio; H. J. Davis, jr., Columbus.

J. C. Woods, the present circulation manager of *The Star*, served as a carrier under Mrs. Harding, and later took a turn as office boy. Mr. Woods is now a stockholder and member of the board of directors of the Harding Publishing Company.

A. J. Myers, now advertising manager of *The Star* and secretary of the board of directors of the Harding Publishing Company, was a carrier boy when Mrs. Harding was in charge, worked in the office for a while and then got a job in a store so he could attend night school. One day Mr. Harding met him on the street in company with the principal of the school.

"What are you doing to this fellow," asked Mr. Harding, pointing to Myers.

"We are making a stenographer of him."

"Well, when you get him all finished off, send him around and I'll give him a job."

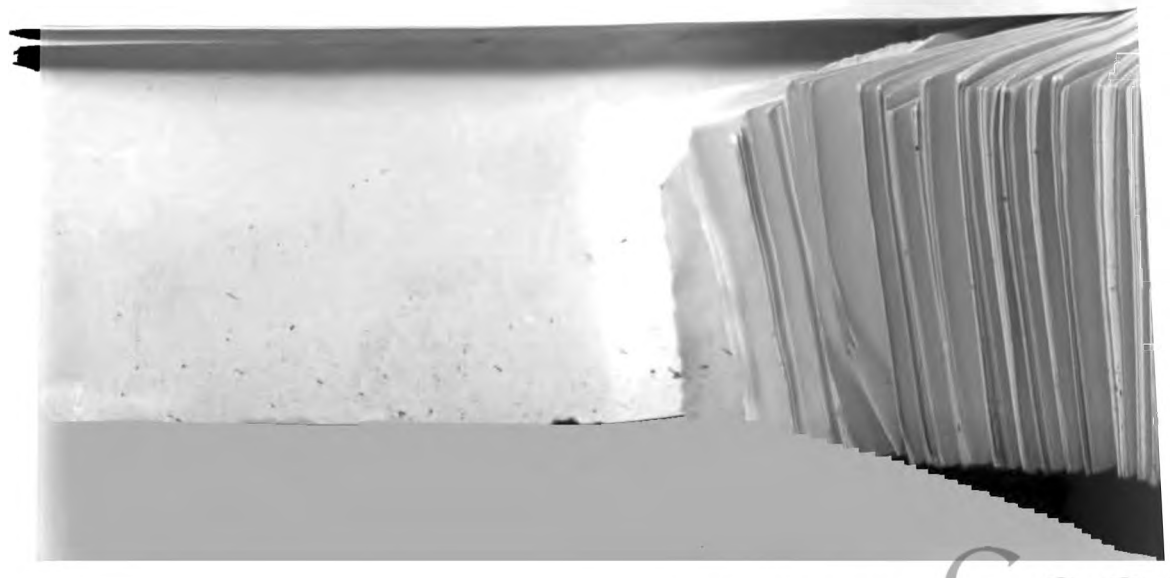
In due course, A. J. Myers was "finished off" and became Mr. Harding's office helper. During the first few weeks, while working along with Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Myers had to write his letters out in long hand while waiting for the typewriter to arrive.

A Trick That Didn't Work

IT must be remembered that Mrs. Harding was dealing with a bunch of average American boys who were full of pep, or something, that just had to find an outlet or they would blow up. Once in awhile they would engage in a mix-up among themselves, and "the missus" would have to jump in and straighten out the tangle. One lad got pretty badly walloped in a fight and retired from the field to take boxing lessons. The next time he had a difference, he gave his opponent a black eye and otherwise marked him. When Mrs. Harding found it out, she called the victor "on the carpet" for fighting.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I am going to fine you a dollar," she said.

"But I didn't pay—and I never will," said the "boy" who told me the story. "The other fellow had a beating coming, and I enjoyed giving it to him."



The printing press, in those days, was operated by an electric motor connected by a belt and shafting. A long belt ran up from the motor to the shaft overhead, which carried the one that operated the press. While waiting for their papers, the boys discovered that the belt from the motor generated an intense current of electricity. By holding a finger near the belt they could draw out a spark an inch long.

The temptation was too much for one of the lads. He saw an opportunity to shock "the missus" and see her jump.

First he procured a length of small insulated wire and removed the insulation from each end for several inches. Then he stationed one of the boys near the long belt, with instructions to draw the spark when he gave the signal.

"And wet your finger so the spark will be a big one," he ordered.

Then he stationed the boys in a row, hands joined, the last one holding one end of the wire. That enabled him to bring the wire up to a point where he could reach the unsuspecting Mrs. Harding. All the boys wore rubber boots so there was no danger of a short circuit. When everything was set, the conspirator near the belt wet his finger, held it up, and a long fat spark leaped at him. At the same instant the leader touched Mrs. Harding with the other end of the wire on the back of her bare neck. She jumped up with a scream and scattered the papers she was counting, all over the floor.

Whirling around she caught the wire and, doubling it up, gave the ringleader several hearty whacks. But that was not enough. She took him around behind the press, turned him over her knee, and spanked him so hard that, he now says, he could not sit down for several days with any degree of comfort. That was the last time the boys tried any tricks on "the missus." But it was not the end of their mischief.

When Little Pete Struck

ONE Christmas, Mrs. Harding made each carrier a present of a pocketknife. She should have known better, for when a boy gets a knife he is not happy until he cuts something with it, and he is not always very particular just what he tries his knife on. A little while after the boys had been given the knives, Mrs. Harding received a bill from the warden of the church next to *The Star* office. It seems that the boys had whittled away the tops of a picket fence that ran along the alley line of the church lot. The pickets were of soft wood, and the knives were new and sharp!

Some of the carriers developed hoarseness from calling out "*Marion Star!*" when they made their deliveries. Mrs. Harding decided that a whistle would be better than the call. So she obtained a supply of whistles that had been made of Krag-Jorgensen cartridges used in the war with Spain. Each boy was armed with a whistle, which made a very peculiar sound. After the whistles had been in use for a while, all hoarseness disappeared.

Little Pete, one of the boys, became offended about something and went on a strike. He refused, at the last minute, to "carry his route." There was no time to find out what had caused his grouch, but the papers had to be delivered.

"Now, Pete," said Mrs. Harding, "there is no use in you being stubborn about it. You are going to carry those papers and I am going to see that you do it right."

Mrs. Harding got into her buggy, with the papers, and drove along the street slowly while Pete ran up to the houses with them, as she handed them out one by one. By the time they had finished the route, Pete's grouch had vanished and Mrs. Harding had no more trouble with him.

Mrs. Harding Likes to Work

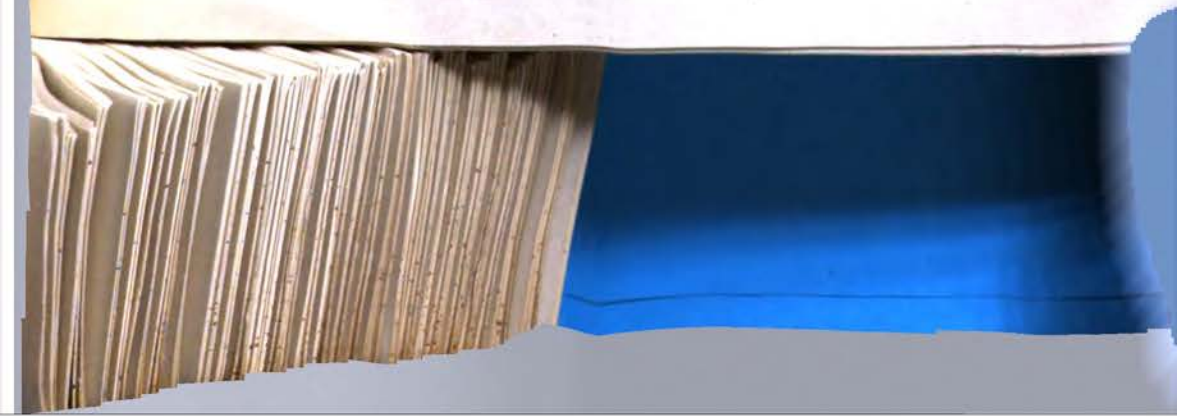
L. D. Zachman, the secretary of the Harding Newsboys' Association, recently had a little fun with Mrs. Harding in an innocent way.

Zachman is assistant cashier of the City National Bank at Marion, and for a while he looked too young and boyish for such a position. He decided to add a little age to his appearance by letting his whiskers grow. The result was "that a distinguished foreign-looking gentleman" soon afterward stood at the window of the assistant cashier, for Zachman had developed a fine black mustache and goatee.

This all happened while Mrs. Harding was in Washington with Senator Harding. When she returned home, Zachman faced her, without a smile, to see if she would recognize him. He had her puzzled for a while, but at length she penetrated his disguise.

"Oh, Roy! it's really you," she exclaimed, as she studied his face and laughed.

It may not be out of place to inject the remark at this point that Mrs. Harding is not easily deceived. To use her own terms of self-analysis, in talking with the writer, her mind "works like that of a man." And that is absolutely true. Her mentality is a blend of feminine intuition and masculine astuteness, and she has a disconcerting way of dragging out your hidden thoughts and ideas and discussing them in a most matter-of-fact manner. She is easily able to hold her own with American politicians and foreign diplomats who are supposed to be



masters of the art of diplomacy will find a match in Mrs. Harding.

Although born to wealth, but turning from it when she married Mr. Harding, she has always been a hard worker. She will not shrink from any kind of toil, either physical or mental, if such toil is necessary to the success of her enterprise.

For instance, she did not like the way Old Dan, a former slave, did a job of scrubbing for her at *The Star* office, one day. After watching him for a while she exclaimed, "Here, Dan, let me show you how to scrub."

Suiting the action to the word, she rolled up her sleeves, pinned up her skirts, seized a broom and went at it, while Dan looked on.

In taking care of the circulation of *The Star*, it was necessary to deliver papers to Prospect, twelve miles south, each evening, in a buggy. That was before the days of the interurban line. After *The Star* was out each evening, and the carriers had started on their rounds, Mrs. Harding would load up her buggy and go over to Prospect, so the people there could have the news by lamplight.

She Helped All of Her "Boys"

MRS. HARDING has one or two little pet superstitions which might be mentioned in passing. One day her horse cast a shoe, and she brought it in and hung it on the wall for good luck. It is there yet, right end up.

A cobweb disfigured one corner of the ceiling, and some of the boys wanted to sweep it away for her.

"Leave it there," she expostulated. "It will bring us good luck."

By and by that cobweb, which was quite a large affair, became a target for small boys with paper balls. It was something of an achievement to toss a ball of paper so it would land inside that cobweb, but most of them were able to do it. In the course of time the cobweb was removed, and then it was found that it contained almost enough paper balls to half fill a waste basket.

President Foster, of the Harding Newsboys' Association, said he regarded it a great advantage for any boy to be under Mrs. Harding. "She is a thorough business woman, and she knows boys," he added.

"While Mrs. Harding was severe sometimes," said one of her former carriers, "the boys all liked her. They seemed to know that she understood them. If she had any 'bawling out' to do, she did it once and for all and did not irritate us by nagging about it afterward. I think the real secret of her grip was her way of making a boy feel that he was really somebody, and that he could amount to something if he was willing to work.

"In all the years that have followed, she has kept in touch with many of the old carriers, and is keenly interested in knowing how they are getting along. Her continued interest in us has been a great help. Naturally we like to show her that we can do things, and that stimulates us to make the right kind of an effort. It is a matter of pride to all of us that of the hundred or more carriers who served under Mrs. Harding not one has gone wrong, so far as we have been able to find out."

"Do you expect to have a reunion at the White House some time?"

"Of course," was the surprised reply. " 'The missus' would be disappointed if we did not call on her in her new home."

THE uneducated, unprepared man is always placed at a great disadvantage. No matter how much natural ability one may have, if he is ignorant, he is discounted. It is not enough to possess ability, it must be made available by mental discipline.

LET us not be content to mine the most coal, to make the largest locomotives, to weave the largest quantities of carpets; but, amid the sounds of the pick, the blows of the hammer, the rattle of the looms, and the roar of the machinery, take care that the immortal mechanism of God's own hand—the mind—is still full-trained for the highest and noblest service.—*John Wanamaker.*

Why I Believe in Premonitions

No One Can Scrutinize the Evidence for Premonitions Assembled Since The Society for Psychical Research Was Founded, without Admitting that it Raises Problems to be Solved

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Author of "Sleep and Sleeplessness," "Nerve Control and How to Gain It," etc.

EDITORS' NOTE

"WHY does THE NEW SUCCESS publish an article on 'Premonitions?'" many of our readers will probably ask. Well, there are many people who still believe in previous warnings of evil and danger—who anticipate an event without conscious reason—and there are unquestionable records of those who have been very much impressed by their premonitions. Such cases Mr. Bruce has taken the trouble to gather together as the basis of these articles. Premonitions are as old as history. We have all experienced them in a more or less forcible way. We do not really understand them; but there is a vast amount of genuine interest attached to them—that is why THE NEW SUCCESS is giving Mr. Bruce's articles to its readers. H. Addington Bruce is peculiarly fitted to handle such a subject as this. In recent years, he has taken a foremost place in the ranks of American writers, as one who can take such a subject as "Premonitions" and make it so popular that everyone will want to read it. Mr. Bruce's second article will appear in our March number. After you have read it, we will ask you to tell us something about your own premonitions.

WHEN I was a boy, nine or ten years old, visiting in the country, I chanced, one morning, to overhear a conversation between two neighbors that interested me exceedingly, and, at the same time, caused me much inward quaking. They were talking about a mutual acquaintance, Margaret Macdougal, who had long been lying seriously ill.

"Maggie Macdougal," one declared, "is going to die to-day."

"Aye, aye, like enough," the other assented, "though I didn't know the doctor had given her up. Have you been speaking with him this morning?"

"I have not seen him," was the reply, "but I know, just the same, that she is going to die. Last night, my good man and I drove to the village after supper. It was sundown when we started home, and almost night by the time we passed your place. A few minutes afterwards, I noticed that something long and dark had caught on the spoke of a wheel. It looked like a piece of cloth, and, bending over, I saw that it was a piece of crape. I said to my husband:

" 'John, get out and loose that crape from the wheel.'

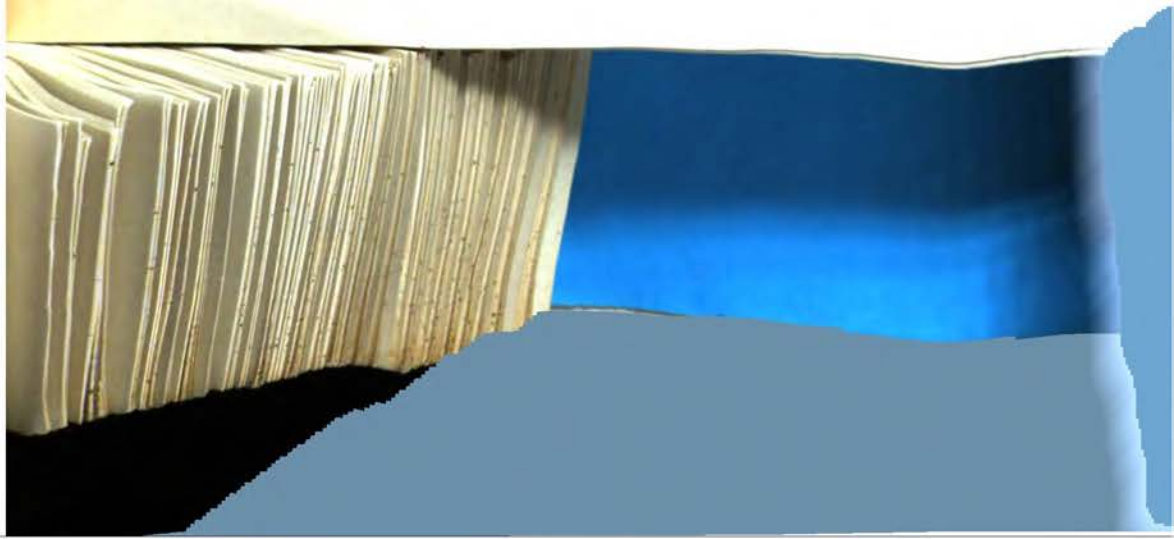
" 'Crape!' he exclaimed. 'There's no crape on it, there's nothing on it.'

"But I could see it quite plainly. So out he got, grumbling. The moment he set foot on the ground, to my amazement the piece of crape vanished. It didn't fall from the wheel, it just disappeared. I got out, too, and he and I searched all around and some distance up the road, but we found nothing. When we came back to the carriage, I noticed for the first time that we had stopped exactly in front of the Macdougal place. Then I knew it was a sign that Maggie Macdougal was about to die, and I told my husband so."

And, in fact, Margaret Macdougal died before sunset.

That was my introduction to the fascinating, mystifying subject of premonitions and previsions. I well remember the feeling of dread that seized me when I heard the prediction had been fulfilled. Peace of mind returned only with the assurance of a worldly wise uncle that the affair could be set down to a mixture of superstition, chance, and imagination.

"No doubt she really saw something," said he, "some old rag or other that had caught in the wheel, and then was blown loose and carried by the wind into the ditch. If they'd looked long enough they'd have found it. As to their stopping in front of the Macdougal place—why, they just happened to stop there.



There's no such thing as ghostly signs and warnings. my boy, take my word for it."

ALL this sounded reasonable, and, with boyish faith, I thanked my uncle and returned to my books and games. But now, after the lapse of many years, I am convinced that—although unquestionably more than nine cases out of ten of alleged premonitions turn out to be "false alarms," and fail to fulfill their warnings—there are, nevertheless, times when coming events cast their shadows before so distinctly as to be revealed in the form of truly premonitory indications, not to be explained away by the superstition, chance, and imagination theory. Neither, however, do I believe, for reasons that will become apparent as we proceed, that it is necessary to invoke "spirits" as their casual agency. But as to the fact of their being real premonitions and real previsions, I can no more doubt than I can doubt the existence of the telegraph and the telephone, the automobile and the aeroplane, and similar creations of science which, not so many generations ago, would have been accounted incredible.

The Dream of Captain Scott

MY own investigations, and the investigations of those who have probed more deeply than I, leave me no choice in the matter. No one, indeed, it would seem to me, can scrutinize the evidence for premonitions assembled in the course of the past thirty-five years—or since the founding of the Society for Psychical Research—without acknowledging that it raises mysteries to be reckoned with, problems to be solved. From all over the world men and women of good repute, whose veracity is beyond suspicion, have testified to personal experiences much like that related above and in many instances inexplicable on any theory of chance occurrence.

Often, it appears, the premonitions recorded impart helpful advance information regarding all manner of happenings, from the most tragic to the most commonplace. Not infrequently they have been the means of averting accidents and disasters. A most impressive instance in this respect was the thrice-occurring dream of Captain David Scott, of the brig "Ocean" in the early part of last century.

Cruising in West Indian waters, Captain Scott dreamed on the night of June 7, that he saw a schooner, apparently water-logged, with several men aboard, one of whom was a negro. The next night he had the same dream, and again the following night. Being abundantly endowed with the proverbial superstition of the sailor, he felt sure that this meant that some calamity was menacing his ship, and he redoubled his vigilance, giving strict orders to be notified if he were not on deck, of the least change in the weather.

On the morning of June 10, while at breakfast, he was warned that a squall was coming. Hurrying up, and looking out over the water, he was astounded to see a boat bobbing up and down on the waves, and a man standing in the bow making frantic signals of distress with a flag tied to an oar. Some sailors who had been sent aloft to furl royals, reported that the boat seemed to have a number of persons in it, and that they thought it probably was manned by pirates seeking to board the brig by stratagem. The passengers warmly seconded the crew in urging Captain Scott to pay no attention to the distress signals, and he was about to assent when he remembered his dream of the water-logged schooner.

"No," he said, "we'll heave to. Mr. Poingestre, take the wheel; and you, sir," turning to his first officer, "arm yourself and a boat's crew, and go and find out what the trouble is."

HALF an hour later there were brought on board a quartet of shipwrecked mariners, including a negro servant of the commander, Captain Jellard, who also was among those rescued. All were so exhausted that it was some time before they could tell their story. It was then learned that, three days earlier, they had left their vessel—the schooner, "James Hambleton," bound for Grenada—to go ashore for water on a small island. A gale and a strong current had swept them away from the ship and from land, and until picked up they had had nothing to drink and no food except the meat of a shark captured a few hours before they were rescued.

Nor did the helpfulness of Captain Scott's strange dream end here. Putting in at Carthagena, he landed Captain Jellard and his men, who made the best of their way to Grenada. There they found that the "James Hambleton" had been brought safely to port by the mate and three sailors, left aboard when the others set off in search of water; that these four men had been put on trial for the murder of their comrades, and that they had been convicted and were awaiting execution.

The Return of a Vision

LESS sensational, but similarly helpful, was the premonitory dream of Mrs. Emily Reay, of London, who, the night previous to starting on a visit to her sister, had a vision in which she saw the carriage that was to meet her

at the station, upset in the road near her sister's home. However, this dream, like so many, was forgotten on awakening, and she departed for her visit in high spirits.

"I went by train to Mortlake," she said, in describing her experience, "and was met by a groom with a pony carriage. Everything went smoothly till we were driving up the lane to my sister's house, when the horse became very restive. The groom got down, but could find nothing wrong so we went on. This happened a second and a third time, and when he was examining the horse for the third time my vision of the night before suddenly came back to me, and I told the groom I would get out and walk to the house.

"He tried to dissuade me; but I felt nervous and insisted upon walking, so he drove off by himself, and had only gone a very short distance from me when the horse became quite unmanageable. I called to some men in the road to help him; but before they reached him, carriage, horse, and groom were all in a confused heap in the hedge, just as I had seen it the night before, though not exactly in the same spot. The groom managed to extricate himself, but when I reached him he said he was thankful I had insisted upon getting out, for he could not possibly have saved me from a dreadful accident."

Saved by a Voice

AS a general thing, however, premonitions of accident are received in a waking, not a sleeping state, and usually just before the accident takes place. Dr. O. F. Smith, a Boston dentist, was busy at a workbench on which he had a copper vessel used for vulcanizing rubber, when he heard a voice exclaim imperatively: "Run to the window—quick! Run to the window —quick!"

Wondering greatly from whom the voice could have come—for he was alone in his office—Dr. Smith nevertheless obeyed the command throwing the window open, and looking into the street below. He had hardly done this, when there came a tremendous explosion behind him, and, turning, he saw that the copper vessel had been blown to pieces, tearing a hole in the ceiling, and wrecking the bench on which he had been seated. But for the hallucinatory voice he would undoubtedly have sustained serious, perhaps fatal, injuries.

Narratives of Westerners

IN the same way, the wife of a Montana mine owner, reading at night in her home at Cable, there being no one in the room with her but her infant son, now a grown man, received the command: "Take the baby out of his crib!"

The words, she told me, were uttered in a clear, firm, decisive tone. For a moment she did not move, being overcome with astonishment and fear. The command was repeated: "Take the baby out of his crib!"

This time she obeyed, and most fortunately; for the next instant a heavy bracket, supporting a lamp just above where the baby had been lying, gave way and precipitated the lamp into the crib, which in a moment was enveloped in flames.

With this may well be compared the narrative of another westerner, Mr. C. W. Kempton, who says:

"A few years since, I was at a mine called Rosales, about twenty miles west of Carlo, in Sonora, Mexico. I had with me my assistant and two other Americans. A Mexican family occupied the building where we made our headquarters. The corral was about fifty yards from the house, and was fenced with posts and brushwood, with one entrance. There were no other houses within two hundred yards.

"We had been quite busy examining ore samples in the house, and finally, late in the afternoon, to get a breath of fresh air and rest a little, I went to the outside door and leaned against the door-frame lazily, thinking of nothing in particular. The rest of our party were inside, busy with assay samples.

"A voice, more to my inner hearing than outward, but, to me, perfectly audible, said: 'Go to the corral!'

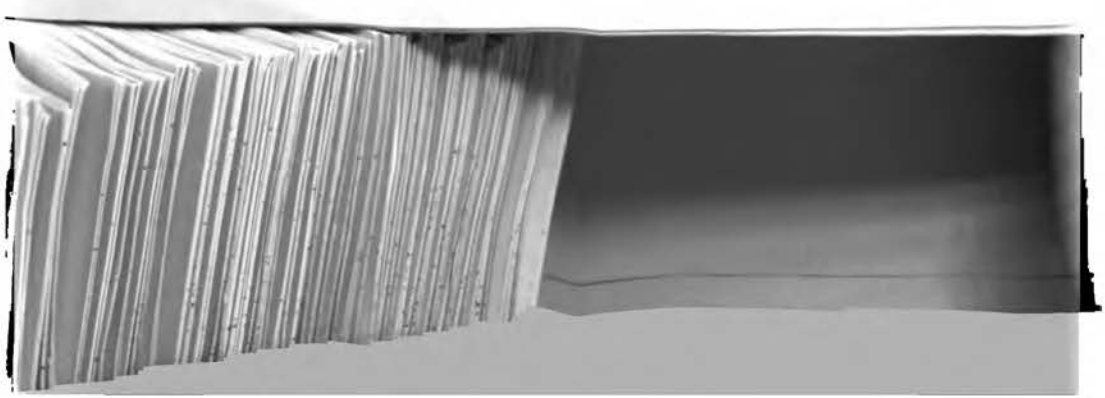
"I looked toward the corral, saw nothing out of the way, and answered the voice, perhaps not audibly, 'Why should I go to the corral?' and kept my position. In a few seconds it came again, 'Go to the corral!' quite peremptorily.

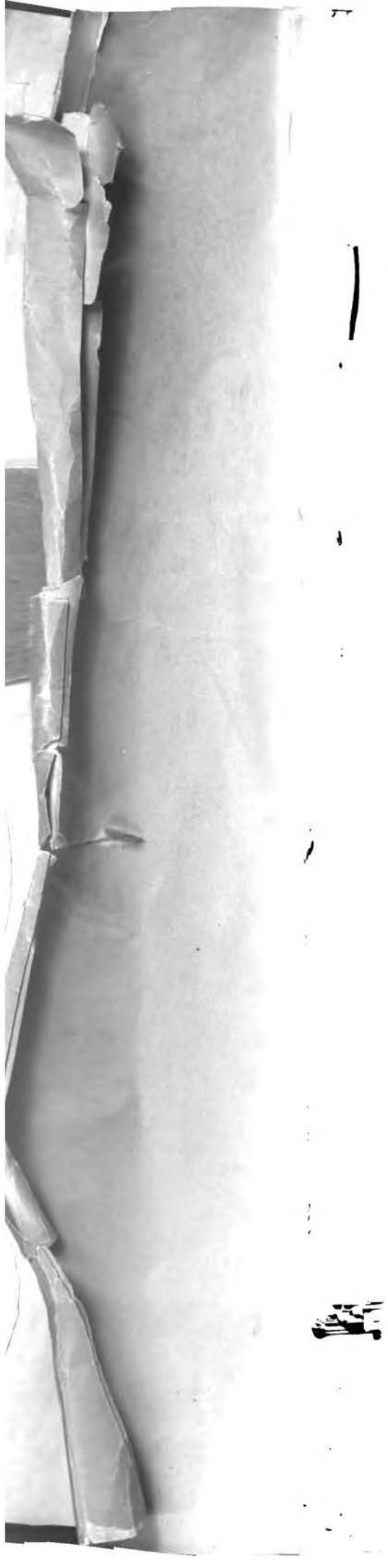
"I went. The ground inside the corral was covered with several inches of dry grass and hay, old fodder, etc., which, near one side, I found was on fire. I gave the alarm and by quick work we saved the corral and horses. Before I entered the corral, I had neither seen nor smelled smoke, and had not the slightest idea that anything was wrong."

Presaged His Sister's Death

IN many other cases, as the evidence accumulated in recent years goes to show, premonitions are direct'y associated with impending death, and they sometimes come, as in the case of the crape on the wheel, in an extremely symbolical form yet pointing unmistakably to the person whose death is presaged. Here is a typical example, reported by the famous English scientist, the late G. J. Romanes. I give it in his own words:

"Towards the end of March, in the dead of





night, while believing myself to be awake, I thought the door at the head of my bed was opened and a white figure passed along the side of the bed to the foot, where it faced about and showed me it was covered, head and all, in a shroud. Then with its hands it suddenly parted the shroud over the face, revealing between its two hands the face of my sister, who was il in another room. I exclaimed her name, whereupon the figure vanished instantly. Next day—and certainly on account of the shock given me—I called in Sir W. Jenner, who said my sister had not many days to live. She died very soon afterwards.

"I was in good health, without any grief or anxiety. My sister was being attended by our family doctor, who did not suspect anything serious; therefore, I had no anxiety at all on her account, nor had she herself."

His Wife Corroborates

COMPARE with this the strange experience of a Mr. W. T. Catleugh, corroborated by his wife, to whom, three days afterwards and long before the fulfilment of the prediction, he told what he had seen. At the time, the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Catleugh and one child, a little girl who slept on a small bed in the same room as her parents. Mrs. Catleugh being an invalid a night lamp was kept burning, so that the room was well lighted at all times.

Mr. Catleugh sleeping with his back to their daughter, was suddenly awakened by a touch on the shoulder. He turned quickly, thinking it was the child who had touched him, and that she required something. But she seemed to be sound asleep.

While he gazed, he beheld her apparently rise from the bed in a kneeling posture, with her hands clasped, and hover for a moment in the air, then vanish. That this vision was wholly hallucinatory was evident to him from the fact that all the time he could see her resting quietly in bed. Dreading lest he should find that she was dead, Mr. Catleugh stretched out his hand and gently touched her forehead. It was quite warm, and her breathing regular.

Then it flashed on him that what he had seen was possibly an intimation that her death would soon occur. But, in the morning, she awoke apparently all right, and for more than a month her anxious parents could detect no signs of illness. In another week or two, however, she was unexpectedly stricken, and died in a few days from tubercular meningitis, thus verifying the omen of the apparition which Mr. Catleugh is positive he actually saw.

"I emphatically declare," he says, "that I was roused from sleep by a mysterious touch; that the room was light from the lamp, and that, when I turned round, I saw the spirit form of the child rise from the bed and disappear out of sight as distinctly as if it had been the child herself."

Some Have Premonitory Gifts

THERE even seem to be people with a special gift for premonitions. Some years ago, Miss A. W. Young, of Fishkill, New York, sent me a statement regarding the manner in which the approaching deaths of a number of her immediate relatives have been announced to her by the appearance of the phantasmal figure of a young cousin who herself died many years ago.

"When I see her," Miss Young affirms, "I know death is near, and in some way understand who it is." Similarly, another woman, prominent in artistic and musical circles in New York, tells me:

"My husband's mother possessed, in a most unusual degree, the power which the Scotch call 'second sight.' This was shown by a series of remarkable dreams. In the first instance, she dreamed that she, her husband, and their large family of young children, were together in the living room of their home, seated around a hearth-fire. The door opened, and an intimate friend, an elderly gentleman, walked in. Without a word he took a seat among them, looked at the different children, and, rising, lifted one up in his arms and started with it to the door. As he was about to go out, still carrying the child, he turned, and gazing fixedly at my husband's mother, said in a kindly tone: 'Don't worry. It will be all right.'

"Then he departed with the child, and the dream came to an end. But it made such a vivid impression on her mind that she told it to her husband, and they noted the coincidence when, about a month afterwards, the very child she had seen carried away in the dream, sickened and died. A year later she had the same dream. Again the family were together in the living room again the old gentleman entered, again he bore off a child, and again, in departing, said: 'Don't worry. It will be all right.'

"Only a few weeks more, and this second child followed its brother to the grave. The rest of the children grew to maturity, but their mother outlived most of them. And she declared to me that preceding their deaths she invariably had the same dream, indicating plainly which of her sons and daughters was to be removed from earth."

(*To be continued in March*)

Child Wonders That Are Real Human Beings

"Just Ordinary" Boys and Girls Who Have Startled the World With Their Unusual Ambitions

By SELMA H. LOWENBERG

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood, New York

WHEN the boy, David, walked forth and slew the giant, Goliath, when the boy, Alexander, tamed the fiery steed, Bucephalus, when the boy, Handel, was discovered by his parents in the garret, making divine music, each in turn was hailed as a child prodigy. No age has ever had a monopoly on wonders. The prodigy always has been, and always will be, with us, often springing from the most unexpected sources, confounding the theories of heredity quite as frequently as lending weight to their support. In the light, however, of the unusual number of remarkably talented children now engaging the attention of the public, it is interesting to speculate on whether modern civilization is not especially conducive to their development, and to determine what, if any, are features common to them all.

In looking through the public press we find the record of energetic eleven-year-old Horace Wade dashing off a thirty thousand-word popular novel, ten newspaper feature-stories for a metropolitan daily, and calmly writing the advertisements of a leading Jersey City department store. We find Edward R. Hardy, jr., a boy of twelve, entering Columbia University with a speaking and writing knowledge of twelve languages. We find Mildred Wollerson, a miss of ten summers, holding a great audience in Carnegie Hall spellbound while she exhibits her mastery of the violin cello. We find thirteen-year-old Helen Vogel Lincoln writing a novel, short stories, and poems that elicit the praise of eminent literary critics; Jeremiah Kuntz, of Philadelphia, at eight years of age, considered a wonder at mathematics; little eight-year-old Hilda Conkling, the author of a charming volume called "Poems by a Little Girl," in the preface of which, Amy Lowell writes, "I know of no other instance in which such beautiful poetry has been written by a child." And we find Samuel Rzezewski, at the age of nine, matching his marvelous knowledge of mathematics and chess in simultaneous competition with twenty selected

Edward Hardy, twelve years old, is a freshman at Columbia University. He is a good-natured, fun-loving lad, who is unusually fond of sports, but he has shown an unusual adaptability for learning and already has mastered twelve languages.

Horace A. Wade, twelve years old, has already produced a novel entitled "In the Shadows of Great Peril," which shows a considerable amount of literary merit. He is a normal American boy with a particular fondness for baseball. Vice-President elect Coolidge, who has taken a personal interest in the young author's work, was photographed with him

members of the Palais Royal Society, and emerging victor over each and every one.

The natural question that stirs the mind of the average reader expresses itself in thoughts somewhat like the following: What kind of children are these, anyhow? Surely their unusual talents make them abnormal, repugnant to grown ups and children alike. You fancy them, perhaps, with huge bulging foreheads, the sophisticated look of a blasé continental traveler, and the obnoxious manners of a "smart-alecky" stage-child.

Nothing could be further from a true picture of these children. If there is one prominent feature practically common to them all it is their complete normality and their utter absence of pose. They are perfectly healthy, strong, eager, ambitious, inquisitive youngsters, liking the things that other children like and playing with children of their own age in perfect harmony and companionship. If they were in any way different, you may be sure that the intolerance of youth would soon discover it and make them veritable pariahs among their playmates. Children are always quick to sense the abnormal and mark it for scorn.

Mildred Wollerson, ten years old, has been acclaimed by so great a master-violinist as Ysaye, as one of the best cellists of the age. She began her studies when only three years old

THE little girls love their dolls and play at keeping house and become as excited as any other children over a new dress or pair of shoes. The boys are interested in baseball and scouting and every conceivable form of athletic sport. The chief point of difference between these children and the average child is their superior powers of concentration and the fact that they have been intelligently guided by an adult and encouraged to look upon their work as real play.

Instead of making a hobby of collecting stamps, or coins, or pets, or one of the countless other things that appeal to boys, Edward Hardy early developed an avid interest in history, particularly the history of Assyria and Babylonia, in delving into which he mastered the mysteries of the ancient hieroglyphic tablets that have puzzled the linguistic authorities, who, through such records, frequently find piece-meal accounts of civilization before the flood. While John Brown or Willie Smith were absorbed in the comic supplements of the newspapers, you may be sure that Edward Hardy, jr., was having every bit as much fun uncovering the buried lore of ancient history.

Samuel Rzezewski, nine years old, the chess "giant" from Poland. His father, a Polish linen merchant, claims to have started it all when he taught Samuel the game, in an idle hour, one night, when the boy was hardly five years old

These prodigies were fortunate enough to achieve "the vision splendid" very early in life, and, making a plaything of serious endeavor, they practiced their crafts with all the natural and joyful enthusiasm of children at play. They learned to concentrate on the thing that interested them. When Mrs. Wade called Horace to come to dinner, his "In a minute, when I come to a good stopping place," meant something different from the average boy's fixed retort. It meant that Horace Wade was fired with the spirit of creation. He was writing a story, not reading one. And now when his fellow craftsmen George Ade and Irvin Cobb, call him a genius, it is well to remember that Horace has lived up to the dictum that "genius is but an infinite capacity for hard work."

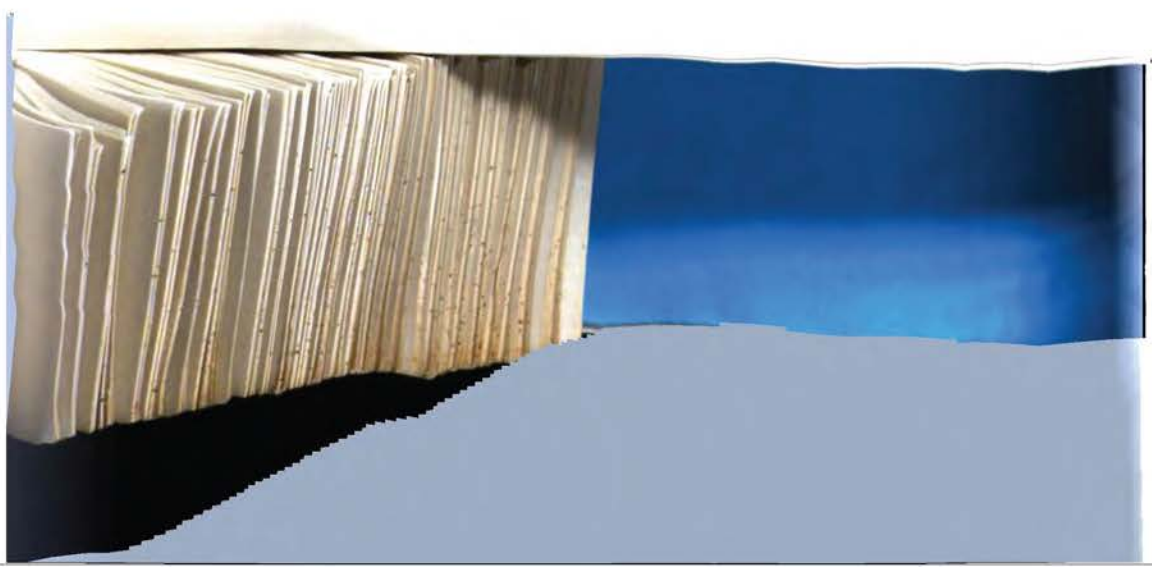
HORACE A. WADE was born in St. Louis, but his present home is Chicago. He has lived also in San Francisco and Alaska. The boy began to write when he was six years old, but did not finish a story completely until he was nine. He has read, omniverously, Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling, Conan Doyle and the current best-sellers. His novel, "In the Shadow of Great Peril" was written at Oak Park, Illinois in August, 1919, in less than a month. Horace is a wiry little chap with a fine forehead, large gray eyes and a frank, wide smile that wins him instant friends.

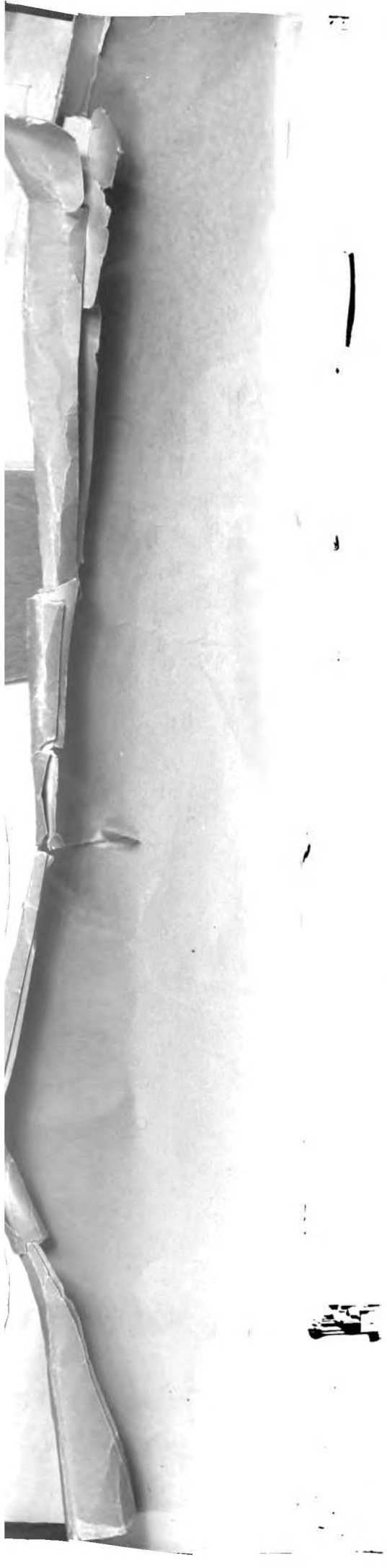
Irvin S. Cobb, writing of America's youngest author, said: "In my humble opinion this youngster excels any eleven-year older I ever met in natural literary instinct and ability. To my way of thinking, he has imagination, he has a sense of balance and proportion most marvelously unusual, considering his age, and he has a wider choice of words than I should have believed it possible for a boy of his age.

"Finally, he had the innate judgment—genius would be the better word—to try at his first venture to write about things a boy would know about rather than about something which somebody else has written about before him. Not many of us have the sense to follow this admirable line in our beginnings. We think romance is something which happens to other folks in other lands; whereas, as Horace has divined, it is something which happens to us in our own lives."

GEORGE ADE also singles out this quality of naturalness in Horace's literary ability. "Master Wade's lads wear freckles and aim straight for the jaw with every punch," writes Mr. Ade in his preface. "They speak the vernacular. They are fibrous, so to speak—heroic without being mushy. They are young persons devoted to action rather than moody self-analysis. They do not sit around a tea urn and discuss topics which are remote from their mentalities. Their adventures are not held up by descriptions of weather and scenery. They seek the strenuous days and ha-ha at danger—calm in the presence of their persecutors; modest in victory. They are fond of food and fighting—quite Anglo-Saxon, one might say. Regular fellows!"

Helen Fogel Lincoln, thirteen years old, has finished one novel, and a number of short stories and acceptable verses. There is nothing abnormal about her—she has no temperament, and loves to play with girls of her own age





Prodigies sometimes develop almost unbelievable abilities. Two years ago in Mountain View, California, Martha Springer, a tiny tot of two years was amazing a meeting of college professors, experts in pedagogy and child psychology, by her marvelous reading ability. Martha read for forty minutes, counted, and told time by the clock and talked freely with the men observing her. Her baby brain did not sag; she enjoyed every minute of the conference. The learned professors discovered that she had a vocabulary of about two thousand words and before they were through were completely convinced that she was in every way perfectly normal. Martha had merely responded quickly to the training of her parents and developed an unusual mentality.

JEREMIAH KUNZ, the eight-year old Philadelphia "math" prodigy developed his remarkable talent for figures at the age of three. When he was five, he could tell offhand, at any time of the day, how many hours, minutes, and seconds had elapsed since he had left bed that morning. He is now capable of solving the most difficult problem.

Seven years ago, Raymond Ray startled the world when it was learned that he was ready to enter high school at the age of eight. His only training had been from his mother. He passed all the required tests of the average girl or boy of fourteen. He could read, write, and speak Spanish, English, and German. His record equaled that of Herbert Wiener, of Harvard, who received his Ph. D., at eighteen, and who had matriculated for Tufts College at eleven. Both boys were trained alike. They received thorough disciplining in the science of concentration. They were taught to focus their minds on the subject immediately before them and, as this training progressed, the process of concentration became so well grounded that learning lessons became play instead of work.

Every year seems to bring forth stories of remarkable children ready for college when most boys and girls are just ready for high school; or, still in the grammar grades. Edward Rochie Hardy, jr., matriculated for Columbia University this year. He is but twelve years old and he holds the record for youthfulness in that institution. Edward was born and reared in the shadow of Columbia. At the age of three he entered Horace Mann School, completing three and sometimes four grades in a year. At the age of eight, he was ready for high school and pursued his studies in the Friends' Seminary. Edward's father is a member of the faculty of New York University and his mother was desirous of having him graduated from there. His father, however, wanted him to go to Harvard. Edward said to gratify them both he chose Columbia. He is a well-developed lad physically as well as mentally, an expert swimmer and interested in all forms of athletics.

Harvard University also has its prodigy this year. He is thirteen-year-old Frederick Santee, of Wapwalopen, Pennsylvania. His mother recently went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to be near her son in order to prevent him from studying too hard. She will not admit that her son is a prodigy. "He is just an ordinary boy who likes to study and who likes Wild West stories as well," she says. Study is purely a pastime for young Santee, says his mother. He loves to play baseball, but every opportunity, all his leisure time has always been spent in study. In his freshman year, Frederick is taking Greek, Latin, English, French and chemistry among other subjects, and with the college year almost half over, he has received no mark below B, in any study.

WHEN nine-year-old Sammie Rzezewski's father's linen business at Lodz, Poland, ceased because of the World War, the senior Rzezewski spent much of the ensuing leisure time playing chess with his cronies. Sammie watched his parent assiduously, and, in the summer of 1917, when the boy was five years old, he asked to be allowed to play a game. *Within a week* he was able to beat his father, and in six months he had challenged and beaten the champion chess-player of Poland. When the armistice was signed, it occurred to Father Rzezewski that, as he could not assume his linen business for some time, it would not be a bad scheme to travel around with his son and exhibit him as a chess champion. So Sam with his father and mother toured Europe, the boy meeting all comers in chess, in Bulgaria, Roumania, Vienna, Berlin, Constantinople, and, finally, Paris. He was unbeaten and won nine medals, but the venture not much more than paid expenses.

The Rzezewskis finally decided to come to America. Samuel's experiences on the other side have been repeated in this country. In a number of tournaments, where he has usually played twenty games simultaneously, he has defeated all opponents with only three or four exceptions. At West Point Military Academy, he won nineteen out of twenty simultaneous games, the twentieth resulting in a draw.

Beyond his phenomenal ability as a chess-player, there seems to be nothing extraordinary about this eight-year-old boy. He is much like

(*Continued on page* 135)

Collecting Billions in Income Tax Not a Cinch

So Says William H. Edwards, Who Is Responsible for the Largest Revenue-Producing Section of United States—New York City

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

IN all America there is, perhaps, no man who handles more than Internal Revenue Collector William H. Edwards, of New York. Through his office annually pass funds estimated to be in excess of a billion dollars, for the district whose taxes he receives embraces the financial heart of America. In the course of the collection of an enormous revenue, such a man must not only be in intimate touch with the financial pulse of the country, but must inevitably have numerous strange experiences, some ludicrous, some verging on the pathetic. For this reason any man holding the office occupied by Collector Edwards would have much of interest and value to recount.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS is an exclusive interview with William H. Edwards, who is Collector of Internal Revenue for New York City, and, as such, it is his duty to see that every cent of income tax due to the United States Government by the richest populace and business section in the world, is paid. Every year Mr. Edwards collects billions of dollars in sums ranging from five cents to five million dollars. He is the head of a staff of four thousand clerks, whose offices in the custom house of the metropolis do not take up an unusual amount of room—so splendidly has Mr. Edwards systematized his department. He is unrelenting in his efforts to see that no person or corporation squirms out of paying every cent due the government. Some people have tried to reduce their income tax by tricky methods, but in every instance they have been brought to justice by the unfailing methods that Mr. Edwards has applied to his office.

But in the case of Collector Edwards, there is the added interest of the personality of the man himself. He is not only most engaging to talk with, but has a history which is particularly noteworthy. In 1899, he was captain of the Princeton championship football team; after leaving college, he entered the insurance business; later he was appointed street-cleaning commissioner of New York City, and, for two years, he had charge of the waste removal contract of Newark, New Jersey. In 1910, an incident proved that the spirit of the football field had not left Mr. Edwards, and as a result of which he was awarded a Carnegie medal. He was one of a party bidding the late William J. Gaynor, then mayor of Greater New York, farewell, on his departure for Europe. There was a sudden commotion, and the crowd pressed back in terror as a glaring-eyed man made his way forward, revolver in hand. The crash of a shot rang out, blood spurted from Mayor Gaynor's face, and, amid the confusion that followed, Mr. Edwards was seen to plunge toward the assassin, and with a powerful blow of his fist, send him reeling against the deck-rail. But Mr. Edwards did not go unscathed. A shot from the maniac's revolver grazed him on the arm, and he was not safe until he had applied football tactics, tackled the madman, overpowered him by sheer strength, and handcuffed him.

The first glance that I caught of Collector Edwards while visiting him for an interview for THE NEW SUCCESS, convinced me that he is the type of man who might have been not only a college football star but the hero of an adventure such as that which saved Mayor Gaynor's life. He is a man of enormous stature, and I do not wonder that he is familiarly known as "Big Bill." I almost pitied the would-be assassin who had had to feel the impact of his great fist. Fortunately, his geniality is in proportion to his size, for he was most kindly and cordial in everything he said to me.

"*AS the receiver of a large part of our country's internal revenue,*" *I began, "you must have some strange experiences. What to your mind is the most striking fact about the collection of the income tax?*"

"To my mind," he said, with the trace of a smile, "the most striking thing is that it proves that few people know when they are well off. To be able to pay an income tax is really a privilege; the more fortunate one is, the greater his tax will be. This is self-evident; one would expect it to be as generally known as the alphabet; as a matter of fact, no one seems aware of it except those who have no taxes to pay, and the greater the income people have, the less they appear to realize this truth. From the way some men talk, one would think it a misfortune to have ten or twelve thousand dollars coming in each month. I almost wish I could oblige some of my clients by relieving them from having any income, in order to free them from their payments. I'm certain there's no other way of making them properly appreciate the privilege of having a large tax."

"*WHAT is the range of the taxes received by your office?*" *I inquired.*

"Anything from a few million dollars down," he replied, still smiling. "And by down, I mean way down. I remember that, one day, we received a tax payment of one cent, carefully guarded in a registered letter that cost twelve cents. If all taxes cost the payer twelve hundred per cent to send in, I think there might possibly be a more just complaint against the income tax. Of course, the twelve cents also went to the government, so that tended to equalize matters. On the very day that we received that one-cent contribution, we handled a certified check for five million dollars, one fourth of the tax of one of the biggest Wall Street corporations. That was exceptional, but by no means extraordinary. We have had single payments of eight million dollars or more, representing the quarterly tax of a single business establishment; and frequently we handle many millions within a few hours. In a single day we have received as many as a hundred and fifty mail sacks laden with letters containing checks and money orders; and two hundred clerks have simultaneously been kept busy opening and sorting the mail and segregating the returns from the cashiers' offices."

LAUGH!

DO you work a little better day by day?
Do you laugh aside the troubles on the way?
Have you faith that, after all,
Nothing evil shall befall?
Friend of mine, you are a winner—and to-day.

—*Selected.*

Mr. Edwards sat far back in his swivel chair, and surveyed me as if to inquire, "What next?" I took the hint, and asked:

"*DO you have any visits from extraordinary characters desirous of paying their income tax?*"

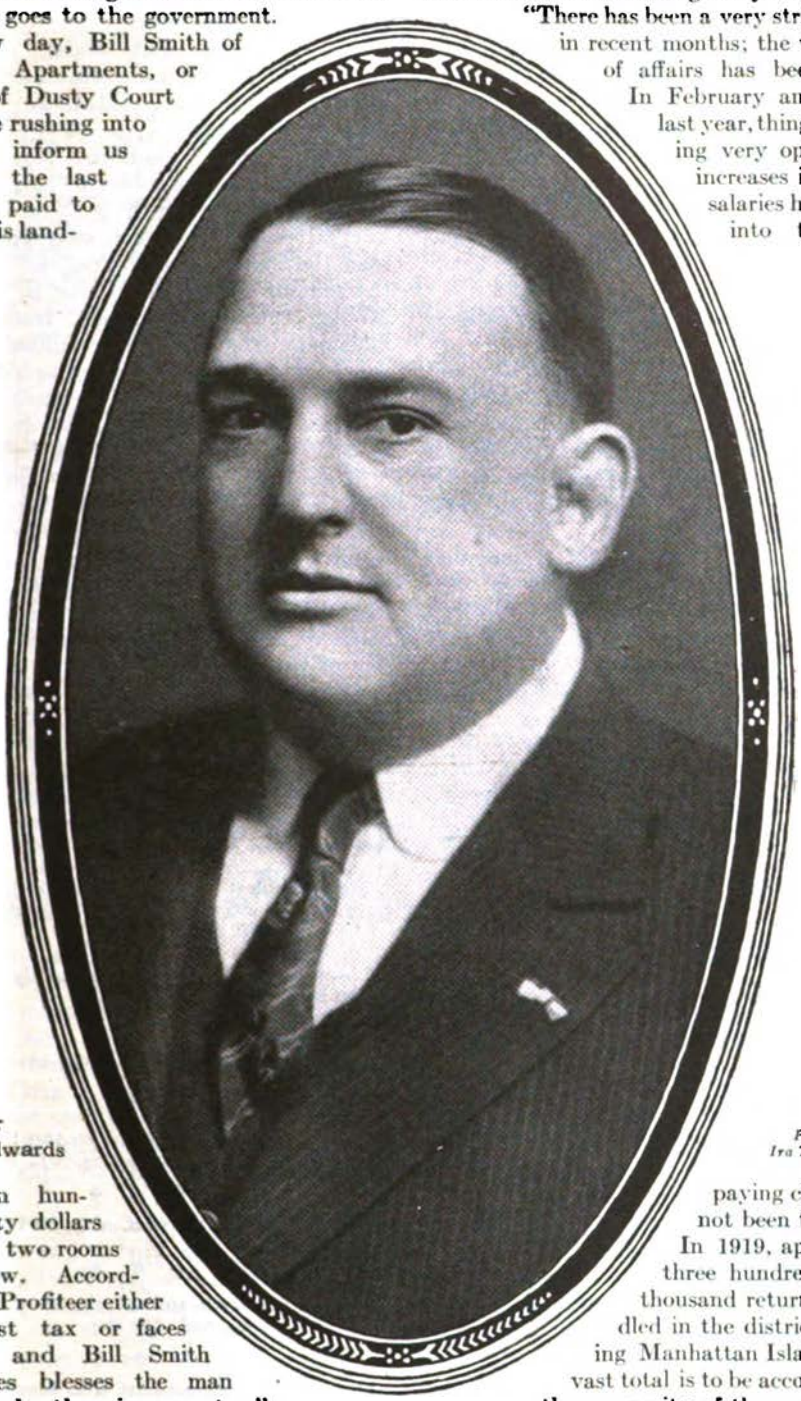
"Oh, yes, indeed," he assured me, emphatically. "In fact, it's usual for us to have unusual occurrences, and we've come to take the extraordinary as part of the ordinary. For example, there was nearly a riot here, the other day, when a famous operatic singer came to pay her income tax and sought to see me personally in order to hand me several bills of large denomination. The mob of motion picture and newspaper photographers that swarmed around her was almost enough to block the business of our office. This particular operatic star had no complaints to make against the income tax—she found that it was good advertising to pay it!"

Collector Edwards paused just long enough for a reminiscent smile, then continued, "This woman renowned for her voice was followed closely by a person with no voice at all. I had left my office for a minute, and observed a man in the hall excitedly making signs to one of my deputies, who, not being skilled in the sign language, was evidently no less puzzled than the visitor. A small crowd had gathered, and the mute was apparently much embarrassed; but the more embarrassed he became, the more difficulty he had in making himself understood. Fortunately, I recalled that, in the income tax department, was a clerk who had once been a teacher in an institution for mutes. So I sent out an emergency call for her, and she applied first-aid remedies. After she had received a tax of six dollars and six cent, the mute retreated gesticulating profuse thanks."

"*HAVE any of your experiences had to do with profiteer landlords?*" *I asked.*

"I should think they have!" he affirmed. "And also with tenants of profiteer landlords. In fact, thousands of tenants are self-commissioned internal-revenue detectives. If the landlords do not pay their proper proportion of the

taxes, that is not the fault of the tenants, who are scrupulous in seeing that a fair share of the rent they pay goes to the government. Almost every day, Bill Smith of the Gaslight Apartments, or Bob Jones of Dusty Court Inn, will come rushing into our office to inform us that, during the last year, he has paid to A. Profiteer, his land-



Collector
William H. Edwards

Photograph by
Ira T. Hills' Studio

lord, thirteen hundred and fifty dollars for the use of two rooms and a window. Accordingly, Mr. A. Profiteer either pays his just tax or faces prosecution, and Bill Smith or Bob Jones blesses the man who invented the income tax."

"*Do you find that the revenues are increasing or decreasing? What effect do you notice from the recent wave of business depression?*"

The smile died from the collector's face, and it was with an unwonted gravity that he replied. "There has been a very striking change in recent months; the whole aspect of affairs has been reversed. In February and March of last year, things were looking very optimistic, for increases in wages and salaries had put many into the income-paying class who had not been there before. In 1919, approximately three hundred and fifty thousand returns were handled in the districts comprising Manhattan Island; and this vast total is to be accounted for by the prosperity of the country. And while the 1920 returns may prove to be in the neighborhood of four hundred thousand, yet this numerical gain does not indicate an improve-

ment in the business condition of the nation. For the first time I have found some of our leading business men and corporations short of cash. Surprising, is it not? But, unfortunately, it is very true. My office has recently been filled with some of the largest taxpayers in the country pleading for an extension of time. I should have liked to have been able to grant their pleas, for I realized that in many cases there were extenuating circumstances; but the regulations of the government are inexorable and its obligations must be met."

"*WHICH industries seem to be suffering the worst?*"

"The silk and textile, and the cloak and suit industries," was Collector Edwards's immediate reply. "Many of the taxpayers said they were sorry not to have paid on the first due-date; for they had the money then, although they are not able to raise it now. Depreciation in the value of commodities and inability to borrow are largely responsible. However, I feel sure that all industries will weather the storm."

"*ARE there any industries which do not seem to be affected?*"

"The theatrical industries, I should say, seem to be exempt. We have been receiving an average of seven or eight thousand dollars, monthly, from the theaters; and, so, I should judge that people are as fond of amusements as ever. The fact that this represents under ten per cent of the amount spent for entertainment in one city alone, should indicate that there is still a little surplus money left.

"On the whole," continued Mr. Edwards, by way of changing the subject, "it is a most interesting and instructive thing to be able to collect internal revenue. It not only enables one to read the industrial and financial barometer of the nation, but it places one in contact with people in many conditions, from the multi-millionaire who has to pay millions, to the old woman who brings in a tax of seven cents. Externally, the collection of revenue may seem a cold matter of dollars and cents and figures, but really it is a most human thing."

"I am convinced of that," I said, and rose to leave, for Mr. Edwards had settled back in his chair with a placid expression indicating that he is doing his duty. He took my hand warmly in his enormous one. He has a large quota of genuine self-assurance and determination in his make-up, has "Big Bill" Edwards—he is just the sort of man who will always be found holding down some very big position in a most satisfactory way.

SUCCESS NUGGETS

Lost hope is a fatal disease.

◆ ◆ ◆

Big things are only little things put together.

◆ ◆ ◆

What the child admired,
The youth endeavored, and the man acquired.
—*Dryden*

◆ ◆ ◆

No real, lasting good ever came to a soul yet who violated a principle or neglected a duty to pursue an art or a study of any kind.

◆ ◆ ◆

Do not measure your enjoyment by the amount of money spent in producing it.

◆ ◆ ◆

Some people are so methodical that methodical is all they are or ever will be.

◆ ◆ ◆

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living ever-working universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die.—*Victor Hugo.*

◆ ◆ ◆

The victor is he who can go it alone.

Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity; for it embraces his integrity also.—*Thoreau.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Limitation in thought will certainly produce limitation in possession.

◆ ◆ ◆

Luck is a good thing to trust in—if you aren't hungry.

◆ ◆ ◆

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—*J. M. Barrie.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Poverty is the want of much, avarice the want of everything.

◆ ◆ ◆

Meet trials with smiles and they vanish; face cares with a song and they flee.

◆ ◆ ◆

Every man is an optimist who sees deep enough.
—*Edward Atkinson.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Mankind cares nothing for you until you have shown that you care for mankind.

More Cheerfulness Our Greatest Need

IF I were asked to name one thing that would help the human race more than any other, I would say, "More cheerfulness."

More cheerfulness means more life, more happiness, more success, more efficiency, more character, a larger future.

Andrew Carnegie owed his popularity, and much of his success and happiness, to his cheerful disposition. In his later years he said: "My young partners do the work and I do the laughing, and I commend to you the thought that there is very little success where there is little laughter."

Cheerfulness means poise, a sane, wholesome, well-balanced outlook on life. There is no philosophy like cheerfulness. No one can estimate the healthful, uplifting power of one cheerful life, one serenely balanced soul in the home.

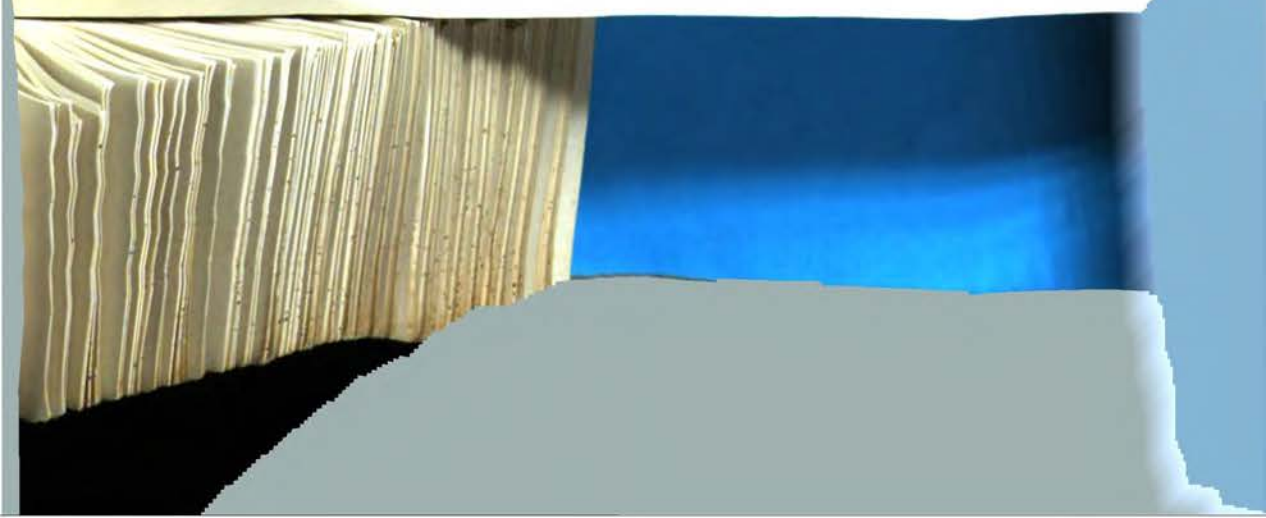
THE pessimist is a pessimist because he lacks a broad philosophy of life. His gloomy face, sour expression, worrying mind, fretting disposition and general dissatisfaction with the scheme of things are indications of a little, narrow, lopsided soul. They are the earmarks of weakness, a confession of inability to understand or cope with one's environments.

The definition of a pessimist as one who when looking at a doughnut sees nothing but the hole, is a good one. The pessimist looks at the world, at life, in the same way. He sees nothing but the negative side. He does not see life as a whole, with its lights and shades, its joys and sorrows, its inevitable ups and downs, because his gaze is fastened on the gloomy side. His mind dwells on the shadows, the sorrows and heartbreaks. His view of life is false because it is onesided.

The optimist does not ignore the ills of life. Not at all. But just as he sees the whole of the doughnut, not the hole alone, he sees the whole of life; its joy, its beauty, its love, all its manifold divine gifts, as well as its pain and sorrow and suffering and crime, all its evils and ugliness. His philosophy is to enjoy the good things and be thankful for them, and to do his best to cure the ills.

That is the true philosophy of life. If we were all pessimists, the world would soon come to an end. The race would wither and die out. It is optimism, cheerfulness, the persistent belief in the ultimate triumph of good that keeps the world going and the race progressing.

SO let us have good cheer, more and more of it! More cheerfulness will help you all along the line of life. It will help you to bear your burdens; it will help you to overcome obstacles; it will increase your courage, strengthen your initiative, make you more effective, more popular, more helpful. It will make you a happier, more successful man or woman.



Are You Building Statues of Snow?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

MICHAEL ANGELO was once commanded by his prince to mold a beautiful statue out of snow. This statue, though instinct with ideal beauty stamped upon by it an immortal hand, melted, and every trace of the sculptor's greatness was washed away.

When I picture in imagination that marvelous man wasting his genius in making a snow statue which would be ruined by an hour's sunshine, it seems to me to illustrate, in a striking way, what many people are doing to-day—wasting godlike powers in making snow statues that will vanish and leave no trace behind, when they might be working for immortality, doing great things that would lift them to their highest level and benefit all mankind.

To achieve immortality doesn't necessarily mean that one must be a genius. Our great libraries, parks, and squares, our art galleries and museums, our colleges and great public institutions are dotted with statues of men who laid no claim to genius. But they did great things for humanity because they always looked up, struggled up, and did the highest thing possible to them.

The trouble with the great majority of people is just here. They are not reaching up to the level of their natural powers. They are *doing the lower when the higher is possible.* Because of laziness or indifference, lack of self-confidence or unwillingness to make sacrifices for the thing they desire, or for some other reason, they are wasting their talents and their time making snow statues. It is pitiable to see young men and women with splendid brains and robust health plodding along year after year, spending the most productive period of their lives in doing little, insignificant things which people of very much less ability could do quite as well. It is as if a Sargent or a Whistler were to expend his genius on making cheap drawings for commercial purposes.

Someone has said that no man ever does the greatest thing possible to him unless he follows the light of a star he has never seen, unless he is guided by a divining rod which points to that which he may never touch. In other words, unless we are true to our highest inspiration, unless we follow the vision that appears to us in our highest moments when we feel that we can do something infinitely greater than we are doing, we miss our greatest opportunities and finally go out of life without ever having executed the high commission entrusted to us by our Maker.

SUPPOSE Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, when a young man, instead of choosing the career of a hard-working, poorly paid teacher had decided to go into business for the purpose of making money, believing he would have a much easier and more luxurious life than he did as an educator, think what a loss it would have meant to himself and the world! There is no doubt that with his great executive ability, he would have become an enormously rich man. But what would the accumulation of riches, the building up of one more big fortune, have been to the world compared with the inspiring, ennobling influence this great educator's life has had on the thousands of young men who passed through Harvard during his presidency! Think of the fearful loss to this great man's own character and personal development had he devoted his life to merely selfish ends, chosen the lower when the higher was possible!

What if Andrew Carnegie, builder of libraries and great educational institutions, had been content to plod along as a telegrapher? What if John Wanamaker had not looked higher than a little one-horse store? What if Webster or Lincoln had chosen to remain farmers or second-rate country lawyers? If all the great achievers of the past and the ambitious young men who are everywhere rising from the humblest ranks to distinguished positions had been content to follow the line of least resistance, had been satisfied with the lower when the higher was possible, where would the race be, or what sort of a world would we be

> IF a man stumbles, here's my hand; if he lies down, there's the door.—*P. C. Deeble.*

living in to-day? Why, every great achievement of mankind, every step forward that the race has taken is the result of men ever reaching out and up to the highest thing possible to them.

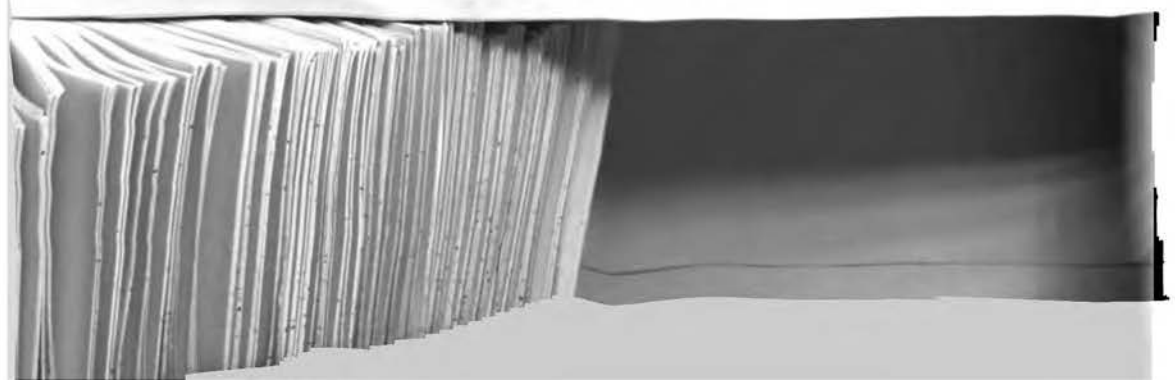
Honest labor of every kind is honorable, and the world needs all sorts of workers from the day laborer to the statesman; but don't remain a day laborer if you can become an architect, or a clerk if you can become a merchant, or a bootblack if you have it in you to become a statesman. Choose an upward career.

YOU are under contract to the Almighty to raise yourself to the peak of your highest power, to lift your life up to your highest gift. You are pledged to give the world the best there is in you. You are in honor bound to do this in return for what the world has already given you—the mighty cumulation of all previous civilization which you found waiting for you when you came to this earth. If the higher job, the better position is possible for you, don't be satisfied with anything less. If by any effort or any sacrifice of personal ease and comfort it is in your power to do better than you are doing, you are cowardly if you don't make the necessary effort or sacrifice. You are here to make the most of yourself. Don't quibble about it, but go ahead and be what God meant you to be. No one else can do that for you. All growth, all development, is from within.

Of course it is very often necessary when one is first starting out in life to do the lower, to make it a stepping-stone to the higher; but to persist in working below the level of our ability year in and year out, to continue to do the lower when the higher is possible and practical is another matter. It is usually the result of an easy-going indifference, a lack of the right kind of ambition, or the tendency to fall into a rut, which is inherent in most of us.

Few people deliberately choose to do the lower thing instead of the higher; but they do it just the same, because it takes a greater effort, more pluck, more perseverance, more clear grit to struggle up to the higher. It is so much easier to drift down stream than to swim up stream, so instead of making a stepping-stone of the lower, they often plod along from youth to middle age, vaguely hoping and intending to get up higher some day. But, in the meantime, habit is getting its grip on them and each day finds them growing more accustomed to the lower level, until finally their aspirations die, and when age comes they find themselves no more developed, no higher up in the human scale than when they started.

The great sculptor was commanded to make a statue of snow. He put all his artistry into it, but the sun destroyed his masterpiece in an hour



Who Is Mr. John R. Trouble?

If You Have Never Met Him, Let Us Try to Effect an Introduction

By THOMAS L. MASSON
Managing Editor of "Life"

The policeman would be willing to change places with the millionaire, quite possibly to discover that his trouble would be doubled

THE amount of trouble in the world has never been measured up in just the way we make an estimate of how much coal and gas we have, or how many trees.

The only thing we know about trouble is that we are not likely to run out of it just at present. We keep on using it up; but the more we use it up, the more inexhaustible seems to be the supply. Nobody is sitting up nights worrying for fear that trouble is going to run out.

It is true that we are always hoping there will be an end of trouble and that we shall be at the obsequies to help bury it. Some of us are fond of predicting that, sometime in the future, there will be no more trouble. No particular date is set for this important event; and most of us probably feel that when it does occur, it will not do us much good. We shall all be gone at that time, and as we flatter ourselves on being practical we go on wasting trouble, recklessly disposing of it as best we can, and hoping that something will turn up to rid ourselves of it.

A great many of us are so constituted that we actually take pride in all the trouble we have on hand. And, as individuals, we are apt to think that our own particular slice of trouble is a little bit larger than anybody else's.

"You can't tell me anything about trouble," says the youngster of twenty. "I've been up against it and I know."

"During my long life," says the old gentleman of seventy, "I have had more than my share of trouble."

Then there are the smiling people who go about saying there is no such thing as trouble—that trouble is a delusion, that it doesn't exist. And the rest of us wonder at times whether, after all, they may not be right. They are often a great help, these amusing non-troublous people. They never quite convince us, however, although they at least make us stop and wonder at times whether they haven't got something that we haven't got; whether they are not carrying about a good secret which we ought to share with them, but don't quite know how.

THE strange part of this is the thing that seems to be trouble to us is not trouble to them. You are concerned about some obligation you must meet, and which, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, you can not meet. That's trouble. But one of these smiling people, as you view him from your own standpoint, has a similar obligation to meet and it doesn't seem to trouble him at all. He doesn't even appear to be thinking of it; and, if the matter is brought up, he dismisses it with an offhand gesture of cheerfulness that stumps you. He has no capacity for appreciating trouble.

"There must be something the matter with

that chap," you say in your wisdom. "Maybe his moral nature is defective. Probably he has no sense of duty." And, from your lofty height of trouble, you begin to pity him.

To those who are more or less occupied with their own trouble, the man who has none, or who will not admit that he has any, is a freak—a creature to be duly apologized for and sympathized with and tolerated only because there is always a possibility that he may wake up some day, see things as they really are, and repent of his previous blindness. And, in reality, there is truth in this; for the folks who do the best work in the world know that trouble exists, and spend most of their time in fighting it.

But does anybody know what trouble really is?

The policeman on the corner, who has a family to take care of, and, quite possibly, a sick baby in the house and nothing saved up, may have less trouble than the invalid millionaire who goes by in his limousine. Yet the millionaire would shrink from changing places with the policeman, and, if forced to do it, would be ready to believe that his trouble would be doubled. The policeman, on the other hand, would be willing to change places with the millionaire, quite possibly to discover afterwards that his trouble had been doubled. His digestion might go back on him, and, having been accustomed to good health, he might be a great deal more miserable in a limousine than when he stood on the corner in the rain.

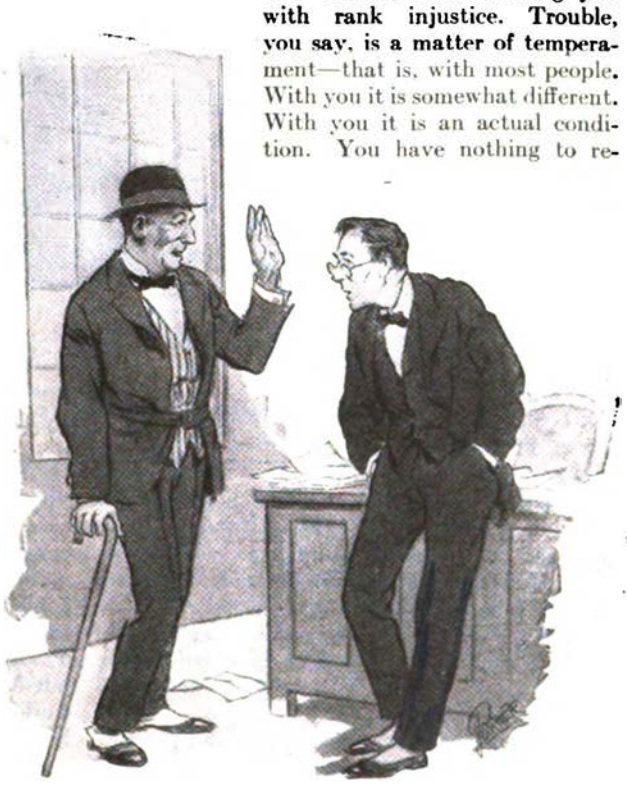
AND so a good many of us are prone to say that trouble depends on one's physical condition, until we are brought to the bedside of some hopeless cripple and are greatly disturbed in our minds to see evidence that he is much happier than we are.

If you could get all the trouble in the world together, just as if it were some sort of wicked animal, and club it over the head until it turned up its toes, would you do it? Of course you would. And, later on, when you thought you'd finished him for good and all, you would be astonished to see him walking about again, snorting fire.

And this leads me to remark that you must first know what trouble is before you can meet it. Isn't it rather peculiar, to say the least, to spend all of one's life trying to avoid something of which one doesn't even know the nature—and then to discover that the the more you try to avoid it, the more it follows you up and sits on your neck and perches at night on the bedpost.

MAYBE you've had the distressing experience of getting your accounts mixed up, and not knowing how much money you have in the bank. The thing doesn't balance. You have a sneaking hope that when the final reckoning is made, you will have more cash than you think you have. Perhaps, the recollection of how you once found an unexpected quarter in an old trousers' pocket cheers you on to believe that now the money in the bank will be more than you have reason to expect. Then, again, you have a sickening feeling that it won't be. You fluctuate between these two extremes, dodging both and being generally miserable. By and by, the moment comes—it always comes—when you can dodge no longer. And even then, if the total is much less than you hoped it might be—even then you experience an immediate measure of relief. Queer, isn't it?

Of course, you know something about trouble. You are a good deal smarter than I think you are. I have been treating you with rank injustice. Trouble, you say, is a matter of temperament—that is, with most people. With you it is somewhat different. With you it is an actual condition. You have nothing to re-



He doesn't even appear to be thinking of it; and, if the matter is brought up, he dismisses it with an offhand gesture of cheerfulness that stumps you

gret. You've done the best you could—yet there's the trouble. You didn't create it—that's certain. It came through others. You cautioned them about bringing it to you. You tried to get them to stop doing it. You tried to change them, not for your own sake altogether, but for theirs, also. You're much too smart to be too selfish. Naturally you're human. You admit that. But when it comes to knowing about trouble, to general all-around experience, to a logical mind, to a real sense of humor and to a pretty fair understanding of just what's the matter with others and how, if they did but know it, you could show them just what to do—well, about all this you're taking advice from nobody.

STILL, let us now begin to be a little cheerful—not absurdly or foolishly cheerful, but we are making progress. Up to the present hour of going to press, we have at least to record these facts about trouble:

First. That there is plenty of it.

Second. That most of it comes through others.

Third. That some of it comes through ourselves, and through no fault of ours, because why? Because the mistakes we have made, which have created trouble, have been due to things we couldn't help. Maybe we weren't treated quite right when we were young. Maybe we didn't have the same advantages as others and now have to suffer for the mistakes they made long ago—even before we were born.

So that——

To sum up, and be perfectly fair and honest, you are not to blame at all. It is caused by a combination of incurable conditions, and others. Having arrived at this shockingly logical position, let us shake hands all around and agree that this is a tough old world and that we're all better off dead than alive. Only, there's just one more little thing about me that troubles you, otherwise you never would have read as far as this. It's just a little matter of mild curiosity.

You have a feeling that, up to the present time, I've been guying you, and that I think I have something up my sleeve not only to show you that you don't really know as much as you think you do, but something that, quite possibly, I think will help you to get rid of your trouble—something that makes you curious enough to go on although you've been fooled so many times before that you entertain small hope that you can get anything new out of me, especially when I don't seem to treat this business as seriously as I should, considering the books that have been written about it.

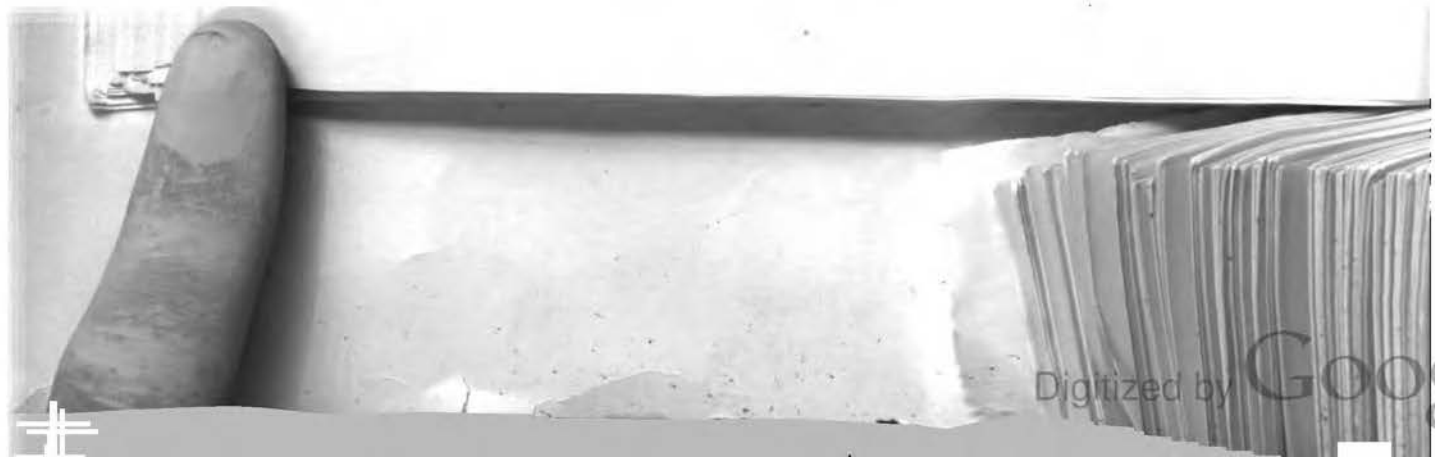
Let us shake hands and agree that this is just a tough old world

"That fellow," you say to yourself, "is one of those literary cut-ups, taking up room for his own profit and getting nowhere."

AND so, if those who wish to leave the hall will kindly move out as quietly as possible, I will ask the few friends who remain to move up close to the stage, as the remainder of the discourse, before we all sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," will be conducted in discreet whispers. Thank you.

And now to the few remaining friends, I am going to throw up my hands and admit everything you say. You are quite right all of you. Trouble not only comes to us through others, but it is one of the few really real things in the world, and I frankly admit that I don't know how to get rid of it. I assure you, just like that, that I am no quack.

When we got into the World War, that was trouble enough. After the war stopped, that was trouble enough, also—and we all had to grin and bear it.



And that's what I am now going to ask you to do. I am going to suggest a method.

I cannot define trouble any more than you can, except to say that it is very real, that it is ever present, and that there seems to be no other way of disposing of it, except a method of learning how to get on with it. The most that I can say about it is that it is a constantly fluctuating condition that presses down upon us and keeps us jigged up to our full strength. It's morale that counts in the long run, and trouble makes for morale. Every victory is always succeeded by a new set of troubles. Our principal consolation is that the cowards and quitters and slackers have a much harder time of it than we have, in the long run. The majority of people, who are not cowards or quitters or slackers, have no use for them, and that is quite enough retribution in itself. But, in addition, they never have the satisfaction of winning anything, and, in spite of all the trouble it takes, that sense of having won something, even if it comes and goes like a flash, is worth all the trouble it takes.

That's what trouble's for—to help us win something.

AND now for my method, and a little story to begin on:

You are very drowsy on some rainy Sunday afternoon when there is nothing to do. You have been working hard all the week—harder, you say, than all the folks who seem to be alive only for the purpose of misunderstanding you, would be willing to acknowledge—and you are entitled to do as you please just this once. So you journey off to a cool dark room, creep into a nice soft bed, pull the coverlet over you, arrange the pillows to suit, and abandon yourself to one of those rare moments when, with a clear conscience, you can drift off into a dreamy nothingness. You are going—going—gone!

Then, something happens. The door has burst open. A flood of blinding light fills the room. There are footsteps pattering off, and, sleepy as you are, a sudden fury possesses you at this outrage of injustice. You know who it is who has committed this awful deed. It's that imp of a child, sweet and lovely most of the time and hopelessly thoughtless at other times.

"Eh, there, Patsy!" you shout. "What do you mean by waking me up? Don't you dare do that again. Come back here and shut off that light." No answer.

"Patsy!" you shriek. "Come back here!"

"Was that you?" comes a faint voice from some distant stairway. "I didn't know."

"You come right back and——"

"In a minute."

You turn over, hiding your face from the light. After all, you mustn't get mad at Patsy. She didn't mean to. You compose yourself to renewed dreams.

No Patsy. Your rage begins again.

"Eh, there—Patsy!" you roar.

"In a *minute*." You hear laughter. Patsy could never possibly know what she has done to you. And think of all the things you have done for her. Poor, thoughtless ignorant child.

And nothing happens. Patsy doesn't come.

Your impulse now is to jump out of bed and catch Patsy. Will you spank her? You will.

Then, suddenly, your eye falls on the window with its one closed blind. On the sill outside, is perched a diminutive sparrow with his head tucked under his wing actually sleeping—with all that light. He appears to be quite unconscious of you, quite calm and serene in his daydream. He, too, has been working hard all the week, and Patsy hasn't disturbed him in the least.

A great feeling—of something—steals over you. "If that sparrow can stick it out I guess I can," you mutter to yourself. And settle back with an almost absurd sense of your own littleness.

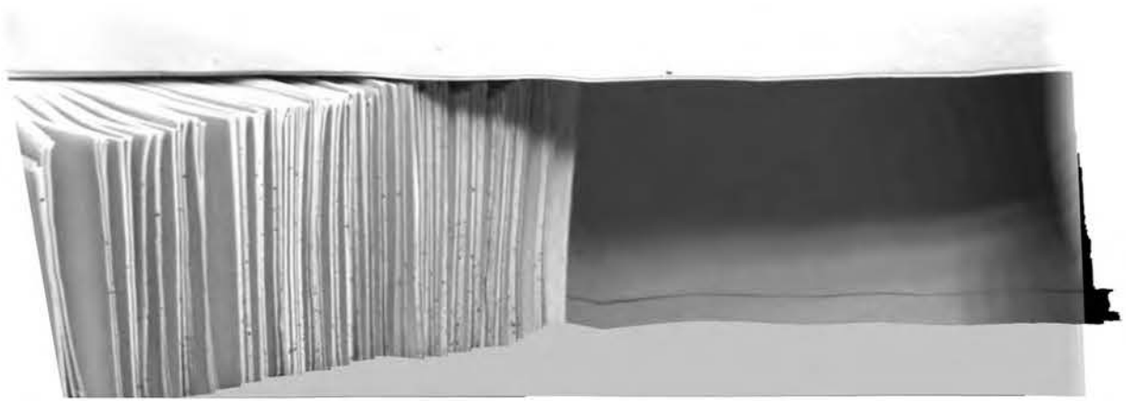
And after what might otherwise have seemed a long time, the footsteps come, there is a subdued rush through the door, the light goes out and somebody whispers: "I'm sorry. How did I know he was in there, anyway."

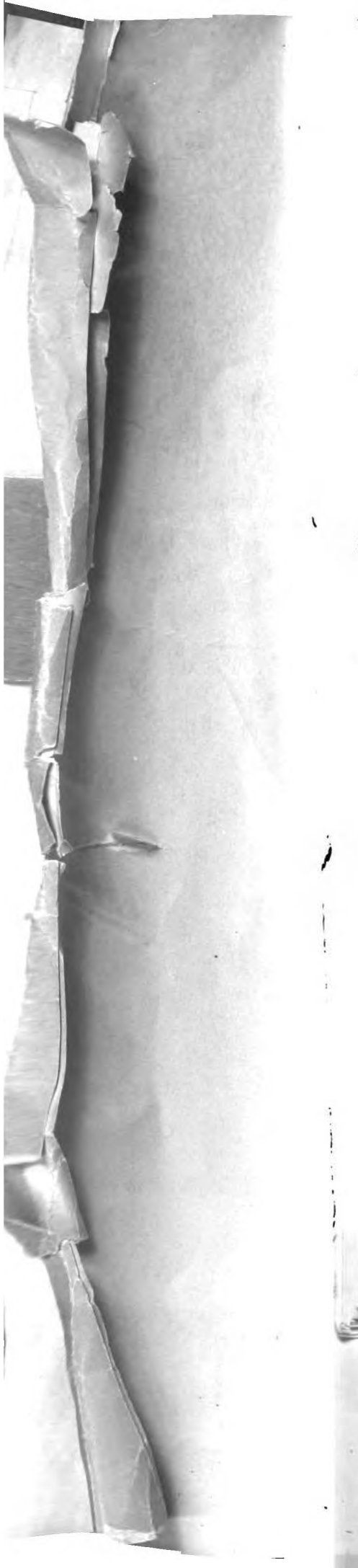
And the next day, cool and calm and smiling, you tell the story of the sparrow to Patsy—well, much in the same way I have told it to you, with a twinkle in your eye. And she listens and says: "I didn't mean to and I'll promise not to do it again." And the question is who has learned the more, you or Patsy?

That's method.

There's nothing so important in this world as the way of doing anything. With the artist, method is technic. With the soldier, method is preparation, patience, control of forces and the final command—"Forward!"

THE curiosity of him who wishes to see fully for himself how the dark side of life looks, is like that of the man who took a torch into a powder mill to see whether it would really blow up or not.





A PERSONAL QUIZ

WHILE the year is yet young, it is a good thing to sit down and ask yourself a few serious personal questions—such as the following, which are merely suggestive:

Am I as grateful as I should be for life itself, for physical wholeness, for health, a chance to make good, an opportunity to help push the world along?

Do I appreciate all the blessings that are so fully and freely bestowed on me? Am I doing my part to make my home as sweet and beautiful as it can be made? Am I as kind, as considerate as I should be to my neighbors, to everybody with whom I come in contact? Do I take time to act the Good Samaritan, to lend a hand to those who have been less fortunate than myself?

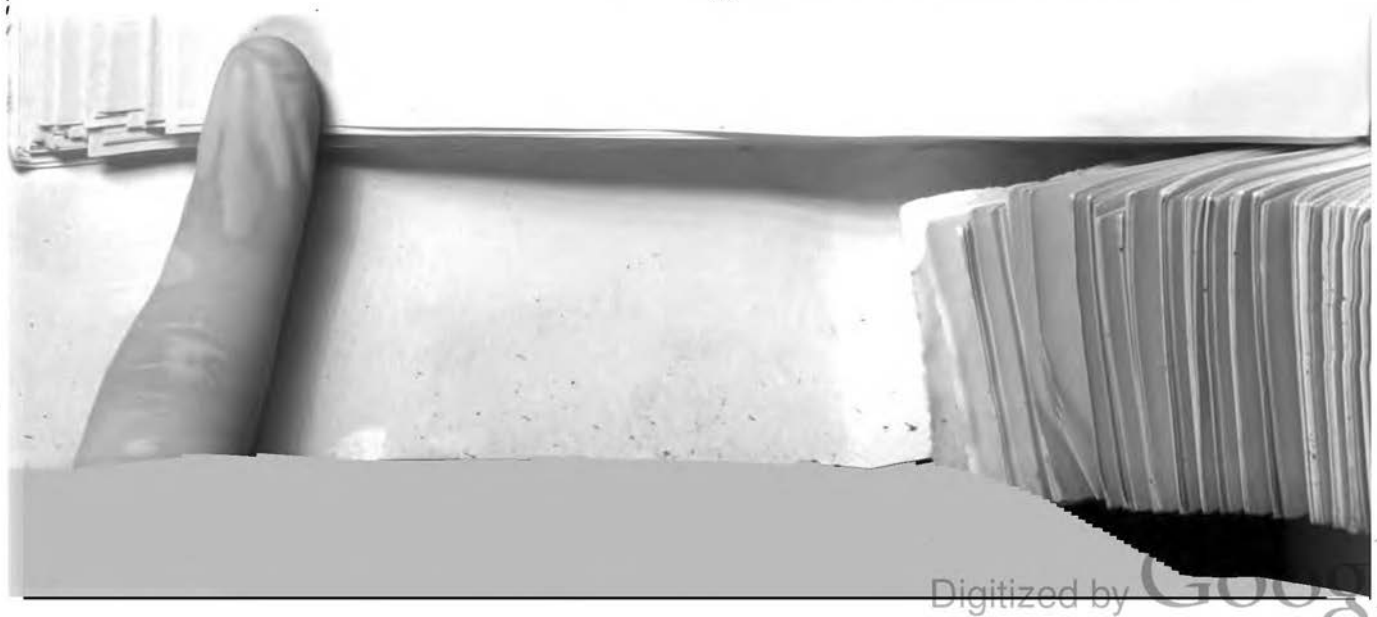
AM I putting the emphasis on the things I should wish I had emphasized more when I look back upon a nearly spent life? Am I scattering my flowers as I go along, knowing that I shall never go over the same road again, or am I waiting to do greater good when I have more opportunity or more means? Now is the only time I am sure of. Am I making the most of it?

What do my efforts, my ambitions, bring to the world? What does my life mean to the community in which I live? Do others regard me as a success, or do they look upon me as a selfish, grasping, greedy, stingy sort of fellow, who is always trying to get something for himself, always looking for the main chance, who has no public spirit, no civic pride, who never does anything for others unless there is something in it for himself? What does my money say to the world? Have I mixed my money-getting with noble deeds, with unselfish helpfulness to others, or is my wealth one great pile of selfishness?

WHAT does my education, my training, my ability, mean to other men? Are they all better off for it? Are my neighbors richer because I live near them, or do they point to me as an example of selfishness? Am I an inspiration to those who are dependent on me, to those who have worked for me, or have I crushed the life blood out of them and blighted their opportunities? Is my fortune an example of vulgar prosperity, a fortune with no man behind it? Is my success an example of broader manhood, higher aim, or does my ambition cry, "More and more!" Have I turned my wealth and opportunities to the gratification of low, vulgar tastes and desires? Have I developed the brute in me? Have my efforts brought the best or the worst out of me?

Have I helped or hindered? What does my life mean to the world? Will it miss me when I am gone?

"Am I a real success?"



Sales Sense

By DALLAS MELTON

Illustrated by Robert A. Graef

***This story was awarded third** prize in THE NEW SUCCESS Short-Story Contest*

"That sort of stuff doesn't get you anything," Rene said laughing. "You'll learn after you've been here awhile"

JANE JANNEY was on the job. She was so new she was still nervous, but ambition fairly filled her rapidly beating heart. She had punched the time clock, hung her smart little coat and hat in the cloak room, and was now standing in the corner of the ready-to-wear department, a full five minutes before the gong would announce the opening of the street doors and the stream of shoppers would flood into Robinson's Department Store.

Jane was pretty, in a sweet, wholesome way. Her deep-blue eyes plainly indicated an active, thoughtful brain. She was interestedly reading a magazine as she waited for the incoming throng of early customers, and her active mind absorbed every word she read. This was the message which she gleaned from the printed page:

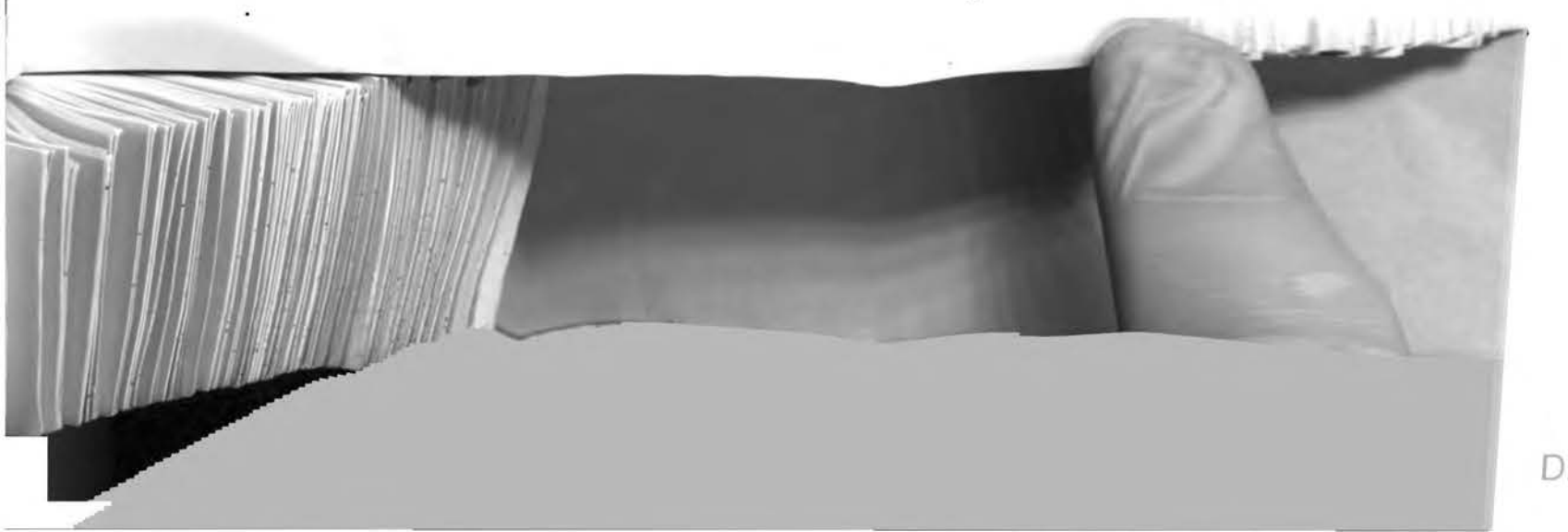
Coöperation makes for better conditions. Put yourself in the purchaser's place. In the better stores no sale is considered complete until the customer is thoroughly satisfied. The managers of such stores ask their clerks to put themselves in "the other fellow's place." They suggest that their salesmen and saleswomen try to visualize the value and attention they would expect and appreciate if the clerks were purchasers instead of salesfolks.

It is a sound business theory. The store naturally expects the employees to make sales; but it is better for the store and for the employee if friends are made at the same time. One-time customers do not make a business any more than one swallow makes a summer. Lifelong customers signify successful management, successful salesmanship, and greater profits.

The great gong sounded, and Jane was about to lay aside the magazine and prepare for the customers, when a mocking laugh made her turn quickly about. At her elbow stood Rene Wallace, breathless, hurriedly arranging her hair before a mirror that was intended to reflect the lines of a customer's suit rather than her own tawdry finery.

"What's all the sob stuff you've been reading?" she asked. As Jane showed her the magazine Rene yawned and then applied a rouge stick to her sneering lips.

"That sort of stuff doesn't get you anything," Rene laughed lightly. "Not in this store, anyway. It may be all right in a Sunday-school class, but it won't get you a fatter pay envelope at the end of the week. We're here to make sales. I can sell polar-bear skins to South Sea Islanders—but I can't do it with the idea of putting myself in the customer's place. Imagine trying to sell myself on the idea of wearing a fur

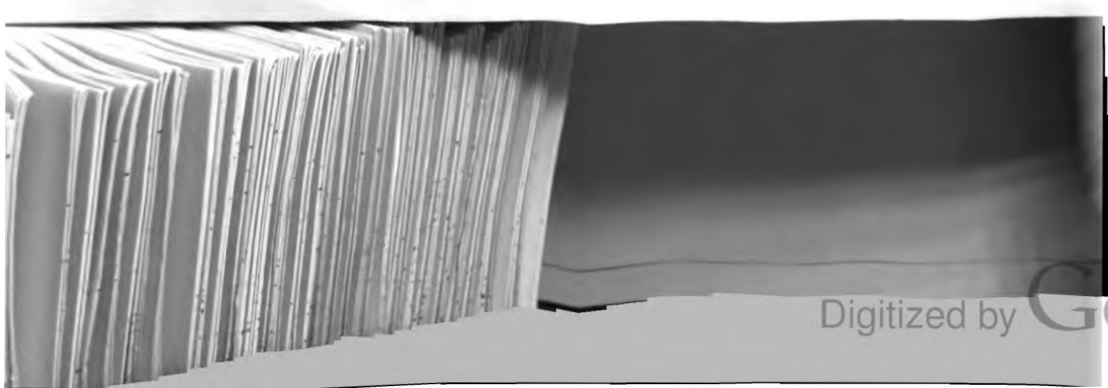


"I've a confession to make. I want you to swear eternal secrecy"

be plain Jane, but I'll prove to the wise little Rene that '*honesty is the best policy*'—no matter what *she* says."

Deep in her heart, Jane found an old-fashioned philosophy whispering, "Of course, it's the best policy—honesty to yourself as well as to your employers and to their customers!"

She was practically alone in the department now. In fact, she was serving what was known as the "emergency noon duty." So, while Rene was meeting a youth from an uptown brokerage office, and being taken to an elaborate luncheon, Jane was on the job. A "modern-tailored" employee of the shipping department, with his hair



slicked back, wandered through the lanes of ready-to-wear garments, a moment later, and, pausing, smiled as if the object of his quest had been attained.

"Hello, Jane Janney!" he called in airy greeting. "Thought I'd find you here when I saw Rene going out on your time. Why do you let her put things over on you like that?"

"I don't understand." Jane answered, somewhat mystified, and totally displeased with the youth's appearance and his impertinent, self-satisfied manner.

"That's the trouble," the young man answered. "You know perfectly well that Rene isn't sick. She was out with a party of us for a dance and a late supper last night. She's danced to death, that's all. She goes all the time and imposes on the other girls to let her get away with it. Listen, Jane," he went on, edging closer, "you come out with me Saturday night. Doll yourself all up, and you'll be the belle of the ball down at Martin's."

Jane's snippy little nose turned up in contempt. "I'm afraid I wouldn't enjoy one of those dances," she told him.

"Sure you would!" insisted the youth. "Come on—don't be so upish! There's no one around. Give me a kiss!"

A moment later Jane was aware of the fact that he held her in his arms and was endeavoring to kiss her saucy little lips.

WITH an effort she freed herself, and struck him squarely across the mouth. Instantly the youth fled from the department; but not before he had been observed by a trim, attractive-looking customer who was, even then, hurrying toward the rack of dresses behind which Jane still stood, flushed and angry. The newcomer was extremely pretty and carried herself well. Jane tried to hide her confusion as she saw the approaching customer; but the other girl, who was about Jane's own age, looked at her with sympathy.

"Was that boy annoying you?" she asked. "You ought to report him."

"I don't think he really meant to annoy me," Jane said apologetically," and"—with a determined little flash in her eyes—"I don't think he will attempt it again."

The other girl looked at Jane admiringly and replied with the curt comment, "I imagine not!"

Instantly Jane was all business. Evidently the customer was a business girl, like herself, taking advantage of the luncheon hour to make her purchases. She would want something becoming, something not too expensive—something she could wear to the office without spoiling it or attracting her employer's disapproval. Jane remembered a conversation she had overheard in the subway, only the other night, between two substantial-looking business men, who were complaining of the way in which their girl employees costumed themselves, and mentally she pictured the inappropriate plumage of the ill-feigning Rene. She sighed, and turned her thoughts to pleasing her new customer.

"Put yourself in her place, Jane Janney," she murmured to herself. "That's what that magazine article meant. Here's your chance to prove it."

JANE saw that the girl was hesitating as she looked over the long racks of pretty feminine things, and, especially, as her envious glance wandered toward the more costly and filmy dresses, which were displayed in the glass cases, lighted with soft electric-bulbs which accentuated their charm. They were all right for the girl at home, for the débutante at tea, but totally unsuited for a business girl, Jane told herself, and she at once proceeded to make a mental estimate of her customer, to put herself in the other fellow's place.

The girl was now examining a one-piece dress of knit-silk fabric, that was really quite a bargain—of its kind, but Jane quickly questioned herself as she watched the other girl's appraisement of the garment. "If you were in an office, Jane Janney," she asked, "if you were getting more salary than you are, and if you were not getting any too much at that—is the thing she is looking at the thing *you* would pick out?"

And somewhere in Jane's conscience she heard "No!" She knew this particular dress had been placed there for the reason that the store was eager to be rid of it. To sell that garment to this girl who had evidently fallen in love with it would be as easy as eating fudge, but Jane set her resolution against such a sale. "I'm going to prove whether or not the philosophy I've been reading is right," she murmured. "I'm going to satisfy myself about it once and for all!"

"That's rather nice, but not very serviceable for everyday wear," Jane interrupted the other's thoughts. "Here is something I think possibly you would like," and, as her customer turned about, Jane took the knitted-silk garment from the rack and tossed it carelessly upon a nearby table. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" she laughed inwardly, and proceeded to display a trim blue serge, adorned with black braid and a neat little girdle.

She held the dress against her own figure in order to make it more alluring. Her customer

scanned it with critical eyes. "It *is* nice," she agreed. "It would give me lots of wear and I wouldn't be so likely to get tired of it, either." And then Jane saw her eyes wander toward the silk jersey once more.

"Of course, the jersey is prettier," she anticipated the other's remark; "but, it isn't nearly so practical and it will require a world of pressing. Now this little dress," she continued, "was made by one of the best houses, and you can readily see that it is well put together. The material is exceptionally good and the workmanship really unusual. To tell you the truth, it's a genuine value at the price—forty-two dollars. Why don't you let me slip it on you and see just how it looks in the mirror?"

HER customer acquiesced and when she had put on the dress, Jane began to enthuse—not because she was eager to sell this particular dress on account of the commission it would bring her, or, because she thought the firm would like to get rid of it, but because she knew it was the sort of dress this girl should buy. It was the kind she would buy herself if she used her head and did not allow her desire for finery to run away with her judgment to the detriment of her pocketbook.

It did look charming on the customer, and, as she caught a glimpse of herself in the long mirror, she smiled with satisfaction. "I'll take it," she said with sudden decision. "It is much more sensible than buying that jersey, although I'd like to have it."

"That's true," Jane agreed, and hurriedly made out the sales slip, trembling lest the girl should change her mind.

"Thank you, very much," said the customer as she departed. "You've helped me immensely, and I guess you've saved me a lot, too."

Jane bowed as she smiled her appreciation of the compliment, and then uttered a little exclamation of satisfaction herself. The magazine had been right. She had tried to help the customer and the customer had agreed that Jane had been successful. She had made a sale and she had made a friend, as the experience of the next moment demonstrated. The customer was back again and Jane's heart sank as she feared that she had already repented not having bought the silk jersey.

But the customer's remark reassured her. "I forgot to ask your name," she said. "I want to come to you again."

"I'm Jane Janney," was the pleased answer, punctuated with a little flutter of her heart as she again found herself alone. She had tried the experiment and she had won out.

DURING the next half hour as she waited on other customers, she found herself keenly interested in this occupation of sizing up her customers and trying to aid them in making an appropriate selection. She found that she made sales in quicker time, was obliged to show fewer models, and, at the end of each transaction, received a word of pleased appreciation along with the cash for the sale. In fact, by the time the tardy Rene came in, fifteen minutes past the hour when she was due to return, Jane's record showed five sales. None of them were of high-priced dresses, but, nevertheless, the commissions earned would be welcome.

"Noontime isn't the period for expensive dresses," she said to herself. "The afternoon, during the time when the automobile trade arrives, is the time to feature the hundred-and-fifty and two-hundred-dollar stock."

In the weeks that passed, Jane continued to put her theory into practice. It invariably resulted in a word of thanks and a quick transaction. And, as months wore on, she began to find the same customers drifting back to her again and again. They asked for her by name, which fact was duly noticed by the manager of the department, and by Rene as well—to the infinite disgust of the latter.

"What sort of hypnotism do you practice on these people?" she demanded sneeringly. "You don't know how to really sell, yet you rope them in every time. The first thing you know you'll get the grand bounce. You're working for the customers and not for the store."

But Jane shook her head. "That's where you're wrong," she said sturdily. "When I satisfy a customer it's good for the store as well as for the customer and it's good for Jane Janney, too. My commission-envelopes prove it."

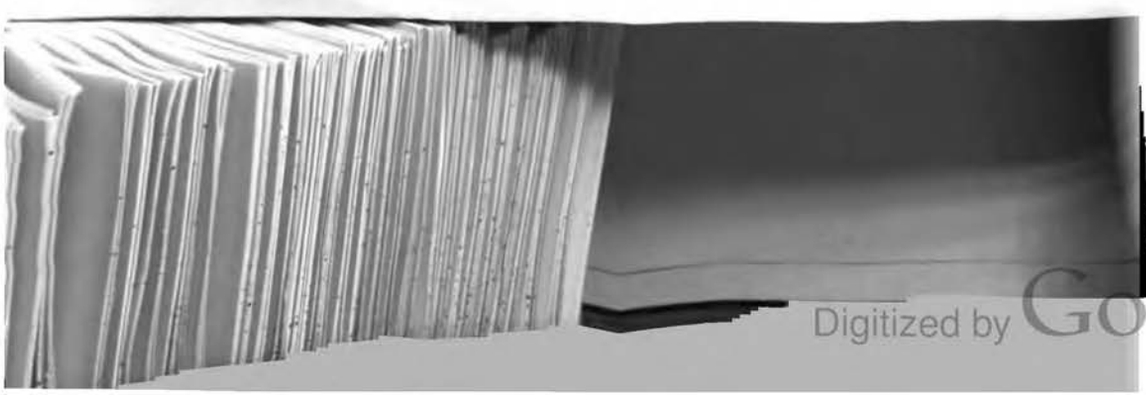
"Well, you may be satisfied to sell by that foolish method," answered Rene, in contempt, "but I'll use my noddle. Here comes a dowager who ought to have a plain-black taffeta, but I'm going to make her fall for that spangled net over there in the center show-case."

"Rene!" exclaimed Jane reproachfully. "How can you take advantage of her vanity in such a way?"

"Watch me!" laughed Rene, and started off in the direction of her approaching victim.

JANE persevered. She studied fabrics and their relative qualities. She speculated shrewdly upon the sort of wardrobe the young mother ought to have, and the one the young bride desired and could afford. She learned to know her trade, and her customers, in turn, to confide in

(*Continued on page* 138)



THE NEW SUCCESS

Editorial Announcements for March, 1921

HOW DEWENT FIZZLED

Is a new two-part serial—the story of a man who couldn't do anything right, no matter how hard he tried. You have met many men in business just like Dewent. Do you want to know why they exist? Read this new story by HOWARD P. ROCKEY. The illustrations are by A. L. BAIRNSFATHER.

A New Story by OLIN LYMAN

"I—I—SIR!"

One of the leading humorous fictionists in America at his best—a rare treat.

The Life-Story of ORVILLE HARROLD, the Great American tenor who once faced starvation in New York and is now a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. One of the most fascinating stories ever written by ADA PATTERSON.

Interviews with leading European men and women will be a feature of future numbers of THE NEW SUCCESS. JOHN T. DRAYTON, our foreign correspondent, has returned with some very pertinent facts and opinions from King Constantine; Lloyd George; A. Bonar Law; Knut Hamsan, winner of the Noble Prize for Literature; Premier Giolitte; Gabriele D'Annunzio and other persons in the forefront of the world.

Part II of H. ADDINGTON BRUCE'S "Why I Believe in Premotions."

"How to Write a Successful 'Movie' Scenario." by an author who has prospered in this particular field.

"The Devil's Auction," by ORISON SWETT MARDEN. One of Dr. MARDEN'S most inspiring editorials, with a cartoon by Gordon Ross.

"Couldn't I help you with the books?" says "Alexander Napoleon" (Andrew Lawlor, Jr.,) to "Daddy Dumplins," (Maclyn Arbuckle), after the old bookkeeper had gone from affluence to poverty and had cheerfully returned to his old calling. "Well, Alex, knowing your standing in arithmetic, do you think 'twould be safe for my clients?" the old gentleman cheerfully asks.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

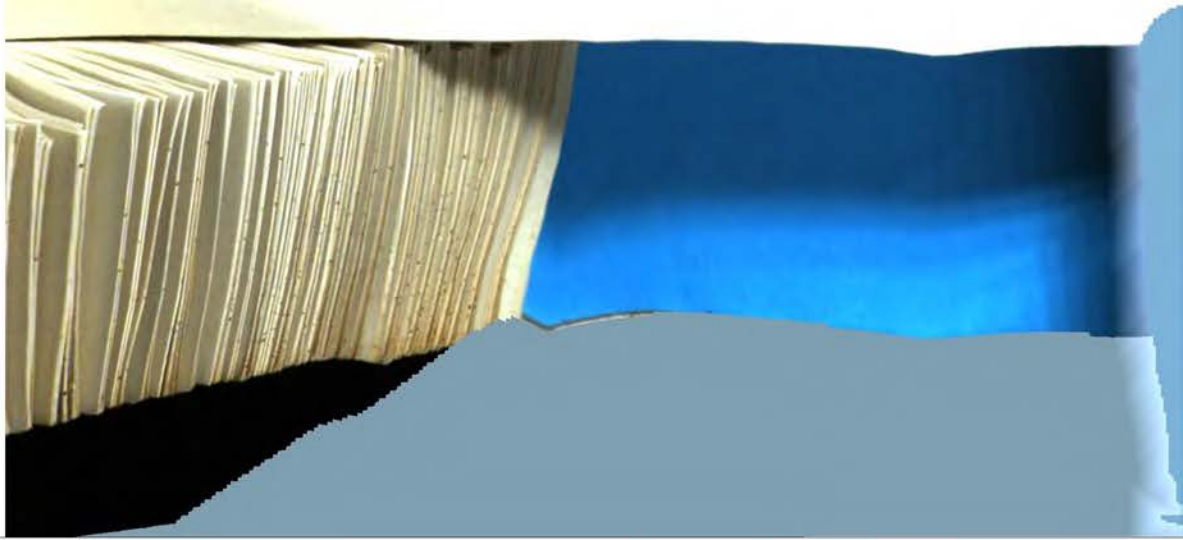
"Daddy Dumplins" By George Barr McCutcheon and Earl Carroll

Reviewed by Robert Mackay

IN this age of greed and sordidness, of unprecedented crime and selfishness, it is good to be able to record the success of a play so clean, wholesome, and entertaining as "Daddy Dumplins," the work of that veteran American fictionist, George Barr McCutcheon, and a young American playwright with a radiant future, Earl Carroll. In fact, it was Mr. Carroll who produced the play. A young man, not yet thirty, *he* promises to give to the stage some of the material it sadly needs—in brief, other plays along the lines of "Daddy Dumplins." It is a great pleasure—indeed, a genuine surprise—to sit through a play that does not contain one line or suggestion that is not, to use a mild term, absolutely clean.

But "Daddy Dumplins" is not without strong dramatic principles. It is a fine blend of pathos and humor. It tries to impress one with the importance of the everlasting truth that home and children are first in the elements that make for national existence.

"DADDY DUMPLINS" is what his seven adopted children call him. His legal name is Henry Daniel Domplin, so it was an easy matter to turn the family end of the old gentleman's nomenclature into something very popular. Daddy is an old bachelor—that is, he is old so far as childhood can visualize age; but, to the grown up, Daddy Dumplins is a kindly, heart-whole person who is still very young and very chipper, and who has two very well-developed elements in his make-up—a deep-rooted love for



little children and an insatiable desire to read "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens, every Christmas Eve, regardless of the feelings of his household.

Well, Daddy is successful in one but he has a pretty difficult time trying to encompass the other. Being a bachelor, he decides to adopt a child every two years. He finds that his family becomes so attached to him and so harmonious that he has it in mind to add, perhaps, one a year to his list—perhaps twins or triplets if he can find them! Florence, the eldest of his seven little ones, is the daughter of the dead wife of Sidney Danks, the cold, heartless enemy of Mr. Domplins. Alexander Napoleon, a wideawake boy of ten, comes next; then Marie Louise, then Percival Wilberforce—then Betty, and Harold, and Rosemary. The last three are little tots who would bring sunshine to the dreariest dungeon.

IT is Christmas Eve. Everything in the big living room is gay with wreath and berry. Daddy Dumplins, in evening dress, is ready to deliver his annual reading of "A Christmas Carol." The children are ready: the servants, too, for they are "commanded" to stand the ordeal.

But Mr. Richard Watson is announced. He is a smart young lawyer's clerk. He doesn't remain an unbidden guest very long, however, for the genial Dumplins would not turn anybody away on such a night.

Then begins to unfold the first hints of the tragedy that is back of it all. Daddy Dumplins and Sidney Danks are engaged in a lawsuit for the possession of the legacy of old General Danks, the father of Sidney and the uncle of Dumplins. For fourteen years, Danks has tried to set aside the legacy. The matter has finally gone to the Supreme Court of the United States. On its decision rests the future of the home and income of Daddy Dumplins. Watson encounters Florence, and this bit of the story may best be told in the dialogue of the authors:

FLORENCE: I know that daddy will be glad to see you. He is really worried about that old law case.

WATSON: Not half as much as Sydney Danks. For fourteen years that man has been trying to set aside the legacy of old General Danks to your father, Mr. Dumplins.

FLORENCE: You don't think he can do it, do you?

WATSON: No. They tell me that old General Danks had a strong will when he was alive, but I tell you he left a much stronger one behind him when he died.

FLORENCE: You know half of the money rightfully belonged to Daddy Dumplins.

WATSON: Half of it?

FLORENCE: Yes, daddy's father and General Danks were partners in business together.

WATSON: I never knew that.

FLORENCE: It was a long time ago. When daddy's father died he left nothing but debts, but when the old general passed away, he left this estate and three million dollars.

WATSON: But I can't understand why he should leave three million dollars to your father—a nephew he'd never even seen—and disinherit his own son.

FLORENCE: Daddy never speaks of that, but it must have been more than just the money that has made Sydney Danks fight us all these years.

AT this moment, Daddy Dumplins manages to break away from his noisy family, in the playroom upstairs, and make his way to the living room. Greeting Watson, whom he believes is a member of his lawyers' firm, Dumplins bids the young man stay. "I haven't seen this Sidney Danks in nearly twenty years," says Dumplins, "How does he look?"

WATSON: He's a very bitter and vindictive man.

DUMPLINS: He always was that way. You know I'd gladly give this all back to him, but I've got to think of Florence and the children. What does he say to my offer to share the entire estate with him?

WATSON: That's one of the reasons why he insisted on my annoying you to-night. No compromise. He says he's going to take every cent away from you.

DUMPLINS: That isn't sharing—that's shearing. But we'll beat him. We'll beat him in the Supreme Court the same as we have in every lower court—your firm is sure of that.

WATSON (*Quietly*): I'm afraid so.

DUMPLINS: Afraid so? Say, what kind of a lawyer have I got? What does Mr. Johnson think.

WATSON: I'm not with Johnson, Marvin, and Johnson, Mr. Dumplins, I'm with Packard and Packard.

DUMPLINS: Packard and Packard—Dank's attorneys?

WATSON: The opposition. I'm sorry, too.

DUMPLINS: And you come down here to tell me, your enemy, that you think your side will lose the case.

WATSON: I don't think we've got a chance.

DUMPLINS: You're a fine lawyer. I'd like to have you watching my interests.

WATSON: I didn't want to come here to-night,

Mister Dumplins, but Danks insisted. (*Takes envelope from pocket.*) He is sure of winning and he demands that this letter be put in your hands to-night. In this he tells you just how he intends to beggar you and yours.

DUMPLINS: Only Sidney Danks could think of a thing like that.

WATSON: It's one of the meanest schemes for revenge that one man ever wrote to another—and he wants you to get it the moment the word comes from Washington.

BUT ere many minutes of the merry evening have passed, there is a telephone call for Richard Watson, and while daddy and Florence are engaged in some part of the Christmas arrangements, Watson hears from Packard and Packard that the Supreme Court has decided against Daddy Dumplins. Watson looks on the happy, homey, cheery scene about him, and—he hasn't the courage to divulge the news.

Finally everybody is summoned for the great event—the reading of "A Christmas Carol." And how everybody tries to dodge it! But this is the great event in Dumplins' life and, therefore, none is spared. The servants are lined against the wall; the children are on lower seats in front of them; Daddy Dumplins is in his easy chair in the middle of the room, chuckling over his red-covered volume of Dickens. Then he begins:

DUMPLINS: Welcome, friends, supporters, and countryfolk! It is a pleasure to greet you on this gladsome evening, when there are no lines drawn between master and servant. It is—what is it, Miss Wiggs?

LIZZIE (*The cook*): I beg your pardon, Master Dumplins, but for ten years I've listened to this here Christmas caroling from end to end. I'm ten years older than I was ten years ago—and——

DUMPLINS: Do you mean to say you don't want to hear it again?

LIZZIE: Well, not exactly, sir. I'm willing to give up one evening a year to society. We all is, for that matter, ain't we? But have you ever thought that it takes a couple of hours and a half to read that story. If we could only sort of sit down, it wouldn't be so bad. As it is now, only our feet can go to sleep.

DUMPLINS: Upon my soul, I never thought of that. Sit down—sit down.

ALEX: Say, Lizzie, come on over and sit with us.

HAROLD: Tell us a ghost story, Lizzie.

DUMPLINS: Children, children! Be quiet! Lizzie, you may try to sit on the couch with them.

LIZZIE (*Shyly gets into the middle of the group*): Such a noise. Remember, "When you're asleep keep your window open; and when you're awake, keep your mouth shut."

BETTY: Daddy, when you're asleep do you keep your mouth open?

ALEX (*Stuffing cotton in his ears*): We'll all be asleep soon. (*Children all talk and argue.*)

DUMPLINS: Children! Children! Can we have silence for just a moment.

FLORENCE: Commence, daddy, we're all listening now. Do you want your glasses?

DUMPLINS: Thank you, dear; but I haven't made my usual preparatory speech. (*Momentarily flustered.*) At this glad season of the year, all men are equal. We gather here together around this warm fireside——

ALEX: It ain't lit yet.

DUMPLINS: I know it ain't—I mean, isn't! But it will be. We will sit before these blazing historical yule logs—that is to say, children, they're not exactly historical yule logs; but you know what I mean.

MACPHERSON (*The furnace man*): They're one of the old fence-posts I chopped up, sir.

DUMPLINS: Thank you, MacPherson. I simply called them that as a figure of speech.

MARIE LOUISE: What kind of figures is that, daddy?

DUMPLINS (*Endeavoring to get started*): It doesn't matter; suffice to say, we are here again observing our usual custom. Outside it is cold and blustery, the wind is howling through the eaves and the snow is falling heavily.

MACPHERSON: It wasn't a-snowing when I come in, sir.

DUMPLINS: Well, it might be now.

MACPHERSON (*Anxious to escape the reading*): I'll go and see.

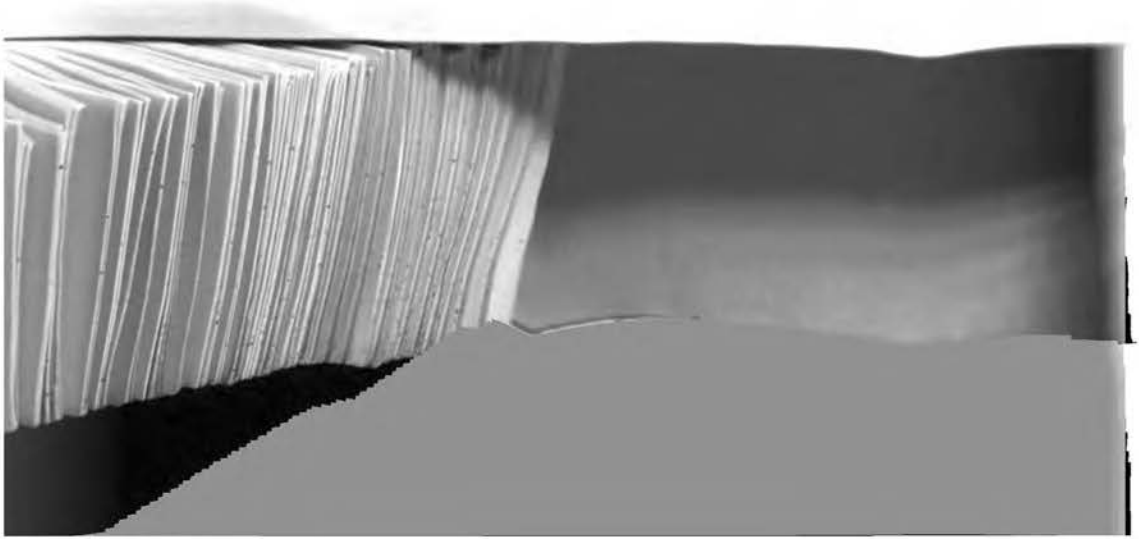
DUMPLINS: Sit down, MacPherson. You needn't trouble—it's just part of my speech. Santa Claus always sees that there is a blizzard on Christmas night.

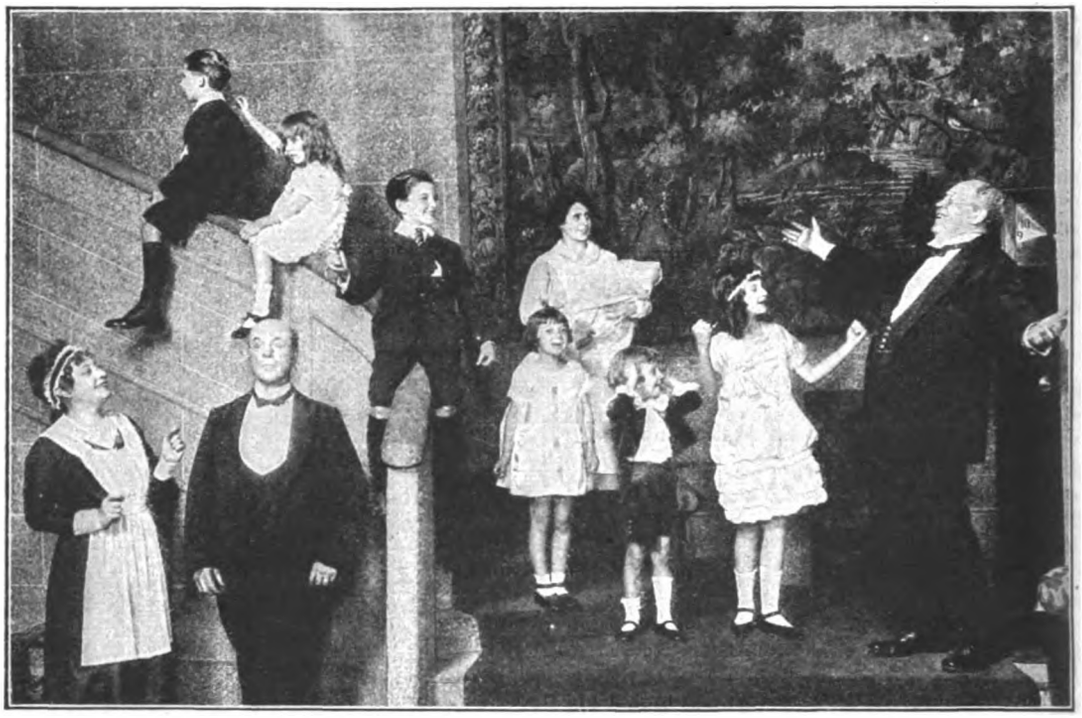
WATSON (*Also anxious to escape the reading*): If there's going to be a blizzard, I think I really ought to get to the station right away.

DUMPLINS: Don't worry. Maurice, have the car at the door at nine-thirty.

MAURICE (*The chauffeur. As anxious as the others to get away*): Yes, sir. Right away.

DUMPLINS: Maurice, keep your seat! There's plenty of time. I feel that we should be thankful that this row of stockings will be filled with good things that Santa brings. Next year, we will be hanging up another; and, God willing, another—and another after that. And now for the *pièce de résistance* of the evening; Dubbs (*the butler*), if you will be good enough to turn down the lights I shall begin the "Christmas Carol."





Christmas Eve in Daddy Dumplin's home when he had everything that money could buy. He is greeting his adopted family preparatory to the annual reading of "A Christmas Carol"

DADDY (*Takes up his place beside the reading lamp, adjusts his glasses, and opens the book. The* SERVANTS *all lapse into mournful attitudes.* DUBES *presses a button and the chandelier lights go out. The room is enveloped in a warm, soft glow*): Here we are, ready to begin.

BETTY (*Interrupting*): Daddy, can I say my piece now? "Hurrah we got it—the Christmas tree!"

DADDY (*Stopping her and putting her back on seat*): The carol first, dearie. (*He starts to read*): "Edition de Luxe. A Christmas Carol, in prose. Being a ghost story of Christmas, by Charles Dickens."

ALEX: It can't touch that story of Lizzie's.

DUMPLINS (*Continuing*): "A Christmas Carol—stave one—entitled 'Marley's Ghost.'"

MARIE LOUISE (*Suddenly interrupting*): Daddy, please tell me—what does "stave" mean?

EARL CARROLL

Only 29 years old, he is responsible for the production of "Daddy Dumplins" and his own play, "The Lady of the Lamp."

DUMPLINS: I don't know, but I think it means "chapter."

ALEX: Then why don't they call it "chapter?"

FLORENCE: Children, please let daddy get started.

DUMPLINS: All right. We'll begin again. "A Christmas Carol—stave one—entitled 'Marley's Ghost.' Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it——"

MARIE LOUISE: Daddy, why did it take so many to sign it?

DUMPLINS: He couldn't be buried without a permit. That's the law.

MARIE LOUISE: Well, what did they make such a funny law for?

DUMPLINS (*A bit severely*): I don't know! But you've got to have laws—or the whole world

would be upside down and people would be tumbling right off the earth. You ought to know that, Marie Louise.

MARIE LOUISE: Daddy, is there a law to keep us from tumbling off the earth?

DUMPLINS (*Exasperated*): Yes, the law of gravity. (*Sternly to her, as if to keep her quiet for the rest of the evening.*) It keeps us here and you can't fall off as long as it's in force. Now is there any other question you'd like to ask?

MARIE LOUISE: Well, what kept us on before the law was passed?

ALEX: Ain't that just like a woman!

FLORENCE: Daddy, don't answer! Now, please, Marie Louise, don't interrupt our daddy again.

DUMPLINS (*Patting* FLORENCE'S *head*): We'll begin again. Now, where was I? Oh, yes. "Old Marley was dead. Dead as a doornail. Scrooge knew he was dead——"

MARIE LOUISE: How did he know he was dead?

ALEX: Keep quiet and let him get through!

PERCY: Do you want to keep us here all night?

BETTY: Can I say my piece now, daddy?" "Hurrah we've got it—the Christmas tree——"

HAROLD (*Gets up, goes to* BETTY *and puts his hand on her mouth, slowly backing her into her seat—then stands scratching his head. The little fellow has done this several times, much to the discomfiture of* DADDY).

DUMPLINS: Harold, that hand of yours is most exasperating! What's the matter with you—why are you always scratching your head?

HAROLD: Because nobody else knows where it itches.

DUMPLINS: Well, we'll begin again!

So, once more, Daddy Dumplins makes an attempt to launch "A Christmas Carol." Hardly a half dozen sentences of Dickens's famous ghost classic have greeted the impatient ears of his audience, when the doorbell rings. Dubbs is permitted to go to the door, and returns shortly announcing the arrival of Mr. Sidney Danks.

DUMPLINS: Sidney Danks! Sidney Danks! Why is he coming here? To-night of all nights!

WATSON: I think you'd better see him.

DUMPLINS: Yes. Show him in, Dubbs.

WATSON (*To* DUMPLINS): I think you'd better see him alone.

DUMPLINS: Yes. MacPherson, you may lead the way to the servants' hall. Children, you may go to the nursery. There will be no reading of "A Christmas Carol" to-night. Daddy has some business to attend to.

And the children depart.

Andrew Lawlor, Jr., who plays the oldest Daddy Dumplin boy, "Alexander Napoleon"

Christmas Eve, one year later, in Daddy Dumplins' poorly furnished apartment, with the old gentleman in the midst of his annual performance—reading Dickens' "A Christmas Carol"

WATSON (*To* DUMPLINS): Maybe I can help you.

DUMPLINS: No, thanks. I've been fighting my cousin for years—so a few minutes longer won't matter.

WATSON: I'm afraid, Mr. Domplins, the *fighting* is all over.

DUMPLINS: What do you mean?

WATSON (*Producing the letter*): What he wrote in this letter. I think he has come here to say it himself.

DUMPLINS: You mean—we've lost the case?

WATSON: They told me over the phone, and I hadn't the courage to tell you. The office got it straight from Washington. Danks has won—and I'm sorry.

Then Watson departs. The old man is left alone to realize his fate. Danks enters—the cold, heartless, revengeful, unrelenting Danks, admirably played by Mr. Percy Moore.

DANKS: Well, it's been a long time, hasn't it?

DUMPLINS: It's twenty years since I last saw you.

DANKS: And I hope it's twenty more before you see me again.

DUMPLINS: So do I.

DANKS: I defeated you, just as I said I would, in the highest court from which there's no appeal. And I came down here to tell you just what I intend to do.

DUMPLINS: You picked out a cheerful night for it.

DANKS: I'm going to make you turn back every cent that belongs to me.

DUMPLINS: You'll get it.

DANKS: If money and hatred can break a man, I'm going to use every dollar to crush you.

DUMPLINS: Money isn't everything.

DANKS: We're striking our final balance and you and your orphans are clearing out.

DUMPLINS: Just one minute before you go. You've got the wrong idea. Just because the Supreme Court says I'm licked—that don't make me so. You can put me out of here without a penny, but I'll still be the ri hest man in the world! I'll always have my children. You can't take them or their love.

DANKS: You're all going back to the slums that you all came from—and you're going back for good.

SO dear old Daddy Dumplins is ruthlessly turned out by the cold-hearted Danks, who even goes so far as to force the authorities to take from the old gentleman his little charges. The children have learned to love their foster-father, and they are brokenhearted when they learn they must leave him. Like little children, they cannot understand. No child can realize why he must be torn from his father by a severe, if well-meaning uniformed officer of the law. And so when the seven little ones are dragged away from the one being they most love in all the world—well, no more touching scene was ever evolved on the stage.

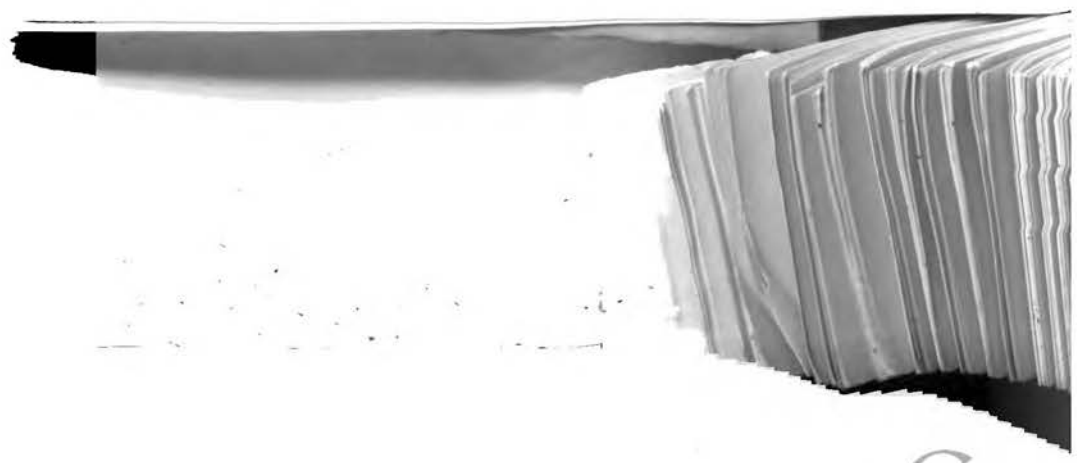
It turns out that Florence, the eldest, is the real daughter of Sidney Danks; that he had deserted her and her dying mother, and Daddy Dumplins had stepped in and rescued her. Of course, Florence can do nothing now but return to her father. In fact, he is willing to take her and give her every advantage, and he is a very pleased man when he sees the result of his cruelty.

Daddy Dumplins goes back to the cold world. He rents a cheap apartment in New York and becomes again a bookkeeper for various little firms; this time, in particular, for his old butler who had set up a delicatessen store. Always cheerful, his humble home is a nest of sunshine. But he becomes more and more lonesome, as time goes on, for the little children to whom he had devoted his life. He appeals to the courts to be permitted to adopt them again, and, one by one, they return to the humble fold of their protector—this time, however, they are not clothed in fine linen or fed on the best in the land; they must dress as best they can and eat the humble fare that Daddy Dumplins can afford. The only one that does not appear is Florence. She has gone abroad with her father.

FINALLY Christmas Eve comes again. It is the same old Christmas Eve so far as good cheer is concerned—in fact most everything else is lacking but good cheer and genuine happiness. Daddy has set the stage for his annual reading of "A Christmas Carol." After the usual struggle, order is maintained. But the reading of a Christmas carol is bound not to be without its interruptions. There is a knock at the door and, lo, Florence enters. She had been the one they had longed to see. They had missed her beyond all expression. They knew that she wanted to be there and they wondered where in all the wide world she could be.

It is a sad story that Florence tells—but a sad story that has its touch of happiness. There are many such stories in the tragedies of every-day life. Her father died while they were abroad—but with the kindliest words of forgiveness on his lips.

And so, for Daddy Dumplins and his children the light of their new day dawns with the most satisfying brightness.



THIS IS MY TASK

TO live to-day to the full.

To try to make my highest moment permanent.

To give every one whose burden is greater than my own, a lift.

To make every moment count; to try to be somebody with all my might.

To be generous, tolerant, considerate, kind, forbearing, magnanimous.

To keep my mind open to truth, responsive to the world's best thought, and to be true to the best I know.

To look forward, not backward; to look up, not down; to make the most of my opportunities and never whine at the lack of them.

To be a man before I am a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant; and, whatever my occupation or profession, to accomplish something infinitely bigger and of greater service to the world than collecting dollars.

To realize that "Man is master of thought, the molder of character, the maker and shaper of conditions, environment and destiny," and to use my power intelligently.

To face life with a smile; to keep a stiff upper lip no matter how gloomy or depressing conditions may be; to have confidence in my power to conquer every difficulty and reach the goal of my ambition.

To make my life yield its highest possible service by being faithful to the duties of each day; by trying to do everything I attempt to a complete finish; by being scrupulously honest in every transaction; by always ringing true in my friendships; by holding a helpful, accommodating attitude toward those about me; by fulfilling to the best of my ability the obligation to be noble, to be loyal to my highest ideals.

This is the task that comes to me every morning—to be true throughout the day to my higher self. Its fulfillment demands all the courage, all the strength, all the manhood or womanhood, all the divinity that is in me.

This is my task, and to-day's the day.

A Frank Friend

Read This, Then Study Our Cover Design

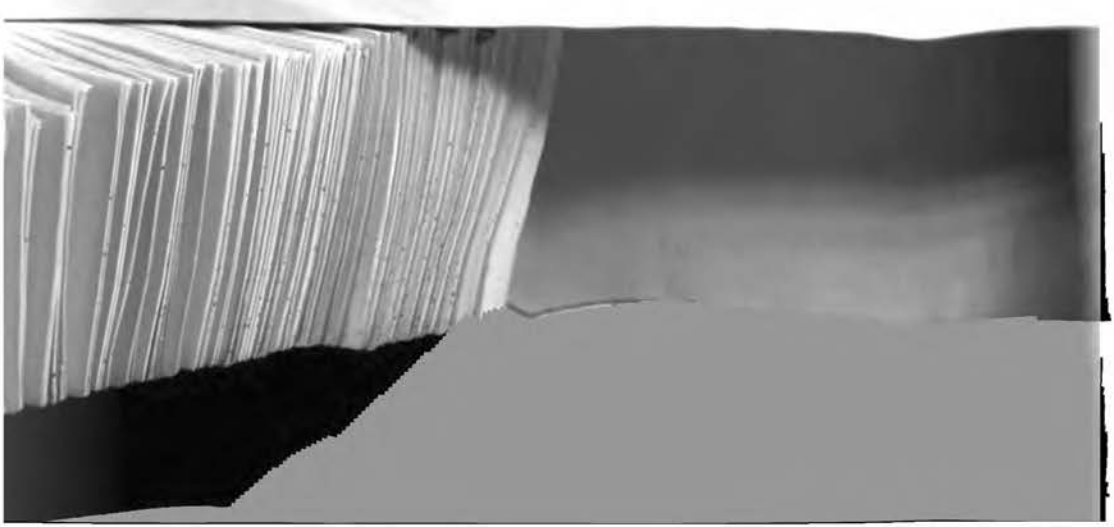
STICK your claws into me," said Mendelssohn to his music critics. "Don't tell me what you like, but what you don't like." That is what a frank but friendly critic ecently did for the proprietor of a general store ı a small western town. Our cover artist shows s the two having it out.

The storekeeper and his store are all of a piece. rowsy, disorderly, unsystematic, unbusinesslike, ut of date—that is the story written all over ıe man and the place. Even the most unpracced eye can see at a glance why business has llen away and the concern is on the verge of ankruptcy. The hustling oung salesman who had en selling goods to the oprietor for some time d sized up the situation om the first. So long as e had no competitors he d muddled along in his ipshod way and made a ving. But things were ifferent since an alert, ide-awake young business man from Chicago had opened a rival store just across the street. One after another, his old customers slipped away from him to the new store, until only a few were left; and these stayed on because they could not pay what they owed him. Things had about touched bottom when one day the young salesman breezed in from Detroit.

"Hello, Mr. Jones, how are you; and how's business to-day?" he called cheerily.

"Business! Wa'al, young man, ye kin see fer yerself there hain't no such animal. Ever since that young jackanapes 'cross the street started up here with his new-fangled Chicago tricks and his durned new way o' doing things, my business has been going from bad to worse. An' I'm durned if I know why. I hev jest as good stuff as he has; an' it don't cost 'em any more, but my old customers leave me an' go over to him. Guess they

> THERE are two things that men should never weary of: goodness and humility. We get none too much of them in this rough world and among cold, proud people.



want change. That's about all there's to it."

"Now, look here, Mr. Jones, that isn't all by a long chalk. And if you want to hear the truth from a friend, I'll tell you what the trouble is," said the salesman. "Want to know?"

"Of course I want to know, Briggs. Fire away." And Jones, looping his thumbs in his suspenders, lolled back in his seat eyeing the young man questioningly.

"First of all, Mr. Jones, you want to wake up and understand that the world moves and that the business that doesn't move with it is left behind in a backwater. The world and business are moving faster to-day than they ever moved before, and only the business man who keeps right up to the minute with the times is going to survive. You've got to go around and see what others in your line are doing. You've got to see the new way of doing things, of arranging goods, of making displays, of making your place attractive, the devices for attracting and holding customers, everything that up-to-date methods can do to push business. Now that's what your competitor across the street is doing. See his store! It's up to the minute in everything. Then look at yours. Why, man, it's fifty years behind the times. When have you been to Chicago to see how they keep store there? 'A matter of twenty years ago.' I thought so. When did you take an inventory of your goods? When did you dust your shelves and arrange your stuff? When did you mop up this floor and clean the windows and paint inside and outside? And what are you doing anyway to offset the attractions your rival is continually getting up to interest and draw customers? 'Nothing.' Of course you're not, and then you sit back and grumble, and wonder why your customers leave you. Wake up, man, and keep up with the procession, or you'll soon have a bankrupt sale going on here."

The world is full of Joneses, men and women in every trade and business and profession, who are going to seed, on the verge of bankruptcy, because they have ceased to progress. The world rushes by, but they remain practically where they were at the start because they never take stock of themselves, never look around to see what others in their line are doing. They need a frank friend to stick his claws in them, to tell them the truth as Briggs told it to Jones the storekeeper.

The man who is satisfied with himself and what he has already achieved, who thinks he is secure in his field, that there is nothing to fear from competitors, though he may not know it, is in great danger of failure. Deterioration has begun. Just as the purest water, if left at rest, will soon become stagnant, the ablest man, the most flourishing business or profession, if allowed to rest, to cease all efforts for further growth and improvement will eventually retrograde. So rapid are progress and discovery in this intense age, that the new is everywhere crowding out the old, and the men who would keep abreast of the times must be alert for new ideas and for every up-to-date method or device that will facilitate progress in his life work. In short, everything is push, push, push—in this world of competition. Every one is pusher or pushed, and if you are not getting ahead in whatever you are trying to do there is something wrong somewhere.

> I THINK cheerfulness is a fortune in itself.
> —*Daniel Deronda.*

Most of us need a frank, level-headed, sincere friend, to put his claws in us, one who would "hold the mirror up to nature," and show us our faults and weaknesses, where we are making mistakes and how we are failing in our efforts for success. Here are a few searching questions to ask yourself:

Am I in a rut? Do I lack projectile power, like many of the shells and the shrapnel in the World War which fell far short of the mark? Why am I so far from the success goal, when others who started with me have long since reached it? Am I cursed with inertia, mental or physical laziness? Am I too timid to push ahead, to branch out? Have I executive ability, or am I a trailer? Do I lack self-confidence, initiative, the courage and ability to begin things and push them through without instruction or help from others? Am I up-to-date, progressive, hard-working, or do I lack ambition and energy? Do I put up an attractive appearance, make an agreeable personality, or is there something the matter with my clothes, or with my manner? Am I aggressive, domineering, dictatorial? Do I antagonize others? Have I disagreeable traits, offensive idiosyncrasies or habits that make me objectionable to others? Have I a violent temper, a biting, sarcastic tongue, a mean, ungenerous disposition?

Now is a very good time to take a personal stock account. And don't spare yourself. Don't be lenient to your own faults and weaknesses any more than a frank friend who had your best interest at heart would be.

THE NEW SUCCESS
Monthly Prize Contests

FEBRUARY CONTEST

WHAT IS THE BEST WAY TO USE YOUR SPARE TIME DURING THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS?

HERE is an interesting question. How do you occupy your winter evenings—these long, dark evenings when there are spare hours that may be put to good advantage? Do you read? Do you study? Do you carry out some hobby? Are you planning for your future? Are you studying for a career? You should be able to write an interesting paper on this subject—a paper that is both practical and valuable—something that will help readers of THE NEW SUCCESS.

For the two best articles of not more than 700 words each, we offer the following prizes: First, Four years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS; second, Two years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS.

This competition closes February 18, 1921. The winning articles will appear in the April number. Contributions to these prize contests will NOT be returned unless postage is enclosed with the manuscripts.

SECOND PRIZE CONTEST

HOW TO GET A HUNDRED-PER-CENT HOME?

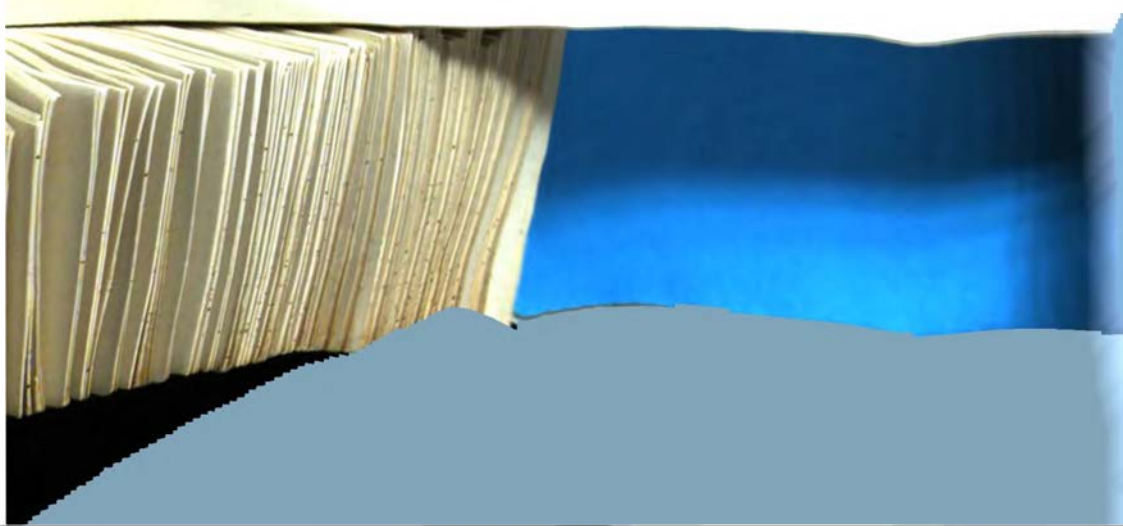
WHAT should the American home be in order to measure up to its full possibilities? As Dr. Marden says in THE NEW SUCCESS, for January, "There is nothing that can take the place in your life, of your home. If that is not a success, your business or professional success will mean comparatively little to you."

Unfortunately many homes are not successful—they do not measure up to the hundred-per-cent standard. What is the hundred-per-cent standard? Have you attained it in your home? If so, will you tell us how?

Papers in this contest may be 1500 words in length. The contest closes March 1, 1921. Contestants whose papers are successful will be awarded a set of three of any of Dr. Orison Swett Marden's books.

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

Owing to the unusual number of replies to our December contest, "The Kindest Act I Know Of," we must postpone publishing the names of the winners until our March number.



President-elect Harding and his thirteen "master minds." They will confer to devise ways and means by which peace and prosperity may be restored, and, also, to suggest methods for a return to normal conditions in this country

Who's Who in the Affairs of the World

A Review of Men and Measures

By "DIPLOMATIST"

NORMAN H. DAVIS is a product of the World War. At present he is Undersecretary of State. Several years ago we leaned over toward the side of Great Britain to such an extent as to create the office of "Undersecretary," but only for the State Department, that department having to do with our foreign relations. Davis had nothing to do with the creation of this office, but he has filled it in a very acceptable manner.

Davis came to Washington, from Tennessee, before he was forty years old. He had been quite a student previous to that time, having graduated at Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, and receiving a degree from Leland Stanford, Jr. University, California. There was a time when the Secretary of the Treasury was looking for some one who understood foreign finance, and he was told that this young Tennessean was one of the best informed men on the subject, in the country. Davis was taken in to the Treasury Department and handled the big loans which were made to the foreign governments when the United States entered the war. He was so successful that President Wilson took him abroad when he went to Paris to negotiate peace, Mr. Davis had charge of the financial end of our negotiations.

On his return home, Davis thought he had enough of government service and determined to return to private life, but the Treasury still wanted him and he was persuaded to stay there and look after the government's interests particularly with foreign affairs. About the middle of the year 1920, Undersecretary Polk resigned, and in casting about for a man who understood foreign questions and could handle the State Department in the absence of the Secretary, Norman Davis was chosen by President Wilson and he will continue to be Undersecretary of State until the end of the Wilson administration.

No other man connected with the present administration has made good in all that pertains to office holding so thoroughly as Norman Davis. If the United States was engaged in the business of training diplomats, and keeping trained diplomats in the service, Davis would be selected. He is one of the rare kind who can handle big questions, handle details, and maintain a contact with the public in a manner that inspires confidence in his work.

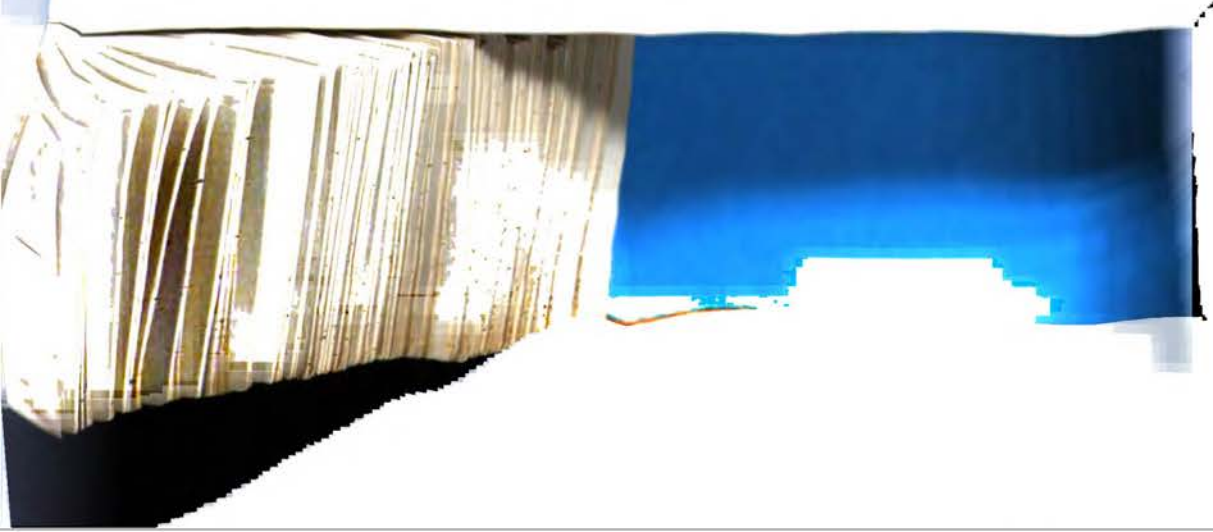
Then he likes to play as well as work. He is one of several administration men frequently seen on the golf links with prominent United States Senators, and he is the same affable personage in his sports as in his official life.

In almost any other country, a man like Norman Davis would go far in diplomatic life, but his official career is cut off by the change of party administration unless—and this is not beyond the realm of speculation—President-elect Harding determines to make use of his abilities and continue him in some capacity.

You Can't Frighten Houston

DAVID F. HOUSTON, Secretary of the Treasury, is a man who doesn't scare, and who doesn't run to cover when he hears the dogs barking. I cannot tell how President Wilson discovered Houston, but I presume that Colonel House tipped off the President-elect when he was making up his cabinet eight years ago. At all events, Houston, then a college professor in St. Louis, was selected for Secretary of Agriculture, a somewhat lowly place in the President's official family. Houston had been in Texas. Presumably he was one of several future cabinet officers who gathered around the friendly table of Colonel House back in the gala days when House was the "Jethro Bass" of Texas politics. Time moved toward eternity and William G. McAdoo retired from the Treasury. Carter Glass occupied the second place in the cabinet for a brief period on his way to the Senate. Then President Wilson gave the portfolio to Mr. Houston.

Houston was supposed to be so imbued with the farmer idea on account of the years spent in the Department of Agriculture that it was a great shock to the agriculturists when he refused to be moved by their recent appeals. The farmers found their abnormal prices going down and raised a great cry for money which would enable them to hold their crops for better prices. Whatever it was that Houston was expected to do to



aid the farmers, he did not do it and came in for severe criticism. But what wot he? Not a bit! He just stood up and made his replies to the attacks without rancor or any exhibition of sourness. But the main fact is that he stood pat and administered his office as he thought it ought to be conducted without regard to fear or favor of any class. His course cost votes in the recent election. Every bold career costs votes; but Houston went his way serenely.

A big man, physically, is Houston, a man with a cool, calculating temperament, a man who is not disturbed by what is going on about him. He is an earnest golfer, plays in a foursome with "Chick" Evans when that golf champion is in Washington as the guest of Secretary Payne of the Interior Department. Houston plays a fairly good game, but he is less calm on the links than in his office in the Treasury. Seemingly he is more concerned in making a good drive and a good putt than in making a hit with Wall Street or with the farmers.

The Leader of the House

FRANK W. MONDELL, of Wyoming, is the leader of the House of Representatives, holding that position by virtue of the fact that the Republican majority designated him for this very important though unofficial post. Up to the time of Mondell's election for this place, the leader of the House was the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In the earlier days, this chairman was selected by the speaker of the House and consequently was the Speaker's lieutenant. After the so-called "House Revolution" and the election of members of committees by the House itself, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means was elected by a majority. When the Republicans took control of the present Congress, they decided that the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee had enough to do without having the responsibility of House leadership. In casting about for a man who would fit the job the Republicans decided that Mondell was just the type. The leader in Congress is the man who must hear all of the kicks, furnish soft answers, furnish a smile instead of a wrathful rejoinder to unjust criticism.

Frank Mondell has been in Congress ever since the election of 1894 with the exception of two years and the remarkable thing about it is that he has held his position all this time and made his way to the top, handled important legislative matters, and in all this time has not been a lawyer, while Congressional places are usually reserved for lawyers or captured by lawyers. Mondell is the single representative from his State, the smallness of Wyoming's population giving that State only one representative.

Mondell has seen some very remarkable things since he came to Congress. His first appearance was in the Fifty-fourth Congress. Tom Reed was elected speaker of that Congress during Mondell's second term. Cleveland was then in the White House. The Republican majority was very large, the largest ever known with the exception of the incoming, the Sixty-seventh Congress. During Mr. Mondell's long period in Congress, he has seen our government almost entirely transformed. What was impossible, or considered wild and fantastic when he first came to Congress, has now become commonplace on account of adoption and usage.

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Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, as he looks to-day. He says: "Keep happy and contented, and keep young"

How Ashurst Established Himself

HENRY F. ASHURST was selected United States Senator from Arizona when that State was admitted to the Union in 1912. Ashurst is a product of the West. He was born in Nevada, and is the first native of that State to become a United States Senator. Of course no one in the East knew anything about Ashurst until his election; then inquiries were made concerning him. An incident of the canvass that he made was told as evidence that he had ample confidence in himself and is truly characteristic. Arizona was inclined to be extremely radical, favoring the recall of judges, the referendum, and a number of other ideas generally classed as "isms." At one stage of the campaign, there was talk of sending a number of conservative eastern Republicans into Arizona to correct these views. Among those who were reported as likely to go, was Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. Arizona welcomed the idea and at once began to make plans.

"We'll get up a joint debate and put up Henry Ashurst to talk against Lodge," said the enthusi-

asts, who knew Ashurst's eruptive qualities on the stump.

Then some of them began to coach Ashurst as to how he should handle the situation in case Lodge entered into a joint debate with him.

"Gentlemen" replied Ashurst to the delegation, "gentlemen, you furnish Senator Lodge and I'll furnish the scenery." But the event never came off.

I must digress for a moment to remark to those who know Lodge: "Fancy Lodge going out into a wild and woolly western territory to enter a joint debate with an unknown."

When Ashurst came to the Senate there was no one to pay attention to him. He was too far from any possible source of newspaper exploitation; that is, there were no big newspapers within 500 miles of his home town in Arizona, and no one gave him any publicity. So it happened that when he said anything particularly good in the Senate, it didn't get into the papers and was lost. And when Ashurst made a remarkable speech one day no attention was paid to it. In fact, it was a day of remarkable speeches by several Senators; but the few newspaper men who heard them considered the speeches "hot air" and said nothing about them. They began when one Senator made some remarks about the scenic wonders of his State. This was followed by a dozen others, who, in five- and ten-minute speeches, also depicted the grandeur of nature in their respective States.

Finally Ashurst took the floor and all the word painting of other Senators faded into insignificance. He threw a hundred superlative adjectives into the air as he depicted the wondrous sights in Arizona, deftly catching them like a juggler and arranging a fanciful, picturesque and gorgeous picture that fairly blazed in the colors of a hundred rainbows. Years rolled by and a member of The Gridiron Club, having occasion to need a flamboyant orator at one of the Club's famous banquets, remembered Ashurst's speech on Arizona. Ashurst came to the Gridiron dinner, spoke, and made good. He was on the map. A dozen societies in Washington sought him as a speaker. Then, wonders of wonders! a second time he was sought as a Gridiron speaker, and a second time made good. Ashurst was established.

This does not mean that he is a humorist. No, he is a statesman with a sense of humor. He is a young man; he is full of vigor; he knows a lot; he knows where the trail begins and ends. That in a western sense is saying a good deal for any man.

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Clarence J. McLeod, of Detroit, is the youngest man ever elected to the United States Congress. He is twenty-five

Responsibility Made Him

EDWARD BEALE McLEAN was selected by Chairman Will H. Hays, of the Republican National Committee, to be chairman of the Inauguration Committee having in charge the induction into office of Warren G. Harding. That is, this Inauguration Committee has charge of the ceremonies under control of the people of Washington. The real induction into office of a President is by the Congress of the United States, or rather the Senate of the United States; for, in reality, there is no House of Representatives when a President is inaugurated. While it was said that McLean was appointed by Chairman Hays, the selection was really made by President-elect Harding. It was somewhat of a surprise to the people of Washington and, perhaps, to some people outside, although the outsiders have really nothing to do with the affair save as spectators.

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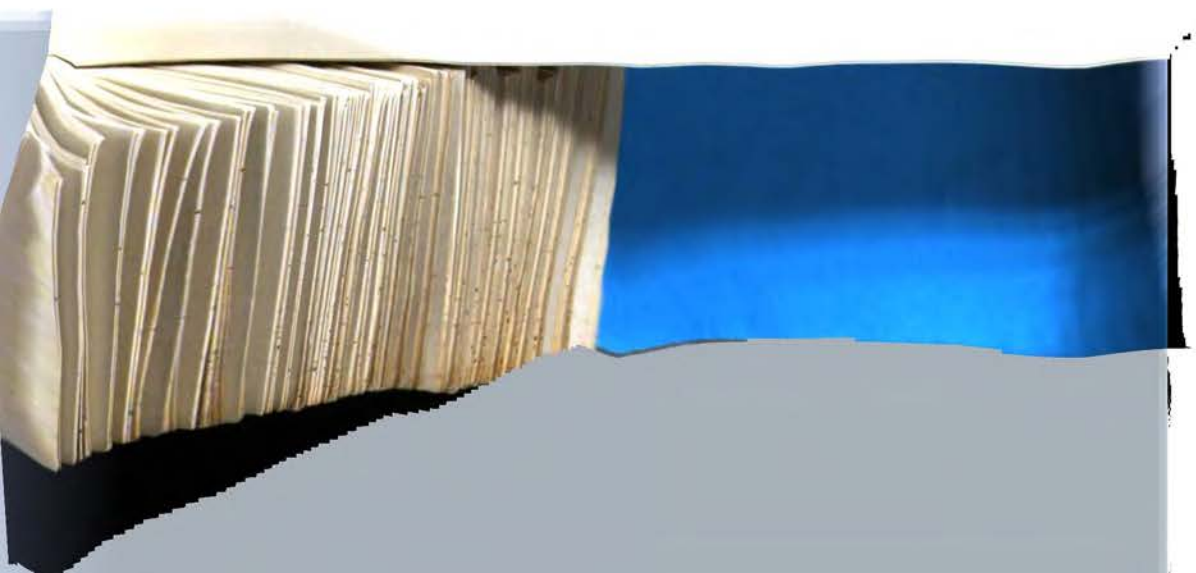
Congressman Albert Johnson, of Washington, father of the Johnson bill to prohibit immigration

"Ned" McLean, so far as fortune is concerned, has about everything a human being can desire. At least one-half the residents of Washington no doubt can remember, not so long ago, a little dark-haired boy driving a pony cart about the streets of Washington. They also recall the fact that, in those days, they saw more of Ned McLean than they have seen of him since.

There is not very much in life in the way of prominence for the son of a rich man growing into manhood. Like the man who weds the daughter of a very prominent person, he becomes Mr. Blank's son-



in-law. The son of a rich man, or the son of a prominent man is often overwhelmed. So it was with Ned McLean until the death of his father brought him into control of large property interests including two newspapers, the Washington *Post* and the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Then responsibility made him. He became editor-publisher of two great newspapers. It is easy to wreck newspapers as has been shown very frequently in the past, but Ned McLean improved his newspapers, made them more influential and more powerful than they had been.

Then came the Presidential election of 1920. McLean's independent newspapers supported Senator Harding. After the election, it developed that not only was McLean politically friendly, but that a very warm personal friendship had existed between the Ohio Senator and the Washington editor for several years. also that their families had been very intimate. The McLeans accompanied the Hardings on their trip to Texas and Panama. Senator and Mrs. Harding made the McLean home their home during the brief stay in Washington on their return from the South. So intimate was this friendship that questions began to be asked whether McLean was going to get a big position under the new administration.

Then he was appointed chairman of the Inauguration Committee and everybody realized that all he wanted was recognition. He wanted to be something more than John R. McLean's son, or Thomas F. Walsh's son-in-law which he had been for many years. This chairmanship is a wholly honorary position; it is a distinct mark of favor conferred by the President-elect; there are no emoluments connected with it; in fact, the money consideration is apt to be the other way and the Chairman no doubt will be expected to make up deficits.

The vast throng of inauguration visitors who will see the great display, the wonderful parade, and attend the inaugural ball on March 4, may or may not realize that the man who planned and prepared it all and managed the big affair, and whose hands were constantly at the helm, was Mr. E. B. McLean the young publisher of two great newspapers.

Mr. McLean, as I have said, is a man made by responsibility.

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King Constantine who returned to the throne of Greece amid great acclaim. His first request was for the salary he was not paid during his abdication

Set Speech Made Sutherland

ABOUT twenty years ago, there came to the House of Representatives from the then rather new State of Utah, a black-bearded young man who answered to the name of George Sutherland. He did not remain so very long in the House of Representatives, and did not make a particular dent in that body although he made a great many warm personal friends. But it appears that Utah understood what she was about, and sixteen years ago George Sutherland was elected to the Senate.

A quiet, unassuming gentleman, a man who never seemed to push himself forward, it was quite a few years before the Senate really discovered him. Then it happened that in some of the debates when great legal questions were under consideration that Sutherland in his quiet, unobtrusive way elucidated a point or explained a legal problem in a manner which showed that he was one of the great lawyers of a legislative body which is supposed to contain some of the best legal minds in the United States. The first time people began to notice that Sutherland was something out of the ordinary was when he made a set speech—a carefully prepared speech on some subject that is either read or delivered.

On that occasion the best lawyers of the Senate gathered around him and listened attentively to the very end. It became known that Utah had sent a profound lawyer to the United States Senate.

Sutherland was one of the unfortunate victims of the Democratic anti-war cyclone that swept over the western country in 1916. But he was not wholly engulfed and continued to remain in the public eye to a considerable extent. He was in great demand as a law lecturer and has been constantly engaged by the Columbia University in New York as an expounder of certain phases of the law. He has also continued his interest in politics, and became very prominent, in 1920, as one of the men whom Senator Harding trusted most and who was one of the chief advisors of the Republican candidate in regard to his speeches and policies. After the election, there was scarcely a position of prominence in the gift of the new administration requiring sound judgment and legal ability for which George Sutherland has not been mentioned.

It is an interesting fact that in a number of sparsely settled Western States, there has been developed a number of wonderfully brainy men, men competent for any position in the gift of the government, men who would have been considered presidential timber if they had been residents of any of the big States east of the Mississippi River. Goerge Sutherland is one of those men.

Cares for the Largest Acreage

STEPHEN T. MATHER is the Director of National Parks. Taking care of and developing these great wonders of America has become a life work with Mather. He holds an official position, but that does not begin to cover all his duties. He devotes his life and his private fortune to building up and developing the parks and to improving them, making them more and more attractive to the American people.

"See America First," became a slogan a few years ago. It was taken up by Franklin K. Lane, who used it in connection with the wonders of the West, which are mostly contained in the great system of parks that have been segregated from the public domain and kept as national treasures in spite of the money-grabbing propensity of many people who would utilize them for private gain.

A quarter of a century ago, Stephen T. Mather was a newspaper man working on the New York *Sun*. Opportunity came his way and he went West and made a fortune. The Great West inspired him and particularly the parks that had been set apart on account of their wonderful picturesque beauty and magnificent grandeur. Mather began devoting his entire time to parks and, also, a large portion of his income. He has built club houses in the national parks for the rangers and men who guard those regions, so as to make life more attractive to them and so that good men will remain in the park service.

The national parks are a hobby with Mather. He does not know which one he likes the best, although the Yellowstone with its wonders and the Glacier Park in Montana with its picturesque wildness are almost equally attractive to him.

But all the parks receive his attention and he has done everything in his power to encourage people in this country to visit this wonderful region and to see that the United States has more and better picturesque scenery, superb natural grandeur than any other part of the world's surface.

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Henry Morganthau, President Wilson's representative in adjusting the disputes of the Armenians and Turks

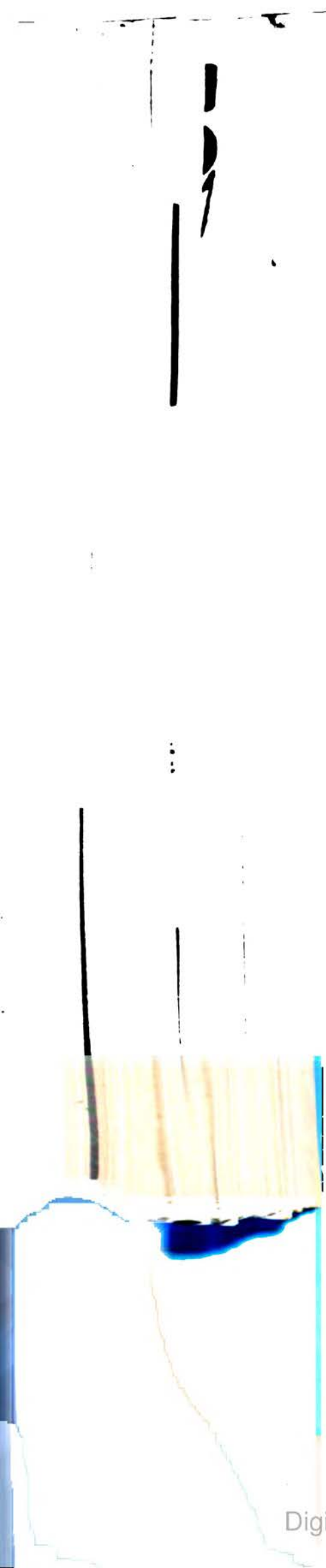
Why Nugent Was Confirmed

JOHN F. NUGENT of Idaho, is in a class by himself. He is the only man out of about 20,000 appointed by President Wilson in the past six months, who has been confirmed by the United States Senate. There may be a few others who will receive this distinct mark of favor by the end of the session, but at this writing Nugent is the only man to be so honored. This distinction by confirmation is due to the fact that Nugent was a United States Senator at the time of his appointment—a "member of the lodge," so to speak. The Senate had practically resolved not to confirm any of President Wilson's appointments, but it had to make an exception when one of its own members received an appointment.

Nugent is a man of the West—a native of Oregon. It is becoming more common now for men to come to the Senate and House of Representatives who were born beyond the Great Divide. A few years ago it was very rare indeed to find in either the House or Senate a man from the Pacific Coast or the Rocky Mountain region, who was a native of that section.

Nugent first came to the Senate on an appointment of the Democratic Governor of Idaho, the governor having been carried into office on the western Democratic wave of 1916. In 1918, even when the pendulum had begun to swing toward the Republican side, Nugent was elected to the Senate although everything in Idaho went Republican. This was quite a compliment and an evidence of his popularity, although he had been the Democratic manager in the State for many years.

There was a very warm personal friendship between Senator Borah, Republican, and Senator Nugent Democrat. It was Borah who moved the confirmation of Nugent, thus breaking the record which the Republicans had intended to make in regard to confirming Wilson's appointments. This friendship



between Borah and Nugent has been maintained notwithstanding they differ radically in party politics and that Nugent clung steadfastly to the League of Nations although urged by Borah to take a different course.

Nugent's steadfastness for the administration no doubt won him the appointment on the Federal Trade Commission, and Borah's personal friendship secured for him confirmation, although the general policy of the Republicans was to hold up all appointments made during the short session of Congress.

The President-elect's "Master Minds"

BEFORE President-elect Harding started on his southern trip, last fall, it was announced by Harry N. Daugherty, his pre-convention manager—and Daugherty is very close to Mr. Harding—that ten Republicans and three Democrats, "representing every shade of opinion on the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations," had been invited to attend conferences at which these and other subjects of national and international interest would be discussed. Reproductions of the photographs of the thirteen men to whom this distinction has come are on page 74, facing this article. As the three Democrats in this list are of unusual interest, our readers may want to know why they were chosen. Perhaps I can enlighten them so far as the League of Nations is concerned: Senator Reed was the League's bitter opponent; Senator Shields advocated reservations; Senator Pomerene followed President Wilson's ideas.

More Man

TO-DAY all up-to-date executives are pleading not for men—but for more man, more manliness, more manhood. More of that indefinable force which acts directly by its very presence, which commands attention, inspires confidence and creates the desire to be dealt with.

We are born believers in this type of man.

To see him is to believe in him.

And the secret of our belief in him is his own belief in himself.

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Poise

By Dr. Frank Crane (Copyrighted)

TAKE that one word, Poise. Think of it, hold it. Do you not love it?

Does it not call up a picture of the calm and tranquil Sage, sitting high above the turmoil of men, having blessedness, which is greater than happiness; having Peace, which is better than triumph; having Understanding, which is better than Belief; having Judgment, because he Understands; Understanding all because he Sees all; Seeing all, because he has found God in His world, and his soul sits at the feet of the Things that Are, and from Fact comes Wisdom!

◆ ◆ ◆

He Thought He Stopped the Paper

AN acquaintance met Horace Greeley, one day, and said: "Mr. Greeley, I've stopped your paper."

"Have you?" said the editor; "well, that's too bad," and he went his way.

The next morning Mr. Greeley met his subscriber again, and said: "I thought you had stopped the *Tribune*?"

"So I did."

"Then there must be some mistake," said Mr. Greeley, "for I just came from the office and the presses were running, the clerks were as busy as ever, the compositors were hard at work, and the business was going on the same as yesterday and the day before."

"Oh!" ejaculated the subscriber, "I didn't mean that I had stopped the paper; I stopped only my copy of it, because I didn't like your editorials."

"Pshaw!" retorted Mr. Greeley. "It wasn't worth taking up my time to tell me such a trifle as that. My dear sir, if you expect to control the utterance of the *Tribune* by the purchase of one copy a day, or if you think to find any newspaper or magazine worth reading that will never express convictions at right angles with your own, you are doomed to disappointment."

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To My Son

(Selected)

DO you know that your soul is of my soul such part
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember, the world will be quick with its blame
If shadow or stain ever darken your name;
"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true:
The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be this, then, your task, if task it shall be,
To force this proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won,
"She reaps as she sowed. Lo, this man is her son!"

—Your Mother.

◆ ◆ ◆

Don'ts for the Canvasser

By Morris Raynor

DON'T pay the least attention to hard times, poor crops, etc.

Don't wander over your field aimlessly.

Don't canvass too much with your legs—use your brains.

Don't get discouraged at trifles.

Don't think you have the worst field on earth.

Don't be a bad-weather agent.

Don't be a kicker.

"How Do Y' Get That Way?"

A Story that Shows You, in a Humorous Way, How Not To Be Foolish

By OLIN LYMAN

Author of "Efficiency-Fuss," "The Voice that Won," and other stories

Illustrated by John R. Neill

SYNOPSIS OF PART I

S. ALMON PROUT, assistant chief clerk of the Riverton Cotton Mill, is—well, he thinks a great deal of S. Almon Prout. In fact, he is so blind to his own faults and to other people's virtues that his horizon is a constant sunrise of Prouts. He has decided to marry Mabel Talmadge, private secretary to the president of the Riverton Cotton Mill; but Mabel is not aware of Prout's determination. Prout's egoism amuses Mabel. She is interested in Aleck Granger, a young man misplaced in Prout's department, chafing against the deadly routine of his work. Attending a dance with Prout, Mabel suavely inveigles him to talk of Granger. Glibly he betrays the younger man's shortcomings. Mabel then informs Prout that the chief clerk is resigning and that Aleck Granger stands in line for promotion instead of Prout.

PART II

S. ALMON PROUT gaped and his eyes goggled in the moonlight. They bore a look of almost ludicrous dismay.

A house of cards, which he had been building for three weeks, now came tumbling about his prominent ears. A chaos of thought, or fragments of reflection, rioted through his brain. Why, he had not thought of anyone save himself in Pringle's shoes, since he had learned that Sam was about to leave. Civil service idea—that had been always the way. A man left; those below stepped up; another youth came from the waiting list comprised of fledgelings fresh from school.

His pale eyes grew lurid. "Swinley—Granger—*what?*" he choked.

She stopped abruptly, facing him. They were alone at the foot of the hill. There were vengeful sparks in Mabel Talmadge's eyes, as when Granger had treated her with awkward rudeness just before. She spoke fast, with intense earnestness.

"You're the man for Pringle's shoes——"

"Granger!" he exclaimed, bewildered. "And he doesn't like the work—"

In her eagerness she seized his coat lapel, grasped it with savagery. In tense moments this quiet girl could be more like her auburn hair.

"Perhaps Swinley has some idea that promotion might stir him," she told him meaningly. "Now you wouldn't want him in that place, and I wouldn't, either!"

"Then you're for——"

"For *you*, of course!"

"Thank ya!" he blurted, gratified. "But just what did Swinley say about Granger."

"Young man, let me tell y' something!" he exploded. "Personally I don't like ya. I never did. I like ya less every minute. But you're a born head clerk, and I need ya."

"I can't tell you It would not be ethical."

"But you just told me——"

"What you already knew—and a little bit more."

Again he flushed. "How'd ya know I knew it?"

I sensed it somehow."

Now she smiled. "You know almost everything that goes on here."

"So do you!" he countered. "That female gift—what d' ya call it——"

"Intuition?" she laughed. Then she grew more serious. Footsteps were approaching them, coming down the hill. They walked together toward her home on the side street, talking earnestly.

Finally he stood at the steps of her veranda, looking up at her, listening to her parting words.

"Remember! You don't want Granger stepping ahead of you. He's a queer, secretive fellow." Her glance hardened in calculation. "Take a different tack toward him; you can manage it. Gain his confidence. Of course, he doesn't know of Pringle's leaving; nobody does but you and me—with the exception of Mr. Swinley and Pringle himself, of course. Mr. Swinley wanted it kept quiet; you know his peculiarity.

"Now you and I know that Granger is not the man for the job——"

"*My* job!" cut in S. Almon acridly.

"Yes, and *remember* that! Find out about Granger; cultivate him; draw him out. It won't take you long to demonstrate that *he* isn't the man, I'll wager! And then report to me; give me all the bulletins on him you can, within the next few days, and we'll conspire further."

"I'll go ya!" assured S. Almon, with vindictive earnestness. She entered her home. He sought his own dwelling, a few blocks distant. He was elated.

HE lighted the gas in his room, which presented the usual jumble of photographs, pennants, pewter steins and the like, dear to the hearts of young men. He seated himself before the lid of an old-fashioned Prout heirloom desk and sought the red-covered diary in which he kept a daily record of his doings. Because the hour was late, and he had to be on the job the next morning, his entry was shorter than usual. It ran:

Tuesday, June 29, 1920.

Got up. Shaved. Must get some new blades. My crown's working loose. More coin for the dentist. Costs to live these days. Ma gets too much starch in my shirts. I've told her enough. Worked as usual. Took M—— to grove dance. She told me G—— might have a look-in with me on Sam Pringle's job. Who does G—— think he is? How did he get that way? I came to agreement with M—— about G——. She's sore at him for something. I wonder what. How did she guess I knew about Sam leaving? She's a wizard. She stands in with old man S—— better than anybody else. And she's for me so I'm all right. I'll cultivate G—— like she says, and then— And *when M—— is married to me she'll find out a thing or two*, leave it to me. She's too independent in her ways. *There will be one boss and it won't be her.* I'll go to bed now.

He looked the entry over critically, done in his neat, small, exact hand, the typical clerk's "fist." He viewed with distaste one oversight. He had inadvertently spelled out one name twice; first as "Sam Pringle," next as "Sam." So, with ivory-handled "scratcher" he obliterated them and penned, instead, "S——P——" and "S."

He always diaried names in this way. The device partook of a certain essence of secrecy, gratifying an obscure instinct of furtiveness in his composition. He was never wholly frank even with himself in his diary that was kept jealously under lock and key.

He replaced the red-covered book in its compartment and secured it. He removed his clothing and donned a pair of sadly worn pajamas which he had refused to throw away—yet. Nobody would ever see 'em except himself.

Before long he was audibly sleeping. Snoring was the most candid thing he did.

S. ALMON PROUT was as good as his word. Why-not? Self-interest stood at his elbow prodding him.

And, abetted by a petty craftiness, he did it well, nor did he make the mistake of plunging like a diver into new waters. Instead, he tested them with care. He waded out by degrees.

The first day he merely forebore to criticize Granger. The big, slow, rather dreamy fellow chanced to think upon this absence of nagging, along in the afternoon, and was mildly surprised. The next morning he was frankly amazed. The bony chief's assistant had given him a slight smile of welcome as the force trooped in at eight o'clock.

It was not till the third day that Prout approached him, during the morning. He braced himself for some criticism, though he could not think what it might be. The work had been going smoothly for several days. He hated the routine; despised it like poison; but it was his work and he had tried to do it. What was the trouble now?

To his incredulous relief there was no trouble. Prout just "passed the time o' day" for a few moments, and returned to his own desk. For the rest of the day Granger cast occasional glances of doubtful wonder in his direction.

The next day, Prout asked him out to lunch. Granger somewhat reluctantly accepted. He did not like S. Almon.

Few people did, but Prout, when it suited him to exercise it, possessed the stealthy knack of making folk forget that they did not like him. He found little at the first luncheon. But the next day, when he again invited Granger out, and Aleck accepted upon the condition that this time he pay the bill, his skilled probe worked.

For the progress of the meal, Granger did the talking, forgetting even Prout in his earnestness, and S. Almon listened, murmuring an occasional polite affirmative which the sparkles of triumph in his crafty eyes belied.

That was the end of the luncheons together. Prout, while forbearing to further criticize Granger—he had said some things to him about the improvement in his work that would render such a course rather absurd—abruptly ceased to seek his society. And while Granger rather wondered at this, he was also relieved. For, despite his efforts to do so, he could not bring himself to like Prout.

The evening of the day of that second luncheon, Prout obtained her permission to call on Mabel. He bubbled his information, while they sat together in the veranda.

"Oh, I drew him out!" he concluded, with savage fervor. "Didn't I tell ya I would? Crazy dreamer! Didn't I tell ya his heart wasn't in his work? He's got a fine chance to nose me out for Pringle's job, hasn't he, with his mind off at a tangent like that? Why, he told me himself that was his trouble in business hours; he got to dreaming! He's got a fine chance to beat me to Pringle's chair!"

Her eyes shot malicious sparkles. "He has no chance at all!" she summed up succinctly. "Just as I thought!"

"And you're glad of it!"

"Yes, I'm glad."

HE felt an impulse to make that delayed proposal of marriage. Caution restrained him. Her mind was now too full of Granger, against whom she had suddenly conceived perplexing resentment that night of the grove dance. Her sex was prone to such whims. And his natural cunning whispered to S. Almon that a girl of her type would be better not approached upon the subject of a matrimonial engagement while she was so deeply interested in another man, even if that interest be baleful.

Time enough to propose after he had been made chief clerk, with its added two hundred and fifty dollars a year to the forty-dollar weekly pay-envelope which Prout was now receiving.

After she had gone indoors and to her room, and Prout was walking homeward with exultation in his spirit, Mabel sat by the window for a while and gazed into the night. Then, with compressed lips and fire in her eyes, she reached for paper, pen and envelope.

A little later she walked to the United States mail-box on the corner with a note which she posted with unfaltering hand. She returned to the house with a trembling at the corners of her lips. It was not grief; it was a satirical smile. And when she fell asleep, a little later, it was still there.

"Got up. Shaved. Must get some new blades. My crown's working loose. More coin for the dentist. Costs to live these days. Ma gets too much starch in my shirts. I've told her enough. Worked as usual. Took M—— to grove dance. She told me G——"

Meanwhile, S. Almon Prout, in slipshod pajamas and rundown slippers, was in his room, making the final entry for that day's doings in his beloved diary.

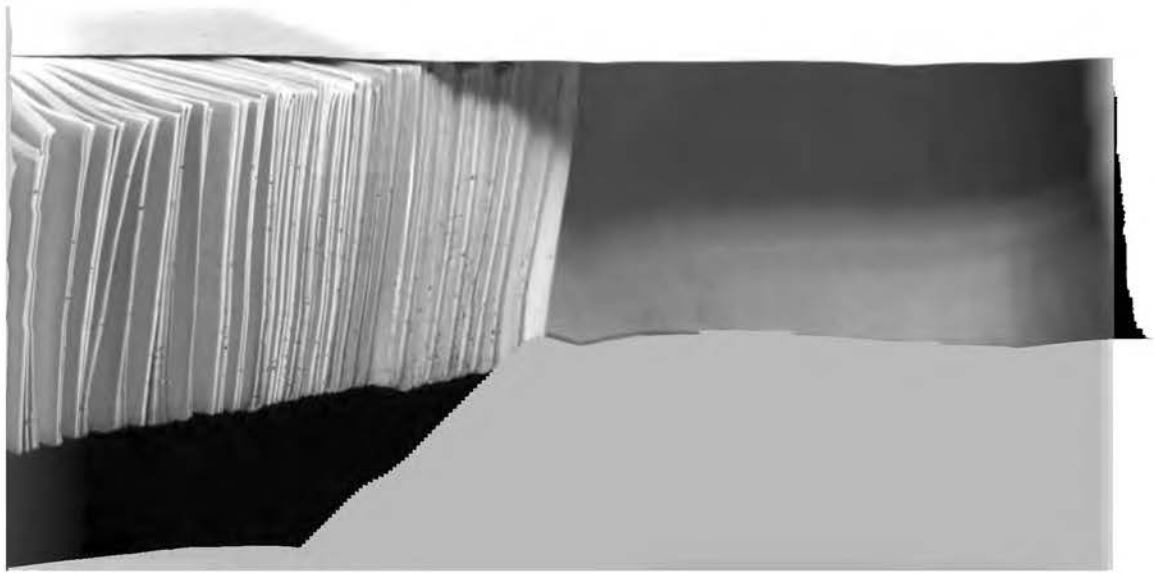
The red-covered book, for the past few days, was replete with furtive confidences regarding P——, G——, M—— S—— and himself.

This final paragraph which he was writing boded no good to the fortunes of G—— when S. A—— P—— should have attained to S—m Pr——'s shoes.

THE days fled, bringing developments. The night following Prout's report to Mabel brought Granger, wondering, to her home, in response to the invitation in the note which she had posted.

He was there perhaps an hour. He listened to some plain truths, even though politely spoken, regarding his general crudity and specific lacks which in the end it would be good for him to know. He departed hot to the ears, a prey to mingled feelings.

A short and snappy interview with Swinley, the big boss himself, followed the next day.



There Granger was informed that he had been wasting his time. He listened to a short and savage homily regarding his future course in life. He came out of the "den," leaving the old lion raging. And he wore the serious look that a young man wears who has just weathered a blessing in disguise.

Thrilled with curiosity, S. Almon Prout stealthily watched him approach his desk and mechanically resume his task. What had happened in the boss's den? At closing time he received another pleasant shock. Granger walked out carrying his personal belongings and leaving the key of his desk on the top!

A messenger from the "old man's" office just then came to him with a note. He tore it open with trembling fingers. It curtly informed him —Pringle being absent that day—that Granger was leaving that day, with an order for a fortnight's pay from the cashier, and that a man from the waiting list would be on the next morning. Prout was to break him in. The note was signed by Swinley.

A swift flare of fear cut across Prout's exultation. Here was a sample of that girl's power! Wow! How she stood in with the old man! Granger—why, S. Almon himself had not recently thought of *firing* him. Of late, he hadn't had the excuse, for the fellow's work had become satisfactory. Doggedly Granger had attacked his dilemma and conquered it. But somehow, that girl had got Swinley to throw him out, to satisfy her grudge against him!

Prout turned cold. Lucky she was on his side! But—when they were married he would tame her. He *would!* Pretty cold-blooded thing to do, firing the poor devil. With a glow of virtuous indignation he forgot momentarily his own plans for the balking of Granger's progress, as far as he dared.

He called up Mabel that evening, desiring to come over and learn the "inside dope," if possible. She returned word she was engaged, and he learned the next day that she had started on her annual vacation, with her mother.

A week wore on, with Prout on pins and needles. Surely, with everything apparently in the clear, nothing could go wrong now, and he was all fixed for Pringle's shoes.

At the week-end his suspense had become agony. The news that Pringle was leaving had leaked out, as news will, and rumor said it would be even earlier than Prout had expected.

That Saturday noon—the office and plant of the Riverton Mills had a Saturday half-holiday the year round—"old man" Swinley, who had been all week in a vile humor because he had to have a substitute secretary in Mabel's place, stormed out and jumped into his automobile to whang out his ruffled spirits on the golf links. The timid, little, blonde "secretary" brought a note to Prout. It had been Swinley's last dictation for the day.

While the "secretary," with a sigh of relief, departed to pin on her hat and wish that another week would not elapse before Mabel would be back, Prout's goggling eyes swam with triumph as they surveyed the few curt lines of the note.

Taciturn old Pringle had not been around for two days. It appeared that he had already left for California, without any good-byes. That would be like him, too!

And Prout—Prout was chief clerk, at the two hundred and fifty dollars additional per year! Bill Martin was to be made assistant chief clerk. Another man from the waiting list would come on Monday to complete the mill production record force, of which Prout was now boss.

The diary that night abounded with superlatives and the first person, singular.

THE following Monday morning, Edward Swinley, general manager, was in humor even viler than during the preceding week. The reason was that Mabel, who understood him, had another week away. The little substitute was kept flurried all morning. However, she would be comforted on the next pay day. She was destined to find a neat little raise in pay in her envelope. Old man Swinley was always that way—afterward—when he realized he might have been "a little rough."

Prout did not venture to ask for an audience during the morning. He knew the rush was always fiercest then. But after luncheon he sent in his name. He was welling with gratitude—and, too, he thought, perhaps, he could find out something.

He was somewhat taken aback by the apparition which glowered at him from across the flat mahogany desk. Swinley's gray hair stuck up like the wiry upholstery of a fighting stevedore. The choleric eyes behind thick glasses were twin points of menacing light. The moustache bristled like a walrus's. The cheeks were two cherries. But the face wholly lacked the benevolence of old Saint Nick's.

"Well, Prout?" yapped Swinley, darting a glance at the clock.

"Why," stumbled S. Almon, he had never been in close touch with "the old man;" "I merely wished to thank ya for the preferment ——"

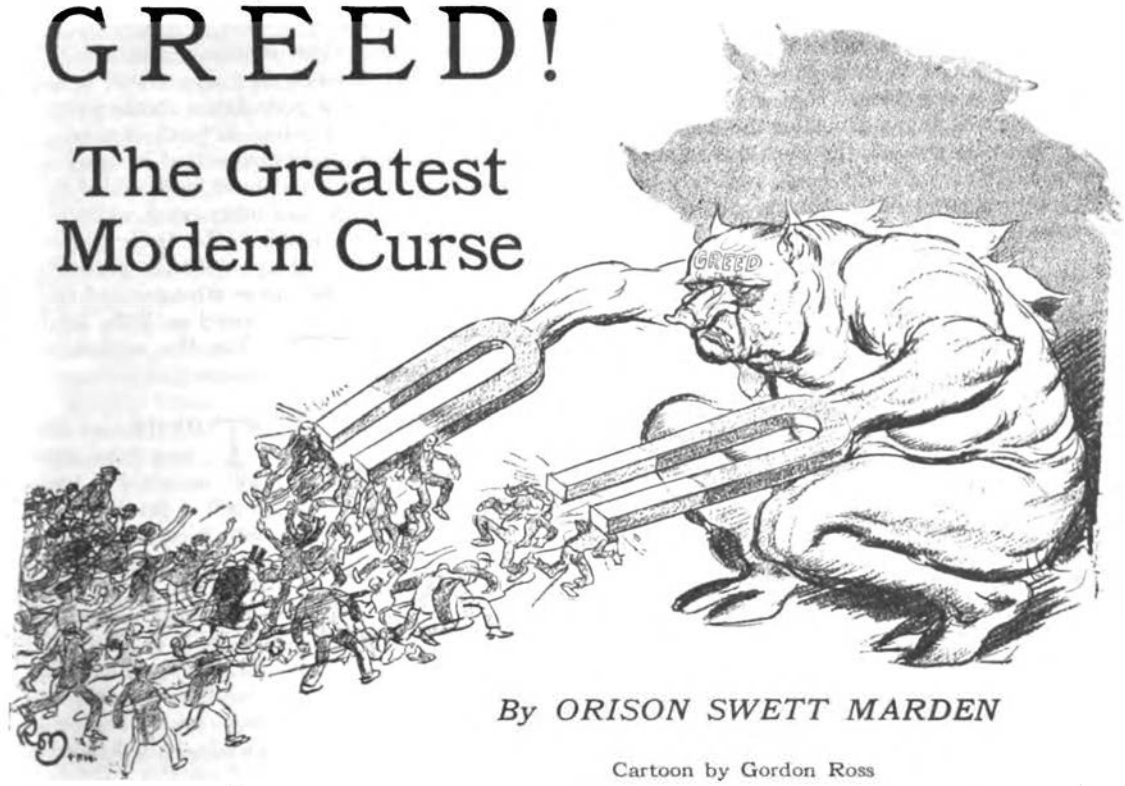
" 'T isn't necessary!"

"Well," Prout somehow carried through, his

(*Continued on page* 148)

GREED!

The Greatest Modern Curse



By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Cartoon by Gordon Ross

"THERE'S no time for sympathy or sentiment. You've got to tear down and destroy everybody and everything that gets in your way. You've got to get so you can look a man straight in the eye and take his last two dollars, even if you know he's going to starve to death. If all the widows and orphans in the world were standing in a row all crying for bread, I'd first see that my own larder was full. That's the kind of a world we live in!"

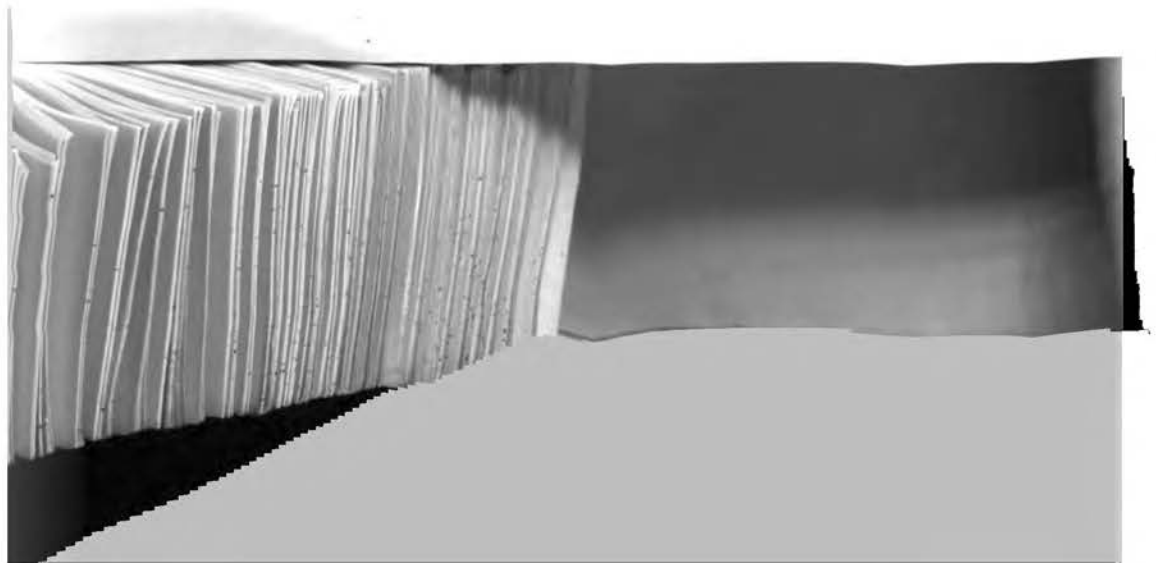
"Shocking!" you exclaim. "What a brute!" But do you know that those brutal sentiments, uttered by one of the leading characters in "The Meanest Man in the World," George M. Cohan's new play, now being produced in New York, are hardly strong enough to picture the almost universal spirit of greed which holds America in its grip to-day?

WE have reacted to the great wave of idealism which swept over us when we entered the World War, and for a time transformed us into "saviors of humanity." The glow of brotherhood has faded from our hearts, leaving us cold and dead to everything outside of our own personal interests. We are wallowing in a wave of materialism, of individual greed and selfishness, that threatens to overwhelm us. Insatiate Greed, like a great Caliban, hogs its way through the land, gouging, profiteering, fighting, snarling, trampling upon everything that stands in its way.

In times of great stress or panic, of danger or emotional excitement, the divinest as well as the most devilish traits of men come to the front. When greed gets hold of a man, it swallows up all that is divine in him and makes him lower than the beast.

DEAD Horse Gulch, on the old trail of the Yukon Pass in Alaska, which I visited a few years ago, is a tragic monument to the bedeviling influence of greed on man.

After the discovery of gold in Alaska, there was a rush of men from all quarters. Excitement ran so high and men were so crazy to reach the gold region that—after they had urged the horses carrying their heavy packs as far into the mountain below the Yukon River as it was possible for them to go—they abandoned some four thousand of them in this desolate region, leaving them to perish of starvation and cold. A few years later it was possible to cross this ravine—so appropriately named Dead Horse Gulch—on



the skeletons of those poor animals which had served their masters so faithfully, but were ruthlessly sacrificed to their greed when they could no longer serve them. Nor was this the worst of man's brutal greed. After the dumb animals had been abandoned, the weaker men and those who had fallen ill, who could not keep up with the others, were left behind to die unattended. Nobody would remain with them!

IT seems incredible that such things could happen in civilized times in a Christian land. But even worse things are happening among us every day. They are worse because they are more deliberate, more cold-blooded and more calculating. There is no excuse of a wave of excitement, a delirious gold craze, to carry us off our feet and make us forget our humanity. This cold-blooded greed and selfishness pervades every phase of our life to-day.

I know prosperous men who never lose a chance to take advantage of the necessity of others, who will drive a hard bargain with even a friend who is down and out, buying out his business, perhaps, for a song because the man has no other chance but to sell. These men would see a friend go to the poorhouse rather than advance a little loan that would tide him over a crisis and put him on his feet again. Their motto is, "Do the other fellow before he has a chance to do you."

WE see the same spirit of greed and selfishness wherever there are crowds of men—on our city streets, where they elbow and jostle and almost knock one another down in their haste to get ahead; on the platforms of subway and elevated trains, where men crowd and fight like beasts, pushing aside, even throwing down and trampling on those weaker than themselves. Only recently a young woman was crowded off a platform in New York City, and both her legs were cut off. On the elevated and subway trains men make a dash for the seats, and leave women, often much older than themselves, standing all around them. I have seen men crowd in and take seats, leaving a poor young mother with a baby in her arms standing in front of them. I have seen rows of husky men seated in street cars and subway trains who would hide behind their newspapers or look the other way while poor tired women, old enough to be their mothers, were hanging on to straps. Those brutes got the seats because they were stronger and could crowd a little harder than the women and so got there first.

I WILL BE STRONG!

By Maude Gordon-Roby

I WILL, I WILL BE STRONG!
And I will sing my song!
What matters if the day be dull or long,
What matters any seeming ill or wrong,
What matters if my feet grown weary, smart?
There's no such word as FAIL within my heart.

I WILL, I WILL BE STRONG!
And I will sing my song!
For I am in the world to do my share,
To ease a load o' heavy burden bear,
To climb the mountains even to my goal—
And my reward? Mine own unconquered SOUL!

THERE is no other one thing which will so quickly transform a human being into a repulsive brute as selfishness, the indulgence of a grasping, greedy disposition. It blights, strangles all the qualities that make a real man. Just look at a thoroughly greedy, selfish person, and see the animalism standing out all over him. The brute peeps from his eyes, looks out of his countenance, stamps his manners, says as plainly as words that all he thinks of is himself, his own comfort, his own interest; that he is just a grabber, elbowing his way through life, always thinking how he can get something away from somebody else.

Instead of ever thinking how he can serve others he is always trying to get others to serve him. Instead of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," his rule of conduct is, "Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost." His model is the brute which crowds the other brute out of the trough and gets all the best feed for himself. The hog does not care for other hogs at all, has no regard for their rights. It will crowd even its own offspring out of the trough, will bite and fight them away until he gets all he wants for himself.

I have seen this human hog, in buffet restaurants, stand before a pile of sandwiches which patrons were requested not to handle and paw

through the whole pile if he saw one at the bottom that seemed a little bit thicker than those above. We have all seen him in the home, taking the most comfortable seat, the choicest titbits at the table, the most luscious bit of fruit, the very best of everything without thought of anyone but himself. This hog is found in every sort of home, from the mansion to the hovel.

SELFISHNESS and greed are not the monopoly of the rich. They are not confined to the grasping contractor, who deprives thousands of poor people of homes because he must "corner" building materials in order to add to his already bloated profits; nor to the greedy coal baron, the dishonest manufacturer, the profiteering landlord, the big corporations, the great merchants. Petty profiteering has become general. The greed of the little storekeeper, of the delicatessen shops, of the peddlers, of the children in school, of people in all walks of life, is appalling.

In fact, greed is the great American curse, and every year it is growing more and more hideous in its naked unashamedness. Everywhere we see the greedy grinding and crushing underfoot of those who are weaker than themselves, trampling on the poor and helpless in their mad mania to get more.

The greedy man becomes so obsessed with the idea of getting, getting—grabbing everything himself—that he forgets how to give. His thirst for possession is not quenched by possession. Like the tiger whose thirst for blood is not satisfied even when satiated with slaughter, the greedy man is never satisfied. He strives to swell his thousand acres to two thousand; his million dollars to ten million, and when he has succeeded he has only grown ten times greedier than he was before. He separates himself from his kind by his penuriousness. He does not make friends because he is not friendly; he is too grasping and selfish to attract any man. All he has learned to do is to grab and accumulate, and he goes on accumulating until a day comes when his outstretched, grasping hand falls suddenly cold. Death has claimed him. He goes out of life a new Dives, taking nothing with him, and lifting up his eyes sees the unhelped, unpitied beggars, whom he had spurned in his lifetime, happy and comfortable, while he is empty and miserable.

ARE you greedy? Will you live and die like that?

Our prosperity is greater than that of any nation on earth, to-day; our progress in the material arts and sciences is without parallel; but along with our marvelous advance in wealth and commerce, in all material lines, the spirit of greed, both individual and national, has grown to such frightful proportions, that, if unchecked, it will sap the very foundations of American life.

The one lesson that we Americans need to learn above all others is, that unless our spiritual development keeps pace with our intellectual and material progress, we cannot continue to hold our position as a leader of the higher civilization.

FAILURE'S COMPENSATION

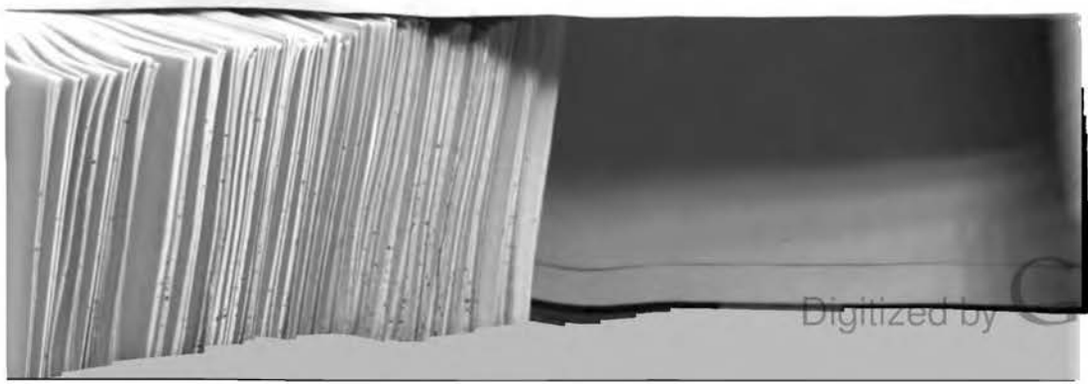
By Strickland Gillilan

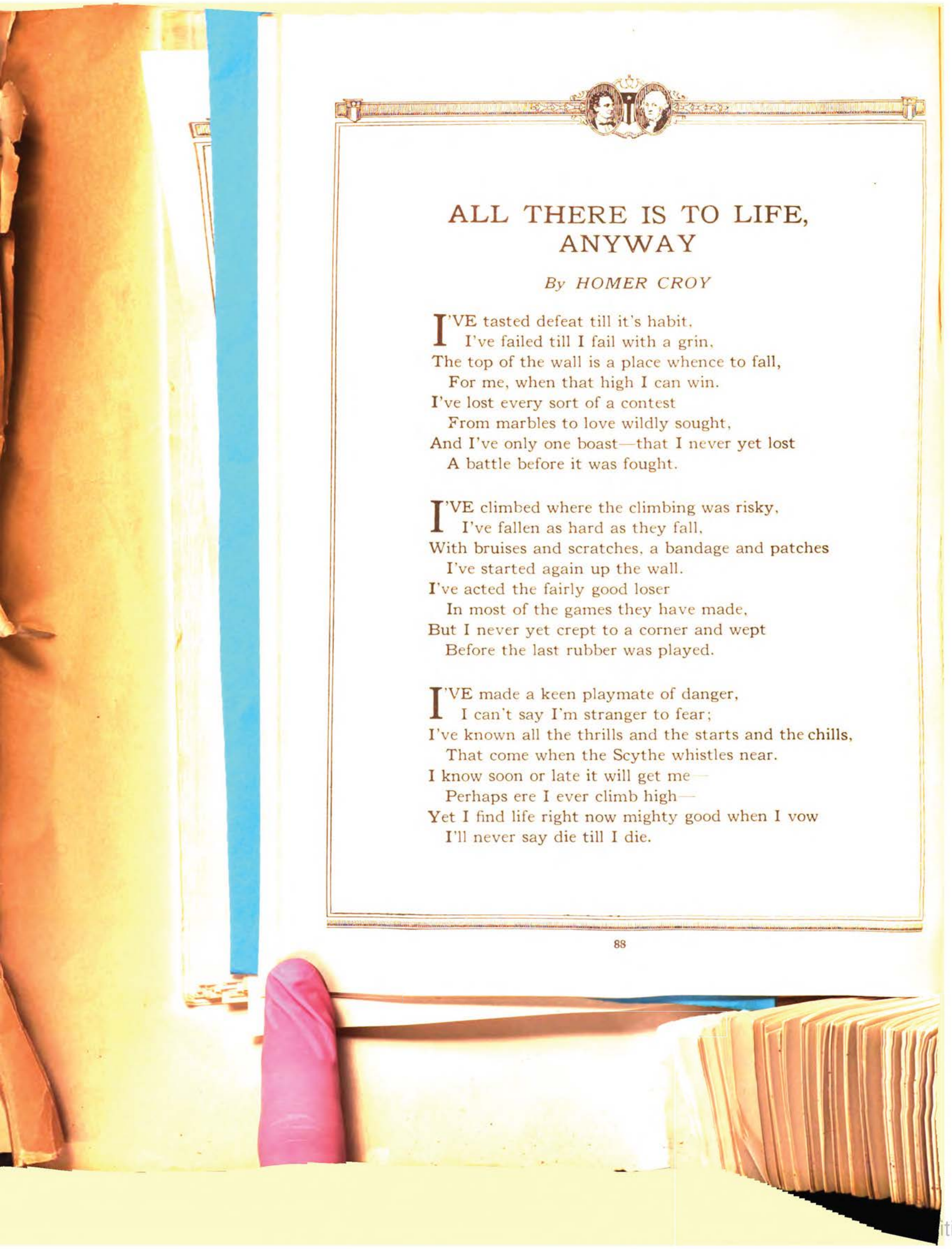
I FAIL sometimes at something that I try.
And does this break the struggling heart of me?
Beside life's roadway do I sit and cry?
No, I am glad as any soul can be!

DESPITE my failure? No, because of it!
For should I cringe supinely in a g oove,
Success might crown my labor, every whit.
Perhaps no effort should a failure prove.

I LOVE my failures—not because I lack
The proud man's yearning to achieve success;
But that they prove I have not lost the knack
Of "trying things"—a steadfast youthfulness!

MY failures—they shall not be failures long!—
Proclaim to me convincingly that I
Know yet the urge of youthtime, dauntless, strong;
That wider fields I'll conquer, by and by.





ALL THERE IS TO LIFE, ANYWAY

By HOMER CROY

I'VE tasted defeat till it's habit,
I've failed till I fail with a grin,
The top of the wall is a place whence to fall,
For me, when that high I can win.
I've lost every sort of a contest
From marbles to love wildly sought,
And I've only one boast—that I never yet lost
A battle before it was fought.

I'VE climbed where the climbing was risky,
I've fallen as hard as they fall,
With bruises and scratches, a bandage and patches
I've started again up the wall.
I've acted the fairly good loser
In most of the games they have made,
But I never yet crept to a corner and wept
Before the last rubber was played.

I'VE made a keen playmate of danger,
I can't say I'm stranger to fear;
I've known all the thrills and the starts and the chills,
That come when the Scythe whistles near.
I know soon or late it will get me—
Perhaps ere I ever climb high—
Yet I find life right now mighty good when I vow
I'll never say die till I die.

Why I Am a Middle-Aged Failure

The Humiliating Confession of a Man Who Would Not "Seek One Thing, and But One"

(FOR OBVIOUS REASONS THE AUTHOR'S NAME IS NOT PUBLISHED)

I AM a middle-aged failure. And by that I do not mean that I am tottering on the threshold of the poor-house, or that my wife and I do not have sufficient to eat, or that we wear actually shabby clothes. We manage to keep up a decent appearance—though it is sometimes a bit of a strain—take a little trip once in a long while, have some good friends with whom we have a game of cards or see a play now and then, and are counted fairly happy by most of the people who know us. But, as a matter of fact, our modest comfortableness of appearance is largely sham. If I were to have an extended illness—and it's just pure luck that I haven't been bedfast in nearly thirty years—all our available cash would very quickly melt away, and we would be decidedly "up against it"—save for the probability that, in an emergency, my wife would undoubtedly do something to replenish the family treasury, and do it as well as I, possibly better. The only thing she hasn't succeeded in doing up to date is to make a success of me; and if she had gotten hold of me sooner in life (I was married at thirty-four) she would probably have succeeded even in that.

Success and failure, like all other non-substantial concepts, are only comparative. And here, secure behind my anonymity, I am going to say things that may appear egotistic, but I know them to be true. My failure is the more heinous and depressing because I have real ability, more than is given to a great many men, and because I did not inherit any habits of dissipation or sow any wild oats in my youth, to which I can point as having wrecked my career. The essence of my failure and the flagrancy of it is that with ability enough to be a leader in some line or other I have simply failed to utilize the talents that I was given and the opportunities that have arisen before me.

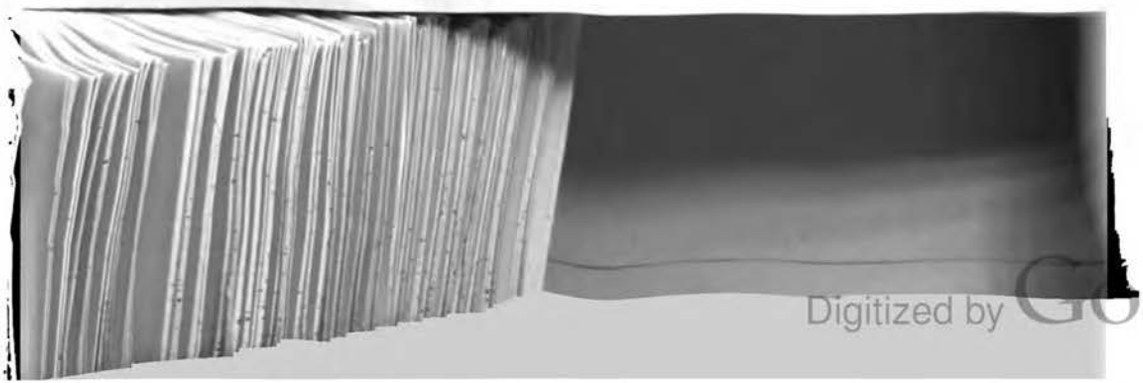
Other Men Bluff Their Way

EVERY day I see men with far less education and, I will add, less ability than mine who are receiving—in some cases, I should say earning—much more money than I am, and are creating a much greater stir in the world. Some of them have that peculiar gift for money-making which requires no other talents to back it up. Some of them have the knack of advertising themselves, and gain a reputation greater than they deserve. Some of them have stuck to one thing so long that they have either gained a real grasp of the subject, or else a tradition has grown up that they know all about it, and so they are enabled to bluff their way through the world, recognized successes. And many of them have concentrated thus on one subject and capitalized the ability that they have until they have become real authorities in their sometimes limited spheres, and deserve their success.

I attribute my failure to grasp success—either in finance or in fame—to my poor start in life. I got away, as it were, on the wrong foot. And when I say this, I lay not one ounce of blame on

EDITORS' NOTE

FEW of us are frankly willing to acknowledge that we are failures—even though we realize that many years of our lives have been spent in chasing various will-o'-the-wisps, in never buckling down to the real thing for which we were intended until we come face to face with the fact that it is too late to make good. But the author of this article—a man known to us, otherwise we would not publish his manuscript anonymously—at the age of 45, feels that he is a middle-aged failure—and he tells just why he thinks so. It is a stirring human document and, as the author suggests, may prove of value in saving young men from fooling away their opportunities.



any one but myself. I was an only child, my parents having lost two other sons by death, before I was born. I was very sickly in early childhood, which influenced the folks to give me rather the best of things in general, though I can truthfully assert that I was not "spoiled" as I see children being spoiled around me every present day and hour. There were rules of conduct and standards of morals by which I must regulate my daily walk, and which have had their influence upon my whole life. I grew up with a real respect for my parents—as did most youngsters then—and thanks to their sane, well-balanced training, also with a wholesome horror of vice. But I grew up with no serious thought whatsoever for my future. My ideas as to how I expected to win success or to sustain life and in what field I expected to operate were vague and formless.

My childhood ambitions as to a life station were no more nonsensical, I believe, than those of many other youngsters who afterwards became successful men, and I am not ashamed of the fact that one of them was a desire to be a clown in a circus. I was an omnivorous reader, and used to lie flat on my stomach with chin on hands, for hours at a time, devouring any book I could get hold of, but preferably history, fiction, and travel. As I passed into my teens I began to harbor ambitions to write books like those I had been reading; but, in between times, I had visions of being a railroad man—becoming president of a road in a few short years; also of becoming the world's greatest actor.

The Author's Accomplishments at 18

MY first literary scribblings were flagrant copyings of the style and the general trend of articles and stories that I liked especially well. I kept these efforts to myself, being very modest, even shy, as to my own accomplishments. Such stirrings of the literary spirit did not last long, but would be replaced every few days by the fad for being a railroad executive and planning numberless miles of new track across the country between points which I thought required closer relationship or better service. I used to make maps with perfect networks of new lines which I pieced out here and there by taking over small railroads actually in existence, after the manner of real rail magnates.

I should have settled right then upon one of these two vocations, and worked hard and steadily towards a definite goal. I believe that, had I started early, I might have developed myself into a writer of some consequence. And as for railroads, my father was a railroad man in a somewhat humbler capacity than that to which I aspired, and I fairly grew up with the business. At the age of eighteen, I knew more about railroads than most men know in their whole lives. I could have drawn from memory, maps of most of the great railroad systems of the country, and told something of the sections which they traversed. I knew locomotives, cars, terminals, rails, bridges—simply by watching them, studying them silently, reading about them.

Any one who reads this may smile if he will, but I assert that I predicted the building of the famous extension of the Florida East Coast Railroad to Key West. I saw the desirability of a rail line into Key West for quick connection with Cuba, and I knew just little enough of the Florida Keys and the waters around them to have no appreciation of the dangers and difficulties of building a series of bridges along them into Key West. So I penciled a line down through Palm Beach and Miami and along the keys, just about where the real line runs now. If I had started right then, with a firmly set jaw, learning the railroad game, I might have been a real executive now—of a small railroad, at least!

The Wisdom of Owen Meredith

A HARD - HEADED English nobleman named Bulwer, who chose to masquerade as a poet under the name of "Owen Meredith," once penned a few remarks which were at once poetical and practical, and which have risen before me in tormenting reiteration every day for the past ten or fifteen years. They have been quoted often enough, Heaven knows, but they ought to be branded, if it were possible, on the brain of every boy in his teens—burned deep into his being, so that he could never forget them. Here is one of the greatest bits of poetical wisdom of all the ages:

> The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
> May hope to achieve it ere that life be done;
> But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
> Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
> A harvest of barren regrets.

The last three lines, with startling vividness, describe me as I was in my youth. I had no more purpose in life than a two-weeks-old puppy. As I frivoled along through high school, doing my tasks well and creditably, because it was comparatively easy for me to do so, I cannot remember that either I or any of my immediate chums had in mind any definite point of attack on the future. All of these fellows, after the close of their school days drifted into business of one kind or another, and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, none of them has made any startling success though most of them are in

sounder condition financially than I am. And yet, in school, I could beat all of them at any thing but mathematics.

The Line of Least Resistance

I HAD the firm belief, all through my younger days, that as soon as I had finished high school my parents would send me to college. Their limited means did not occur to me as a possible bar to my ambition; for I had no idea how much money was required to carry one through a college course, nor had I realized the smallness of my family's means. But when I finished high school, with an excellent position in my class, I found my father financially unable to send me to college that fall. He insisted that I find a job and work for a year or two, at least, in order to help pay for a college course, if I should have one at all. I was much disappointed, but saw nothing for it but to acquiesce.

Following the line of least resistance, as I usually did, I took the first job that came to hand which was a clerkship in the express office in the little town where we lived. The pay was small—express companies used to under pay their men outrageously—and I used to spend the greater part of my salary in clothes and good times. I couldn't get used to having real money of my own.

I now had another ambition: to rise to great heights in the express business. The nattily dressed route-agent who seemed to have nothing to do but travel over two or three railroads and ask agents how things were getting along, was the object of my envy, as were the superintendents and the still higher officers. I saw myself, at some future date, president of the company, with an office at 71 Broadway, New York City.

I grumbled at times because I was not continuing my studies, pointing out to my family how impossible it was for me to make any headway in journalism, or the fine arts, or to become the head of any great business, with an education still in such an imperfect condition as was mine. Finally, at the end of two years, my father decided to strain a point and enter me at Ellington, an excellent little fresh-water college only forty miles distant from our home. I myself chose Ellington, because several of my friends had gone there or were there at the time, and I felt myself already quite in tune with the institution. Otherwise I might have insisted upon something more distant and more pretentious. Out of two years' work I had saved very little and, after all, father had to put up most of the money for my expenses.

And when I got into college, I entered wholeheartedly into its joys. I joined a fraternity, first thing, although I could not afford to do it. But college life at Ellington, in the late nineties was comparatively simple. I recall that you could get a room in almost any home for $5 a month and table board at from $2 to $2.50 a week; and, by more careful economy at home, my folks managed to achieve the fraternity pin and the dress suit and the assessments for our various parties. I economized, too, as secretly as possible, in order that I might keep in the swim—not that I had any social ambitions or cared in the least for display, but simply that I might have a good time.

To-Day and To-morrow

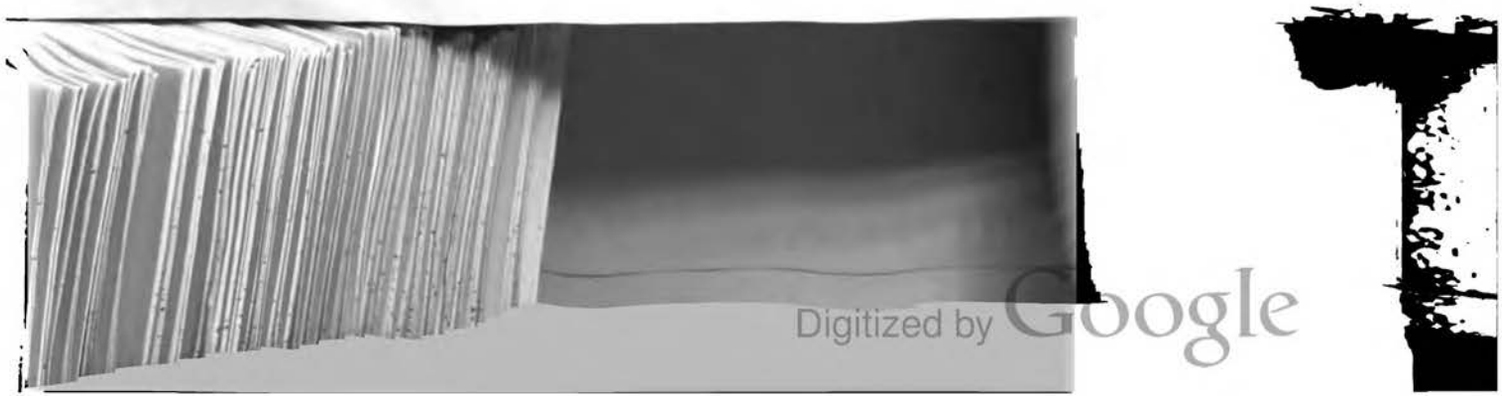
By Clinton Scollard

TO-DAY is my vital hour
Under the sweep of the sky;
To-morrow I'm but a flower,
Or the dust blown by.

College Days Not Wasted

DON'T think that in spite of all this apparent selfishness I didn't love my father and mother. I did love them dearly, and, later on in years, when I had become a little more mature in my thought, I worked hard to support them; but until after my college days, I seem to have remained more or less of a child in my lack of appreciation of money and the labor required to procure it.

To return to my college days. We were a jolly bunch at Ellington, though some modern students might have thought us decidedly molly-coddled. We romped by night as well as by day, and harassed the faculty, and all but wrecked the college buildings at times; but it was all what you might call innocent fun. There were not more than a dozen students in college during my four years' career who were supposed to have had anything to do with booze in any form, and they were regarded as dreadfully wild. There were perhaps half a dozen—all "town" students—who, it was hinted, might possibly be a little off-color as to morals, and they were looked at askance. I mention this to show that I did not waste my college opportunities because of dissipation or vice. On the contrary, I made a good record. With the assistance of a memory that has always seemed to other people to be rather out of the ordinary, I stood pretty high in my classes; and this distinction, together with the popularity which resulted from my being ready for any sort of fun, led to my receiving numerous



honors at the hands of my fellow students.

For one term I was president of the Athletic Association—although not much of an athlete myself. I held office, most of the time, in a literary society; was usually on important committees in the fraternity; was associate editor of the college magazine, one winter; and editor-in-chief, another winter; led the junior class in organizing and publishing the first annual ever issued by the college, being myself editor-in-chief. During my senior year, I was president of my fraternity, of my literary society, of the senior class, and star in the class-day play. Every body predicted for me a brilliant future. I myself didn't see how I could fail.

Facing the World Helpless

BUT I might have been likened to a race horse, so absorbed in gazing delightedly up at the excited, colorful throng in the stands,—cheering him on and assuring him that he can't lose,— that he is left at the post by the other and less showy horses whose chief interest lies in the business of winning the race.

Time and again, when the question of the future was broached by friends, I remarked importantly that I was going into journalism. I thought I was; by that time I had decided, in the few brief moments when I gave the subject any thought at all, that writing was my forte. But aside from my work on the college publications, I made no effort to learn anything about journalism. At times when I might have been doing so, I was too busy playing tennis, or taking part in a nocturnal egg-roast in the woods, or romping with the girls in the moonlight, or putting live stock in the college chapel. I was too much occupied with the trivial joys and honors of the present to devote a moment's thought to the future. Like old *Lucius Welwyn*, the shabby-genteel failure in Ian Hay's comedy, "Happy-Go-Lucky," mine was "a youth hung about with golden opportunities, all rejected because of a fatuous, childish belief that the supply was inexhaustible."

When I graduated from college, I faced the world almost as helpless as a child. It was now up to me to make good, and I had given no time to learning how. I had no idea how to get into a city-newspaper office, and I almost failed to get up sufficient nerve to try it. I went home and got a job as assistant bookkeeper in a big hardware and implement house; and for years thereafter I sat most of the time at a high desk in various offices. After the first few months, I broke away from the home town and went to a neighboring city to take another high-stool job. While there, armed with letters of recommendation from the president of my college and three other prominent business men of the State, I went to two newspaper offices and timidly applied for work; but they, perhaps unfavorably impressed by my lack of confidence, said they had no vacancies.

I accepted the dismissal as final, and made no further attempt to get into the game until I removed to another city, four years later, when I tried again, but with the same result. I would not have known what to do had I gotten into a newspaper office, and I was so painfully aware of my deficiencies that I had not the courage to put up a good argument for myself.

A Marvelous Memory

THUS I jogged along from one job to another, improving my salary a little, but very slowly, as the years went by. Having been shooed away from the newspapers twice, I simply slumped in my attempts to do any writing, and didn't touch the craft for years. All the time, I might have been shaping, smoothing, polishing my style and knocking at the doors of not only newspapers but magazines, with a request to let me show my wares. But the first fine enthusiasm of youth had been wasted in puppylike romping, and in anything but preparation for the profession that should have been mine, or for any profession; and I was discouraged by the fear that the editors who had turned down my first feeble requests might have known me a great deal better than I knew myself—might have recognized me for a failure as soon as they saw me.

I get pretty low in my mind sometimes when I contemplate a quarter of a century and more that has been wasted as if it had been but a minute in the life of a centenarian—and all because, like the overconfident hare, I dozed while the sober tortoises were getting under way; and when I finally did make an attempt to start, let myself be bluffed by an easily superable barrier.

All this time I have had within me gifts which would have fitted me for any one of innumerable varied positions where a wide range of information and a tenacious memory were required, and in which the work would have been far more congenial than that which I have been doggedly doing for more than twenty years. I have studied the world's geography, history, and literature until I have them at my fingers' ends. I know something about so many subjects that my friends frequently refer disputed questions to me, jocosely alluding to me as "the encyclopedia." I can draw a pretty accurate map of the United States from memory, locating all the principal cities, mountains, rivers and other bodies of water. When I travel or draw my finger across

the map, I recall historical, industrial, or other facts connected with every city and town of any size and many villages, most of which I have never visited.

I can recite the names of the kings and queens of England from Edward the Confessor down, with the dates of their reigns; and I can repeat American history as if it were the alphabet. I know first editions, incunabula and other rare books, though I have never been able to buy more than a few—a very few—of the not too expensive rarities, and the money I spent for them should have gone for necessities or been applied on my debts. I have a lot of industrial and scientific facts stowed away in my head, too, which I can call upon when necessary.

I have never taken a course in memory training, but I have a memory almost like those you read about in the advertisements. When some one gives me a name and address, or a telephone number, I very seldom write it down, but simply stow it away on a brain shelf. I can glance at a prescription number containing seven figures and go down town and tell it to a druggist. I have interviewed men for business and other publications, and without making a single note have gone home and written up their remarks with an accuracy that has commanded their outspoken admiration; and I have added details regarding their businesses which I had observed merely in passing, and which also brought praise from them.

When I was working in the express office I have mentioned, more than twenty-five years ago, I learned the names of all the stations on the lines of the principal railroad that ran through our town, so that I could repeat them forward, backward and sideways; and I can do it yet! They have stuck to me like glue.

Frankly, how do you account for the fact that a man with my mental equipment has never gotten anywhere? There's only one answer: I didn't start right—I didn't serve the proper apprenticeship. I didn't "seek one thing, and but one." I am like a man who has always been tremendously interested in baseball, and always intended learning how to play it, but didn't begin to practice until his joints had begun to stiffen and he was developing rheumatism. I have put off writing for so long that my brain is awkward and clubfooted at it.

The Old Enthusiasm Returns

FOR I *am* writing at last! I could never quite get the old itch out of my system. About six years ago, I sent an article to a magazine and it was accepted. I was at once fired with something of the old enthusiasm. I set about writing other things; but I still lacked confidence in myself; I knew little about the magazine market, and long disuse had made my pen hand slow and awkward. I shall never quite be able to make up for what I have lost in those twenty-five wasted years. In that barren quarter of a century, covering what should have been the best years of my life, I might have actually mastered, in a considerable degree, the art of expressing thought by the written word; I might have improved and disciplined my habits of thought, and perchance might even have made something of a name for myself.

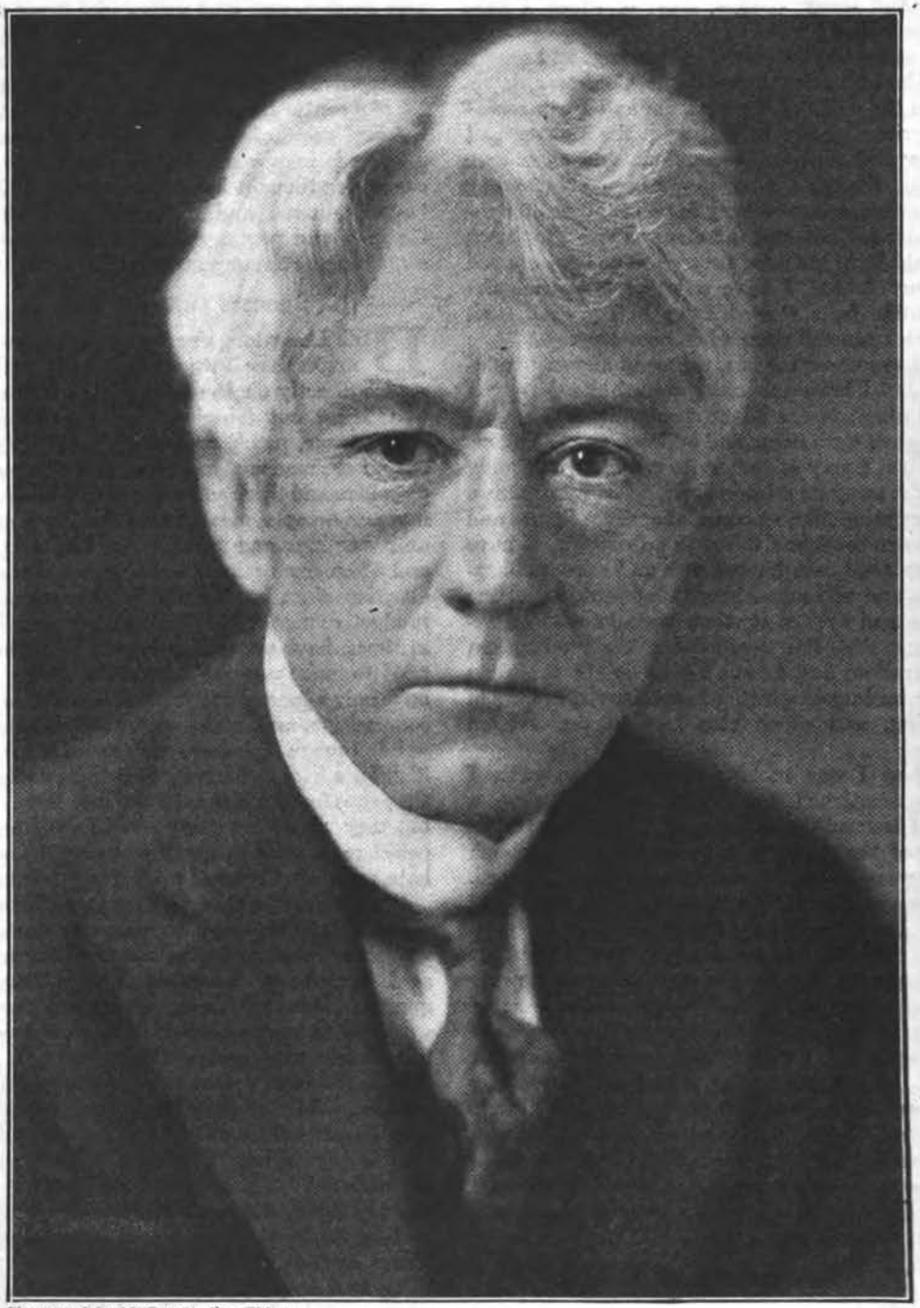
Success Late in Life

BUT I have long since passed the time when I might have learned to dash off articles and stories directly on the typewriter. I must now write them out laboriously in pencil, then rewrite, prune, patch, rearrange, and finally write out on the machine; and then, perhaps, tear up a page here and there and write it again. Furthermore, my employment during the day leaves me only evenings and holidays in which to write; and often my brain is too tired from the daily attrition of an uncongenial job to function in a productive way. But I have dug away at it, and, at times, have even left other work entirely and tried to make my way on writing alone. But I have only a limited output, due to my slowness of composition, and, of course, do not sell all that I write, though I believe my average is pretty high for a hack. I have sold articles and stories, the prices for which ran well up into three figures, but they were a long way apart. So I am compelled to go back to the day-by-day job which I hate, and do my beloved writing only by snatches.

But let it not be thought that I am discouraged—not yet! Men have made fresh starts from abysses of catastrophe, failure, and disgrace such as I have never known—and they have conquered. Many of them, thereafter, made the world, or at least a portion of it, stop, look, and listen when they spoke. Why should I, whose only misfortune lies in not having begun soon enough, yield to despair? A great opportunity may lie yet before me. Standing, as I do, too close to myself to get the proper perspective of my own ability, it is pretty difficult for me to say whether or not my literary power is as great as I hopefully think it is. It may be possible that I have it within me yet to achieve something that may be called real literature. But, whatever I do, I must do it quickly, for the time left is not over long.

I take great comfort, however, in the thought that Scott did not produce a novel until he was

(*Continued on page* 151)



Photograph by Moffett Studios, Chicago

KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS

The United States Judge who is, also, the High Commissioner of Baseball

Landis, High Commissioner of Baseball

He Can Say "No" and Mean It
He Has a Unique Method for Making Liars Tell the Truth
He Turns Loan Sharps into Human Beings
He Smiles When Crooks Threaten His Life

By CLARK STREETER

KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS, recently appointed supreme head of organized baseball, has hit more home runs than the great "Babe" Ruth himself, but they were scored in a court room instead of on the diamond. A wise and just judge, he has been remarkably successful in punishing evil doers who faced him in the United States Court, and nobody familiar with his career and character doubts that he will succeed in chasing any crooks or gamblers who, in the future, may try to mar the great national game.

Following the disclosures that certain players in Chicago had been bribed by gamblers to lose games in the World's Series of 1919, heroic action was needed to punish the conspirators, prevent similar occurrences in the future and restore public confidence in the honesty of the sport. In this crisis a remarkable thing happened. Baseball, in the rôle of Diogenes, was looking for an honest man to rule it, and Judge Landis was the unanimous choice of the national-game magnates.

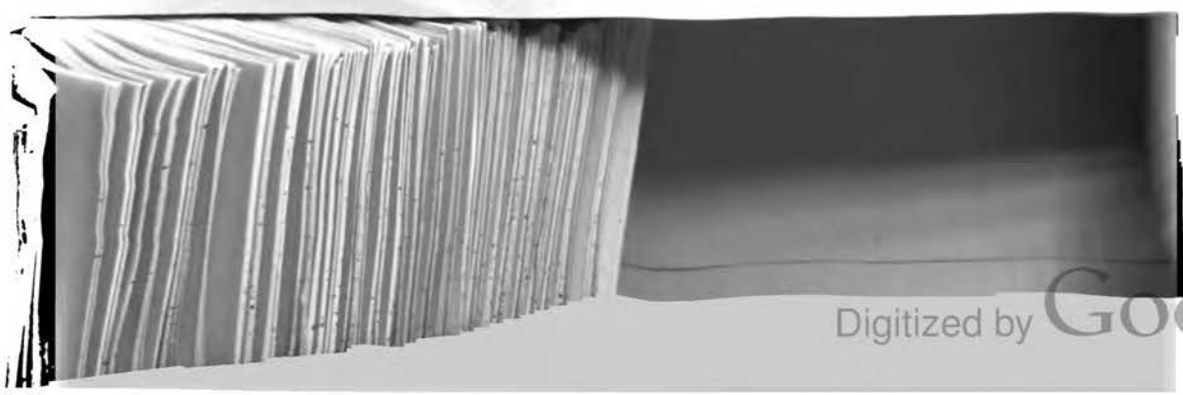
Chicago had started the baseball scandal, and Chicago's first citizen was asked to stop it—not because he was a Chicagoan, but because he is an able jurist and thoroughly conversant with every phase of the game. For, be it known, this dignified judge doesn't spend all of his time charging juries in a stuffy court room. During the baseball season, he is an ardent "fan." There used to be a western judge in the border drama, "Ranch Number 10," who, hearing that a circus was in town, announced that court would adjourn for ten minutes "to see the elephant swim the river." It is not a matter of record that Judge Landis has ever taken similar action when something very unusual was liable to happen at the ball park, but, no doubt, he has often wished he could do so. For thirty years or more, the judge has followed the game "fan" closely. He has played it, studied it, and watched it. He knows the batting averages as well as he knows Blackstone. When an umpire has made a decision, he knows what it is to take an exception—and be overruled.

> "WHEN Trouble comes, wise men take to their work; weak men take to the woods."

THE fact that he was such a real, one-hundred per-cent "fan" doubtless had something to do with his selection as baseball dictator, but the main reason was the public confidence his name inspired. A princely salary, $42,500 a year, with $10,000 for traveling expenses, was offered him and he accepted; but those who know him well do not believe that the monetary reward influenced him particularly. For years he has given invaluable service to the people, as judge, for $7,500 a year, when a man of his keen legal ability could have made far more in private practice.

Baseball is under a cloud. Judge Landis loves the sport. He knows what a calamity has overtaken it and, in response to urgent appeals, has consented to do what he can for its salvation. He is making no predictions and is not talking for publication about his new task and his plans. The job ahead, he told me recently, was new and strange and big. Interviews had credited him with saying many things he had not said, he intimated, and he would not talk concerning the future of baseball.

And when Judge Landis looks you in the eye and



says, "No," with his customary determination, he means just what the word implies.

The Kind of Man He Is

WHAT manner of man is the new dictator of baseball? John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, a close friend of Judge Landis, once described him as "a bunch of steel wires charged with electricity," but McCutcheon would not draw his portrait thus. Instead, he would show a man of medium height, slender and wiry with the thin face of a scholar, with dark, piercing, young eyes and a head crowned with long, gray hair—so gray it is almost white. Viewed from across his big court room, on the sixth floor of the Federal Building, Chicago, he looks far older than his actual age—fifty-four. Viewed face to face there is nothing about him, except his hair, suggests his age. His face is ruddy with health, his step is springy, the grip he gives one is strong and cordial, and there is about him an aura of self-confidence, energy, courage, and determination. He walks five miles a day to get fresh air and exercise, and, in addition to being a baseball "fan," he is also an aviation and ballooning devotee.

In view of Judge Landis's strong and aggressive personality, and the commanding position he occupies in law and baseball, it seems entirely fitting that he was named for two big things—a mountain and a battle. His father, Abraham H. Landis, had been an officer in General Sherman's army and had been wounded severely in 1864, in the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain. He was still suffering from the effect of his wound when, November 20, 1866, his wife, Mary Kumler Landis, bore him a son.

"What shall we name the boy?" the battle-scarred veteran was asked.

"Name him Kenesaw Mountain Landis, and may he live up to what that name stands for in history," was the father's reply.

Some job to live up to a great mountain and a great battle, but Landis has succeeded. He has been doing big things all his life. There's the Standard Oil fine, for example.

The little town of Millville, Ohio, was his birthplace, and, like many other Ohioans who have climbed the ladder of fame, his early boyhood was spent on a farm. The Landis family moved to Logansport, Indiana, and there young Landis attended the public schools. Later on he read law in the office of Walter Q. Gresham, and was admitted to the bar. Gresham and Landis's father had been fellow soldiers and friends, and when President Cleveland called Gresham to Washington as his Secretary of State, Mr. Gresham asked young Landis to go with him as his private secretary. Although his family were Republicans, Landis was not averse to accepting a Democratic job. His keen intellect, original methods, and dry humor soon caused him to be regarded as a character out of the ordinary.

Secretary Gresham was very fond of his young protégé, for Landis speedily made himself a valuable assistant and won the loyal backing of his chief. About this time, there had been several annoying "leaks" from the State department to newspapers, and President Cleveland started an investigation. Ascertaining, so the story goes, that Landis was a frequenter of the Press Club, he asked Secretary Gresham to let him go. Landis was innocent of any connection with the "leaks," and Gresham told the President that if Landis went he would go, too.

Landis did not go. Afterwards, President Cleveland got to know him so well that he offered him the post of minister to Venezuela. Landis declined, saying that he was engaged to be married and did not wish to leave the United States.

"All right, Landis," President Cleveland said, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'd rather have trouble with Venezuela than separate a man and his sweetheart."

How He Dissolved a Law Firm

SO Landis remained in the United States, married Miss Winifred Reed, of Ottawa, Illinois, in 1905. Forsaking diplomacy, which he did not like, he resumed the practice of law in Chicago. He was the junior partner in the firm of Uhl, Jones & Landis. Edwin F. Uhl had been Assistant Secretary of State under Gresham, and Frank Jones, Assistant Postmaster General.

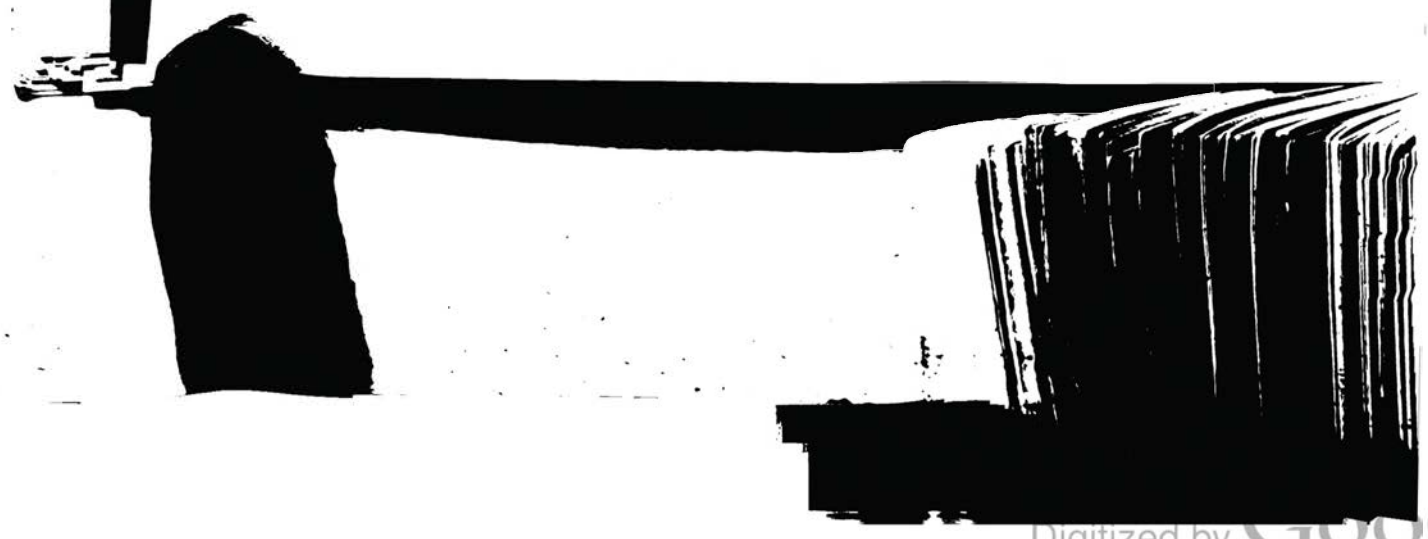
One day the firm dissolved partnership. When Landis was asked the reason, he said, "Oh, I just called in Uhl and Jones and discharged them—and moved to another office."

It was his whimsical way of answering a question that was nobody's business but his own. Stern as he is, he has a keen sense of humor and is fond of a joke. After he was appointed judge, a new acquaintance said to him: "I know your brother, Charles, who is in Congress and your brother Walter, postmaster of San Juan, Porto Rico."

"Yes," said Judge Landis, "they are office-holders; I am a public servant."

Brother Charles, on another occasion, displayed even keener wit at the Judge's expense.

It was in 1904, when Landis was managing Frank Lowden's campaign for governor of Illinois. When asked what Kenesaw was doing Charles said, "Oh, he's trying to get Frank Lowden nominated for governor."



"But Kenesaw is a Democrat and Lowden is a Republican," remarked the questioner.

"Oh, no," said Charles, "Kenesaw has been a life-long Republican—since 1896."

From 1891 to 1905, with the exception of two years spent in Washington, Judge Landis practiced law in Chicago. Many of his clients were corporations, and when President Roosevelt appointed him United States judge for the Northern District of Illinois, corporations in general were well satisfied. But the young judge—he was only thirty-nine, and the youngest judge on the Federal bench—speedily demonstrated that a powerful corporation received no more or less consideration in his court than the poorest and humblest litigant. Like Justice, he is blind to all interests and influences outside of the particular case that is before him.

How Landis Treats Liars

IN 1907, when he was forty-one, the celebrated Standard Oil rebate cases were before him. The great corporation was found guilty and he fined it the colossal sum of $29,240,000. A higher court decided that the fine was excessive, but its imposition made the name of Kenesaw Mountain Landis famous from one end of the United States to the other. Since then, as judge in many other cases of nation-wide interest, he has become known to more people than any other jurist in the country. He has been called "the lean, keen whip of the government," but the guilty alone have cause to fear him. Dispensing even-handed justice, he scrupulously safeguards every legal interest of both plaintiff and defendant, prosecutor and accused. His methods are original and even a bit spectacular at times, but decidedly effective.

"Judge Landis has the most remarkable talent for detecting a liar on the witness stand of any jurist I have ever seen," a well-known Chicago lawyer recently told me. "He will send such a witness into a room alone and tell him to 'think it over and then come back.' And when that witness comes back and faces those piercing eyes and that long, admonitory index finger, he usually tells the truth. If he doesn't, Judge Landis knows it. He tries all his cases on the bench. There are no back stairs to his chambers—or to his favor. Neither friendship nor flattery, neither pull nor threat sways him an iota from doing what he considers to be his duty. In chambers, he will not discuss a case with one lawyer unless the opposing lawyer is present. His conception of a judge's duty, I would say, is this: 'It is the duty of the court to carry out the will of the people as expressed in their laws.'"

His court room is crowded always and the spectators usually hear something interesting from Judge Landis. He has inspired more "copy" for the newspapers than any other public man in Chicago. He's a Chicago institution—like Michigan Boulevard, the Marshall Field store, the Auditorium, and the Union Stock Yards. One of the breeziest descriptions of him was the work of a Chicago reporter, who wrote:

"He's a rip-snorting, wiry, fighting American. There's a punch in both his fists, and a punch in his tongue. He's a human rasp. He wears the truth out of liars; he bites assets out of bankrupt frauds, and files loan sharps into human beings."

"Honest, law-abiding citizens love him for the sincerity and honesty of his every purpose and act," says James F. Bishop of the Chicago bar. "Guilty criminals fear him as they fear no other man in America."

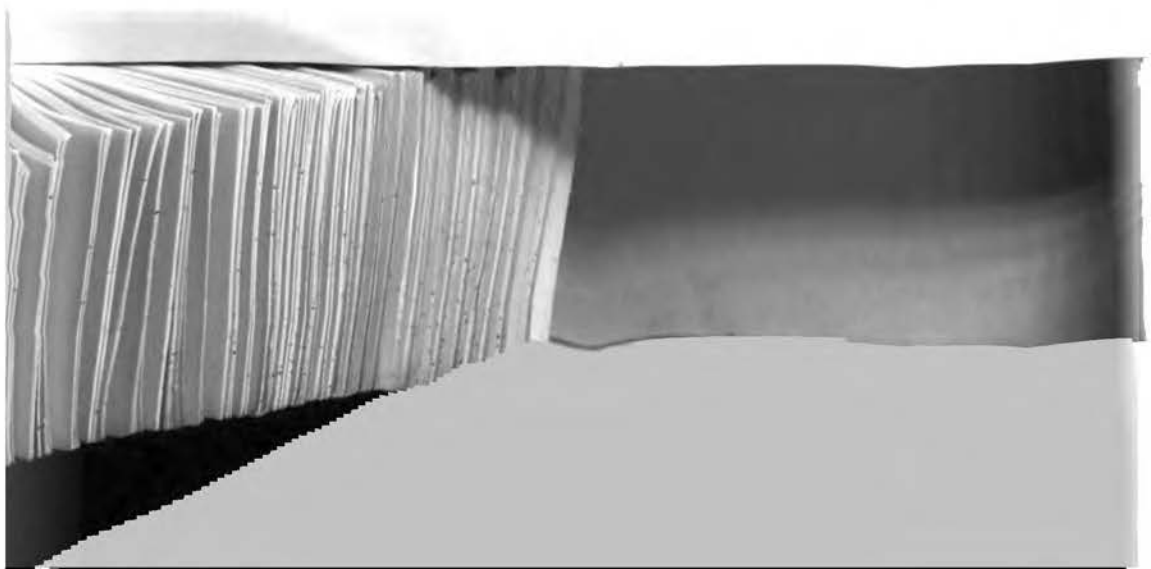
Naturally a man of such courage and determination is cordially hated by the underworld. His life has been threatened scores of times. Several years ago, a bomb exploded at the entrance of the Federal Building. Still more recently, a bomb was left in his court room, but there was no explosion. "I have no yellow streak," was Judge Landis's only comment.

When Gianni Alongi was on trial for sending threatening letters to a woman, Judge Landis received this notice from the Black Hand: "You discharge Alongi, or we will kill you."

In addressing the Alongi jury, Judge Landis said: "The man who is influenced the fraction of a hair's breadth by having received a threat, is as guilty of corruption as if he had taken a money bribe. And nowhere in the whole wide world is there room for a man corrupted."

When the United States entered the World War, Reed Gresham Landis, the judge's only son, volunteered and rose from the ranks to be a major in the air service. He was one of the bravest "aces" in Captain Edward Rickenbacker's famous squadron, won the Distinguished Flying Cross and was credited with having shot down twelve enemy 'planes. The judge's only daughter, Suzanne, is the wife of Richard W. Phillips, of Chicago. Reed Landis is also married, and the judge was his son's best man at the wedding. The daughter has a little son and the son a little daughter, so Judge Landis is twice a grandfather.

Cultivate enthusiasm; it is contagious.



WE ONLY SAID IT AS A JOKE

By CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

DISPIRITED with life's dul. care,
A man once walked a thoroughfare,
He gazed not left, he gazed not right,
And mournfully thus mused this wight:
"My heart is heavy and forlorn,
Would that I never had been born,
I hate to draw another breath—
Descend upon me, kindly Death!"

THEN, from a chimney-top there fell
A loosened brick, like cannon's shell,
Which almost smote, upon the pate,
The man that did thus ruminate;
This wight who hankered for the grave,
Surveyed that brick which struck the pave,
And, quite forgetting earth's dull care,
Quoth he upon that thoroughfare:

"WELL, after all, one must confess
Our life has lots of happiness,
And that despite its frequent tear
'Tis better than a floral bier,
In life's experience we find
A fool will never change his mind,
It was jocosely that I spoke,
I only said it as a joke!"

AND when amid a moment's gloom
We fain would lie within a tomb,
When eagerly for death we sigh
And he exclaims, "Yes, *here* am I!"
We change our mind, and then declare
That life is sweet despite its care,
That death misjudged the words we spoke,
We only said them as a joke.

My Struggle for Recognition

An Interview with SARAH BERNHARDT

By H. S. Morrison

MADAME BERNHARDT received me very graciously at her home in Paris. I had seen her at the theater and arranged for the interview, and when I was seated in her handsome drawing-room, I stated at once the object of my visit. "It's your start in life that I want to know about," I said, "and you must tell me as much as possible of your early struggles and triumphs."

THE great actress laughed in her quiet way, and settled her draperies about her on the sofa. "Really," she said, "my start took place so very long ago that I have almost forgotten the events of that time. But I didn't want to become an actress at first.

"I wanted to become a great painter," she continued, "but my parents wouldn't let me. There was a sort of family meeting, you know, when my career was to be decided upon. They asked me if I didn't want to become something in particular, and I said that I wanted to paint. They were rather horrified at that, and everyone objected. After they objected to this so seriously, I kept quiet, and determined that they should settle the matter among themselves. I thought to myself that I would have something to say as to whether I carried out their wishes."

"But how did you happen to choose the stage?" I asked.

"Oh, my mother suggested that," said Madame Bernhardt. "There didn't seem to be any other career for which I was suited. Some of my relatives didn't think I was at all fit for the stage. They said I was too ugly to ever win success, but mother said that looks aren't everything in theatricals, and her judgment won the day. I was set to work studying, and I studied for ever so many months. I sometimes thought that I should never in the world be able to accomplish anything. I seemed to develop very slowly. I thought the evening of my *début* would never arrive. When it did come round and I was successful, I realized that my instructors had been right in insisting that I spend many months in work. Everything I had learned became useful on that night. It was a terrible ordeal for me."

Photograph by Rochlitz Studio

SARAH BERNHARDT AT 75 YEARS OF AGE
"There is only one way to keep young," she says. "Never stop to think you are growing old."

"*THEN your success was immediate?*"

"Ah, well," replied Madame Bernhardt, "it was not a marvelous success, perhaps, but it showed that I had some talent, and was a very great encouragement to me. My work was by

no means over when my *début* was accomplished. I worked after that harder than ever before, because I began to see how much there was for me to do. A conscientious artist can never stop working. I loved my art; that was the main thing. I love it now so dearly—even at an age when many people must wonder why I do not retire—that I am absolutely unhappy unless I am active in it. I don't want to live after the time arrives when I can not make progress. I never want to be obliged to loaf. I have been badly handicapped in life, but you couldn't think of anything happening to me that would mar my cheerful outlook on life."

I WAS taken through the beautiful home of the great *tragédienne*. "I'll show you my workroom," she said, and I was ushered into a large, dimly lighted chamber filled with books and pictures and art objects from every corner of the globe.

"It's lovely, isn't it?" said Madame Bernhardt.

"Indeed it is," said I, lost in wonder at so many beautiful things. "Your work has not been in vain if you have collected all these," I remarked.

"Oh, this is nothing," she said. "You mustn't think I'm a collector. I have never tried to accumulate anything, not even money. I have worked because I love to work and because I can't be happy otherwise. Life would be dreadful if one had nothing to work for."

THIS marvelous actress now announces that she expects to end her days while acting on the stage; she has no idea of dying outside of the theater. She is going to keep in the harness until the last.

Someone has said that there are five elements —earth, fire, water, air and Sarah Bernhardt. She certainly is a most remarkable character. On the red curtain of her theater in Paris is this motto: "Quand Meme," ("Even though, whatever may happen.")

DON'TS THAT SUGGEST SOME DO'S

DON'T meet the caller with a frown, but smile.

Don't amble up to a customer, but approach with brisk steps and a businesslike air.

Don't rely on price as a sales argument, talk quality.

Don't make comparisons with other goods of lesser quality or value, but "boost" your own wares.

Don't show impatience while the customer is telling you a long tale, but appear interested, even if you are not.

Don't lose your "pep" on rainy days, but put forth renewed effort.

Don't feel your work is ended at the close of the day; you can still think and plan, even if your store doors are closed.

Don't attempt to burn the candle at both ends; the good salesperson is also a sane pleasure seeker.

Don't think you are a past master and the customer a "dummy."

Don't fail to respect the judgment of others; also, be receptive to suggestions.

Don't fail to keep good hours and observe regular meal times.

Don't argue with customers, but illustrate, demonstrate and convince.

Don't correct a customer who mispronounces a name or makes an error.

Don't attempt to air your knowledge; if you are well versed, the customer will be the first to find it out.

Don't lose sight of the fact that every looker is a buyer sooner or later, and every caller your guest, no matter if he fails to spend a cent.

Don't fail to show the customer the goods asked for before you attempt to sell something else.

Don't resort to that old wornout saying, "We have something just as good," or "I wear that kind myself."

Don't fail always to keep in mind the wants of your caller and to work along these lines.

Don't be overanxious to show and sell "stickers."

Don't forget you can always sell a customer more than she came in to buy if you use good salesmanship and superior judgment.

Don't fail to use tact, it is a power beyond estimation in retailing, and is acquired by observation.

Don't allow the customer to leave without being "Thanked."—*Woman's Wear.*

ALL the misery and the crime of the world rest upon the failure of human beings to understand the principle that no man can really be happy until he harmonizes with the best thing in him, with the divine, and not with the brute. No one can be happy who tries to harmonize his life with his animal instincts. The God (the good) in him is the only possible thing that can make him happy.

Have You Ever Served Time as a "Town Pest?"

It Will Quickly Prove Whether or Not Your Backbone is Made of Spaghetti

By HAROLD HIRAM HERTEL

I HAVE been a town pest these past few months. There are many families and species and varieties of town pests in the United States, but the universally recognized blue-ribbon brand is the book-agent, the savior of humanity who distributes enlightenment from house to house in the form of "Helps to Mothers," "People's Home Library" and "Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare for the Children." And I want to say, frankly and sweepingly, that any person who can be a success as a town pest, for a few months at least, may take his place in the front rank of any profession or vocation he chooses, because he has the brains and the backbone.

EDITORS' NOTE

IF you are a young man and haven't definitely decided what to do for a living, try selling goods for a few months. It will stabilize you. You will be sure to find yourself, and be better able to maintain your equilibrium afterward. Hundreds of big men of affairs will agree to this. It matters not whether you sell aluminum, folding bathtubs, books, or mops, you'll know the resistance of your backbone in a short time; you'll know human nature, you'll be a fighter, and you'll know what you want. And, in possession of these cardinal requisites, you'll get what you want.

Several years ago, I was graduated in June from a college of recognized standing situated in the Central States. I had worked hard during my four years of training in liberal arts, had made a good record and was popular. I felt that I had gained a correct solution for all of the painful riddles of this world and it made me feel good. At times, I was inclined to pity those who had such a great natural faculty for ignorance and couldn't interpret things as I saw them. Ah! little did I know how little I knew.

My recollection poignantly recalls, now, the events of Commencement Day. I was walking proudly home with my Uncle Bob, exchanging pleasantries with the local celebrities, when I was suddenly startled from my dulcet reveries by a direct question from him.

"What's next, Dick?" he said.

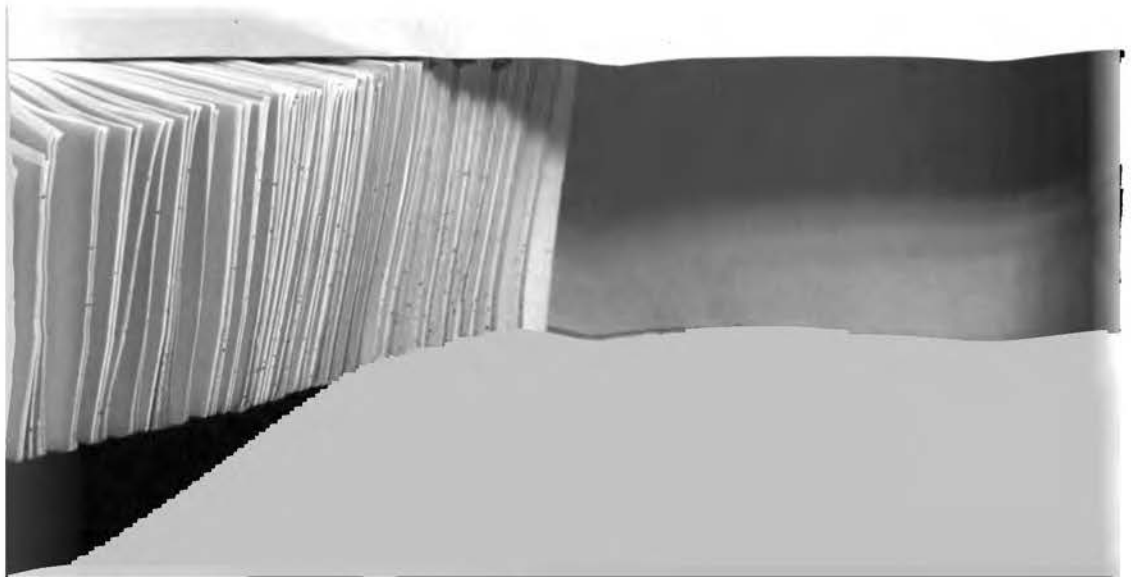
I confess it rather startled me, for I had never thought seriously about the matter and had worried less. I had no particular predilection for any vocation except that I disliked my father's business. He was a civil engineer, and I inherited, probably, a weakness for things mechanical.

"You've done good work, Dick," my uncle rather curtly stated, before I could marshal my thoughts and reply. "All you need now is well-placed punch."

I asked him to be more explicit.

"Dick," he replied slowly, "I want you to stand on your own legs this summer. I want you to prove what kind of a backbone is supporting your head. You've been in a small college where everyone has been cheering your efforts. It's comparatively easy to make a record under these conditions. But can you bump the bumps? Can you go after a prospect and be turned down continually, and snubbed, and kicked out and have the door superciliously slammed in your face by an irate housewife? Can you toil through the country on a hot, dusty day, and manipulate your words and actions so that you can successfully contend with busy, harvesting farmers and their angry dogs? Can you play a hard, consistent game when you have no rooting section except that which

WHAT I must do is all that concerns me—not what people think.



you yourself create through constant plodding and the will to attain? Dick," he concluded as we were nearing his home, "I want you to go out and sell books this summer."

"Sell books!" the words came in a dazed fashion. "You mean I shall be a book agent?"

"Just that," he replied grimly, "and face all the integral parts of that calling—stigma, derision, discouragement, disappointment, and a maximum of hard work. On the other hand, a rich practical experience, a rare opportunity to study human nature, and a chance to develop your personality and power of adaptation with which no other business can compare will be yours. As for financial reward, you'll work on a percentage basis and can figure your own profits. Buck up, Dick," he added sharply as I still showed no signs of losing my equilibrium by jumping at the proposal. "You're not yellow are you? Your backbone isn't made of spaghetti, is it?"

His words cut. My fighting blood ran hot in my veins. I grit my teeth and blurted out that my college career proved I was no hot-house specimen, and if additional proof were needed it would be immediately forthcoming.

> FIND yourself, and then get efficiency. Don't be satisfied with a first "find." A man's possibilities are practically unlimited.
>
> —*George H. Knox.*

With Uncle Bob's Company

I SIGNED my contract that night with my Uncle Bob's company. He was a manufacturing publisher, and one branch of his business was the manufacturing of town pests. But he had slowly been withdrawing his interest from the subscription department of his business and devoting his time to building up other lines. However, he still held the copyrights of several standard works, and would send out such students and teachers as were available for the summer months.

I was to handle different books—a profusely illustrated history of the World War, a library on business, banking and law, and "The Bible in Pictures." The last named was designed to appeal to children and, apparently, make their religious education a simple thing for parents. So, you see, my wares were of a universal nature, for I could nab the attention of all classes of people: farmers, bankers, grocery clerks, mothers, pikers, and preachers.

Armed with verbal legerdemain *apropos* of each book, and fortified with a businesslike black case containing a prospectus of each, I started out for Spring Valley, Kansas. The family was at the station to wish me a fond adieu. Just before I hopped onto the train, Uncle Bob pulled me aside.

"I want to tell you a story, Dick," he explained. And he related the following which might be entitled, "Horn In." It was strikingly similar to my case, and I've never forgotten it.

You Must "Horn In!"

HARVEY, the pride of the family was about to leave home for his first vacation. The family gathered around to bid him farewell. Sister handed him a napkin of cookies and cakes which she had just baked, and hoped that he would have plenty of "eats" just as good, while away. Brother slipped him a "five-spot" so he need not sleep in a freight car in case he got stranded. Mother handed him a seal-grain India-paper Bible, with passages marked.

Father, who stood a little to one side, saw that the advice the family gave would never put iron in Harvey's veins, or steel in his back, stepped up to his son, slapped him on the shoulder and said: "Harve, if you want to succeed in life you must 'horn in.' You've observed when we feed steers that there are those who back away when the others push up to the trough. The former are always stunted in growth. They never grow large or fat. We call them 'scrubs.'

"Then, there is the other kind of steer that, when anything is thrown over the fence or into the rack, he gets his head down, 'horns in,' and gets the good eats. This steer always grows fast and fat, feeds on the fat of the land, and has the blue ribbon pinned on him at the State Fair. If you want to grow fat, look prosperous, and be the envy of all who meet and associate with you, you must 'horn in.' "

In the manner of General Pershing at the tomb of Lafayette, I announced, as I swung off at Spring Valley, to the populace assembled to see the "passenger" come in, "Spring Valley, I am here. Prepare yourself for the guillotine, for I am here!"

And I immediately pictured myself meandering from town to town leaving a trail of leather-bound war histories, business, and religious books. I was the beacon light, the pathfinder, the pioneer, the missionary, the doctor diagnosing the educational and patriotic and religious pulse of the community, and prescribing

and delivering correct remedies. No more need the citizens be downtrodden and ignorant. The millenium was at hand; they could lift up their eyes and be immersed with a correct appreciation of the glory of civilization and the true significance of life!

The First Day's Work

THE first day, I worked ten hours, canvassed sixteen people, but didn't even get a promise. The preachers weren't interested in my religious book, the mothers were too busy, the business men desired no advice as to knotty problems they might encounter in the marts of trade, and nobody felt disposed to afford a war book. I reasoned with them, cajoled them, attempted to coerce them; ridiculed them, insinuated that they were lackadaisical patriots, dilatory Americans, and egregious nincompoops. I blew out the inner tube of my larynx extolling my capsules of knowledge, but—nothing doing!

> IF God had intended man to go backward, He would have given him eyes in the back of his head.—*Victor Hugo.*

That night, in a long letter to the company, I spilled choice sarcasm over several sheets of paper, apprising them of the fact that I was willing to act as a combination doormat and town pest provided the inducements were in the form of adequate lucrative gain. But the conditions had been misrepresented, and I now felt disposed to indulge in something more genteel. The answer I received was a telegram from Uncle Bob which read:

"Hit the country. Horn in."

So I had a bicycle shipped to me and took to pedaling through the hot dusty roads of Kansas. Kansas had a bumper wheat crop that year. But around Spring Valley they hadn't raised their seed for three years previous. And much of the wheat was down on account of rain and wind.

I had mediocre success with the farmers' wives. Their husbands were invariably out in the harvest fields, and I had been warned not to stop a man running a reaper unless I wanted to suffer from acute agony of mind for days afterward.

Finally I became frantic. I mobilized my entire stock of courage shrapnel and determined to stop the next man driving a reaper, even at the inconvenience of having him transport me to the eternal realm of bliss and happiness.

Well—as he stopped at the corner of the field to turn, I walked up smiling, introduced myself, crawled up on the reaper, gave him a snappy canvass of three or four minutes, wrote his name in the back of my prospectus, got information about two men shocking wheat—whom I sold next, bade him "Good-by," and was gone.

It took all the nerve I possessed to stop that first man, and hop on the reaper; but after I did it a few times, I rather enjoyed the novelty of the stunt. The best week I had the entire summer, was during wheat harvest; and, at that time, I also made my other record: I slept in a barn two nights, and with hired men three nights.

A book agent can recount more interesting idiosyncrasies concerning unadulterated human nature than any other kind of salesman. I've often held my prospectus upside down and sold over a fence, a colt's back or the opposite side of a pig trough. Once a thin-faced woman opened the door two inches and interrogated tremulously.

"Are yuh sellin' books? I don't want nothin'."

"I am engaged in constructive Sunday-school work, madam," I replied politely. I knew, from the former person solicited, that she was religious. A woman's natural curiosity overcame her apprehensions and we began to converse. Of course, she needed my work. The secret of success is simply being ready.

Women, I discovered, are divided into three classes. In the first are those who are absolutely independent and make their own decisions at will. In the majority of cases this class consists of unmarried women who are often financially independent as well. In the second class are married women who still retain a goodly share of their individuality and can say yes or no without seeking counsel from their husbands. The third class is composed of those who must hold a Peace Conference with the Balance of Power on every insignificant question which arises.

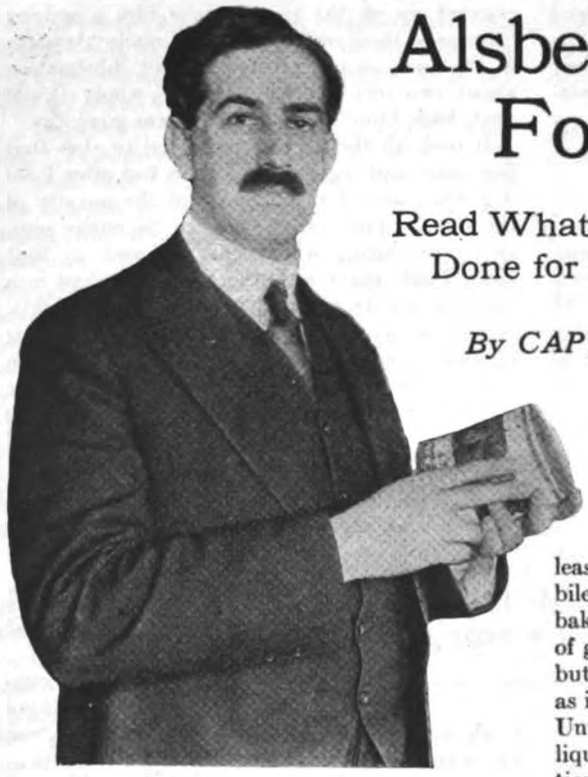
Vividly do I picture in my mind's eye the inception of my vocation as a vendor of happiness through education, how my perspiration and perorations failed to persuade Spring Valley that she hung over the brink of a precipice unless she partook of the tree of knowledge. But Spring Valley didn't fall over the brink. She didn't even totter. And when my soul was wont to become girded by this saddening knowledge, and I would cautiously hint to the company of adverse conditions, they would reply in a letter decked out in the loud raiment of pep, and drip-

(*Continued on page* 151)

Alsberg, Foe of the Food Fakers

Read What This Practical Scientist Has Done for the Welfare of Americans

By CAPTAIN PAUL V. COLLINS



DR. CARL L. ALSBERG

Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture

THE practical value to everyday life of the scientific work of the Bureau of Chemistry, of the United States Department of Agriculture, has been multiplied under the administration of the present chief chemist, Dr. Carl L. Alsberg. Efforts have been concentrated on eliminating bureaucratic "red tape" and laboratory experimentation. It is recognized that "pure science" belongs in colleges and experiment stations, rather than in this bureau, whose aim is to meet conditions in actual business activities, and to enforce laws regulating foods and medicines. Nevertheless, the application of chemical science to our daily affairs, as practised by Dr. Alsberg, and the bureau under his control, is none the less revolutionary.

For illustration: In California, imperfect lemons which had been wasted under former marketing methods, now produce, annually, 1,500,000 pounds of citric acid, 500,000 pounds of citrate of lime, and 50,000 pounds of lemon oil. A proportionate product of "waste" oranges is saved. Processes have been evolved for making syrup out of sweet potatoes—though not profitable except under conditions of sugar famine—also glue out of corncobs, and gas from straw, weeds, and forest leaves.

Straw gas will prove of great value in enabling farmers to run stationary engines for grinding and threshing machinery, releasing an equivalent of gasoline for automobiles. Fifty pounds of straw, or leaves, when baked in a proper retort, produce 300 cubic feet of gas, which would run a roadster fifteen miles, but that amount is too bulky for motor purposes, as it would require a container 5 by 6 by 10 feet. Until a method is developed for condensing or liquefying the gas, it can be used only for stationary engines close to the raw material.

In England, during the World War, illuminating gas was used extensively for automobiles, especially through city street, the gas being carried on top of the machines, in huge bags.

If the estimate be correct, that the United States' supply of gasoline, from our continental resources will be exhausted in eight years, the future importance of straw gas, even if confined to stationary farm-engines, may be far greater than is now appreciated.

American Dyes Now Best in the World

PERHAPS the greatest work of the chemical revolution achieved by the bureau, under Dr. Alsberg, has been the perfecting of dyes. At the entrance of the United States into the World War, our textile manufacturers were panic-stricken over the dye situation. We had been dependent on Germany for all good dyes, and, without them, we were helpless. Now it happened that Dr. Alsberg had spent some years in Germany, pursuing his chemical studies, and, although credit is not attributed to him alone, it is a fact that, while we were at war, the dye manufacture came to successful birth, under Dr. Alsberg's guidance. The result is that we are not only independent of imported dyes, but are able to compete with Germany in world com-

merce, both in quality and economy. Even the dyeing of sealskins, which had been limited to London, has now been transferred to the United States, and St. Louis has become the world center of the fur market, largely because of development in dyes.

Referring to the scientific aid given by the bureau to the dye industry, Dr. Alsberg illustrates it with the story of experiments evolving a process to produce pthalic anhydride, the starting point of phenol phthalein, which is both a dye and a medicine. During the war, it sold for $7 a pound, and, now that the new processes are known, it can be produced for 60 cents a pound.

Recording Quakes of Earth and Eggs

THE bureau has sometimes gone outside of chemistry to detect the causes of market losses. Take the breakage of eggs in shipment, for example. The bureau has invented a modified seismograph—the sensitive instrument with which, at astronomical observatories, scientists record the jolts of the world, commonly called earthquakes. These simplified instruments are installed on trains, for observation purposes only, where they record the intensity of shocks and the time the bumps occurred, so that when eggs arrive at their destination broken, it is possible to trace back to the very point where the jolts were excessive, and discover whether the fault was in rough trackage or careless handling of the train. The seismographs furnish practical data on the traffic, and are welcomed by the railroad managers, as well as by egg shippers.

> THE time will come when an able-bodied man who has the audacity, the presumption, to try to get all the good things out of the world and give nothing in return will be looked upon as a monstrosity, an enemy to civilization, and will be ostracized by all decent people.

By far the largest part of the activities of the bureau has to do with the administration of laws controlling the marketing of foods, feeds, and medicines; and this means a vast organization of inspectors and of analytical chemical stations.

The country is divided into three divisions; the lines between the three sections are, roughly speaking, the meridians of the Pennsylvania-Ohio boundary and the boundary between the Dakotas and Montana. These meridians are not followed strictly so as to divide States, but whether a State lies mainly east or west of the meridians mentioned, determines in which division all the State is placed. Each division has a chief and a sufficient number of inspectors and laboratories to cover its needs. Inspectors send their samples directly to the laboratory in their respective fields, instead of to Washington, as in former years. This decentralization makes a radical change toward promptness of action.

The Eastern Division headquarters are in New York, with sub-stations and laboratories in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Savannah, and Porto Rico.

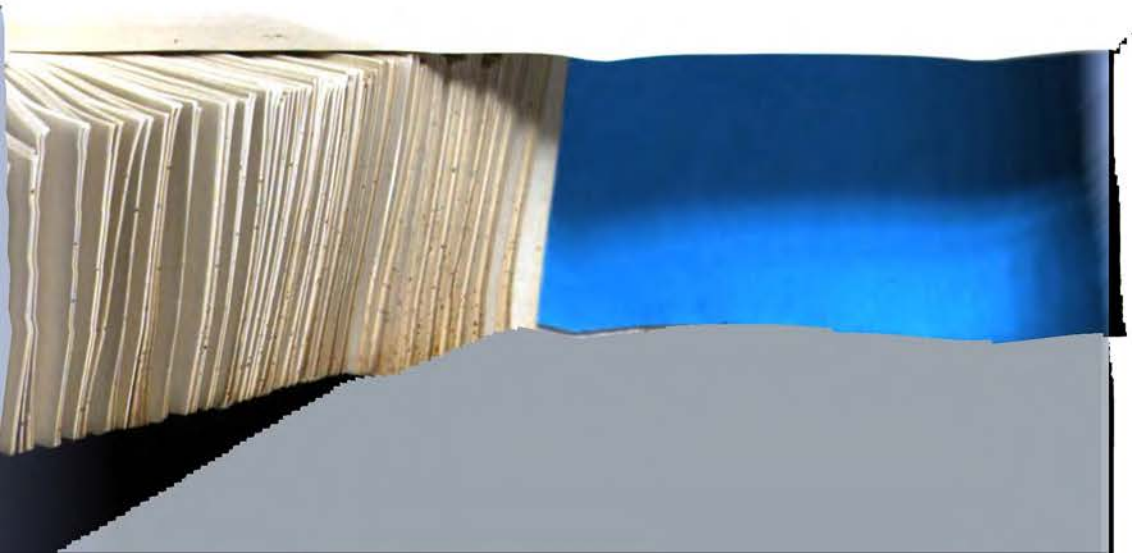
The Central Division, with headquarters in Chicago, while not so populous as the Eastern Division, is the most important, because it produces most of the nation's food. There lie the grain fields, the flour mills, canneries and packing houses. There are sub-station laboratories in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and St. Paul. There is an inspection station also in Kansas City, but no laboratory, samples from that region being analyzed in St. Louis.

The Western Division has headquarters in San Francisco, with laboratories in San Francisco and Seattle, and a station, without laboratory, in Los Angeles.

Until a few years ago, there was more or less conflict between the regulations of factories, as enunciated by State and federal inspectors, but Dr. Alsberg has made eminently successful efforts to secure coöperation with State officials, so that now, through the "State Coöperation Division" they work in full harmony, and to the mutual benefit of federal and State enforcement. This State Coöperation Division has been developed through a chief, J. S. Abbott, formerly State Food Commissioner of Texas, who is favorably known to State officials.

How State and Nation Work

FEDERAL inspection has control only of food and medicines of interstate commerce. All States have their State food commissioners—under various titles—whose duty is to inspect State products for intrastate consumption, and to enforce State laws. It frequently happens that a federal inspector will discover an adulteration or a misbranding of food that is not destined to cross the State boundary; its jurisdiction then is wholly under State authorities, and the federal inspector is required, in such cases, to report his finding directly to the State



officials, who proceed to prosecute under State laws. In case an inspector, either State or federal, discovers an illegal product on the market, which has been made in some other State, he notifies his chief, who reports it to the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, and orders are sent to federal inspectors in the State where the objectionable goods are manufactured, so that shipment of the product in interstate commerce may be barred and prosecuted. It is also reported to the State authorities of the State wherein it is produced, so that the illegal product, barred from interstate commerce, may not be sold within the State where it is made.

Coöperation by Trade Associations

THERE has always been the strongest support of law enforcement, on the part of the various trade associations. It is obviously to the interest of legitimate manufacturers to stop illegal competition.

A most flagrant abuse of legal standards has been practised during and since the World War even by many reputable firms, in leaving the packet outwardly full-size, but only partially filled. This applies not alone to canned fruits, but to biscuits, cakes, spices, and medicines.

If a cannery be permitted to practice "slack filling" of its cans—putting in water or syrup in place of a full pack of solids—it can cut prices under those of its more honest competitors, and the competition is unfair.

The process of testing by the inspector includes buying samples in the market, and, opening them, pouring the contents upon a screen of a certain standard mesh, allowing the fruit to drain exactly two minutes. If the solids left, do not weigh up to the standard of a full pack, the product of the manufacturer is confiscated and the packer is prosecuted by the Department of Justice, the inspectors of the Bureau of Chemistry being complaining witnesses. In 1919, there were 635 such cases; in 1920, over 1,000.

Spicy Tricks that Were Exposed

SPICES in ten-cent containers with perforated tops for sprinkling the contents without opening the can, afford another opportunity for misleading practices. Some manufacturers evade the law by the trick of false bottoms, while truly labeling the amount of spice in the package. The buyer is deceived by the size of the packet, it being the same as what formerly contained four ounces; but now it holds perhaps only two, for he knows nothing of the false bottom, and his attention is not called to the change in the required label. Dr. Alsberg is now urging Congress to defeat that trick.

Another loophole concerns false pretenses as to the curative properties of medicines. The law now reaches only such cases where the false claims are printed directly on the container itself, or in a circular wrapped with it, and does not reach falsehood in newspaper or billboard advertising, nor the sale of any goods fraudulently advertised, apart from the goods itself. The container may be without any illegal advertising but be easily recognized as that of the medicine of which external advertising makes false claims. The laws can not reach such frauds except in cases where the mails are used.

To Begin Where the Chemist Ends

A BUREAU of Development—an innovation in the Department of Agriculture—was recently inaugurated by Chief Alsberg. Business men realize that there is a great gulf between laboratory discoveries and practical quantitative production and profitable marketing. The chemist is seldom a manufacturer or business promotor. His training has nothing to do with broad and exact knowledge of market conditions nor with the problems of economic shop-management for quantity production. Hence, many a valuable laboratory discovery has been a failure in the manufacturing world, for lack of proper handling, beyond the experimental laboratory.

To meet this situation, Dr. Alsberg has instituted the Bureau of Development, in which the men are not chemists but are mining and machinery engineers and efficiency experts. Their work begins where that of the chemist ends. They study markets and the machinery and buildings for practical production.

The remarkable feature of Dr. Alsberg's practical turn is the fact that he, himself, is the product, not of business experience but of the laboratory and the academic school room. His father was a chemist in New York City; the boy was reared in a laboratory, and grew up in an atmosphere of science, under private tutors, until sufficiently advanced to enter Columbia College, New York.

In Columbia College, he spent seven years of scientific study, acquiring the degrees of A. B., A. M., and M. D. Later, he spent several years in Germany, in post-graduate work; and, returning, became professor of biochemistry in Harvard University. He was appointed by President McKinley to make special investigations in fisheries, and, ultimately, succeeded Dr. Harvey W. Wiley as head of the Bureau of Chemistry, through appointment by Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, in 1912, under President Taft. Yet he is under forty four years of age.

CONCLUSION OF THE GRIPPING SERIAL

How Jim Downes Paid Up

By GEORGE WILLIAM BAKER

Illustrated by Charles F. Jaeger

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

JIM DOWNES, in order to pay off a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage on his mother's homestead, decides to journey to the new gold country north of the Fraser River district in Canada, intending to mine sufficient gold to meet the demands of Miles Humphreys, the man who holds the mortgage. He leaves his sister, Mary, to care for their mother. Meanwhile the unscrupulous Humphreys secures the assistance of Caleb Waters to gather any needed information. In the capacity of a spy, Waters follows Jim Downes to Canada. With the help of his faithful Indian guide, Tonetah, Jim settles on his claim. In spite of disappointments and hardships he writes cheerful letters home. Harvey Thurston, an admirer of Mary Downes, meets Waters in Canada and confesses to him that he is hiding from the police, having stolen certain bonds. Together they plan to use Jim, thinking he has struck it rich. They hide the bonds in the lining of Jim's coat. But Tonetah, overhearing their plans, removes the bonds and later places them in the boots of Waters, who is arrested. Eventually Jim is successful and is returning home with thirty thousand dollars in gold when he is attacked by Thurston who disappears with the treasure. Jim Downes realizes that all his efforts to save the home have gone for naught.

CHAPTER XXII

JIM DOWNES and Thurston, left alone together in the cabin, stood facing each other with varying emotions. "I'm sorry, Thurston," Jim said. "Sorry I doubted you, and sorry, too, that you did not tell me about yourself and my sister."

Thurston winced. "I didn't do that because I wasn't sure you'd approve," he exclaimed. "You see, I'm not altogether blameless. I did get into a scrape back in the States, and had to get out of the country or face social disgrace. I was foolish enough to tell Waters about it, and he used it to his advantage in endeavoring to lay the blame on me."

"Then you're really in love—that is, you and Mary are really to be married?" Downes asked, cautiously.

"If she'll have me when I get back," Thurston said.

Jim Downes extended his hand. "Well then, let's stop talking for to-night, and turn in. You know that the sheriff wants us down in the village early in the morning and we'll have to be starting by sunrise."

Within ten minutes Jim was asleep in his bunk, and Thurston was lying restlessly in his own. It was dark in the cabin, save for the rays of the moonlight drifting in through the window. Conflicting thoughts ran riot through his brain. Even though Waters had duped him, as seemed probable, he dared not testify to ownership of the bonds before any competent tribunal. Also, the bonds, and the cash they represented, were in the custody of the sheriff. And as that idea flashed across his memory, he recalled the sacks of gold which he knew were in the adjoining shack.

He half arose from his bunk, and suddenly became aware that Tonetah was sitting upright in his corner. So he sank back in his own blankets and his active thoughts tried to formulate a plan of action during the remaining hours of the night. Temptation was now running riot. He knew his sister would have none of him—that Mary Downes would learn what he had done, and that even though Caleb Waters suffered the penalty of the theft of the bonds, his own story must come out sooner or later.

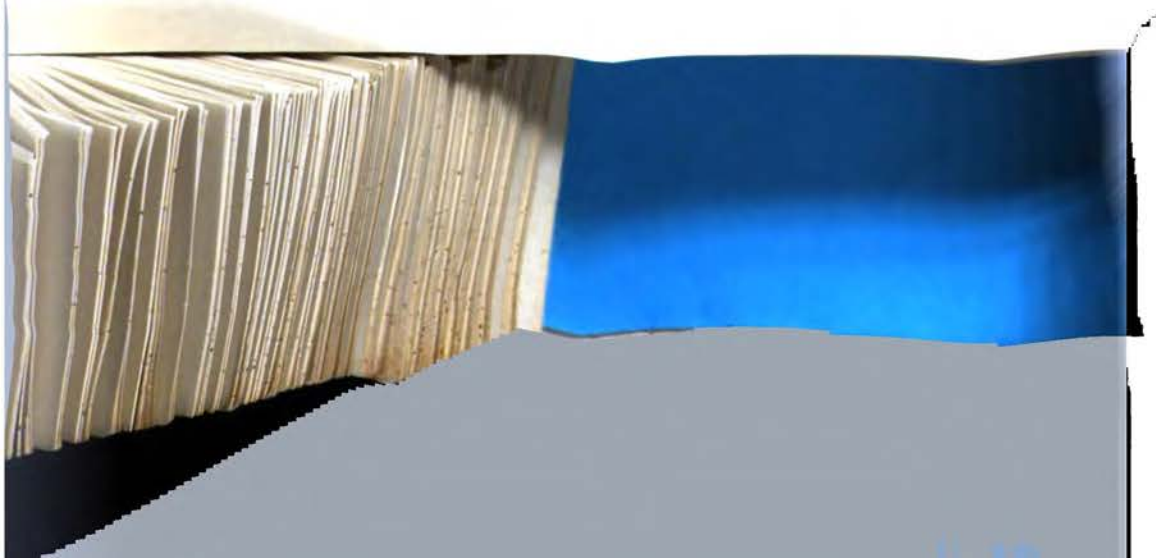
At last he dropped off into a troubled slumber and did not open his eyes until Jim Downes shook him roughly by the shoulder, in the gray of the early dawn.

Jim had already talked with Tonetah. He had given the Indian money and had instructed the guide to remain on guard over the camp until Jim should return.

Without comment, Tonetah looked on as the two men loaded the nugget sacks and their traveling packs about them. He stood watching with curious interest as they wended their way from the cabin and down to the entrance of the narrow road that led through the woodlands.

Jim, light-hearted, despite the unpleasant episode of the previous evening, set off at a rapid pace, and through most of the downward journey, Thurston lagged behind. Some five miles from the cabin, he paused and called ahead to Jimmy. Then, he dumped his packs and fussed with the thong of his tramping boots. Jimmy stood waiting for him, several yards ahead, and, in that moment, Thurston found his opportunity. To fire his revolver would be dangerous, for the sound of the shot would echo through the vicinity. But, reaching down close by, he caught up a huge, jagged piece of rock, and, with deft aim, sent it crashing in the direction of Downes.

Without a sound, Jim sank to the ground, a heap of senseless humanity. After looking cautiously about, Thurston hastily reslung his own packs and hurried to



the side of the unconscious man. First he removed Jim's sacks of gold, then took the revolver from his belt, and slung them on himself.

Without waiting to see what Downes' condition might be, Thurston vanished from the wooded path and lost himself in the maze of pines, tamaracks and beeches.

Hardly had this happened when a man in the uniform of the Northwestern Canadian Mounted Police reined in before the Downes cabin and hallooed vigorously. Tonetah—rifle in hand—appeared in the doorway of the log hut, but put down his weapon sharply as he recognized Corporal MacGregor.

"Where's Downes?" demanded the policeman. Hastily, and in picturesque patois, Tonetah told him the story.

"You savage idiot!" snapped MacGregor, "you've played into the hands of this fellow, Thurston, by your foolish loyalty to Downes. Which way did they go?"

Tonetah indicated the path and MacGregor swerved his horse around. "Never mind the camp," he directed. "No one will steal it. Follow me on foot down the corduroy road, since you haven't a horse." Then he rode on—swallowed up with his fleet-footed horse by the trees of the forest.

Four days later, Jim Downes lay on a bed in an upper room of the house of Tony Lajoie. His head was swathed in bandages. Since the time that MacGregor had picked him up on the road from the hills, Jim had not regained consciousness. The village doctor at first despaired of him, but MacGregor, using official influence, had summoned a surgeon on from Winnipeg.

"Jim Downes all right. Sick but soon well," Tonetah assured her, as the now furious Humphreys came through the gate shaking his finger at the Indian.

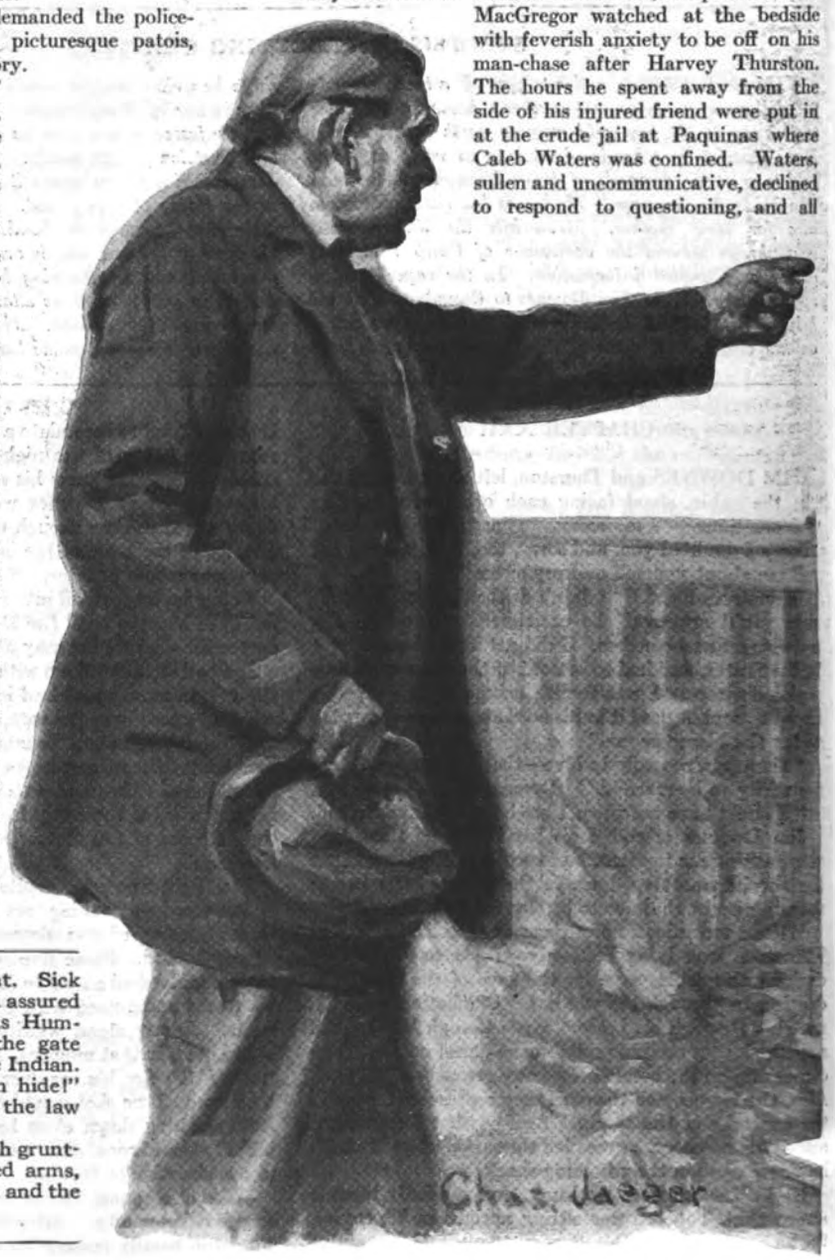
"I'll tan your heathen hide!" he shrieked. "I'll have the law on ye!"

"Come, do!" Tonetah grunted and stood, with folded arms, between the two women and the landlord.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE surgeon from Winnipeg was skillful. That is why he was kept by the Dominion government at call of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. There is a tradition in the service of these husky, daring, law-enforcers that no criminal ever escapes them. A member of the Royal Northwest Mounted brings back his man, dead or alive, or he does not return himself.

So Dr. Kinellan worked with all his skill over Jimmy Downes as he lay delirious in the upper room at Tony Lajoie's tavern. And as he worked, Corporal Ronald MacGregor watched at the bedside with feverish anxiety to be off on his man-chase after Harvey Thurston. The hours he spent away from the side of his injured friend were put in at the crude jail at Paquinas where Caleb Waters was confined. Waters, sullen and uncommunicative, declined to respond to questioning, and all



"I'm ready to make the settle
now," Mary said joyously to H
phreys. "This is Jim's guide. I'm
he didn't mean to harm you. He d
understand that is all, Mr. Humphre

the skill of Sheriff Laclede failed to get him to shed any light upon the matter.

Corporal MacGregor, in consultation with the French-Canadian official, had refrained from telling Waters of the injury to Jimmy Downes, or of their desire to apprehend Harvey Thurston. They shrewdly figured that, sooner or later, Waters would grow tired of his confinement while Thurston was at liberty, and would give them the information they desired regarding the man they firmly believed to be his confederate.

All this time Tonetah, the Indian guide, toasted himself before the fire in the saloon of Tony Lajoie. He held his peace as his cunning brain worked slowly but surely behind his inscrutable face.

Then came the day, a week after the accident, when Jimmy Downes opened his eyes and breathed the name of his mother. He called on Thurston to help him, and as he spoke—continuing his life picture where it had been cut out—the surgeon and Corporal MacGregor listened with eager ears.

"There isn't a question about it," MacGregor said to the doctor. "Thurston struck him behind his back and ran away with his gold. The two started from the cabin together. Tonetah told me that. If it had been an accident, Thurston would have carried Downes to safety, or would, at least, have gone in search of aid. Instead, he has disappeared with the packs and there isn't a trace of him to be found."

Jimmy Downes sat up in bed to the consternation of the surgeon and the amazement of Corporal MacGregor and Tonetah, who had slipped upstairs to see how Jimmy was progressing. "Where is Thurston?" he demanded eagerly. "He was with me when—what happened?"

"Don't you remember?" MacGregor thrust at him quickly.

"No," Jimmy replied, weakly. "The world seemed to swim about me. The trees were dancing like great lean white ghosts. There was a terrific pain in the back of my head, and then I knew nothing more." He sat up in the bed and stared wildly at the group about him. "Where is the gold—the gold I've worked so hard for—the gold that is to pay off the mortgage and let mother have the old home? Tell me—where is it? Where is Thurston? He must have taken care of it—he knew what I was carrying and since he wants to marry my sister he wouldn't let anything happen to it over his dead body!"

Dr. Kinellan attempted to soothe his patient and to force him back against the pillows; but Jimmy was frantic now and, despite the combined efforts of the surgeon and MacGregor, leaped from the bed and stood before them in the room, a figure of terrible rage. "Who has cheated me?" he demanded. "You, MacGregor knew what this money meant to me. You, Tonetah, know how hard I've worked for it! And I left you to guard my little shack and the claim—yet here you are smiling at me in your leather-faced way as if it were some joke!"

"Lay off!" commanded MacGregor abruptly. "Tonetah's all right. That is, his heart is in the right place even though he was misguided in his judgment in letting you travel alone through the woods in company with Thurston."

Jimmy Downes stood like a bewildered child staring at them, horror in his eyes. "You mean that my gold is gone?" he asked, with a sob in his voice. "You mean that I must return to the claim and dig out more in order to pay off the mortgage. There isn't time, man!" he finished desperately.

"Now look here, Downes," Corporal MacGregor interrupted in a kindly yet firm tone. "There is no use getting excited over this. You've rather made a mess of things by trusting a couple of crooks. You've been the victim of circumstances, and your own honest heart hasn't enabled you to grapple with two of the worst thieves I've ever encountered."

Downes sat on the bed, exhausted after his outbursts of emotion. "It's pretty tough," he murmured, "after all I've been through—after all the discouragement—all the hardships—just when the goal was attained—to have it all swept away! It isn't the loss of the gold that I mind—it's the thing it would have bought—my mother's happiness in the last days of her life!" he finished with a heartbroken accent.

"Don't say that," Doctor Kinellan advised, forcing Jimmy to lie down. "We'll find a way out even now."

CHAPTER XXIV

TONETAH'S eyes took on a strange look. He regretted that he had ever placed the stolen bonds in the stocking of Caleb Waters. If they were valuable, as he was now led to suspect, he wished he had retained them in order that Jimmy's wish, which was not clear to him by any means, might be gratified.

"Jim," said MacGregor, "you keep quiet and do what the doctor tells you. There's no use starting anything to-night. I'll see you in the morning and we'll talk things over. We've still six weeks to pay off that mortgage, and, I give you my word, we'll have the thief and the gold before the payment comes due. You know the Canadian Northwest Mounted never fail. No matter what the obstacle—we do or die—and this time, old pal, MacGregor's going to *do*—not die!"

Jim smiled at him faintly. His hand clasped MacGregor's in a hearty, if weak, clasp. A moment later he was asleep, Dr. Kinellan watching over him with the deepest of sympathy and a curious elation that his skill had saved the life of this severely injured man.

Then MacGregor strode from the room, beckoning to Tonetah to follow him. Downstairs in the main room of Lajoie's saloon, the corporal bade the Indian sit beside him at a corner table. "Tonetah," he said crisply, looking him squarely in the eye, "I told you to watch over Downes and let no harm come to him. I know you haven't betrayed me, but you've let your half-breed, half-educated sense of loyalty run away with what few brains you have. Now, tell me just what you know—all you know—and what you have done in this miserable mix-up."

Slowly, talking in a French *patois*, in which he was better able to express himself, Tonetah told the whole story. He told of having slipped the bonds into the lining of Downes's mackinaw, of removing them later and hiding them in the crevice of the beech tree's bark. Next of placing them in the stocking of Caleb Waters. "I wish I'd kept them now," he concluded feelingly.

"I wish you had," Corporal MacGregor agreed heartily. "If you'd told me, that night the three of them were sitting in Lajoie's, I could have cleared up the whole matter. But there's no use crying about cold porridge. We've got to kindle the fire and warm it up again. Come down to the telegraph office with me while I send a few wires in code; then we'll go over to the jail and have a talk with Waters."

As he finished speaking, the door opened and the gigantic figure of old Simon Duroc entered. He looked about eagerly. Seeing MacGregor, who had just arisen to go out with Tonetah, he signaled them to be seated again and drew up a chair for himself.

"Corporal," he said, "I want to talk to you about this Jim Downes business. You know he sent for me to run out and inspect his claim. It was a real find! I assayed that metal carefully, and, only yesterday, I had some ore offered me that, I'm sure, came from Downes's vein. There hasn't been any quartz as rich as that found hereabouts in years—"

"Who offered it?" MacGregor asked hastily.

"Pierre Gounoud," Duroc told him. "You remember him. He's been suspected of pelt thefts for years, but no one has ever been able to hang the evidence on him. He says he traded skins for the ore back in the woods. Maybe he did—but I'll take my oath that pay-dirt came from Jimmy Downes's claim."

At that moment, Dr. Kinellan came slowly down the steps and joined them at the table. "Downes is asleep, he said in reply to MacGregor's anxious glance. Then, as Duroc went on, the surgeon listened with interest to his conclusions.

When he had finished, MacGregor arose. "You stay here, Tonetah; if Downes needs anything, look after him. The doctor and Duroc will go down to the telegraph office with me."

Tonetah nodded. Macgregor and his companions walked quickly out into the night. "Duroc," said the corporal, "what you've told me seems like the key to the situation. It makes me believe this man, Thurston, is not yet outside Canada—and if he isn't—I'll get him as sure as you're a foot high!"

But notwithstanding his determined enthusiasm, Corporal MacGregor was none too sanguine as to his ability to overtake and capture Thurston *in time*—even if Thurston should prove to be the man he was seeking, as he firmly believed.

While Tonetah sat pondering in Tony Lajoie's saloon, and while the surgeon, the prospector, and the corporal were hastening toward the telegraph office, Jim Downes awakened from his sleep. For a moment he lay there in a half daze. Then he sat up. It all came back to *him* now—more and more clearly. Confusion as to the date of the month worried him, but he knew that he must be up and doing. His gold was gone, and he must get it back. Otherwise his months of labor would have been in vain, and the home in West Rockland swept away before he could return. He sighed as he thought of Mary and of his mother.

Then, with some difficulty, he arose from the bed and, finding his clothes on the hook of the rude door to the room, laboriously crept into them. All the while he listened carefully, fearing at any moment that the three men who had recently left would return and frustrate the purpose he had in mind. His brain was far from normal. The fever had strangely distorted his thoughts; but, somehow, he knew he must find Thurston and recover his gold. In his strange imaginings he felt MacGregor and Tonetah were attempting to hold him back, and the kindly surgeon's face seemed to suggest to him the visage of Miles Humphreys.

CHAPTER XXV

JIM chuckled to himself. He would outwit them all and get back in time no matter against what odds. When he had finished dressing, he steadied himself against the window ledge, raised the pane and calculated the distance to the ground. It was not far.

Cautiously he clambered over the sill, hung on with his hands, and let himself drop. He landed in a motionless little heap. Again things swam before his eyes. But, in a short time, the cool night air revived him, and Jimmy, trying to orient himself and gather his fever-fuddled thoughts, managed to regain his feet. He had no plan. He was not even mentally capable of formulating one after his illness; but he was possessed with the indomitable determination to win.

To find Thurston—to recover the gold—to get back to West Rockland before Humphreys would demand his money: these were the thoughts that surged through his mind. And, fired with this subconscious ambition, he staggered off into the night, along the winding trail which, instinct told him, led back into the wilderness where he had been injured.

In the crude stone jail, MacGregor and Sheriff Laclede sat before a table on which a lantern burned, gazing with hostile glances at the cringing Caleb Waters. Standing behind them were Dr. Kinellan and Duroc. Skillfully the corporal of the Northwest Mounted and the sheriff interrogated the prisoner, shooting one question after another at him with apparent feverish haste, yet with careful thought to entrap him. And as Caleb answered evasively and hesitatingly, one question after another, Duroc and the surgeon observed him with steely glances. It was a third degree, the like of which was never held in a metropolitan police station; yet no cruelty was exercised save the keen, quick questions of the two officials.

It lasted almost half an hour. Then the cowardly soul of Caleb caved in. He dropped to his knees before them, told them all that he knew, including the reason for his own presence in Paquinaus; of the theft of the bonds and his utter amazement at finding them on his own person.

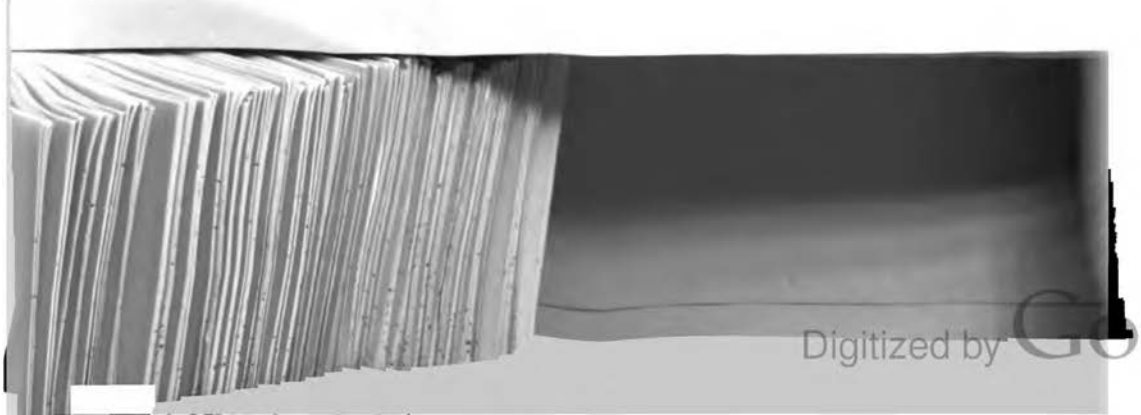
"Do you know where this man Thurston is?" demanded MacGregor, quickly.

"No," exclaimed Waters in a tortured tone, his knees quaking, and his face pale with terror.

"Lock him up for the night," MacGregor said to the sheriff. "I may want to question him again in the morning."

"What do you make of it, Mac?" asked the doctor as they retraced their steps toward Lajoie's.

"I'm not quite sure," the corporal told him. "He couldn't have stolen Jim's gold because he was under arrest at the time. His story seems to hold water



otherwise, because I've had telegrams from the States asking that we be on the look out for a bond thief. Let's go back and see if Jim's in shape to be questioned a little."

But when they reached Lajoie's, neither Jim Downes nor Tonetah were there and no one in the place seemed to have missed them. Lajoie professed ignorance, and MacGregor knew the innkeeper would not attempt to deceive him. Lajoie had too much at stake to lie to the police.

"Exposure may kill him at this stage of his convalescence!" Dr. Kinellan said anxiously, thinking of his patient.

"And I'll kill that rascally Indian for letting him get away!" MacGregor exclaimed in anger. "Duroc, can you come with me. We can't hope to run the trails, in the saddle, at night. We'll have to do it on foot. But now, instead of simply having to run down a criminal, we've got to find a sick lunatic besides."

"I wonder," mused Dr. Kinellan, and the two looked at him in astonishment.

"Didn't you say yourself that exposure might kill him?" MacGregor demanded. "Jim's clean out of his head."

"Perhaps it will make your task all the easier," the surgeon said mysteriously. "I have known persons who were mentally ill to discover strange things—apparently by accident, but, perhaps, by Divine guidance. However, if you don't mind, I think I'll go along with you."

As the three were setting out from Tony Lajoie's, Jim Downes was making his way feverishly along the wooded trail that led back to his claim. On and on he plunged through the darkness. Now and then, he stumbled and lacerated his face and hands as he pressed on. Determination fed his muscles, and his fevered brain seemed to give him a sense of direction despite his feeling of fatigue. He pressed on more by the instinctive course an animal would take than by any power of reasoning. Sick of body and unbalanced of mind, there was still the one idea uppermost within him. He must find the gold and get back to West Rockville—in time—*in time—in time!* The words seemed to ring in his ears and he laughed aloud in his delirium as he staggered on along the rough path, reeling from side to side and colliding with the tamaracks and the beeches like a man intoxicated.

Half an hour behind him a stealthy figure followed with surer footsteps and with eyes that saw through the darkness, like those of an owl. It was Tonetah, who had discovered the young man's absence when he had gone upstairs to see if Downes was still asleep. Shrewdly he had not sounded the alarm. He had left no message. Whether Jim had deliberately run off himself, or whether he had been kidnapped, Tonetah considered it best to conduct investigations on his own account without assistance. He had a sincere regard for MacGregor, and a distinct respect for the police, but his savage cunning made him resolve to handle this matter himself.

His swift strides took him unerringly along the trail which he seemed to sense that Jim must have taken. Now and then he would pause, examine the path by the faint light of the moon, and grope about eagerly amid the bushes at either side of the way. The nearest expression to a smile that ever crossed his seamed features suddenly illumined his countenance. Satisfied that he was close upon Jim's heels, he pressed forward in haste, yet with caution. It was no part of his plan that Jim should know he was followed. What he did mean to do was to find Downes and trail him at a convenient distance.

It was a crafty plan. He meant to be near enough to protect Jim in case of danger—to aid him if weakness overcame him. But the thought that Dr. Kinellan had expressed, came to the Indian without need of suggestion. Like all savages, he had a reverence and a fascination for the workings of a mind not quite normal. He felt that Jim Downes, his brain crazed by fever and grief, would be more valuable than all the trained detectives of the Dominion of Canada—more certain of success than Tonetah would be himself with all his knowledge of the woods.

CHAPTER XXVI

SUDDENLY Jim Downes stumbled and fell flat upon the hard surface of the trail. Behind him the Indian concealed himself amid the underbrush. In the silence of the wood, Downes continued to remain prostrate. Tonetah crouched in the enveloping shadow and kept his owl-like eyes wide open. Then came the sound of some metallic instrument breaking ground—clicking against stones nearby. To Tonetah's trained gaze through the woodland, there came the dim light of a lantern.

Through the stillness of the night Jim Downes's ears caught the low sound of voices. He paused, like some wild animal of the forest, and then, creeping slowly forward, paused to listen carefully. What he heard caused him to chuckle to himself. His murmured laugh was almost weird as it was wafted back to the still keener ears of the Indian.

"Safe as a church—safer!" Gounoud was saying to some companion. "This stone is a boundary mark. No one would ever think of moving it—it's against the law. I love the law!" the speaker jeered laughingly. "It makes us lawbreakers feel so safe—if we only have the courage to defy it! I've stored under this old stone many and many a stolen pelt—and the authorities have never suspected it, although they have a keen idea that I'm responsible for hundreds of pelt thefts they've never been able to prove. The north wind he blow and the police are afraid to ride. Then I come in the snow and the night and take away my precious skins."

"I'll have your own precious skin!" Jim Downes murmured angrily, "if what I suspect is true." He was nearer now and, in the faint light of an oil lamp which Gounoud carried, he could make out dimly the figures of the two men.

"We'll bury your thirty thousand dollars here," Gounod said to his companion. It's safer in this wilderness than it would be in the Bank of England. You can't hope to tote it out of Canada now—they'd be on your trail in no time—but you can come back and get it six months or a year from now."

To Jim's surprise there seemed to be some dissension

(*Continued on page* 152)

Conversation as the Basis of Oratory

By H. BURNHAM RIGBY

THIRD ARTICLE

THE great danger of learning from books alone is that one may become bookish. The best way to prevent this is to start with something easy. I would *not* read everything that came my way—good, bad or indifferent. That is not only a waste of time, but hurtful. For perfection of simplicity, read Defoe's "History of the Plague of London." It may give you a love of reading. You will wonder that mere words can make things seem so real. When your curiosity is satisfied, read the book again for the language; if any passage affects you much, go back to it, find out by what means the author controls you and notice how he uses the tools we call words. Then read "Robinson Crusoe." When you have read it as a story, read it again as a study in language and the art of statement, for statement and narrative are the foundation of good conversation and oratory.

If you want something nearer to life, read the American essayists, Irving, Whipple, Higginson, and Lowell. Read, also, the English writers, Addison, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb especially, for his homely expression, and De Quincey, the wizard of the English language. But best of all for your purpose, Macaulay, because his "Essays" are like animated conversation.

The true way to enjoy essays is to read here and there, picking out the subject that pleases you most, and not always the whole book. As a rule, when your reading time is limited, it is better to have read twelve essays by different writers than twelve by one writer. It will give more variety to your expression. At the same time, read these poets: Bryant and Longfellow, who are clear and musical; Tennyson, who is more artistic and rhythmical; Byron, who shows the energy of language; Shelley whose utterance is refined, delicate, imaginative, spiritual; but for absolute carefulness and purity of words, read John Keats.

How and When to Read

UNLESS your days are free for study, you have not time to read these books through—life for you is too short; nor is it necessary. Do not read an author until you grow sated and weary. Many a young man has lost his love of reading entirely by trying to struggle through some heavy standard work that was beyond him. When an author ceases to interest you, he ceases to do you good, and it is time to change to another. Reading is an appetite that should "grow with what it feeds upon." I know some will tell you to persevere, however uncongenial an author may be, for the sake of discipline; as well might they tell you to eat what is disagreeable; you will find discipline enough along the lines of suitability.

I am not giving literary advice at all; but if you read only a part of the works already mentioned, you will have collected words enough to make conversation easy.

How to Acquire a Vocabulary

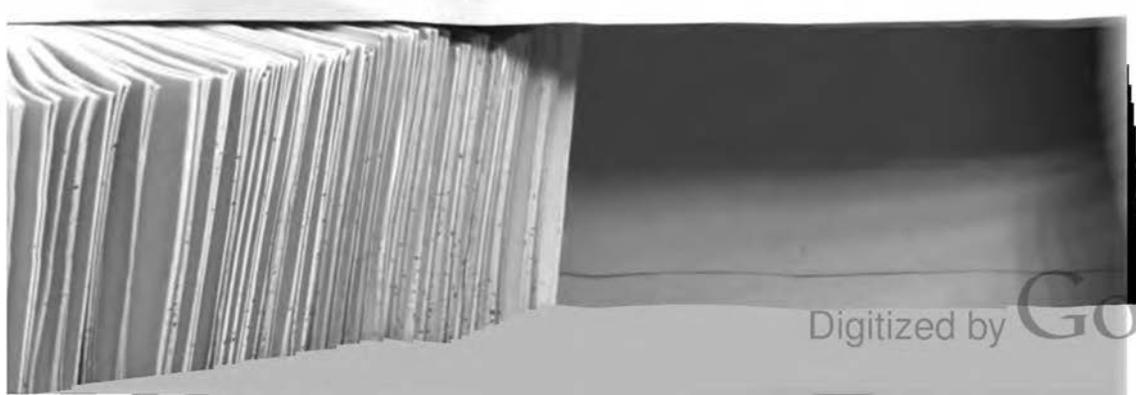
HAVING words, then, the next thing is their use. Now, the common fault of advice is that the same is given to everybody. As to the use of words, however, each person needs a different kind of advice. If your habit of speech is getting too sententious, quaint, and concentrated, and you are trying to make one word do the work of four, expansion is needed and you should read Dickens, Bulwer, Ouida or Marie Corelli, then Washington Irving, Lamartine, the speeches of Sheil and Curran, and the florid poets.

If, on the other hand, you are too voluble, using four words when one would do, let such authors alone and read Charles Reade's novels, which are models of artistic restraint. Sheridan's "School for Scandal," our best model of concentrated expression; Carlyle and Emerson, or Lord Bacon's "Essays."

Or you may have a knack of choosing awkward words, so that your expressions are harsh, jerky, and unmusical. In that case, read Edgar Allan Poe's tales and poems, until melody becomes a necessity to you. If your language is abundant enough, but thin, cold, unstimulating, anaemic, and wanting in vigor and blood, then read Byron industriously, Flaubert's "Salambo" and, especially, George Sand's "Consuelo," whose sentences are rich and full, as if she had plucked from the verbal tree only words that were ripe. Her style reminds us, by turns, of mellow wine, juicy fruit, the strains of a noble organ, a bracing breeze and a rolling sea. When read aloud, noble passages fill the ear and are altogether satisfying. Hume, Burke and Gibbon have a style of amplitude sometimes rising to splendor, which must enrich the vocabulary of any reader; but we often feel the effort of the writer.

George Sand's composition seems easy and spontaneous, like the song of a bird; it is the best of styles for infusing warmth and vigor into everyday language.

A dozen tendencies or defects might be named which need appropriate treatment, and the books of a library stand round like the vials of the apothe-



cary, each one suggesting relief or cure for some fault of expression. I have named some books, not the *only* ones for your purpose. I name these to-day; but, to-morrow, I might name others; the next critic whose advice you asked certainly would.

With a necessary command of words, the first secret of good conversation is "to know." Our conversation will correspond to our material. Words alone do not make conversation—they must convey something. Our statements cannot be better than our knowledge; nor our description better than our observation; nor our argument better than our thinking; nor our opinions better than our reflection; nor our emotional influence better than our personality. The substance of conversation depends on knowledge, observation, opinions and sympathy, no matter whether these come from books or from life.

Public Habits Best Formed in Private

IF the average stump speakers realized this and practised it, they would not rush to the rostrum as they now do with the eagerness of ignorance and arrogance, making noise in proportion to their emptiness, posing as authority on some political phase or question as to which they plainly have no serious thought or sincere conviction. Intoxicated by their own shouting, and mistaking the excitement of the occasion as something they have aroused, they hurl at the audience their vapid sentences, which only cease to be commonplace when they become nonsensical. This folly could be avoided by one who comprehended the first principle of good conversation: not to speak until he has something to say. Form the habit, in private, of thinking before you speak, and it will stay by you in public, and you will not treat your audience with the disrespect of taking their time when you have nothing to offer them.

Conversation is a training in tact. Whether to talk at all, whether to introduce our own subject, or to follow the lead of another, sometimes requires much discretion. In any case, our treatment of the subject will depend on the kind of person we talk with, and it is a test of our tact to know whether we shall be brief or expansive, what we shall leave out, whether we shall concede or discuss, whether we shall give play to our wit or humor or illustration, and, above all, to know when a point is well enough made and when a topic should be let go.

This includes, of course, control of the temper. If one who differs with us turns impatient or disagreeable, we can learn to treat him, if not with respect, at least with tolerance and patience. When you have not sufficient evidence, or the right kind of evidence, to convince an opponent, let it go; it is a silly and unprofitable thing to talk for mere victory. If another is too ignorant to understand you, or too obstinate or "set," don't force yourself upon him. For the purpose of discipline, it may be wise to seek occasional opportunities of talking with an irascible and unreasonable man, remembering, always, that you are only putting your temper on trial, that you will take nothing as personal, even if he means it to be so, and that you will meet what he says with coolness.

Your coolness may irritate him even more than your temper would; never mind that: carry out your plan, and let him perceive, if he will, that you regard his method at once with amusement and regret. Personalities are not argument. Let no man disturb your mental balance by first exciting your temper, or you are lost. Good judges of human nature may try to confuse and defeat you in this way. Show them that it will not work.

If you acquire self-control in private, you will hereafter enter the committee room, court, or assembly as a man of power, and you will find that the disputants quarrel there only because they never trained themselves as you have done.

How much the charm and effectiveness of conversation depend upon the manner and utterance! It is not enough to say good things—they must be said in the best way; yet there is no "best way" which can be taught. The best way is the appropriate way, and there is no guide to this but observation and good judgment. Consistency requires that essentially we shall be always the same, yet effectiveness demands variety. One who has always the same manner, a monotonous person, treating every listener and every topic as if he had a formula, will be avoided as a bore. If he shows always a grinning acquiescence, he is probably weak-minded; if always soft and mellifluous, with a dawning smile, he is probably hypocritical or weak in character; if always sonorous and grave, he may be genuine enough; but his oppressive gravity may be mistaken for egotism, coldness or want of courtesy, and few will cultivate him.

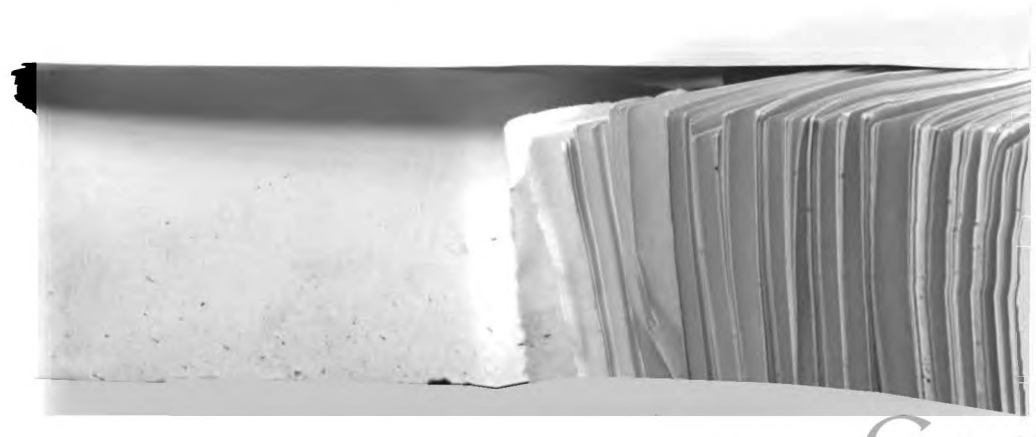
Don't Spoil Your Good Effect

THE topics which engage us suggest a similar versatility of manner. Conversation has its major and minor, its *andante* and *allegro;* it calls for every kind of movement and expression, and this variety, so far from suggesting insincerity, is really its only consistency. A perfect conversation would be proof of a perfect self-discipline.

The great fault of talkers in public and private is want of self-restraint—wastage from excess of effort or useless action. Great is the power of repose, and, especially, repose in activity. It doubles the weight of all that we say. In someone's "Guide to Conversation," I read: "Do not fidget with your fingers; do not play an imaginary piano; do not pound on the table or the arm of the chair; do not swing your leg or knock the floor with your heel, etc."

All of which is good advice, no doubt; but it is better to lay down a general principle: "Do nothing that lessens the good effect of what you say." If you think it improves your speech to pound the table, then pound away; if on the platform you think it a good thing to work your arm like a steam crank, then do it. Your work can not be better than your judgment but if you are the sport of your nerves and born without judgment no one can help you. The above rule is nearly all that you need for your guidance, however, and remember that if you want a good manner in public, you can practise three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and all that you acquire in private will serve you in public.

(*To be concluded in* THE NEW SUCCESS *for March.*)



The Editor's Chat

Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of* THE NEW SUCCESS, *Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice

Even to Sharpening a Pencil

WHEN I was a boy, even when occupying a very humble position, I tried never to let an opportunity pass by for assisting my employer. I tried to anticipate his wants, even to the sharpening of his pencils, straightening out his desk and doing numberless little things which the other employees would never think of doing; and it was not very long before I found that my employer not only noticed these little attentions and efforts to lighten his work, but rewarded them.

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Getting Stabilized

THERE is nothing like visualizing our dreams, picturing vividly and intensely the thing we long to do and the person we are trying to be.

There is something lacking in a mere desire to do a thing. That desire must be registered emphatically, intensely, determinedly, with a tremendous will force back of it, a determination to realize it at all costs, at all risks.

The necessary mental elements will not be supplied; a desire will not become a real creative force until something else is added to it, until it is registered as an unalterable vow. It is a great help to continually register your vow, to reaffirm your determination to win out in whatever you undertake. This strengthens your purpose, gives you fixity of aim, keeps you from wobbling, steadies, stabilizes you.

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Character as a Trade-Mark

IN the days of wildcat capital in the West, the famous Ames shovels were used as currency. Their price did not vary a cent in twenty years. They were as stable as gold coin, simply because character was worked into every shovel. They were sent to nearly all civilized countries. The very name of Ames was a synonym of honesty all over the world. This firm was not obliged to go out and sell shovels; the world came to buy. The brand, "Oliver Ames & Son," was as good as gold.

Maydole's name on a hammer carried equal weight. He did not need any agent to sell his goods. Every carpenter wanted one of Maydole's hammers, if he could get it. It was a hammer, made just as good as it could be made.

Some one once said to Maydole, "You make a pretty good hammer."

"No, I don't," he replied. "I make the best hammer that has ever been made."

He put his character into every hammer that he produced.

A Maine farmer put up apples with his name on every barrel, with the request that the buyer be so kind as to send him word in regard to the condition in which they were received, and what they were like. A letter from England came to the farmer requesting that the entire crop be sent to the writer.

Character pays. It is the best sort of capital. Every barrel of flour which bore the brand "George Washington, Mount Vernon," such was the faith in Washington's honesty, was exempted from otherwise uniform inspection, even in West Indian ports. Washington's name was regarded as ample guarantee as to quantity and quality.

There is no capital, no asset like character. It is the best sort of trade-mark.

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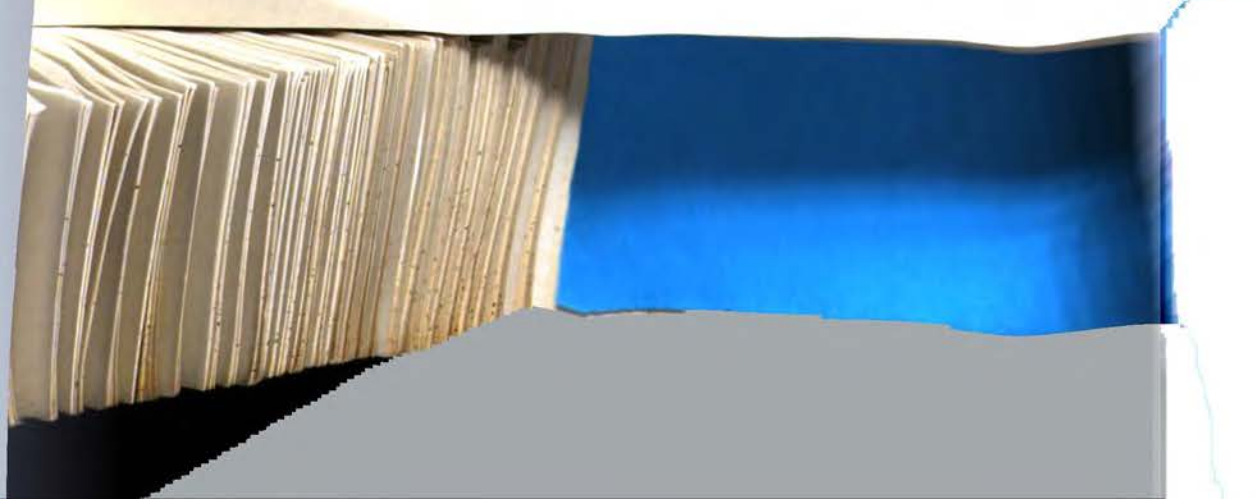
You Will Live to Laugh

I REMEMBER that when what seemed a terrible catastrophe befell me, when the future looked very black, indeed, and it seemed as if there was no chance for me to get on my feet again, a friend said: "You won't believe it, but the time will come when you will laugh at this calamity, think of it as being a good thing for you."

I have lived to prove the truth of this man's prophecy; I have lived to think that all the misfortunes that have ever happened to me have, in a way, helped me. Each unfortunate experience has made me wiser, more careful, more determined to compensate for the mistakes and blunders and failures, and I can't help feeling that my life is richer for these trials, as painful and humiliating as they have been, apparently, irremediable.

All things work together for those who try to do their best, who are honest and earnest. Through mistakes we arrive at the goal of comparative perfection. If we are in earnest and intelligent, and do our level best to win out, we shall do so in spite of the multitude of mistakes and blunders, the mortifying errors we make.

I once heard an editor of a great magazine say that his publication had risen out of its mistakes; that it had won out over a multitude of schemes and experiments, very few of which had ever proved successful in themselves. But the perpetual effort to better the publication, the perpetual effort to get ahead, had resulted in a real success.



We all feel that we have made terrible blunders in life, that we have passed through humiliating experiences; if we are honest and earnest and true, and do our level best to win out, we shall make a success of our lives as a whole.

The mental attitude with which we face life has everything to do with our ultimate success.

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A Business Man's Motto

I KNOW a business man who has this motto hanging in his office. "How can I improve my business to-day?" It is a constant reminder and inspiration to him. Every morning he makes a little study of his ways of doing business and walks about the establishment to see where he can make any improvement in his methods.

Now, that is not only a splendid motto for every business man to adopt during the year but for all the rest of us, modified to "Where can I improve myself to-day?"

How can I make myself a little broader, a little better informed and better educated and a little better trained? How can I make myself a little more efficient in every way? How can I do everything I undertake to a finish and in a more business like manner? I certainly ought to be a little further on than I was in the morning; to have a little better character, have more self-control, be a little better poised and a stronger and more efficient man.

"How can I improve myself to-day," will make a splendid motto for all of us to adopt.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Beginning of All Evil

WHAT awful things the darkness held for us in our childhood! How our little hearts throbbed with fear of, and our eyes stared for, the goblins that would get us if we didn't look out! We know perfectly well now, in our maturity, that the terrible objects which were so terrorizing to us then had no existence, that they were creatures of the imagination. Think of the many things of which we had a terror, and the many fears that haunted us even in later years, but which we have outgrown, which we have been freed from by knowledge of the truth. The truth sets us free from all superstitions and fears, all the hobgoblins that had gained entrance to our minds through our wrong convictions, our foolish imaginings.

You perhaps have experienced that awful fear, when a telegram was handed to you, that something frightful had happened to someone who was near and dear to you. This was just as great a fear as though it were a reality. There are many harmless things that we are afraid of. We often fear journeys that end happily. We fear death; yet we do not know that death is as terrible as we picture it. We have had no personal experience, no one we have met has ever come back to tell us. We dread things we know nothing about. Think of the silly superstitions and fears of sailors!

"In mortals, what begins in fear usually ends in wickedness; in religion, what begins in fear usually ends in fanaticism," some one says: "Fear, either as a principle or a motive, is the beginning of all evil."

To-day, fears and superstitions are dying. They do not claim as many victims as they did a few years ago. The truth is freeing us.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Passion For Service

THIS is what a poor girl, who had to work hard to support her mother, did without money or influence, while some of her girl friends were telling what wonderful things they would do if they only had the money others had. This girl said to herself, "I am going to see what I can do without money. I have very little time outside my long hours of work and waiting upon my invalid mother, but there must be something I could do for others."

She went to the hospital near by and asked the superintendent if she could not read to some of the patients or talk to them whenever she could get a little time.

He gave her permission to do this. She went on Saturday, after she was through her work, and on Sunday, the only time she could get away besides evenings and holidays. She read to the patients and cheered them up with her stories and bright talk, and would write letters for those who were so disabled that they could not do so themselves. They became very much attached to her and looked forward to her coming with great interest for she always brought a smile, good cheer, and encouragement. She was eyes and hands to many an unfortunate war veteran, and when she found one who had missed an early education and training she tried to help and encourage him to grasp this time for study and improving his knowledge.

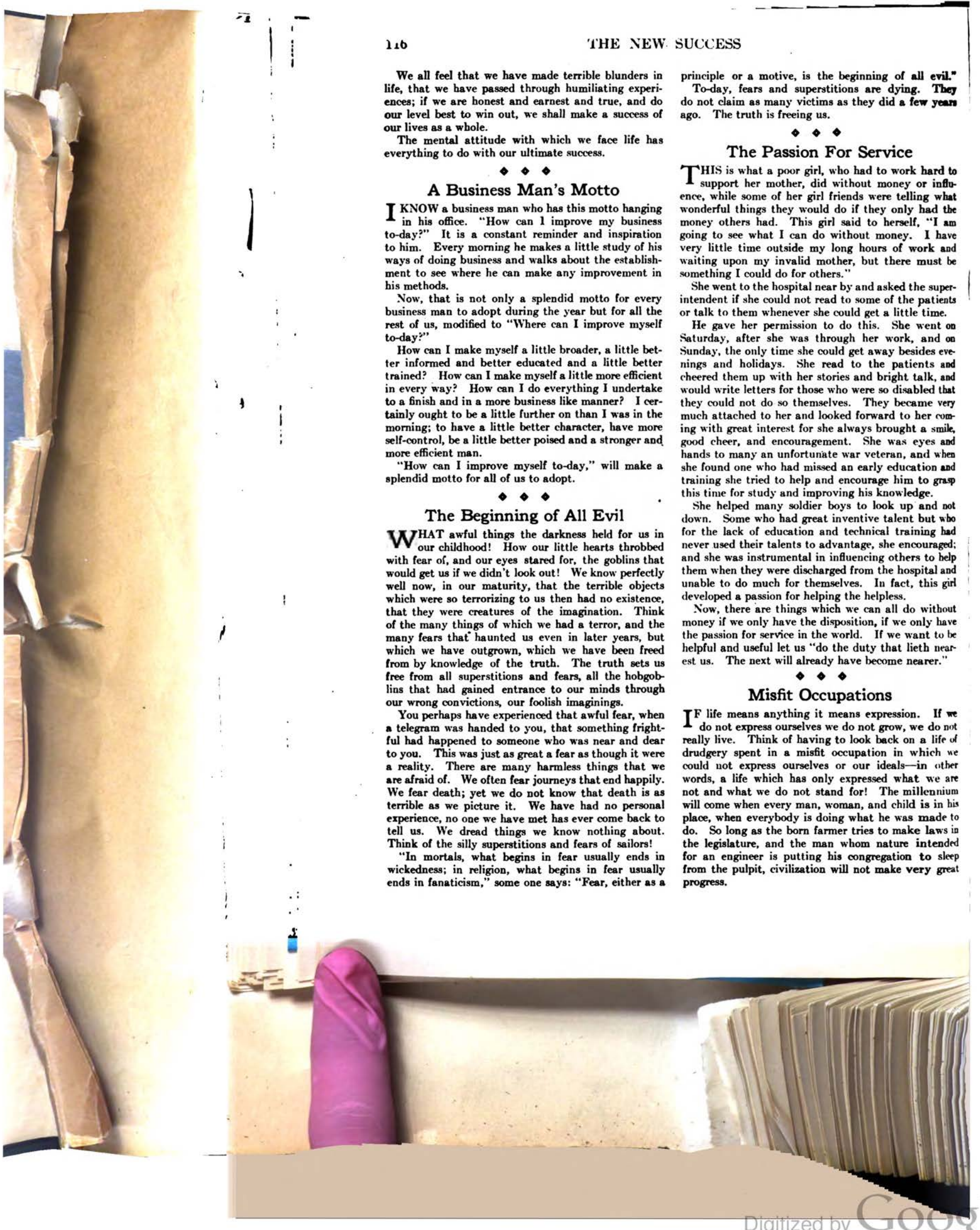
She helped many soldier boys to look up and not down. Some who had great inventive talent but who for the lack of education and technical training had never used their talents to advantage, she encouraged; and she was instrumental in influencing others to help them when they were discharged from the hospital and unable to do much for themselves. In fact, this girl developed a passion for helping the helpless.

Now, there are things which we can all do without money if we only have the disposition, if we only have the passion for service in the world. If we want to be helpful and useful let us "do the duty that lieth nearest us. The next will already have become nearer."

◆ ◆ ◆

Misfit Occupations

IF life means anything it means expression. If we do not express ourselves we do not grow, we do not really live. Think of having to look back on a life of drudgery spent in a misfit occupation in which we could not express ourselves or our ideals—in other words, a life which has only expressed what we are not and what we do not stand for! The millennium will come when every man, woman, and child is in his place, when everybody is doing what he was made to do. So long as the born farmer tries to make laws in the legislature, and the man whom nature intended for an engineer is putting his congregation to sleep from the pulpit, civilization will not make very great progress.



WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER WALGROVE

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried —all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are ten to one that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively, and which will be sent without cost to any one addressing Tyrrell's Hygienic Inst., at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in NEW SUCCESS.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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Do You Know That—

IN New York City, every day, 350 new citizens establish homes.

John D. Rockefeller has given $475,000,000 for benevolent purposes.

The people of the United States spent over a billion dollars for candy last year.

By the use of the latest invention, the telemegaphone, one person can speak simultaneously to an audience of 150,000.

The war against rats in New York City has begun in earnest. It is estimated that there is one rat for every person—nearly six millions!

Among the 241 delegates of the 41 nations represented at the League of Nations, not a sign of a military or naval uniform was visible.

New York City has a foreign-born population amounting to 41 per cent of the whole. Only 3 per cent of London's population is foreign born.

Roger W. Babson, the statistician, has estimated that strikes during the months of August and September, 1920, meant 11,792,000 days of idleness.

According to Red Cross figures, the World War was responsible for a toll of 35,379,000 lives. Killed in war, 9,819,000; deaths due to other causes and epidemics, 5,300,000.

New York City has 5,000,000 miles of telephone wires; 867,875 telephone stations; 94 central offices, and 28,000 employees. There are still over 77,000 unfilled applications for service.

A yearly saving between Washington and New York of $42,500, and between New York and Chicago of more than $100,000, is reported as being due to the carrying of mails between those points by airplanes.

In America, women buy 87 per cent of all raw and market foods; 96 per cent of all dry goods; 48 per cent of all drug supplies; 48 per cent of all hardware and house furnishings, and even 11 per cent of men's clothing.

The Russian ruble, before the World War, was worth a little over fifty cents. Now it takes 5,000 rubles to buy a pound of salt pork. The moujik owning a hog that would dress at 200 pounds, is a ruble "millionaire."

The "compensation demand" of the former kaiser of Germany is staggering his erstwhile subjects. During eleven months of 1920, he received 52,000,000 marks (normally $13,050,000) for subsistence. That means $18,055 a day or over $752 an hour.

The newspaper having the largest circulation is *The News of the World*, owned by Lord Riddell and printed in London. It has 4,000,000 circulation every Sunday, uses up 450 tons of paper a week, is printed on 26 presses, and its advertising rate is over $10,000 a page.

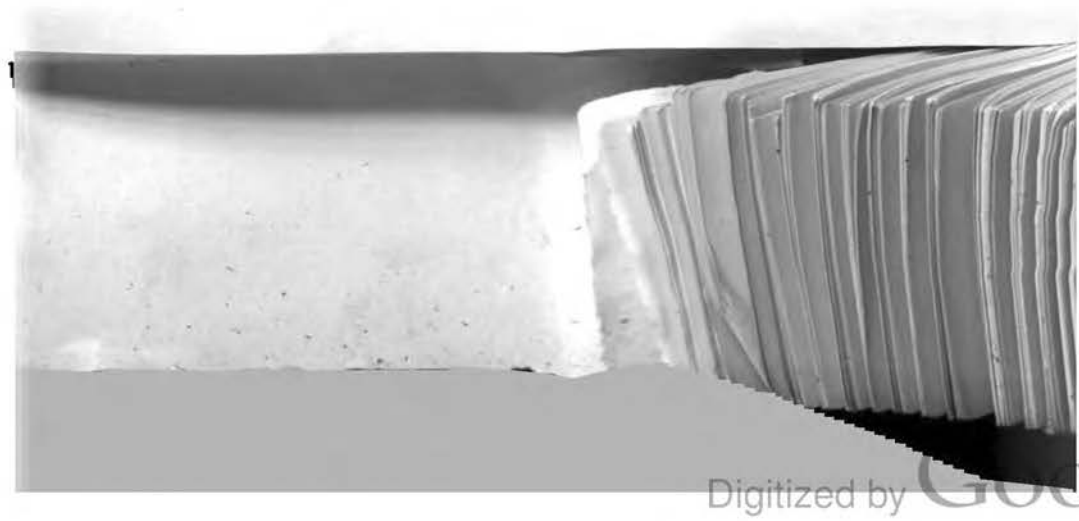
In 1867, the United States bought Alaska, from Russia, for $7,200,000. A disgusted public criticized the purchase as a shameful waste of money. Now, every year, the Alaska salmon industry alone brings more money than the sum paid for the whole country.

Denmark prohibits sweets. The Danish Government has issued a proclamation providing that sugar and certain articles containing sugar, such as jams, preserved and candied fruit, chocolate and cakes may be imported into Denmark only under license issued by the Minister of the Interior.

The Pullman Company, operating the sleepers and chair cars on the various railroads, is the equivalent of a hotel with 260,000 beds and 2,960 office desks at which 26,000,000 guests register every year. It has 8,000 negro porters, owns linen worth $2,000,000, and uses $60,000 worth of soap a year.

The individual output of the American workman during the last fifteen months, has decreased from fifteen to fifty per cent. This means that a greater number of people must be employed to turn out the same quantity of goods, and the inevitable result must be an increase in the price of manufacture.

The number of millionaires in America has increased to 22,000. The apparent increase does not mean so much since it takes two dollars to buy now what one dollar would have bought in 1914. The new millionaire is poorer in actual purchasing power than he was before he reached this exalted state.



Do You Speak Correct English?

Or do you only *think* you do?

DO you realize that the only means a stranger has of "placing" you, that is, of reading your early associations and present education, is by the English you speak or write? Correct Speech and Accurate Pronunciation are essential to progress in business and in society. **You cannot afford to speak poor English.**

Your ease among educated people depends upon your confidence in your own speech.

Do You Say —in'kwirry for *inqui'ry;* ad'dress for *address';* cu'pon for *cou'pon,* press'idence for *prece'dence;* al'lies for *al-lies';* epitome for *epit'o-me;* ac'climated for *accli'mated;* progrum for *program;* hydth for *height;* ali'as for *a'lias;* oleomarjerine for *oleomargarine;* grimmy for *gri'my;* compar'able for *com'parable;* etc.?

Do You Say —between you and I; a raise in salary; a long ways off; a setting hen; let's you and I go somewheres; those kind of men; that coat sets good; I don't know as I can; a mutual friend; the bread raises; providing I go; one less thing; where will I meet you; he referred back to; a poor widow woman; money for the poor Belgiums; etc.?

Do You Know When To Use —sits or sets; laying or lying; farther or further; drank or drunk; who or whom; I or me; lunch or luncheon; affect or effect; council, consul or counsel; practical or practicable; etc.?

Can You Pronounce Foreign Words Like —masseuse, 'cello, bourgeois, lingerie, décolleté, faux pas, hors d'oeuvre, maraschino, Ypres, Sinn Fein, Bolsheviki, Reichstag, Il Trovatore, Thaïs, Paderewski, Nazimova, Galli-Curci, Les Misérables, etc.?

You may tactfully conceal your ignorance in other subjects, but every time you utter a word, your education and refinement are judged by the kind of English you speak.

BUSINESS PEOPLE need Correct English for their advancement; PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE need it in their associations; SOCIETY PEOPLE need it in club and drawing-room; TEACHERS need it in the school-room; PARENTS need it in the home; EVERYBODY needs Correct English.

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Please send, for my inspection, your 15-lesson COURSE in CORRECT ENGLISH. If I decide to keep the course, I will send you five dollars and receive the SELF-CORRECTING KEY. Otherwise I will return the lessons within five days. *Write or print name and address plainly.*

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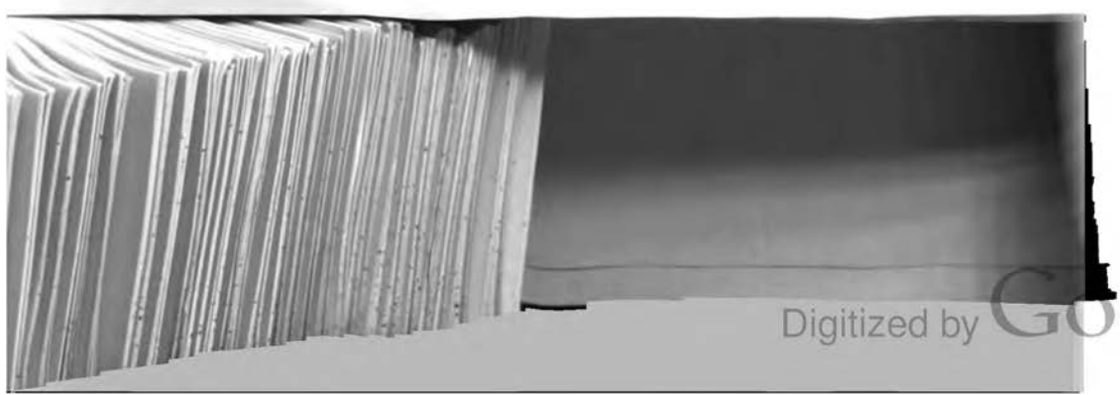

A Few Facts About China

CHINA has the largest population of any country in the world, one-fourth of all the world's people.

China has coal deposits as great as those of the United States, yet is still importing coal from Japan.

Chinese farmers get the largest yield per acre of any farmers in the world.

In some sections a large portion of the tillable area is covered with the unmovable graves of ancestors.

Wages in China are low. Women silk-reelers in Shanghai get from eight to eleven cents a day for eleven hours' work.

Steel workers in Hanyang, common laborers, get three dollars a month.

In 120 of China's silk mills thirty-five per cent. of the women and children employed are children under fourteen years of age.

Moving pictures are popular in China, particularly those of the slap-stick kind.

China has one of the world's best postal systems. Rates are cheaper and deliveries more frequent in Canton than in New York.

Half of the world's cigarettes are smoked in China.

The Chinese invented printing before the West. Shanghai publishes seventy-three newspapers.

Over ninety per cent. of all the Chinese are illiterate.

Not one woman in a thousand can read or write.

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Pep

WATER must be heated to 212 degrees before it can generate enough steam to force the piston in the locomotive sufficiently to move the train. Two hundred degrees won't do it; 210 degrees won't do it; 211 degrees won't do it. only 212 degrees of vapor will pull the trick.

Now, there are multitudes of men who try to move their life train with low temperature, half-hearted efforts. The enthusiasm which moves the life train and does things, won't be generated at a low temperature, an ordinary ambition, by cheap-John efforts.

The enthusiasm which buoys us up, the enthusiasm which accompanies mastership will not be generated in an idle brain, or by a half-hearted effort. It takes ginger, grit, pluck and pep to do the trick. And you can't generate these qualities by a low temperature.

◆ ◆ ◆

When Is a Man Less Than a Man?

WHEN he makes a vow he fails to keep,
When without sowing he would reap;
When he would rather beg, borrow, or steal
Than work to earn an honest meal;
When he delights to stir up strife
Or values honor less than life;
When he insults a fallen foe,
Or at a woman aims a blow.—*Selected.*

◆ ◆ ◆

I never knew a man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.
—*Pope*.

What Have We Done To-Day?

By NIXON WATERMAN

WE shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear.
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after a-while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build our mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
"*What have we done to-day?*"
—*The Mail* (New York.)

◆ ◆ ◆

Study Men

SOME men have within them that which always spurs them on, while some need artificial initiative, outside encouragement.

Some men exert themselves under stern discipline; some respond only to a gentle rein.

Some men need driving; some coaxing. Some need the spur; some the sugar lump.

Some men do their best with work piled shoulder high; some men must have it given them a piece at a time.

Some men thrive on discouragement; some cannot work without cheerfulness.

Study men—the men over you, under you, around you.

Study them and learn how to get from each the best that is in him.—*The Chair Man.*

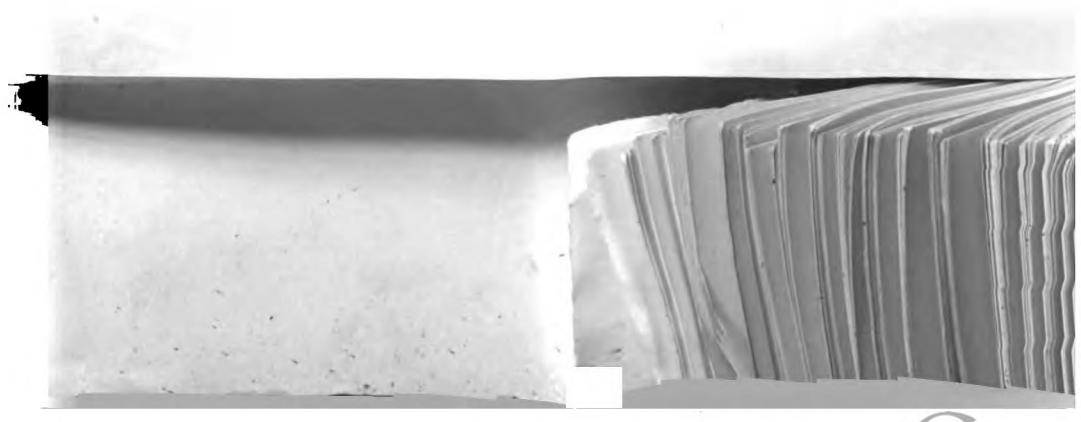
◆ ◆ ◆

An Average Age of 67

YOU say this was a young man's war, look this over: Clemenceau is 77; Foch, 67; Asquith, 66; Hindenburg, 71; Orlando, 58; Earl Grey, 67; Joffre, 67; Lloyd George, 55; Okuma, 80; and Woodrow Wilson, 64.

◆ ◆ ◆

You are not capable of correct judgment, of using good sense, when there is fear or doubt or despondency in your mind. Sound judgment comes from a perfectly working brain.



A Little Old Man

A LITTLE old man, who had made some little old money pretty late in life, walked slowly into the office of Charity recently, and told his little old story.

It appears that, years ago, when all his folks were living, he was poor and couldn't afford to give them presents. But things are different with this little old man now. His friends are dead, but he has the money.

So he just went out shopping in memory of his friends. He picked out a shawl for an old aunt, but the aunt was dead. He did not buy it. He simply put down in a little old book the amount of money that the shawl would have cost. Then he priced some nice things for a dead brother, for his dear old dead father, and for the greatest woman who ever lived—his mother. But they were all dead. Of course, he did not buy the things, but he put the amount down in the little old book.

Then he added up the total and found he had over a hundred dollars. He wanted to give this to charity, to someone living.

Has anybody ever heard of a finer-grained bit of sentiment, where a man shows his love and reverence for his dear mother, brother, aunt and dear old dad?

The idea holds a lot of big philosophy, and it's practical, too. This little old man might have spent a lot of money on a marble slab to make melancholia more mellow, in an artificial way, down in the valley where his folks lay sleeping. But he found a better way—to spend his love and affection among the poor, as we have them (the poor) with us all the time. He paid a living tribute to grief, and without knowing it, he wrote a sad story in a helpful way.—*Selected.*

◆ ◆ ◆

He is the greatest poet
Who writes no learned riddle,
But sings his simplest rune,
Takes his heart-strings for a fiddle,
And plays his easiest tune.
—*Sam Walter Foss.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Luck and Liver

WORRY is a prejudiced judge and certain to deliver an erroneous verdict. It forms conclusions without the testimony of hope and such opinions are logically faulty.

Never commit yourself to a definite line of action while in a pessimistic mood. A gloomy mind can't see clearly.

Faith has shrewder eyes than doubt. Optimism is a lantern-bearer and locates paths to safety that despondency can't find.

Every other trouble on this earth is imaginary. Nothing is quite so bad as discouragement paints it. Adverse luck is often a perverse liver.

Many a man who believes himself out of the game is merely out of sorts.

When the world doesn't appear to be running right, rest assured that you're not.

A little will and a little pill are powerful rainbow painters.—*Herbert Kaufman.*

Can Laugh At Fate

CONSIDER yourself that there is no luck or fate which can permanently down you—that there is no destiny which can keep you floored, no fate which can conquer a resolute soul. There is something in you that can laugh at fate, that can defy destiny, something in you that is bigger than everything outside of you.

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Roosevelt's Creed

"FINALLY, I have one advice which is of very great importance. You are to consider that health is a thing to be attended to continually, as the very highest of all temporal things. There is no kind of an achievement equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets or millions."

◆ ◆ ◆

To-Day!

THIS little strip of light
'Twixt night and night
Let me keep bright—To-day!
And let no shadow of to-morrow
Nor sorrow from the dead yesterday
Gainsay my happiness to-day!
And if To-morrow shall be sad
Or never comes at all.
I've had at least—To-day!—*Selected.*

◆ ◆ ◆

It Isn't the Territory

SALESMEN have a way of cracking up other men's territories and taking a knock at their own. It is always the far pasture that looks greenest. You will generally find when you actually set foot on the distant field that the color turns out to be about the same shade of dull green verging on brown that tinted the patch you left. It isn't the territory that gets orders—it's the man. To abandon one territory for another is only a transferring of efforts—it is not producing orders. The paying vein is apt to be an inch to the side or below the pick of the prospector. Again it is apt to be miles away—there is only one way to tell and that is to keep on digging.

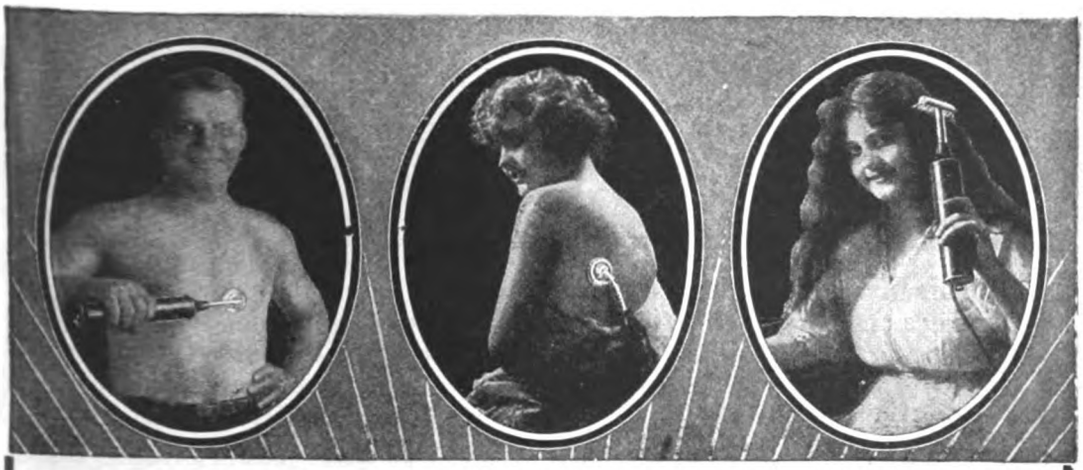
◆ ◆ ◆

Boost!

BOOST and the world boosts with you,
Knock and you're on the shelf,
For the booster gets sick of the man who kicks
And wishes he'd kick himself.
Boost when the sun is shining,
Boost when it starts to rain,
If you happen to fall, don't lie there and bawl,
But get up and boost again.—*The Farm Journal.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though the voice may have lost its trill,
Though the tremulous note may die in your throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.—*Sarah K. Bolton.*



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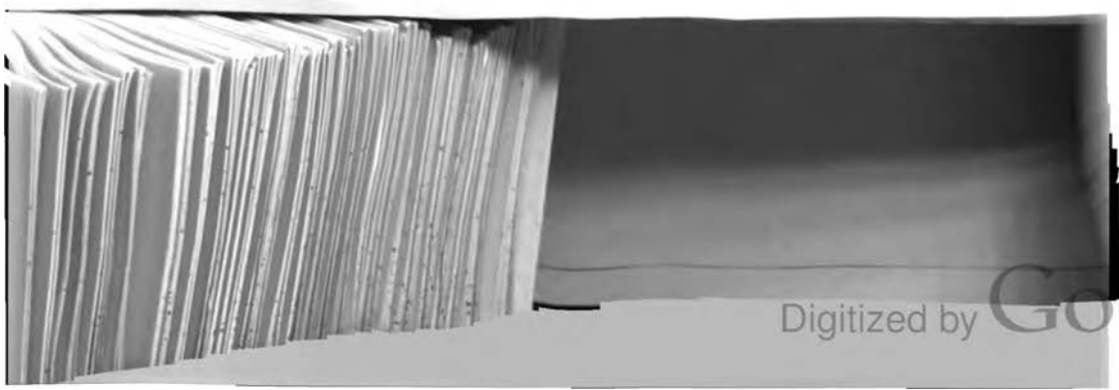

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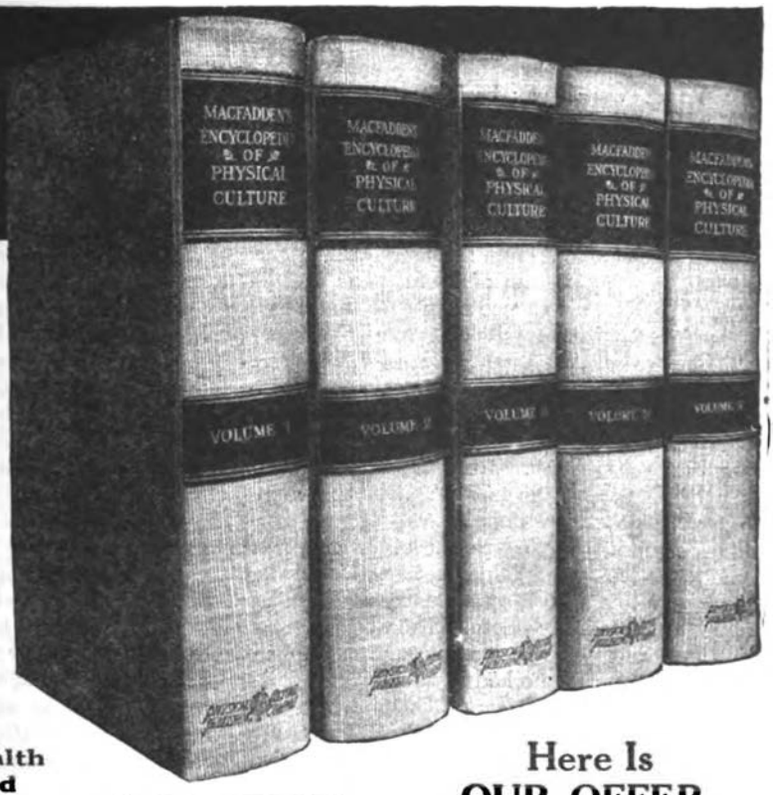

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Too Much Dark Continent

(*Continued from page 32*)

THEY were away back from the ravines, days afterward; working in the rugged, stony open again, packing young trees in moss, and thinking of the long journey back, in which they must manage to moisten these big balls of moss around the roots, as well as their own throats, from time to time. Fife suddenly straightened up from sewing a seam of hemp. His eyes became flint-like; his silence so intense that Blackstone forgot what he was doing and looked up.

"They're getting mighty realistic," Fife remarked in a cool, queer way.

Blackstone followed his eyes. A full-grown rhino was sniffing them from a slight hollow, a hundred yards away. His head was up "tasting" the scent on the hot air. But this didn't occupy Blackstone's mind nearly so much as Fife's remark, from which the other drew that Fife had been seeing rhinos before, this trip; at least, phantom rhinos. The Mascaris were back in the ravines toward camp. The white men had but one firing piece between them, an elephant gun which Blackstone had kept close, except for a small old-fashioned target pistol which Fife carried, persisting it didn't chafe him like a snub-nosed automatic. The Scot caught something of the true nature of Fife's fear for the first time, and had the shock of his life at the utter hopelessness of it. He saw that Africa was doing a complete job in Wullie's case—so far as hope was concerned; in fact, Africa had put hope to death and disintegrated the corpse.

"It's the first one I've seen, my son—" Blackie said.

"Then—this—is—really—one!"

"Very much one, Wullie—the head of a family, I should say—"

Fife's face was now shoved close to him.

"Get down into the ravines, Blackie—quick, quiet—for God's sake!"

Fife's hand was pawing his shoulder, pawing and pushing. Blackstone was queerly unnerved by it and by the breath of a sick man that came from the other.

"I'll never take a man out again," Fife muttered. 'I'm a jinx—a killer. They're all talking about it. Run!"

Every move of Blackstone's was accelerated by the other's hands—a steady push against him, no matter how much he hastened. And Fife was always looking back—"that diagonal look."

"But, Wullie," Blackstone protested. "This is panic, my son—this isn't dignified—"

"Dignified! This is rhino—coming to get you!"

THE Scot was a hard man to frighten. He halted, legs apart like a pony, and looked into the magazine of his elephant gun, blowing the dust from the turned lock; smothered and embarrassed by the other's pawing, pushing, and the whole emanation of horror from him. He slipped sideways and Fife fell forward two or three steps, of his own impetus.

"Hurry into camp, if you can't wait, Wullie," he said coldly. "I'll get there presently."

"Man—great God, man, you don't think it's me, I'm worrying about!"

Blackstone saw he had made a mistake, even before the gasped words:

"I'm only the hoodoo! It's you who'll catch it, Blackie. It's you—it's *her!*"

Now they heard a snort and the hideously familiar drumming thud of the charge. Blackstone saw his companion's open mouth, the gray about the lips. Suddenly Wullie Fife turned and ran from him, but toward the rhino, not toward camp. Blackstone followed; but, at his best, he lacked the speed of his companion—a speed actually curious now, a low sideways wheeling gait straight toward the dust clot and the low-held boarish head—the slim-barreled toy of a six-shooter waving in his hand.

Blackstone vainly called as he ran. Steadily he lost ground. Instead of following Fife's steps, he turned to the right now, for free firing space at the beast. He dropped to his knee as Fife's head turned to him, Fife's arm up-flung waving him back, his legs making queer spiral movements. Then above the thudding, a boyish voice:

"To the ravines, Blackie—to the ravines!"

The Scot fired before the man and the rhino came together. The crash of the big-bored piece sickened and gagged him for a second. Blindness from the shock still inhibited his sight, as he fired again. Apparently after the first shot, the beast had come to a halt. He stood now fifty feet fromWullie Fife who had also stopped running. A queer tableau, the Scot on his knees making the third of the picture, a hundred feet behind Wullie Fife, but to the right. It was all the matter of fractions of seconds, the great crooked head of the rhino turning from Fife to Blackstone after the shots, as if to say: "So it was you—I'll just take you on for that!"

And he did. Blackstone's chuckle was stopped by the charge now turned his way. Above the drumming of the turf, he heard the scream of "Mock Bamboo." Then there was a quick agonizing jolt around Blackstone's heart.

How I Doubled My Salary in One Year

A YEAR ago I was just an average man, working at my job like thousands of others. I was earning only enough money to supply the bare necessities of life.

I was a clerk. Had I been a salesman, teacher, mechanic, lawyer, or doctor the result would have been the same. I knew my particular work as well as the others. But I made no progress after four years of plugging along. And while I tried to support my wife and two children on a meager salary, all around me were friends and acquaintances who enjoyed big incomes.

The big jolt came when our rent was raised. We had already been paying more than we could afford. I was desperate. I had to do something and do it quick. In six months more our savings would be used up, and I feared to consider what would happen to us after that. I *must* earn more money, get a big raise.

That night I made a searching, fearless analysis of myself. This "showdown" revealed my shortcomings very clearly. I lacked initiative, originality, will power. I could not even talk convincingly. I was sadly deficient in those supreme qualities which make men successful—a driving, forceful mental energy, courage, perseverance, imagination, and faith in myself. How I envied the successful men of my acquaintance who possessed these qualities! I resolved then and there to attain them myself if it could possibly be done.

A few days later one of the salesmen at the office took me to hear Dr. Stanley L. Krebs lecture on Business Psychology, Advertising, and Salesmanship. I was tremendously inspired by his talk, and realized that Dr. Krebs possessed to a remarkable degree the very qualities I so greatly desired. I learned of his marked success in helping men and women build better personalities, and increase their earning power.

Then, through an advertisement I came across Dr. Krebs' latest and best work, a home-study course called the "Science of Personal Success." I answered the ad and investigated this course fully. When such large corporations as John Wanamaker, Montgomery Ward & Co., National Cash Register Co. and many others adopted his methods and laws for self-mastery and personality building—then they must be practical and useful to me. I hesitated no longer, but subscribed to the course at once.

The results began to come immediately. The very first lesson gave me a realization of my powers—and with it a greater confidence in myself. I found that to overcome my faults and build up my personality was, under Dr. Krebs' directions, as simple a process as learning to swim. My lessons were of absorbing interest.

It was only natural that I went at my work with a new vigor, and with a will and energy that thrust all petty difficulties aside. I soon acquired that singleness of purpose without which no man can achieve marked success.

An increase in salary the next month was no surprise. My employer complimented me upon my speed, thoroughness, and the new vigor with which I worked.

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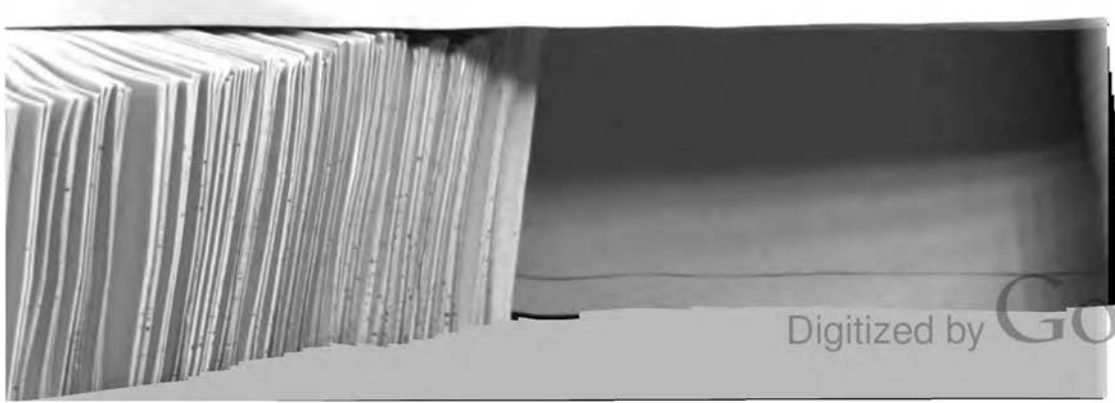

Fife was actually running toward the rhino as the latter changed his course. The little man was trying to cross the bull's path, and firing his puny piece. Fife's gait was indelibly impressed on the watcher—that queer sideways wheeling gait, his hands outstretched. It looked as if he would reach the point of contact! . . . Blackie had fired again, but the two ahead had come together—the man pitifully small and blown-looking before the beast. Not for a second was the rhino stopped. He was intent just now, not on the object of his first charge, but on the one who had slugged him from a distance. Besides, he was too natively perverse to want any one who wanted him.

Blackstone's heart went out to the figure on the ground behind the oncoming beast, but he was never cooler, nor more calm. Fifty yards of charging space and four chances left; four heavy steel bullets and twelve or fifteen seconds to work in. Even in that intensity, his mind pictured Wullie Fife like a flattened frog on the ground behind.

Crash—crash! . . . An absurd whim held his mind; that it was like being alone on a battleship to fire this piece.

Crash!

Now Blackstone stood up. There was but one more chamber.

"Never rocked him. Stands his liquor well," he gasped, as he loosed the last one at the piggy eyes.

He seemed to hear Wullie Fife's voice. . . . Then he, too, felt very small—like a man before a locomotive—at the last second. He dropped his gun and sprung aside. That six-foot leap to the left wouldn't have saved him ordinarily, but the great beast was lurching in his stride. The bullets hadn't stopped him, quite, but had broken the unerring sense of his drive. Blackstone raised his voice through the dust:

"He's groggy, Wullie! He's feelin' for the wall!"

Then he yelled again, as the armored pig fell sidewise and flung his snout upward with groping bewildering strokes. His feet didn't sink beneath, they stretched out forward.

"Coming, Wullie! He's down. He's taking the count. He's out, my son! Coming!"

BLACKSTONE and his big African bearers didn't carry so many young trees as they expected back to Mombasa; but they carried Wullie Fife, who had been so badly hurt in his collision with the armored pig that his mind was relieved, for many days, of the wear and tear of consciousness. This was good, in its way, because it stopped the working of the Fear that had all but broken the white man down. Fife didn't really begin to answer to the devoted nursing of his companion, until the party was near the coast again. The day came when he dimly, slowly comprehended through the hours, that the jinx hadn't worked after all; that Blackstone was alive, and there wasn't even a caged rhino between their party and the surf of the Atlantic.

(*Continued on page 132*)

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Full of Healthy Sentiment

An extract from his essay, "DAD," we understand: "And how pathetic, it now comes home to me, were your efforts to get close to me, to win my confidence, to be my pal!

"I wouldn't let you. I couldn't. What was it held me aloof? I don't know. But it is tragic—that wall that rises between a boy and his father, and their frantic attempts to see through it and climb over it.

"I wish you were here now, across the table from me, just for an hour, so that I could tell you how there's no wall any more; I understand you now, Dad, and God! how I love you, and wish I could go back and be your boy again."

One last quotation, this time a mention of Dr. Crane's mother: "I don't remember much about her views of voting nor her social prestige; and what her ideas of child-training, diet, and eugenics were I cannot recall. The main thing that sifts back to me now through the thick undergrowth of years is that SHE LOVED ME.

"She was always hugging me. She would wake me up to play with me. She would kiss me inordinately. She loved me in rather a fierce way. And I liked it. She had a sunny face. To me it was like God and all the beatitudes saints tell of Him."

A heart message

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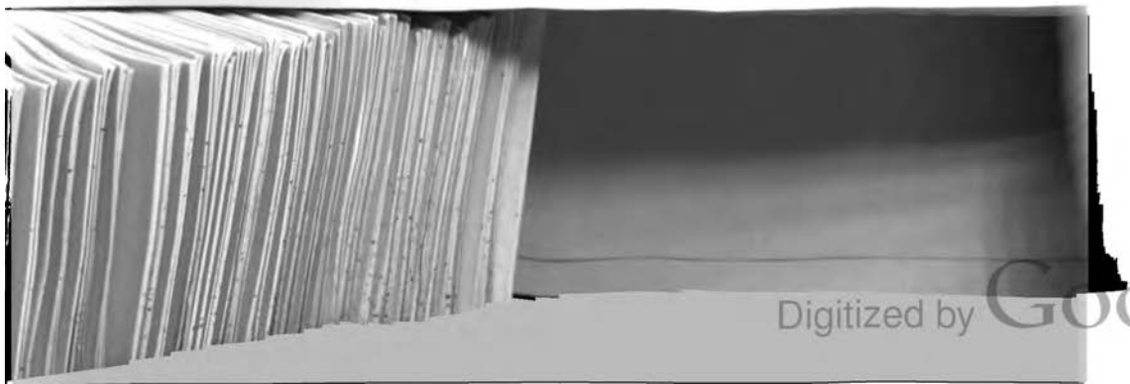

BLACKSTONE told it all many times to the woman of his house. One part of it, he always told as a sort of penance:

"I was slow—mortal slow, Nettie—to understand. I mind the wrath in my heart, as he kept pushing me toward camp—and God, that sick face of his—until the light broke and I saw what he was afraid of—not for himself, but for me—for you, Nettie! Then he did what no man ever did for another—ran forward with nothing but a boy's pop in his hand, to divert the beast from charging me!"

At this point, certain "saintly whispers" were wont to interrupt, then Blackstone went on:

"Yes, there's no words, Nettie! No words for the thing you see in a man's eyes, when he's ready to die for you—no words—but you're never the same again! A man I've found, and a woman, too. It's much in a life, my dear. . . . We'll send him home, out of Africa, and when he's rested and made over, we'll call him back to us, for Wullie is our lad, always—"

And Fife, his body marked with the three-tined brand of a mammoth rhino foot, lay under the awnings at Mombasa waiting for his ship. And often he smiled as he watched the sea.

◆ ◆ ◆

Poor Croesus!

OLD Croesus with his wond'rous wealth
And all his world-wide fame,
Still must have found, I'm very sure,
This life a slow old game.

Electric lights were not in style,
There was no great White Way,
And all his money could not buy
One trolley ride a day.

Poor Mrs. Croesus, though she owned
The world's most wealthy spouse,
Had no electric cleaner fine
To tidy up her house.

The Croesus kids were out of luck,
They had no 'lectric toys,
No batteries to burst apart,
When they were little boys.

There is more fun in being poor
In this electric age
Than being rich in times like those
When Croesus was the rage.

—*Alice Crowell Hoffman* (*Selected.*)

◆ ◆ ◆

He is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted.—***Gladstone.***

◆ ◆ ◆

It is easier to stay out than to get out.—***Mark Twain***

◆ ◆ ◆

Circumstances have rarely favored great men.

The Hindu Princess Whose Heart Was Broken

She was sixteen years old, the daughter of an Indian Prince, and she had never before been outside her father's house alone. Yet—

Here she was, dressed in her brother's clothes, among the mango trees, wiping with her soft, dark hair, the feet of the man she loved who lay desperately wounded. And when he recovered consciousness *he struck her in the face!*

"Daughter of a traitor!" he cried. "Infidel! At the very hour of my death you have desecrated my whole life!"

But, after all, he didn't die of his wounds and she didn't die —— she lived with a broken heart! Read this story in the February

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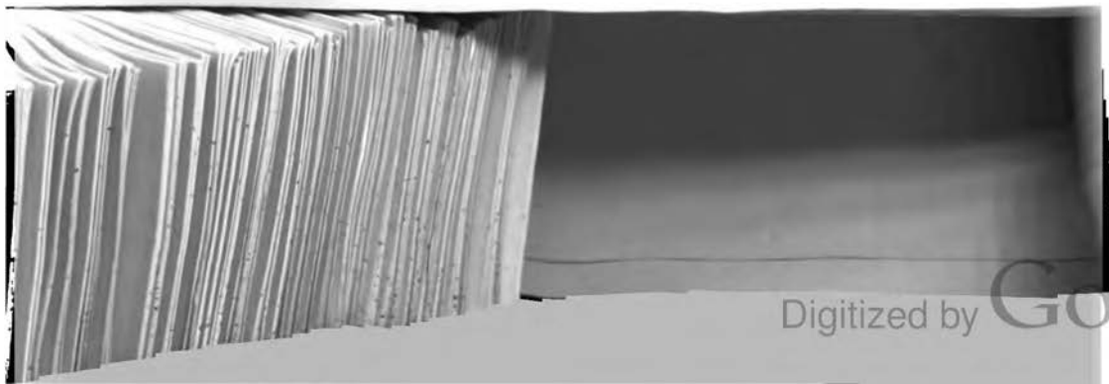

Do You Know--?

Why Some Men Are Rich And Others Are Poor?

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

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

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Rich Man? Poor Man?

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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.

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Child Wonders That Are Real Human Beings

(*Continued from page* 46)

any other boy of his age. While he appears undersized to an American, he is said to be the usual size of a Polish-Jewish child of eight.

Fred B. Pitney thus describes him in the New York *Tribune:*

His head is flat on top and wide above the ears, while his chin is small and pointed. His eyes are small, bright, and shrewd, his features are small, and his expression is in some ways older than his father's, who is stout, bearded, and jovial. But we are all familiar with the prematurely sophisticated children on the East Side, and that seems to be the type of the Rzezewski family.

The boy has never been to school. Nevertheless, he speaks Yiddish and German, has a word or two of French, and is beginning to learn English. He understands English better than he speaks it. He knows the relative positions of such countries and cities as he has visited, but he knows nothing of geography as children learn it from books in school. He knows nothing of mathematics, but knows well how to drive a bargain and appreciates money values. He likes grand opera and symphonies, but has no use for jazz. He sings airs from several operas in a pleasant childish voice, but can not read music and has no acquaintance with any musical instrument. His parents humor him about study and play. They try to give him his education sugar-coated, and if he doesn't want to take it it is not forced on him.

He is a good sport at chess and neither bites and gouges nor crows over a loser. Mostly, he whistles very softly while playing chess, a barely audible sibilation. If his opponent makes a bad move he is likely to ask, "Do you want to make that move?" And if the answer is "Yes," Sammie probably will give one more chance with the query, "You are satisfied, are you?" On a second affirmative reply he will shrug his shoulders with the remark, "I am sorry for you," and go on to victory. At the end of the game he knocks over the men with a sweep of his hand. That is his only evidence of triumph.

Sam does not like to be "shown off." It is not that he is bashful or sullen, but that he has had too much of it. He is tired of the operation and people are likely to ask him too complicated questions, thinking because he plays such a wonderful game of chess he must have an advanced mind. Chess he does not talk about to any one

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who does not understand the game, nor will he play with any one except a good player.

To Sydney Reid, a writer for *The Independent*, Samuel Rzezewski's secretary said:

"So far the greatest number of opponents he has ever encountered in simultaneous play was thirty-five and he defeated all but two of these. Ordinarily there is no more strain on him in playing chess than there would be on another boy in playing marbles. But it could easily be overdone. Samuel is in perfect health now and we want to keep him so. He never had a serious sickness in his life."

A few hours after his arrival in New York, Samuel paid his respects to the American champion, Frank J. Marshall, by visiting him at his chess club, 57 West Fifty-first Street, New York City. News of his coming had gone before and there was a gathering of about one hundred players—with some of the strongest in the country among them—to meet him. Some had fixed up tests wherewith to try him out and soon Samuel was sitting in front of a problem prepared by A. B. Hodges, former United States champion. A lot of expert problem solvers had tackled this and a few had conquered it in forty minutes. It had baffled the others. Samuel gave it his undivided attention for about three and a half minutes, then made a characteristic snatch at the pieces and opened the problem up wide—a mystery no longer—solved.

Along came Herman Helms, editor of the *Chess Bulletin*, another great figure in the American chess world. Mr. Helms had a position set up on the board and wanted to know if Samuel recognized it. Samuel had never seen this position with his physical eyes. It was one that had occurred in the middle of a blindfold game that he played in London about two months ago. He identified it immediately.

It is to Samuel Rzezewski's credit that he won the first game of chess he ever played. He defeated nineteen chess experts at West Point, walking from one board to another, averaging a move in less than ten seconds. While each of his opponents was allowed ten minutes to consider the next play.

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There are two kinds of religion: creeds and deeds.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Romans arranged their seats in the two temples to Virtue and Honor so that no one could enter the second without passing through the first; and this is the order of promotion—*virtue, toil, honor.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Living is the best preaching.

Sales Sense

(*Continued from page* 63)

her. They told her what they had in mind and how much they felt they could afford, and Jane did the rest. She found one customer sending another to her, and invariably a woman she sold to once, returned for her services a second time.

She compiled her own list of customers and wrote them personal letters on the store's stationery when she thought some newly arrived model would please them. Some she grew to know so well that she would send out on approval some fresh creation, just on a chance that the customer would like it, and, nine times out of ten, a check came back instead of the dress. Jane was all enthusiasm, and, when a raise in her salary as well as the ever-fattening commissions crowned her efforts, she loudly sang the praise of the magazine article she had read many months ago.

In fact, she had it cut out and framed beside her bureau in the little hall-room which was her home. It was her creed, and she practiced it every waking moment, but not without a consciousness of the ever-growing jealousy of Rene, who still grumbled and lolled in the stock room, flirted with the male clerks, and talked of nothing but last night's dance, or to-morrow's theater engagement.

JANE had tried to reason with her, to convince her that her own method was right—but without success. So she merely resolved to let her example rather than her preachment convince Rene if it were possible to convince her.

"You certainly must wear a rabbit's foot, considering your luck," Rene said to her one noontime. "You haven't any selling sense at all, yet your sales forge ahead all the time."

"Rene," Jane replied, "I want to say something to you seriously—"

But before she could complete the sentence, someone mentioned her name, and, turning about, she looked into the sparkling eyes of the young girl to whom she had sold the blue serge instead of the silk jersey. "Good morning, Miss Janney," she said pleasantly, drawing her away from Rene's side; "I wonder if you will do me a favor?"

"Gladly," said Jane, and with her customary habit of sizing up her customer's apparent needs, she was astonished to note the difference in the other's attire. Her tailored suit was beautifully cut, her furs were rich, and from the top of her *chic* little toque to the tip of her patent-leather pumps, she was the very last word in good taste and fashion.

"Certainly, Miss Crawford," she replied. "Anything I can do——"

"It's only a little thing to ask, yet it may mean a great deal to you and to me," came the answer. "I wonder if you'll have lunch with me to-day. Any time you can go will suit me perfectly."

Jane stared at her in surprise and with some hesitation.

"Please don't say no," Miss Crawford pleaded. "We'll slip over to Ovinton's Tea Room, across the way, and have a quiet chat, and you can be back on the stroke of the hour. Do say you'll go."

"Why, I'd love to; and thank you so much!" she said with genuine pleasure, at this new evidence of a customer's appreciation.

"I'll be looking for you then at half-past twelve," Miss Crawford said, and with a friendly little nod, passed on.

"Miss a sale?" asked Rene cattishly, who had observed, but not overheard, the conversation.

"Didn't try to make one," Jane laughed.

"Well, you'd better not let the manager see you let birds like that slip through your fingers," Rene advised. "She was good for three or four hundred at least, judging from the scenery she was sporting."

Jane did not answer, but impatiently waited for the hour when she was to meet Miss Crawford at the tea room.

AT the appointed hour she was there, and found Miss Crawford waiting for her. At a little table, shaded by a pink electric-lamp, they ordered a dainty repast far more elaborate than Jane's customary midday meal.

"Now, Jane Janney," announced Miss Crawford, "I've a confession to make. I want you to swear eternal secrecy. Least of all, don't breathe a word of it to your gum-chewing friend with the rouged lips."

"Rene isn't really a bad sort—" Jane defended her associate loyally.

"Well, let's forget Rene for the present, suggested Miss Crawford. "I didn't mean to be unkind, but I've something important to say to you. First, I am a buyer for the Henson Store. Part of my duties is to shop around the other department stores and see what they are offering and what sales arguments are being put forth. That explains the difference in my costumes from time to time. I dress usually to fit the department I visit; so that, logically, I seem to belong there."

"Oh!" gasped Jane. "You mean that when I was waiting on you, you merely wanted to learn the trade secrets of Robinson's?"

"Does that seem so terrible to you—my being

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a sort of spy? My dear, every business finds it necessary to discover what sort of competition it is facing—to learn the other fellow's methods and the type of merchandise he is giving the public." Miss Crawford spoke with determination.

"The other fellow!" was the phrase that echoed in Jane's mind. By thinking of the other fellow, she had evidently succeeded in making the other fellow think of her—and evidently quite favorably.

"You're wasting your time at Robinson's," Miss Crawford went on. "I don't know what you earn; but I can guess pretty closely, for I once stood in the ready-to-wear department myself. You've too much ability to stay there. The Henson store will pay you fifty dollars a week, at the start, to be my assistant."

"Fifty dollars a week!" Jane gasped. "Do you mean it?"

"Of course, I mean it," came the quick reply. "That isn't too much salary for the sort of work I want to break you into. I make several times that, but it has taken me a number of years and a lot of good hard work to reach that point. But I know you have it in you. I've been watching your work and I've spoken about you to Mr. Henson several times. Last week I had him run over to Robinson's and watch you sell. He came back and sent for me immediately.

" 'Go hire that girl!' he snapped at me. 'Don't offer to pay her too much right off the reel, but offer her enough so that she'll surely come.' "

IT sounded like a dream to Jane, and, for a moment, she sat in amazed silence.

"You'll come with me?" asked Miss Crawford.

"Why—yes, if you think I can make good!"

"Of course you can make good," Miss Crawford assured her. "You *have* made good already."

Jane looked at her wrist watch. "Goodness!" she exclaimed, "I'll be late if I don't hurry back."

"Don't let me keep you," said her companion. "Give me your home address and I'll conform Mr. Henson's offer in writing. Then you can send me a letter of acceptance telling me when you can come. Make it as soon as you can, Jane Janney, and here's my hand wishing you all the good fortune in the world!"

In a half daze, Jane walked back and punched the time clock. "Just to think," she said to herself joyously, "it's all come from thinking about the 'other fellow'—trying to put myself in the customer's place!"

And that night, before she went to bed, she took down the framed philosophy and kissed it tenderly.

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Go Ahead

WHEN Edison was asked recently what he thought was the business man's duty, to-day, he said, "Go ahead."

Now, this is a good motto for any ambitious business man to adopt. "Go Ahead!" Go ahead when you are in doubt as to your future, when you are in doubt about the time, when you are blue or discouraged, don't feel like it. Go ahead when the times are good; go ahead when the times are bad; go ahead when bad business threatens; go ahead when you are discouraged or disheartened and feel down and in doubt. You'll come out into the light.

How often it does not seem possible to get through a crowded New York thoroughfare with an automobile, or even to walk through the dense crowd on the sidewalk; but if we take the next step, we will always find plenty of room to take the next one.

Our difficulties are like the crowded thoroughfares. They look more formidable in the distance than when we get close to them. The thing is to go ahead, and keep going, but many people stop because they can't see through the woods ahead of them—can't see a way to get through the crowded thoroughfare, and they stop and wait for an opening. But the opening comes only to the man who keeps going, who goes ahead, keeps moving. No matter what your situation in life may be, how difficult, threatening or discouraging, the point is to go on and keep going on—and then go on some more. You'll be surprised, to see what that will mean to you.

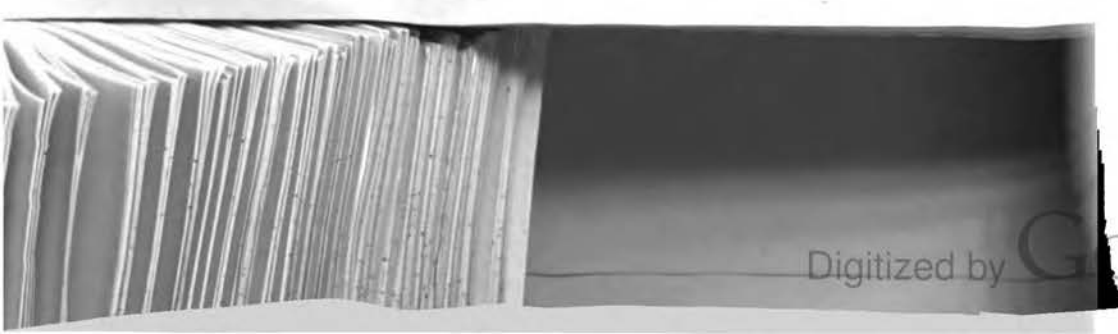
◆ ◆ ◆

Joy of the Thinker

NO man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen, to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach. In saying this I point to that which will make your study heroic. For I say to you in all sadness of conviction, that to think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone, when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will, then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker who knows that long after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought,—the subtile rapture of the postponed power which the world knows not because it has no external trappings but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army. And if this joy should not be yours still it is only thus that you can know that you have done what it lay in you to do, can say that you have lived and be ready for the end.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"To change the nature of a plant," Luther Burbank says, "you must change its environment, for everything is more or less a slave to its surroundings."



Laugh with Us!

PICKING her way daintily through the locomotive plant, a young woman-visitor viewed the huge operations with awe. Finally, she turned to a young man who was showing her through, and asked:

"What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive-boiler," he replied. She puckered her brows.

"And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender," and the young man from the office never smiled.

◆ ◆ ◆

WILLIS—Our Sunday dinner costs a dollar for five of us. That's economy, isn't it?

KILLIS—I've got you beaten. Ours cost thirty-five cents for the five of us.

WILLIS—How do you manage it?

KILLIS—We take the trolley out to my mother-in-law's.

◆ ◆ ◆

"PA, the whale that swallowed Jonah was the original profiteer, wasn't he?"

"In what way, my son?"

"Didn't he grab all the prophet in sight?"—*Baltimore Sun.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A YOUNG man dropped into a state of coma and it was several days before he fully recovered Later he spoke of his experience with a party of friends.

"Oh, yes," the young man said in response to a question. "I knew all the time what was going on, and I also knew that I wasn't dead, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"I see," thoughtfully said one of his friends, "but how did that make you think that you were still alive?"

"Well," answered the young man, "I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry, and that if I were anywhere else my feet wouldn't be cold."

"AND is ten dollars all you are offering for the return of your wife?"

"Every cent."

"No one will bring her back for that paltry sum."

"I know it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"DON'T you find writing a thankless job?"

"On the contrary, everything I write is returned to me with thanks."

◆ ◆ ◆

"WHAT do you call your mule?" the passerby asked.

"I calls him Utility," replied Sambo.

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"I'se been studyin' de animal and readin' de papers. Dat mule gets mo' blame an' abuse dan anything else in de city, an' goes ahead doin' his level best just de same."

◆ ◆ ◆

TO Kipling an American once wrote: "Hearing that you are retailing literature at $1 a word, I enclose $1 for a sample."

Mr. Kipling complied with "Thanks" and kept the dollar.

Two weeks later the American wrote, "Sold the 'Thanks' anecdote for $2. Enclosed please find 46 cents in stamps, being half the profits on the transaction, less the postage."

◆ ◆ ◆

A CERTAIN cottage and its old mistress had improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a ne'er-do-well, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son's in work now," said the smiling mother. "Makes good money, he does, too. All he has to do is go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of the time he has to himself."—*Youth's Companion.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"THERE'S a story in this paper of a woman that used a telephone for the first time in eighty-three years."

"She must be on a party line."—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

"WHY Jimmie," exclaimed the mother of a precocious five-year-old son, "aren't you ashamed to call auntie stupid? Go to her at once and tell her you are sorry."

"Auntie," said the little fellow, "I'm awfully sorry you are so stupid."

◆ ◆ ◆

"THIS child has the scarlet fever," cautioned the doctor, picking up his hat, "and must be kept apart from the other children. Do you understand?"

"Oi do," replied the father.

The next morning early the physician again called. When the Irishman observed the doctor glancing around the room, he said:

"Oi'll soon hov him here, doctor. Ye towld me t' keep 'im separate from th' rest, an' seein' as we hov only th' wan bed f'r th' foive iv us, Oi sent 'im over t' slape wid th' lad next door!"

◆ ◆ ◆

"YES, madam," said Harry the Hobo; "I know I look like a strong man, but out of my fifty years of life I've spent over sixteen years in bed."

"Why, you poor man," replied the lady sympathetically, handing him a quarter. "What has been the trouble—paralysis?"

"No, ma'am," said Harry, "jest a reg'lar habit of sleepin' eight hours a day, ma'am."—*Harper's Weekly.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"WHERE have you been?"

"To the cemetery."

"Any one dead?"

(Gloomily) "All of them."—*Princeton Tiger.*

◆ ◆ ◆

MOTHER—Oh, Freddy! I thought you were trying to economize, and here I find you with both jam and butter on your bread.

FREDDY—Why, of course, mother. One piece of bread does for both.

◆ ◆ ◆

TOMMIE—Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner some place, should I eat pie with a fork?

GRANDMA—Yes, indeed.

TOMMIE—You haven't got a piece of pie around the house that I could practice on, have you, grandma?

◆ ◆ ◆

MISTRESS—You don't seem to know about finger bowls, Norah. Didn't they have them at the last place you worked?

MAID—No, ma'am. They mostly washed themselves before they came to the table.

"How Do Y' Get That Way?"

(*Continued from page* 84)

carefully conned phrases all forgotten, his logic evaporated under the withering fire of those eyes, "I thought—I'd thank ya. I'll—I'll make good. And—and I think you did just right about Granger and all——"

"What about Granger?" staccatoed Swinley.

"Why, he was no good; I thought you liked him—" Prout was now in a state of abject terror, "but you fired him, after all. It was all right, though I didn't see why. He—he had got to be a fair clerk; I coached him. Miss Talmadge! Oh, all I was going to recommend to ya, if you kept him, was not to make him assistant when you promoted me—to name Martin instead—"

Swinley had listened, with growing irritation, to the broken phrases. Now Prout jumped and remained with mouth open as a heavy fist banged upon a mahogany desk.

"Cut out the chatter! What are y' talking about? 'You recommend to me,' eh? Young man, I'm doing my own recommending around here!

"What's this Granger talk? Of course he isn't a chief clerk, or an assistant either. What business is it of yours, whether he stays out there, or goes? What are y' beefing about, anyhow?

"Young man, let me tell y' something!" he exploded. "Personally I don't like ya. I never did. I like ya less every minute. But you're a born head clerk, and I need ya, like I needed Pringle. But, at least, he minded his own business. How do ya get that way?

"They tell me you keep a diary. Two kinds o' men do that. Big ones, that are stuck on 'emselves, and mutts with no imagination. Get back to your work! If you don't like straight man's talk, instead of your namby-pamby brand, resign!"

PROUT tottered out of the office with his ears burning as Granger's had burned on that recent evening when he had left the home of Mabel Talmadge, and again in the "old man's" den the next day. However, there was a difference.

There was a smart in the Prout ego that even the five-dollar salary increase which would come that week, inspired by another of Swinley's afterthoughts when he judged he had been a little harsh, would not allay.

He finished the duties of that Monday of the "combing" process with his head in a whirl. He had not emerged from his trance late that night, when he sat at the desk in his room, absently beginning the entry for the day in his diary. He penned the date, and continued, hardly conscious of what he was doing:

"Got up as usual. Shaved. Ma puts too much starch in my shirts—"

Suddenly emerging from his coma he stared at the book, horrified.

Swinley's stinging words recurred to him. "Mutts—stuck on 'emselves—no imagination—"

"Got up as usual. Shaved. Starch in the shirts!" What would shaving soap and starch matter to a mutt, a hundred years hence?

Suddenly, with senses now fully wakened and aching, he got the Swinley idea. Could he proceed with the record of that day, and include the viewpoint of the other fellow?

With a curse he rose and carried the red-covered diary down to the furnace. Soon a wisp of smoke from the chimney announced a brief summer fire.

He lay awake for a long time, his head throbbing. What about Granger, and everything?

Mabel could tell him. She would be back by Saturday, they had said. But somehow he thought no more of asking her to marry him. Scored by Swinley as he had been; somehow he didn't feel equal to it.

THAT Saturday evening, Mabel Talmadge, returned with her mother from the Berkshires, tanned, refreshed and ready for another year in the old lion's den, was called to the telephone.

"I can't; not to-night," she answered. Then, reluctantly she capitulated to the appeal in the voice that floated over the wire.

"Well, just for a few moments. But you must make it short, for I'm in the midst of unpacking."

A little later she emerged in response to S. Almon Prout's ring. "We'll sit down here in the veranda," she said. "What is it you wanted to know about, that I could tell you, and only I, as you phoned?"

He glanced at her slyly, malice in his eyes. Of recent days he had definitely discarded his idea of marrying her. She was too darned smart; she had his number. Why, he would be *afraid* to marry her! Whether she would be afraid to marry him—he had not thought of that.

He sought to launch the conversation by indirection. "That 'wise old owl' thing you have hanging in your office; I begin to see. You 'use language sometimes to conceal thought,' as they

say. And the rest of the time you're still. You hear a lot that way, don't ya?"

"Always *legitimately*." Her tone was dangerously even. "Never by eavesdropping."

He started in his chair. "What d'ye mean?" he blurted.

"You thought I just *guessed* you learned about Pringle leaving for California. You were wrong. The afternoon Mr. Swinley dictated that private memorandum about it, in my office, with the door ajar, I saw you listening. My eyes were right in line with the chink in the door."

There was a moment's silence. Then he framed a question with stiffened lips. "Does Swinley—know?"

"He does not!" her color had heightened. "Why, because you are a sneak, should I be another, and tell him?"

"Well," he flung, in defensive fury, "you got Granger fired——"

"I—*what?*"

"Didn't ya, now?"

FOR an astounded moment she surveyed him. Then the hardness melted from lips and eyes. She began to laugh.

"So there are some things that even *you* don't know?" she jeered, and she was still polite about it. "Well, well! Listen, Mr. Prout. Aleck Granger isn't 'fired!' "

"Why," he retorted aghast, "I saw him go!"

"Yes, but he'll come back. In about two weeks more."

"I—I don't understand."

"I'll tell you a little ancient history," she answered dryly, as she rose while he continued to sit, incapable of motion. "You were of more service to the company than you suspected, Mr. Prout, when you found out about Granger's aspirations—at the request of Mr. Swinley."

"*Swinley!*"

"Mr. Swinley. He said to me, not so long ago: 'I like the looks of that man Granger; fine shaped head, imagination, natural pep'—but it is all wasted where he is. Find out something about him; get a line on him; he's a turtle in a shell. Draw him out and report to me.' "

That brought Prout to his feet, goggling. "So you—" burst from his lips.

"Used you to obtain the information? Yes. I had seen Mr. Swinley observing him long before he spoke of him. I knew there was interest there, and misplaced talent, too. But—he was frightfully difficult, positively crude! And he was afraid of girls. So, knowing you felt as you did, I—used you.

"Then I sent for Mr. Granger. I told him frankly how he had been standing in his own

light. A concern, near Boston, with which he was making good, had failed. Instead of seeking to keep on in a line of work he liked, he took the first thing that offered. You found that out, and told me——"

"*Advertising!*" gasped Prout.

"Yes. There was a big chance with us, and nobody knew but Mr. Swinley and myself. Mr. Swinley sent for Granger right after I reported to him: his voice carried into my room. It seems Swinley had noticed his stuff, while he was with the other people; he read him a riot act on speaking up for himself and not submitting to life's thrusting him off into the grooves when he was built for big things.

"And now he's in New York, familiarizing himself with the methods of the agency which has been carrying our advertising. It will hereafter be done right here, and he'll be manager."

"The pay—" Greed was in Prout's voice.

"I heard Mr. Swinley mention thirty-five hundred a year, to start with," Mabel replied sweetly.

Prout choked and moved numbly toward the steps. "I suppose you're engaged to him," he snarled.

She whirled to face him. Her voice came low, but with a steely underlying note.

"That would be none of your business! And let me tell you something. It has come to me, while I've been away, that you have been tacitly helping along a wrong public impression about our relations. No more of that!"

He quailed and nearly fell off the steps as she finished. "The Lord knows, if you were the last man, I *wouldn't!* I've wondered why I've missed much pleasant company these last few months. I won't miss any more, on *your* account! And, if you don't want to lose your new job—Mr. Swinley said the world had too many Prouts and too few Grangers—don't let the governor catch you sneaking around, listening. He doesn't like you, anyway!"

A LITTLE later, Mabel Talmadge sat in white negligee by the window in her pretty, chintz-covered, cool room. She gazed out into the moonlit world. A peep into possible romance was refreshing.

"Engaged to Aleck Granger?" she mused, while the little smile tugged at the corners of her red lips. "Not yet! But after old lion Swinley has mangled him for a year or so—I could love the big boob—for that's what he is, a lovable big boob—yes, I think I could love him, after he wakes up. And I couldn't stand Swinley forever—he's wearing on the nerves. Perhaps when he's through grooming Granger, I might marry him—and carry on!" And she did.

Why I Am a Failure

(*Continued from page* 93)

forty-three years old; that all that wonderful series of historical romances was written in his declining years when he was suffering from grievous bodily ills; that Emerson Hough's first success came when he was forty-five; thatWilliam De Morgan's first novel, "Joseph Vance," was published when he was sixty-three.

I am forty-five. I have a world of raw material stowed away in my attic, and most of it, I think, is pretty good stuff. If only I can find time to spin it and weave it!

What a pity it is that we are given only one chance at life! What a mess many of us make of it in our one amateurish attempt at it! How much better we could do the second time!

Writing this story has not been altogether a pleasant job. The confession of my failure is humiliating enough, Heaven knows, and the self-praise in which I have indulged is embarrassing, even though I keep my identity concealed. But if thereby I could save one young man from fooling away his life's opportunity, I would consider the telling to have been well worth while.

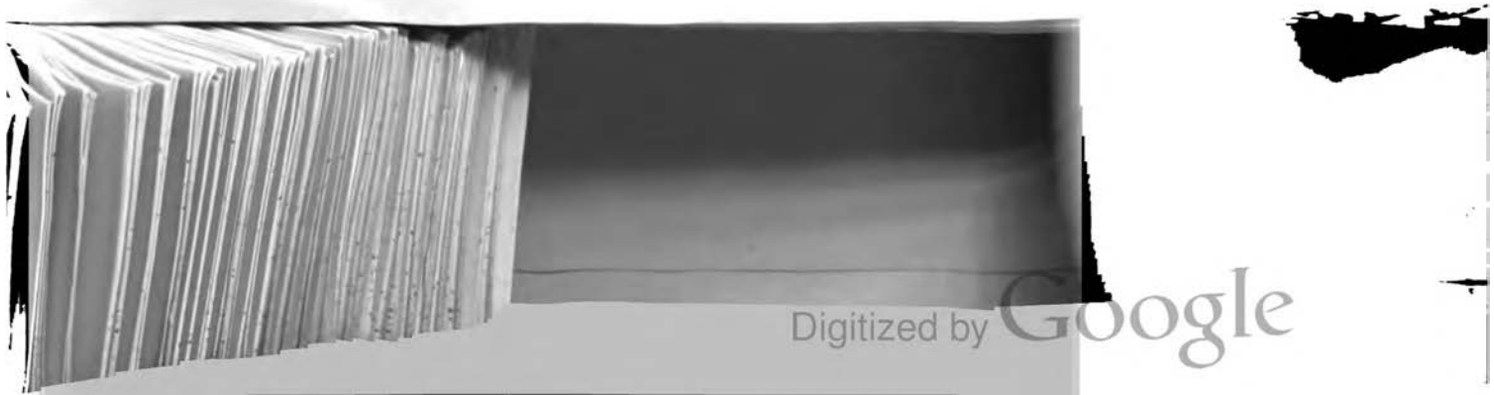
◆ ◆ ◆

Have You Ever Served Time as a "Town Pest?"

(*Continued from page* 103)

ping push from every page, informing me that Rome was not built in a day, that Webster worked some twenty-six years on his dictionary, that it took thirty years for one hundred men to build the first great pyramid, that all great work is done in a mortar of brains and sand."

IN epitomizing my *critique* on unadulterated reason anent book agents, I want to say, frankly, that I can't understand why the derogative appellation "town pest" has been applied to them. My candid opinion is that the stigma is most unjust; and I believe, furthermore, that most people labor under a delusion as to the true value and work of a book agent. Think of the isolated districts, the many inland country towns, where no standard-reference works, or little good literature, would ever find a way into the homes of the inhabitants but for the enterprising book agent. It is a truism that one of the most potent reasons for the greatness of our country is the dissemination of knowledge among the masses. The work of the book agent is utilitarian. He is no aggrandizing town-pest.



How Jim Downes Paid Up

(*Continued from page* 112)

between the two thieves. Thurston was angrily arguing with the French Canadian, and it became apparent that each wrongdoer was intent upon depriving the other of his share in the spoils. Jim could not hear their words, so low was their conversation, but the lantern showed Thurston's face turning pale with fright, while Gounoud's weatherbeaten features were livid with fury. Apparently, he realized that this little shrimp of a bond thief would be as clay in his great gnarled hands. "You think you got chance with me?" Gounoud laughed derisively. "The Canadian Northwest Mounted are not smart enough to catch Gounoud!"

He kicked over the lantern and his hand reached for his holster as he saw Thurston spring desperately from his kneeling position and leap at his throat, knife in hand.

There was a loud report as the automatic was discharged and the bullets clipped the branches of the trees overhead. With a savage roar, Gounoud wrested the knife from Thurston's fingers and his great paws caught Thurston in the grip of a wildcat.

In the same instant, Jim Downes leaped upon the form of the Canadian. Thurston saw Jim's pale excited face and uttered a shriek. He thought it must be an apparition—that the man he had killed had come back a wraith—to punish his guilty soul. He broke from the grasp of the Canadian and stood shrinking with fear against the trunk of a giant tree. Jim Downes's maddened fingers, strengthened by months of labor, pressed into the throat of Gounoud, until the man's eyes bulged and his great frame weakened and finally crumpled to the earth. In his crazed state of mind, Jim began to utter shrieks of rage which only tended to confirm Thurston's belief that he was confronted by an avenging ghost instead of a human being. But, before Thurston could find courage to run away, Downes released his grasp of Gounoud, who who lay panting and helpless, clutching in pain at his twisted throat. Like a flash, he was upon Thurston, beating at him with his fists and berating him for his betrayal of the trust Downes had placed in him.

As they fought, Tonetah came running hastily through the underbrush. He arrived just as Gounoud was crawling to his feet preparatory to another clinch with the struggling men. He did not see Tonetah, who, with a quick movement of his foot, tripped the Canadian. A moment later, and his brawny arms were trussed with heavy leathern thongs.

CHAPTER XXVII

BY this time Jim's feverish strength was beginning to fade away, and Thurston, realizing that he was fighting with a crazed sick man instead of a ghost, fought with fresh fury. Steadily he forced Jimmy back, holding his two hands in a furious grip. Like a flash, Tonetah turned from Gounoud. There was a glint of steel and a long-bladed hunting knife sunk itself to the hilt in the back of Thurston.

With a groan he released his hold and sank to the ground, bearing with him the now almost limp form of Jim Downes. But, a moment later, the Indian had the unconscious Downes in his arms and placed him tenderly on a bundle of stolen pelts close by where Gounoud had meant to bury them.

He lit the lamp Gounoud had kicked out, and kneeling by Jim soothed him as a mother might soothe a tired, sick child.

"Jim Downes go sleep," said the Indian almost tenderly. "Tonetah look after gold and after gold thieves, too."

Assuring himself that Jim was warmly covered, Tonetah began packing up the sacks of quartz Gounoud had been about to bury. The French Canadian was conscious now, and as he observed Tonetah's movements, strained at his bonds and rent the night air with curses. Only a little distance from him lay the body of Thurston, motionless. His wide open glassy eyes stared at the starry sky unseeingly. He had paid the penalty of his dishonesty, and no longer needed to fear the warrant which MacGregor had in his pocket at that very moment.

But Tonetah worked away apparently unconscious of the cursing of the trussed-up giant, and in an incredibly short time he was ready for the journey. The gold hung about his neck by cords tied to the sacks. He lifted Jim as he might have lifted a baby and slowly, yet with sure step and certain sense of direction, started back through the darkness toward the saloon of Tony Lajoie.

Half-way down the hillside he heard a sharp command. "Halt!" came the injunction, and Tonetah's quick ears discerned the voice of Corporal MacGregor.

Instantly he made himself known, fearing a bullet from the rifle of the police official. Then he stepped forward and Jim Downes was placed in charge of the physician from Winnipeg. Dr. Kinellan worked over the unconscious men by the rays of a pocket flashlight. Tonetah told MacGregor and the sheriff of his trailing Jim and of the subsequent fight and the recovery of Downes's gold.

"I give myself up," the Indian said simply. "I kill Thurston—not Jim Downes."

"I don't know whether you're telling the truth or not," MacGregor said, to Tonetah, "but I'll take your word for it and I won't slip any bracelets on you. The man met his death in a fight while attempting robbery of gold and pelts. That is sufficient to report to the authorities at Winnipeg, who are expecting me to capture Thurston for a bond theft back in the States."

"Tonetah knows where bonds are too," Tonetah announced.

"Do you know everything?" exclaimed MacGregor.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"THERE'S only one thing I don't quite understand as yet," MacGregor said to the sheriff. "That's this telegram addressed to Waters, from a man in West Rockville, Jim's home. He wants something postponed until after the seventeenth of the month—but

just what it is I can't make out. Evidently these three have been working together in some way to harm Jim Downes."

"Tonetah understand," the Indian volunteered. "Man who sends telegram wants tepee of Jim Downes' mother. Jim want gold to buy tepee—"

"So that's the plot, eh!" exclaimed MacGregor. "Seems to me I do remember Jim's speaking of a mortgage that's coming due soon. Tonetah, you and the sheriff go down to Lajoie's and cash in Jimmy's pay-dirt. See that you get a square deal, and have the cash ready when I get back. Jimmy will regain consciousness soon, won't he doctor?" he asked of the physician. Dr. Kinellan nodded. "Yes, but we'd best get him back to bed."

"All right," said MacGregor. "You and the sheriff hurry along, Tonetah, and guard that gold with your life. Jim Downes mustn't be allowed to fail after the gallant struggle he's made. When he's able to talk, I'll ask him about this mortgage and if he isn't able to make the trip home in time, I'll go myself."

"We could wire the money to his family," the physician suggested, "if there isn't time for any one to go down with it."

"But how about Gounoud?" the sheriff asked.

"Let him stay there until I can send some one for him," said MacGregor. "He can't get away from us now in any event. The Canadian Northwest isn't big enough for him to hide in, now that I have proof of his guilt."

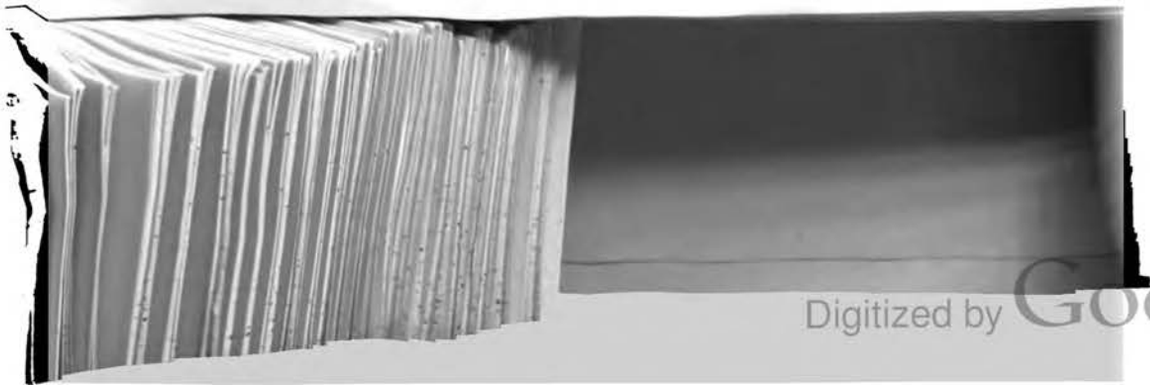
But, although Gounoud now reposed in the little jail in the cell next to that of Caleb Waters, Jimmy Downes did not regain consciousness as the doctor had anticipated. Instead his temperature rose and throughout the night he was in a delirium. The doctor, Tonetah, and MacGregor hung anxiously over the bedside, MacGregor vainly trying to make something intelligible from Jimmy's ravings.

In a pile on the bedcovers was thirty thousand dollars in currency, which Tonetah and the sheriff had obtained from Jimmy's gold. "I wish I knew what to do about this," MacGregor said, musingly. "I don't like to wire it. Some one else might get hold of it at West Rockville in some crooked way. Evidently these folks are eager to keep Jim from getting back by the seventeenth, and they might sidetrack the money or it might not be delivered in time. I can't go down myself and Jim needs you, doctor."

"Why not send Tonetah?" the physician suggested. "We can give him directions how to find Jim's sister, and the money will certainly be safe with him."

"The only way to get it would be over his dead body," announced MacGregor trustingly. "I think that's the stunt. I'll write a letter and he can take it along with the money."

Sitting at the rickety washstand he laboriously penciled a letter that was none too truthful, as he did not wish to alarm Jim's family unduly. He said that Jim was laid up with a heavy cold, and couldn't come down for a week or so more, but that he was sending the money by his Indian guide. He said he supposed they would know what Jim wished done with it and asked that they send back word by the Indian if everything was all right.



CHAPTER XXIX

WHEN the southbound limited went through the following night, Tonetah sat in a cushioned chair in a Pullman for the first time in his life. He became indignant when the porter objected to his smoking his pipe in the parlor car, but finally consented to move to the smoking compartment where he remained until the end of the journey to the curious amusement of the travelers and his own evident embarrassed discomfort. But through it all, he sat there with a look of determination behind his air of being ill at ease, and seemed not a whit interested in the sensation he caused when he alighted at the little station in West Rockland some days later. It was the morning of the seventeenth, and the trains had been delayed by heavy snows. A curious, gaping crowd surrounded Tonetah on the platform; but he edged his way carelessly through it, accosting a policeman who was as amazed as the wide-eyed men, women, and children.

"Go Jim Downes's house," he said brokenly, and the next thing he knew he was experiencing another sensation new to him. He was riding in a taxi-cab through a strange village and along stranger country roads.

At length he came to the quaint little farmhouse which Jim Downes called home. So this was the tepee of Jim's mother, Tonetah thought, as he opened the gate and crossed the narrow garden path.

On the veranda stood Humphreys, speaking angrily to Mary Downes. There were tears in the girl's eyes as she replied to the irrascible landlord. "Jim promised to have the money here to-day and he surely will," Mary pleaded. It is bound to come in the later mail if he does not come himself."

"Well, you have till noon to settle and that's all the time I'll grant!" Humphreys said curtly. But before he could turn about to see who made the light footsteps on the veranda steps he felt himself seized by the collar and thrown over the fence into the dust of the road.

Mary looked at the Indian in amazement, but Tonetah only bowed, as Humphreys, ruffled and in a rage, climbed painfully to his feet.

"Jim Downes' sister?" demanded Tonetah, and, as Mary nodded, he took MacGregor's letter from his pocket and handed it to her.

With trembling fingers she ripped it open and her heart beat faster as she felt the roll of thousand-dollar bills. "Oh, mother!" she called from within. "It's from Jim—or rather from his friend—and he has sent more than enough money."

"Is Jim ill?" Mrs. Downes asked anxiously, stepping onto the porch where she stopped, unable to believe her eyes as she caught sight of Tonetah.

"Jim Downes all right. Sick but soon well," Tonetah assured her, as the now furious Humphreys came through the gate shaking his finger at the Indian.

"I'll tan your heathen hide!" he shrieked. "I'll have the law on ye!"

"Come, do!" Tonetah grunted and stood, with folded arms, between the two women and the landlord.

"I'm ready to make the settlement now," Mary said joyously to Humphreys. "This is Jim's guide. I'm

sure he didn't mean to harm you. He didn't understand that is all, Mr. Humphreys."

"Well, he might at least ask civil questions before he throws a man about like a meal sack!" growled Humphreys, ill-naturedly, now that all chance of the house becoming his was gone. "Here are the papers. You sign them and I'll give you a receipt for your money."

As he spoke, Miss Thurston stepped out of the house and Humphreys gazed at her in surprise. "You here?" he asked. "What sort of trick are you playing on me? I was trying to foreclose this mortgage so I could get the house to sell to you."

"So I've suspected from what Miss Downes told me," said Miss Thurston. "But I'm afraid I haven't money enough to buy any house now. My brother ran away with all we had and—well, Miss Downes has been kind enough to ask me to stay here with her and her mother.

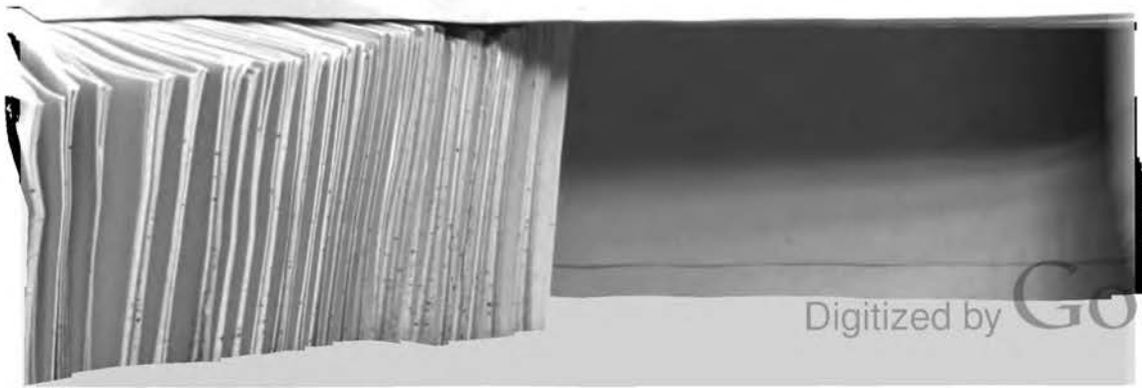
That night Tonetah again boarded the train, and this time he carried a long intimate letter from Mary who had finally persuaded Tonetah to tell her the whole story.

In a week, Tonetah stepped into Jim Downes's room at Tony Lajoie's to find Jim sitting up in bed anxiously awaiting his arrival and reading for the hundredth time the telegram his sister had sent him.

There was a trace of tears in Jim's eye when he opened the note and began to read. "Mother and I are so proud of you, Jimmy, boy," his sister began. "Tonetah has told us everything—even the terrible news about Thurston—but you mustn't blame him. Of course, I feel terribly about his death—and the things which contributed to it. The news has prostrated his sister. We must always be very kind to her, Jim. But do come home yourself the moment you are able. I do so want to see my strong, determined big brother, who has fought the good fight against every discouragement, despite danger and suffering! I want to see the big brother who wouldn't give up until the trail's end—the big brother who won out and paid up against tremendous odds. Jim, dear, you're a real, regular, wonderful man."

The tears trickled down Jim's cheeks. "It was some struggle," he muttered to himself, "but the victory was worth the fight. But I couldn't have done it all alone," he added looking from the face of Tonetah into the eyes of the doctor and MacGregor. "I couldn't have done it without these loyal friends. It doesn't make much difference how square a man is and how hard he works or fights—he can't get very far in this little old world without true-blue friends!"

THE END



The Magic Story

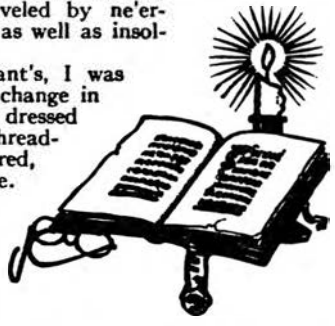
By Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey

An extraordinary narrative about a document that brought happiness, wealth, fame or fortune to every one who read it

I WAS sitting alone in the café, and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. Outside, the weather was hideous. Snow and sleet came swirling down, and the wind howled frightfully. Every time the outer door opened, a draft of unwelcome air penetrated the uttermost corners of the room. Still I was comfortable. The snow and sleet and wind conveyed nothing to me except an abstract thanksgiving that I was where it could not affect me. While I dreamed and sipped my coffee, the door opened and closed, and admitted—Sturtevant.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent. He had, however, fallen into the rut traveled by ne'er-do-wells, and was out at the elbows as well as insolvent.

As I raised my eyes to Sturtevant's, I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. Yet he was not dressed differently. He wore the same threadbare coat in which he always appeared, and the old brown hat was the same. And yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. As he swished his hat around to relieve it of the burden of snow deposited by the howling nor'wester, there was something new in the gesticulation. I could not remember when I had invited Sturtevant to dine with me, but involuntarily I beckoned to him. He nodded, and presently seated himself opposite to me. I asked him what he would have, and he, after scanning the bill of fare carelessly, ordered from it leisurely, and invited me to join him in coffee for two. I watched him in stupid wonder, but, as I had invited the obligation, I was prepared to pay for it, although I knew I hadn't sufficient cash to settle the bill.



"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.

"No," he replied calmly, "but I have found my mascot."

"Brindle bull, or terrier?" I inquired.

"Currier," said Sturtevant, at length, pausing with his coffee cup half way to his lips, "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man, and the alteration has taken place in the last few hours. You have seen me come into this place 'broke' many a time, when you have turned away, so that I would think you did not see me. I knew why you did that. It was not because you did not want to pay for a dinner, but because you did not have the money to do it. Is that your check? Let me have it. Thank you. I haven't any money with me tonight, but I—well, this is my treat."

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked, presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. You have been a reporter on the dailies for—how many?—seven or eight years. Do you remember when I ever had any credit until tonight? No. Was I refused just now? You have seen for yourself. Tomorrow, my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success."

"Yes," he continued, when I did not reply, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and, since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it. You have no idea what it will do for you. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A, B, C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash can; tonight I wouldn't change places with a millionaire."

"You amaze me," I said wondering if he had been drinking absinthe.

"Would you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

"Certainly. I mean to tell the whole world. It is really remarkable that it should have been written and should remain in print so long, with never a soul to appreciate it until now. This morning I was starving. I hadn't any credit, nor a place to get a meal. I was seriously meditating suicide. Then I found the story and read it. You can hardly imagine the transformation. Why, my dear boy, everything changed at once—and there you are."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

The waiter interrupted us at that moment. He informed Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone, and, with a word of apology, the artist left the table. Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear.

* * *

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers. It was about a month after my memorable interview with Sturtevant, which, by that time, was almost forgotten.

"Hello, old chap," he said; "how's the world using you? Still on space?"

"Yes," I replied bitterly, "with prospects of being on the town, shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me all about it."

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it

is all remarkable, when all is said. You know Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck—thinking of the morgue and all that—looking for you, in fact, with the idea that you would lend me enough to pay my room rent, when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man of me. Within twenty-four hours I was on my feet, and I've hardly known a care or a trouble since."

Avery's statement, uttered calmly, and with the air of one who had merely pronounced an axiom, recalled to my mind the conversation with Sturtevant in the café that stormy night, nearly a month before.

"Do you know the story?" I asked. "Will you try its effect on me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the world. I would like to have it printed in big black type, and printed on the elevated stations throughout New York. Excuse me a minute, will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap."

He nodded and smiled—and was gone. I saw him join the man whom he had designated as Danforth. My attention was distracted for a moment, and, when I looked again, both had disappeared.

* * *

The certainty that the wonderful story—I began to regard it as magic—was in the air possessed me. As I started to walk homeward, fingering the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding down town in the morning, I experienced the sensation of something stealthily pursuing me, as if Fate were treading along behind me yet never overtaking, and I was conscious that I was possessed with or by the story. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant. It was not recorded there. Then I remembered the café in University Place, and, although the hour was late, it occurred to me that he might be there.

He was! In a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant, and motioned me to join them at the table. There was no chance for the story, however. There were half a dozen around the table and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant. But I kept my eyes upon him, and bided my time, determined that, when he rose to depart, I would go with him. A silence, suggestive of respectful awe, had fallen upon the party when I took my seat. Every one seemed to be thinking, and the attention of all was fixed upon Sturtevant. The cause was apparent. He had been telling the story. I had entered the café just too late to hear it. On my right, when I took my seat, was a doctor; on my left a lawyer. Facing me on the other side was a novelist with whom I had some acquaintance. The others were artists and newspaper men.

At length, I left my chair, and passing around the table, seized Sturtevant by one arm, and succeeded in drawing him away from the party.

"If you have any consideration for an old friend who is rapidly being driven mad by the existence of that confounded story, which Fate seems determined that I shall never hear, you will relate it to me now," I said, savagely.

Sturtevant stared at me in mild surprise. "All right," he said. "The others will excuse me for a few moments, I think. Sit down here, and you shall have it. I found it pasted in an old scrapbook I purchased in Ann Street, for 3 cents; and there isn't a thing about it by which one can get any idea in what publication it originally appeared, or who wrote it. When I discovered it, I began casually to read it, and in a moment I was interested. Before I left it, I had read it through many times, so that I could repeat it almost word for word. It affected me strangely—as if I had come in contact with some strong personality. There seems to be in the story a personal element that applies to every one who reads it. Well, after I had read it several times, I began to think it over. I couldn't stay in the house, so I seized my coat and hat and went out. I must have walked several miles, buoyantly, without

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked

realizing that I was the same man who, only a short time before, had been in the depths of despondency. That was the day I met you here—you remember?"

We were interrupted at that instant by a uniformed messenger, who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, and demanded his instant attendance at the office.

"Too bad!" said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand. "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the escritoire near the window you will find an old scrapbook, bound in rawhide."

I found the book, without difficulty. It was a quaint, home-made affair, covered with rawhide and bound in leather thongs. The pages formed an odd combination of yellow paper, vellum and home-made parchment. I found the story, curiously printed on the last named material.

* * *

Read What Dr. Marden Says

About the Importance of Backing Up *Right Thinking* by *Right Eating*

"THE foundation of all success and all happiness is *health*," says Dr. Marden.

And he continues: "Health induces confidence, assurance, hope, courage, faith, strength, virility, forcefulness, masterfulness, initiatve, efficiency. In short, everything we live for is so dependent upon good health that it becomes our first duty to keep ourselves in superb physical condition.

"Keeping physically fit to do the greatest thing we are capable of doing is the first important success commandment.

"It is not enough to be free from pain or distressing symptoms of any kind. The health that counts is vigorous, robust health, that radiates force, buoyancy, virility, vim, magnetism. The sort of health which gives sparkle to the eye, elasticity to the step, sharpens the wits and enables the individual to visualize possibilities and grasp opportunities. It is the plus quality of health that counts.

"Personal magnetism, which is such a remarkable factor in success, is largely physical. It depends to a great extent upon physical reserve. Magnetism cannot be forced. It is a radiation of conscious power.

"The better the health, the greater the magnetic attraction of the man or woman.

"Physical vigor is the basis of mental power. It is not always the better brain, but the *better nourished* brain, the *best backed-up* brain, that achieves the most.

"The brain cannot give out anything which is not passed up to it from the blood, and the purity of the blood depends not only upon the right kind of food, but upon the right life habits —pure air and sunlight—healthful recreation, work and play,—all of which bring joy, gladness and harmony into life.

"Many people to-day are getting second-class results from first-class brains because they are not backed up by a good digestive apparatus.

"Now, as a matter of fact, you must realize that your success or failure depends on your health, and I know of no such effective way of multiplying one's brain power, increasing one's efficiency and general ability, as by improving the physical condition.

"You ask, how shall I do this? First of all, by making sure that you are eating the kind and quality of food that makes pure blood. Our life output, our happiness, our success are all dependent upon the quality of the blood. The blood feeds every thought that passes through the brain, visits every one of the billions of cells of the body which are dependent upon it for sustenance.

"Few people back up their brain with the right food-material which will make pure blood, build up a vigorous body, nourish a strong brain. This brings me to a recognition of right eating as the key to mental and physical power. It is, to my mind, the way to eliminate disease and produce the quality of health that is manifested in a bright eye, a clear skin, an elastic step, a strong arm, a happy disposition, a clear brain and a clean body both outside and in.

"Man does not live by bread alone. He is a very complex creature, and it takes a variety of food to nourish his three-fold nature—physical, mental and spiritual. He cannot attain his maximum of power and creative force unless the food is right, the living is right, the habits are right, the thought is right, and the work is right. When these conditions are fulfilled, when the body and mind are properly fed and exercised, then we get a real man, a superb human specimen, a being capable of great achievements.

"R. L. Alsaker, M. D., has written a number of valuable handbooks upon maintaining health and efficiency by the eating of proper foods, and I strongly recommend them to every man and woman who is seeking real health, real happiness, and real success."

* * * * * * * * *

You cannot get the full measure of joy out of life if you are sick half the time or half sick all the time. You cannot enjoy life to the limit unless your physical body is functioning properly. If your body is compelled to fight disease most of the time, sapping your vital energy, you cannot get pleasure out of living—you are not living, you're merely existing.

Physical health is based on good blood. Pure blood is based on normal digestion. Normal digestion is based on correct eating and living. Eat the right foods in the correct combinations and you will build pure rich blood. Then the blood builds a normal, strong body—a body that works so well that all waste is eliminated. Every organ works in a normal rhythm. In a body like that there is no place for disease to get a leverage.

You can enjoy good health, energy and vigor if you live a natural, normal life. Disease is abnormal. Health is the natural, normal condition.

In the SUCCESS HEALTH LIBRARY you will find complete instructions that will enable