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The New
SUCCESS
Marden's Magazine

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Volume V. NEW YORK, March, 1921 Number 3

LEADING CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

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MARDEN'S MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR

VOLUME V

NUMBER 3

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1921

Presidents of Railroads Who Rose from the Ranks

Why the Most Successful Chief Executives Are the Men Who Began at the Bottom Rung of the Ladder

Opportunities that Exist To-day, for Young Men to Advance in One of America's Greatest Industries

By T. V. MERLE

HAS the average man a chance, to-day, to climb in the railroad business? Can the toiler—the man who begins at the very bottom rung of the ladder—hope to reach one of the favored well-paid positions held by the executives? Is it a fact that the average railroad worker is in a "blind alley," so to speak, and might as well resign himself to passing his days in overalls?"

The answer is decidedly—"No."

I have made a study of the situation and I have interviewed a number of the leading railroad men of the country, on this subject, for THE NEW SUCCESS. And I will give you a list of officials of big railroad systems and chairmen of railroad boards, every one of whom worked his way up from the very bottom. And let me inform you that it is impossible for any man in this world—no matter how great his wealth or how powerful his influence, to become the president of certain railroad systems of this country, particularly such systems as the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the New York Central or the Great Northern. These offices are filled with men who rose from the ranks.

Let us begin with Frederick D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad. Mr. Underwood began as a brakeman. Then he became a railroad clerk, and actually went to track-walking so that he would be equipped for bigger things. Then he set himself to become the president of the big system he now dominates. He is proud of the days he was a hard-working employee. It was a great thing for him, for it gave him the employee's point of view regarding treatment and wages—something that he has never overlooked. "No man who does good, hard, necessary work is ever paid too much," is Mr. Underwood's view. He likes to deal directly with his men—to hear their grievances, when they have any, and to meet them face to face to settle a dispute. The Erie Railroad publishes a monthly magazine in

© Paul Thompson, N. Y.

FREDERICK D. UNDERWOOD
President, Erie Railroad

order to bring the men in closer touch with the executives—the "brass collars" as old-timers call them—and through this medium, Mr. Underwood has directed some very pointed words. "Shun the Agitator," is one of his most recent proclamations.

"When one goes to a doctor he aims to steer clear of a 'quack,' says Mr. Underwood; "when one goes to a barber he aims at a hair cut, and not at having his ears clipped; and when one embarks on a railway train he is quite sure that those in charge of it are competent, that the journey will be accomplished in safety.

"The foregoing is a prelude to my qualifications as an expert in the matter of advice to railroaders. For more than forty years I have been in railroad employ. For thirty years I have been an officer. Prior to that I went 'through the mill,' from truckman up; not to learn the business—only for the job. My pay was a dollar a day (half time). I needed the dollar to live on, and from that day to this for the same reason—that I need the money—I have worked. These things are here stated to qualify me as an expert on working conditions generally.

"In the more than forty years many things have happened on railroads; some bad, but mostly good. At one time, while a private in the railroad ranks, the idea that a large part of the efforts of the officers was employed in inventing plans to make privates miserable was my thought. More men than I had the same idea. Time schedules that inconvenienced us were made. We thought such was the intention. That connections at junctions had to be made, and competition met in the carriage of freight and passengers did not strike us as a truth.

"Of the several bad things on railroads my mental finger points at the 'Agitator' as the worst. 'Agitators for too many laws,

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CARL R. GRAY
President, Western Maryland Railway

undue restraints, all political, religious, temperance and labor agitators, are large nuisances. Happily the majority of the people pay little attention to them, but there was, and is, and likely will continually be, some of us influenced by their wordy and specious arguments. Beware of agitators; beware of reformers! Some are well-meaning; all are mischievous."

L. F. LOREE
President, Delaware and Hudson

SAMUEL REA
President, Pennsylvania Railroad

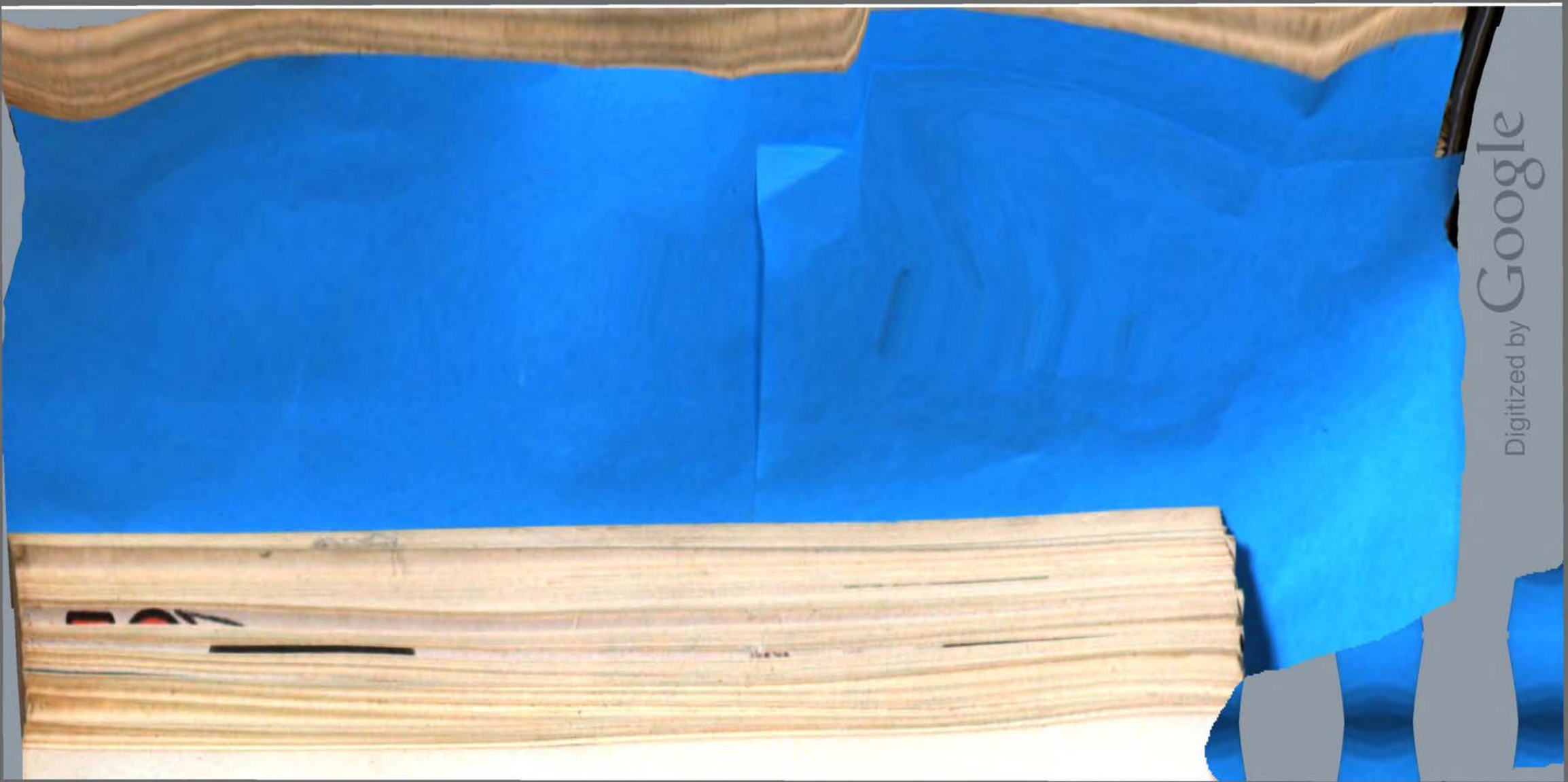
William G. Besler, President of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, began his railroad career at sixteen as a trainmaster's clerk. He was the son of a cobbler. The story goes that the elder Mr. Besler was not only a cobbler, but a philosopher as well. When his health failed because of his indoor work of making and mending shoes, his doctor ordered him to get work outdoors. A friend found him a job as a railroad section man. From that beginning Besler forged ahead. He became well known for his shrewd comments on men and for his philosophy of hard work. When a young Harvard man who had been put in charge of a certain railroad branch went to him to receive instructions, the elder man said:

DANIEL WILLARD
President, Baltimore & Ohio

"You are being sent to take charge of a certain road. That road is now running. It might run worse and it might run better, but at any rate it's going. My advice to you is not to stop it running before you know how to start it again."

A large share of this shrewd common sense and all of the old man's belief in the efficacy of hard work have been inherited by the son. When he was asked what chance the average man has to work up in railroad employ, Mr. Besler said:

"That rests with the man himself. There is no royal road which leads to an executive position in the railroad business. Money or pull is of no avail to the



square peg in the round hole. It depends on the ability of the man to hold his job and to demonstrate his ability to get ahead."

The list to which I refer, I give herewith. Perhaps I have not included all the men who have risen from the ranks, but it is sufficient to bear out what I have to say in this article. It proves conclusively, however, that railroading is a business that must be conducted by men who know every phase of it.

H. H. AISHTON entered employ of a railroad at 18 as axeman in the engineer corps, now President of the Chicago & North Western Railway and of the American Railway Association.

H. E. Byram, call-boy at 16, now President of the Milwaukee, Chicago & St. Paul.

J. M. Hannaford, clerk in general freight office at 16, now President of the Northern Pacific.

Marvin Hughitt, telegraph operator at 19, now the dean of railroad men and Chairman of the Board of Chicago & North Western.

L. E. Johnson, fireman at 20, now Chairman of the Board of the Norfolk & Western.

Julius Kruttschnitt, in an engineering department at 24, now Chairman of the Board of the Southern Pacific.

L. F. Loree, assistant in engine corps at 19, now President of the Delaware & Hudson.

W. T. Noonan, employee in an accounting department at 14, now President of the Buffalo & Rochester.

Edmund Pennington, warehouseman and brakeman at 21, now President of the Sioux Line.

Samuel Rea, in an engineer corps at 16, now President of the Pennsylvania.

E. P. Ripley, contract freight agent at 23, late President of the Atchison & Nashville.

T. M. Schumacher, telegraph operator at 17, now President of the El Paso & South Western.

W. H. Truesdale, clerk at 18, now President of the Lackawanna.

Alfred H. Smith, began as a messenger boy in 1879, now President of the New York Central.

William Sproule, began as freight clerk, now President of the Southern Pacific.

Howard Kelley, began in an engineer crew, now President of the Grand Trunk.

E. J. Pearson, began as rodman, now President of the New Haven.

G. W. Stevens, began as a telegrapher, now President of the Chesapeake & Ohio.

J. A. Edson, began as telegraph operator, now President of the Kansas City Southern.

S. M. Felton, began in engineer corps, now President of the Great Western.

W. B. Story, began as an engineer, now President of the Santa Fe.

W. C. Van Horn, began as a telegraph operator, became President of the Canadian Pacific.

Milton H. Smith, began as operator and clerk, now President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

C. A. Wickersham, began as locomotive engineer, became President of the Atlanta & West Point Railroad.

J. E. Gorman, began as clerk at 14, now President of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific.

Carl R. Gray, began as clerk at 16, rose to President of the Great Northern and Western Maryland Railroads.

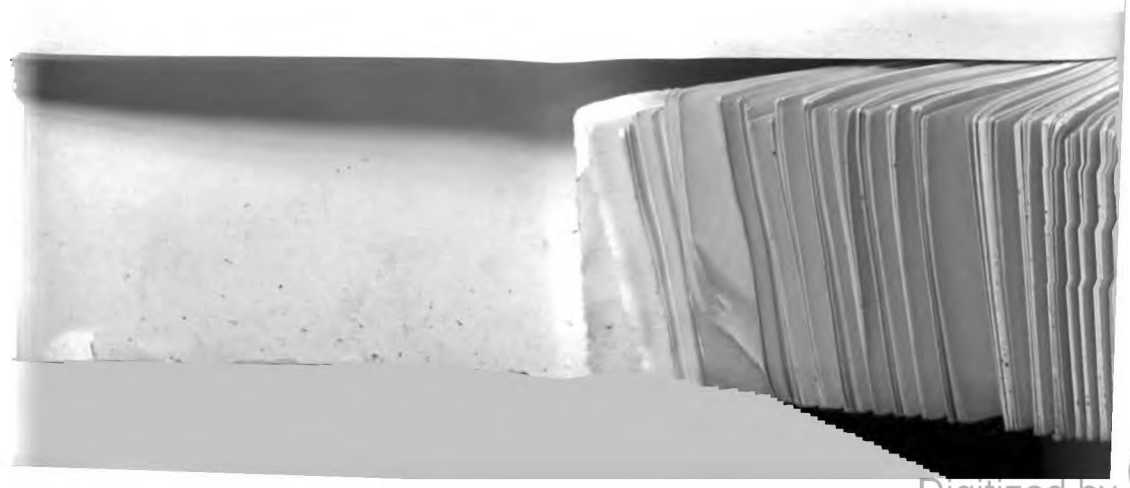
EVERY one of these men, and others, went into the railroad business with the positive determination of learning the business from the ground up, They made it imperative with themselves that the railroad business would be their life work, and that, in order to reach the highest positions, it was necessary for them to secure a pretty intimate knowledge of the places held by those in the ranks.

Before I go into detailed accounts of these wonderful examples of suecess under difficulties, let me recall a remark that James J. Hill, one of the greatest railroad men that ever lived, made to me some years ago. Jim Hill began as a clerk in a country store. He saw the tremendous advantages of the great Northwest. He realized that it was a rich, fertile country, "full of fine climate and possibilities," as he once told me. But he realized, too, that without railroad facilities it could not be developed. So he quit his clerkship and began to learn railroading "from the ties up."

Hill was called a dreamer and an idealist by the capitalists to whom he finally appealed for financial aid, when he started to build his railroad system. "Your laborers will get lost in that awful wilderness and never be heard of again," one of them actually said to him. "Wasting money on such a proposition is bad business," said another. But Hill just stuck. The more they opposed him, the more he became insistent. This is the remark he made to me:

"If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or a failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple, and it is infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose as sure as you live. The seed of success *is* not in you."

You may ask just what this has to do with the main thread of this article. Just this: Without thrift, success is impossible. Nearly every railroad president with whom I talked, tells me that in his days of toil and struggle he religiously put



by a certain percentage of his earnings. With this in bank, he felt pretty safe in the event of the hard-times conditions that are bound to beset the country at more or less stated intervals, and which never fail to hit the railroad workers.

The railroads depend more on the general financial and business conditions of the nation for their prosperity than, perhaps, any other industry. The moment freight conditions receive a setback and the income of the railroads is thereby diminished, it is only natural, and good business, that retrenchment policies should be put into effect. Naturally, this will drive a number of men into other fields, but the man who has gone into railroading with the purpose of making it his life's work, will find that by his thrift he can tide over the hard times and wait until his own position, or another, is open to him.

Mr. Underwood remarked that, in his younger days, he struck a number of hard-time periods, but that they did not drive him into other fields. Instead, he took whatever came to him, but all the time he was studying railroad conditions.

Let us consider the future of, say, a yard brakeman; that is, a brakeman who is not ready for road service but who is still learning in the train yards. He must be twenty-one years old and in good health. He works eight hours a day for a minimum of $5 a day. The majority of yards near New York City, are so busy that three shifts of men are working day and night. Now this man, by diligent work and by showing his superiors that he is honest and interested in his work, will find promotion to road service comparatively easy. He goes from the yards to the freight trains, from the freight trains to the passenger service. The first thing he realizes, he is helping the conductor collect tickets on heavy runs. This will appeal to his pride and make him realize that he is not anchored to a lower-rung job. Such chances appealed to the men whose likenesses are reproduced on these pages; but they made the most of their chances. Once a man becomes a conductor, he is very much in the limelight of his calling. He is where he will be noticed. But he must know how to take advantage of his opportunities.

"That is where ninety-nine men out of every hundred fail," says Mr. Besler. "That is why so few come up to the higher places that await them."

(To be continued in April)

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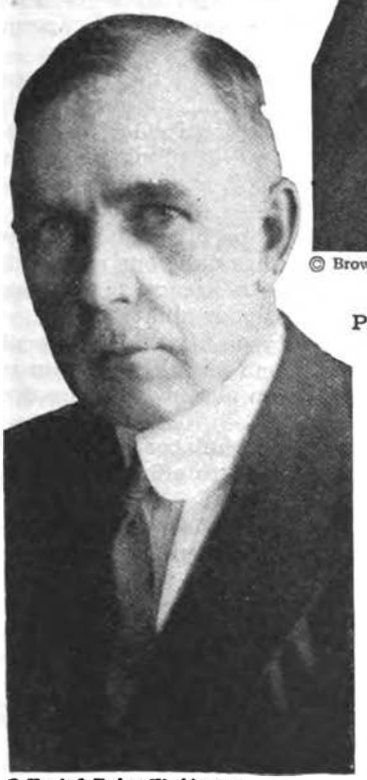
WILLIAM H. TRUESDALE
President, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western



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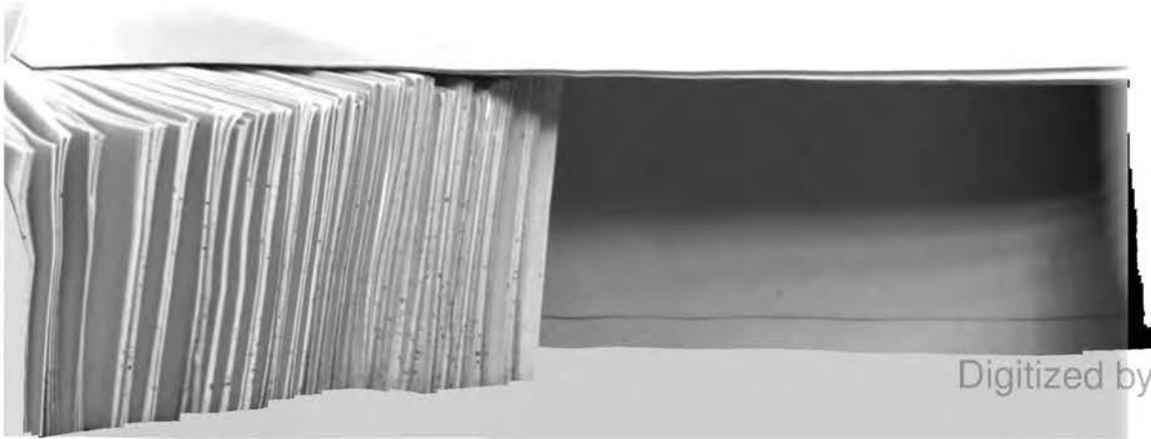
ALFRED H. SMITH
President, New York Central Lines



I AM——?

I AM the vital principle of life—the greatest of all success and happiness assets.

I am that which gives the plus quality to human beings. I put pep, ginger, vim into human effort.

I am the source of physical and mental power. I give the body vigor and buoyancy, the brain vital energy and originality.

I am your best friend—the friend of the high and lowly, the rich and the poor alike—but, be he king or beggar, who violates my laws must pay the penalty.

I am often sought in vain by the man who rides in his limousine, but am generally found in the company of the man who walks to his work and takes plenty of exercise.

I am the great multiplier of ability, the buttress of initiative, of courage, of self-confidence, the backbone of enthusiasm, without which nothing worth while was ever accomplished.

I am the greatest constructive power in the life of man. Without me his faith weakens, his ambition sags, his ardor oozes out, his courage faints, his self-confidence departs, his accomplishment is *nil*.

Without me ambition and wealth are but a mockery, a palatial home and luxuries a bitter disappointment.

Next to life itself, I am the greatest gift God has given to man; the millionaire who has lost me in piling up his fortune would give all his millions to get me back again; but I am beyond the reach of money.

I am that which gives buoyancy to life, which makes you magnetic, joyous, forceful, which brings out your resourcefulness and inventiveness, that which raises efficiency to its maximum and enables you to make the most of your ability.

I increase every one of your forty or fifty mental faculties a hundredfold. I am the leader of them all. When I am present they are up, at their best; when I am absent, they are down, at their worst.

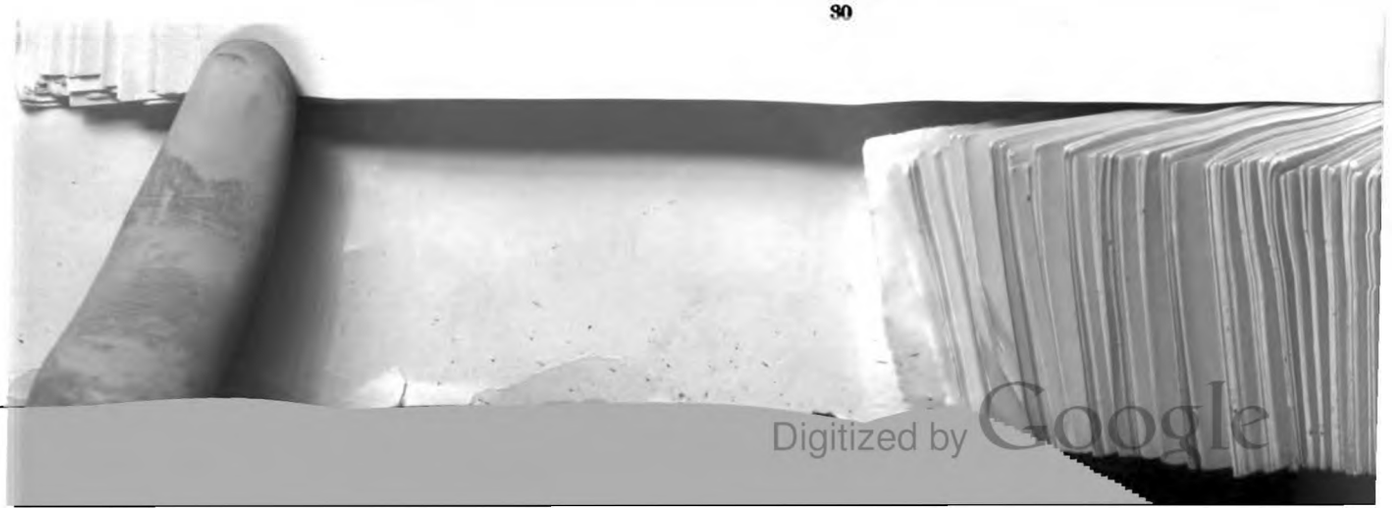
I am the friend of progress, the stimulator of ambition, the encourager of effort, the great essential to efficiency, to success, the promoter of long life and happiness.

I am a joy bringer. Where I go, good cheer goes. Where I am not, depression, the "blues," discouragement are present. My absence means declining powers, often thwarted ambition, blighted hopes, mediocrity, failure, a shortened life.

The wise man guards me as the apple of his eye; the fool often abuses and loses me through ignorance, indifference or neglect.

I Am Good Health.

—O. S. M.



How Dewent Fizzled

The Story of a Young Man Who Couldn't Do Anything Right

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

Author of "The Dollar-an-Hour Philosopher," "The Road to To-Morrow," and Other Stories

ILLUSTRATED BY A. L. BAIRNSFATHER

PART I

THE big boss of the Burnham Manufacturing Company looked out through the open window of his mahogany-furnished office as he discussed matters with the third vice-president.

"I'm afraid," Rufus Burnham said to his associate, "that we've secured what is commonly known as a lemon, in hiring young Richard Dewent. He seems to have unbounded confidence in his ability to make good, with little or no understanding of his limitations, or the hard grind that is essential to lifting a man from a mere clerkship to a position of leadership."

Richard Dewent

"I don't agree with you," answered Dickerson, the vice-president. "Dewent seems to have the right idea about things. I see him over there at his desk scanning his correspondence—his forehead wrinkled in thought."

"But you never saw him there after five o'clock, did you?" asked Old Burnham. "Dewent is what might be called a 'snappy dresser.' Clothes are a part of business. A pearl-gray derby is about as atrocious on the head of a man as powder on the nose of a stenographer. The trouble with Dewent—so far as I can see it—is that he pays more attention to the way he looks when he does a thing, than he gives to the way he *does* that thing. He is a poser not a leader. He poses instead of producing. Posing may be all right in the movies, but it doesn't earn dividends in commercial fields."

"You're too hard on him," Dickerson chuckled. "Just because you're a hard-shelled old executive, you mustn't complain about a younger assistant because he has manicured nails and a tendency to dress like a clothing advertisement. The younger generation—"

"Be hanged!" Burnham finished the sentence for his partner. "That boy is always telling the staff how clever he is. I admit that shyness went out with our grandmothers, and that a little blowing of a man's own horn doesn't do any harm at times. Self-salesmanship isn't a foolish art, but a much misunderstood one. It can be overdone, and, in time—unless accompanied by performance—it grows as wearisome to the ear as the raucous toot of a motor-vehicle. The roar of a lion means business. The bark of a powderpuff dog is a bluff that invites ridicule."

"Burnham, you're unfair," Dickerson told his partner. "You're a bit behind the times."

"I hope so!" Burnham announced with seriousness. "I used to work with my hands, with my head, and my common sense. I didn't have time to dance all night, and I didn't dare to get into the office at ten o'clock in the morning. I'd have been drawn and quartered if I had. At Dewent's age, I didn't make half the money he's earning now—and, by that, I don't discount the increase in the cost of living. But, I'll promise you, I struggled harder for what I did make and I gave my employer more each hour for every dollar he paid me than Dewent is giving us."

Old Burnham brought his fist down upon the

glass table-top and challenged his associate with fire in the depths of his steely eyes. "That boy isn't working. He's gambling. He is spending more than he can afford to cultivate people he can't afford to know. Instead of trying to make a record in this office, he is devoting his nights to running about with men whose influence he imagines will help him to land orders. He's playing futures as surely as a broker plays futures, and he's playing a fool game!"

"I don't know that friendships, and an intimate acquaintance with worth-while people, ever hurt any one," Dickerson protested.

"Friendships never hurt any one," Burnham dryly replied, "nor do more intimate acquaintances, if a man can afford to make them and if they are *real*. But the man who earns six thousand dollars a year and spends seven thousand, trying to move about in a crowd in whose midst he has no business, is not only kidding himself, but hurting his firm."

"You must have been asked to buy your daughter a new hat before breakfast!" Dickerson laughed. "You're too old and sarcastic to be companionable. I'm going out to meet Jason of the Continental Company. Think I'll take him over to the Country Club and land his order while we play nine holes of golf."

"What's the matter—can't you sell him here in the plant?" Burnham demanded irritably. "Do you *have* to take him to the Country Club and make him feel that he's wasted a day and *must* buy of you because of it?"

"No, I don't!" snapped Dickerson, half amused, half angry. "I'm running my part of the business, and I'll sell in my own way!"

"Go to it," Burnham replied dryly. "You attend to the selling and I'll attend to the interior management, and I'll tell you right off the reel that you're all wrong about this boy, Dewent. He's a loafer and always will be. Just to prove my theory, I'm going to give him all the rope he wants, and all the advice he doesn't want, and won't heed. And then, if I'm right, I'll fire him. If *you're* right and he makes good, I won't let any one take him from us with any sort of a salary raise or with a team of horses."

OUTSIDE, at his desk, Dick Dewent sat gazing thoughtfully at his pretty stenographer. He had selected the girl because her appearance and her personality pleased him, and now, after two weeks' trial, he was forced to admit secretly to himself that she was a very poor shorthand artist and a still poorer transcriber of her carelessly made notes. In her eyes Richard Dewent was a hero—of the romantic type. She admired the cut of his clothes, the way he brushed his hair, and the careless office hours he kept. She was also keenly appreciative of his kindly half-hearted rebuffs, when she made serious errors in the letters she wrote for him. He invariably corrected them with a pen rather than wait until they could be properly run off again on the girl's typewriter.

He noticed Dickerson step from the president's office, and, a few moments later, put on his hat and coat and wander carelessly toward the front door. "I doubt if I'll be back to-day, Miss Brown," the vice-president said to the telephone operator. The next moment his car was taking him to the railroad station where he was to pick up Jason, of the Continental Company, and motor him to the golf links.

The stenographer smiled under her made-up eyelashes and half winked at Dewent.

"Pretty soft!" she murmured in none too low a tone, as she glanced at the clock. "Half past ten, and he doesn't *think* he'll be back! *I've* got to stay here till five!"

"Think I'll fritter along myself," chuckled Dewent, in his best movie-hero manner. "Guess I'll wander in and strike the big chief for a raise."

Dewent arose leisurely and sauntered into Burnham's office—without the formality of knocking upon the portal of the open glass-door. He paused on the threshold and lit a cigarette. Burnham hated a cigarette almost as much as he hated a business slacker. In this respect, Dewent entered the president's office with two scores against him, as a direct result of the recent conversation between Burnham and Dickerson.

Burnham looked up at his visitor with a steely eye. Then his natural attitude of trying to find out what ailed his employees, overcame his anger.

Dewent seated himself and crossed his legs.

"The crass idiot!" Burnham thought.

"I've been looking over the plant, Mr. Burnham," Dewent began, as if thinking deeply. "I've hesitated to come to you, but I've noticed that we have some old fogies here and I can't help calling your attention to them."

"We can't all be geniuses!" Burnham snapped.

"Naturally," agreed Dewent, not noticing the sarcasm of the boss. "There are but few leaders. I appreciate the charitable spirit of the firm in keeping on the pay roll all the pensioners—"

"Men who were in the business long before you were born!" Burnham interrupted as he saw the ash of Dewent's cigarette fall on the carpet.

"But wouldn't it add to the success of the business if they were dropped?" queried Dewent eagerly.

"Yes," retorted Burnham, after a pause for thought. "It might, if we could replace them with equal loyalty and industry—and with a little less thought to the midnight dance and the noonday luncheon."

DEWENT stared at him, somewhat in a quandry. "All work and no play—" he began.

"Is as silly as all play and no work!" Burnham shot at the young man. "A man who does not take a vacation is a fool. Every man needs one. No man and no machine can run, and run properly, all the while. Yet the man who plays too hard is as silly as the man who works too hard. There should be a happy medium."

"I agree with you thoroughly," Dewent said. "You've made me a department manager, and I feel that I have been working rather too steadily; yet I don't see how I can lay off."

"Don't you?" asked Burnham, with deep irony in his tone. "I'll still be here, and I suppose I can take on your duties without encroaching too severely on my own. A man who is afraid to take a vacation is apparently afraid of his job—whether he's the office boy, the shipping clerk, the manager of a department, or the boss. If you count for anything in a business—by all means take a vacation. If they don't miss you, they don't need you. If they *do* miss you, you're invaluable, and you'll not only profit by the rest you have taken, or by the next pay envelope or salary check you get. 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Absence makes the boss grow more generous—if he really misses the employee who is away!"

"But speaking of my own vacation," Dewent went on, somewhat embarrassed by his chief's remark, and looking through the open door to see whether or not his own stenographer overheard this conversation.

"Well!" snapped Burnham. "Why speak about it? As an under-executive, you're supposed to make your own hours and regulate your own time. All I ask is that you make good. I don't care when or *how* you do it—just so long as you *do it*."

"But, Mr. Burnham—" began Dewent.

"There are no 'buts' about it!" the big chief told him. "Are you afraid to take a vacation because you think things will go wrong—because you have too much to do—or because you are afraid I will discover that you are a non-essential, non-working cog in this big business machine?"

His cold, appraising glances made Dewent squirm in his chair.

"Is that a fair question—an encouraging remark to make?" Dewent managed to ask.

"Certainly it's fair!" Burnham clicked at him, with a snap of his determined jaws. "If you're making good here, I don't dare fire you. If you're not, I don't dare keep you on the pay roll. What's the answer? I don't know, but I've a strong suspicion. You can confirm or disprove it."

"I don't quite understand," Dewent returned, pretending an ignorance which it was obvious to Burnham was feigned and not very well simulated at that.

"Don't you?" Burnham flashed at Dewent. "Then try to figure it out. If you've worked yourself into a physical and mental wreck, you are entitled to a vacation at the expense of the firm, and it would be foolish business for me to keep you at your desk under such circumstances. But if you have played yourself into a state where you need a rest, it's up to you to take it at your own expense and not to cost the firm too much by being absent when you ought to be working."

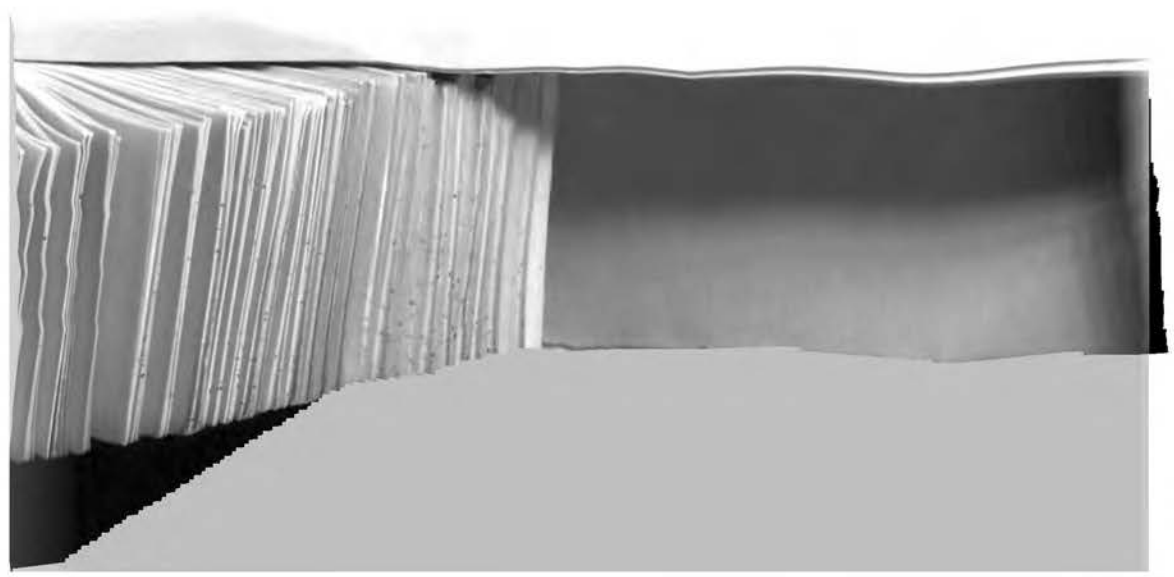
"Does that mean that you believe or imagine that I have been shirking my duties, Mr. Burnham?" Dewent asked stiffly.

"It amounts to about that," the boss answered coldly. "I'm not ready to fire you yet. I don't like to fire men. It's bad business. But I do believe in being frank, and I'm not going to mollycoddle a man or pat him on the back when I'm not a hundred-per-cent sold on the fact that he is doing his best.

"I've tried to do my best," Dewent managed to stammer, flushing and changing his blustering attitude to one of apology.

" 'Try, try again,' may be a good motto; but '*Do, do again*' is a better one! I mean that a man who is working with might and main doesn't have to say that he is trying. He proves that he is *doing*—and that's just what you haven't proved to me, Dewent. It may be that you've grown stale—that you've gotten into a rut—that I've let you have too easy a time of it. If any of these things are the case, it's my fault and not yours. It's an executive's job to see that he puts the right man in the right place and that he doesn't put—or, at least, keep—the right man in the wrong place."

BURNHAM paused and looked thoughtfully out of the window. "I'm going to take the blame in this instance. I'm going to admit that I shouldn't have made you a junior executive without giving you an apprenticeship selling on the road. And I'm going to correct that mistake. You say you need a vacation. All right. I'll give you one for three months. During that time you'll travel the eastern terri-

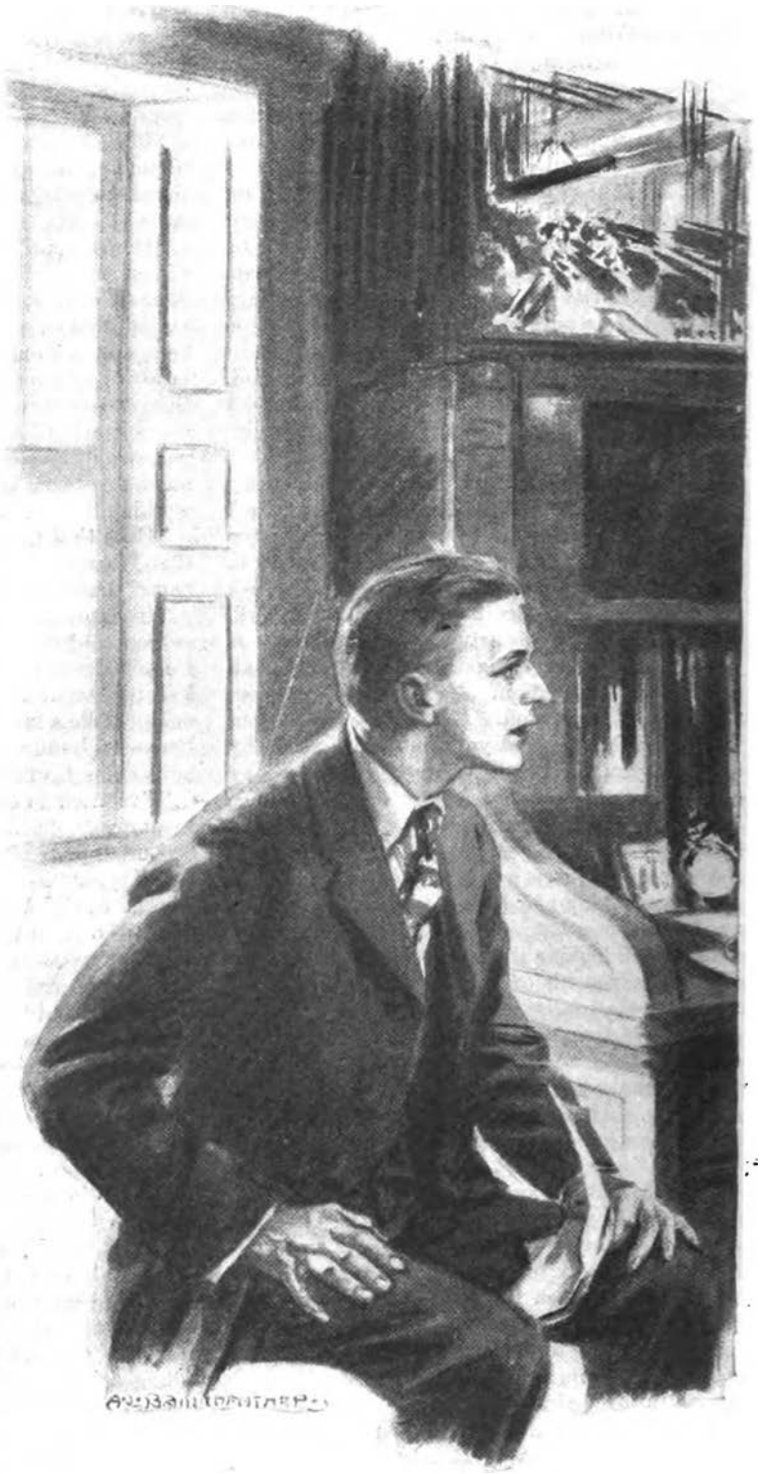


tory. It will give you a constant change of scene, keep you away from the confinement of the office, and give you a keener insight into the attitude and needs of the customers. I don't care how much you sell in dollars and cents. I don't care whether you send in a single order, although I won't fire you if you do. This trip of yours will be more in the nature of a tour of investigation than a selling tour. You'd better arrange to start to-night or to-morrow at the latest. After luncheon, I'll dictate your itinerary and a memorandum of suggestions which I'll discuss with you personally at half-past four this afternoon. Tell the cashier to give you two hundred dollars' expense money and to reserve Pullman accommodations to Buffalo."

With that, and before Dewent could reply, the boss arose and, stalking from his private room, crossed the outer office and walked across the yard to Factory Number One.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Dewent said to himself as he followed the passage of his chief. "I thought I was going to get the blue envelope this week. As it works out, I'll get a cute little three months' holiday at the expense of the firm—and I'll learn a lot of things I've always wanted to know—including the manner in which these salesmen around here make their individual trade follow them as the Constitution follows the Flag. From the way they loaf on the job, they must have some system."

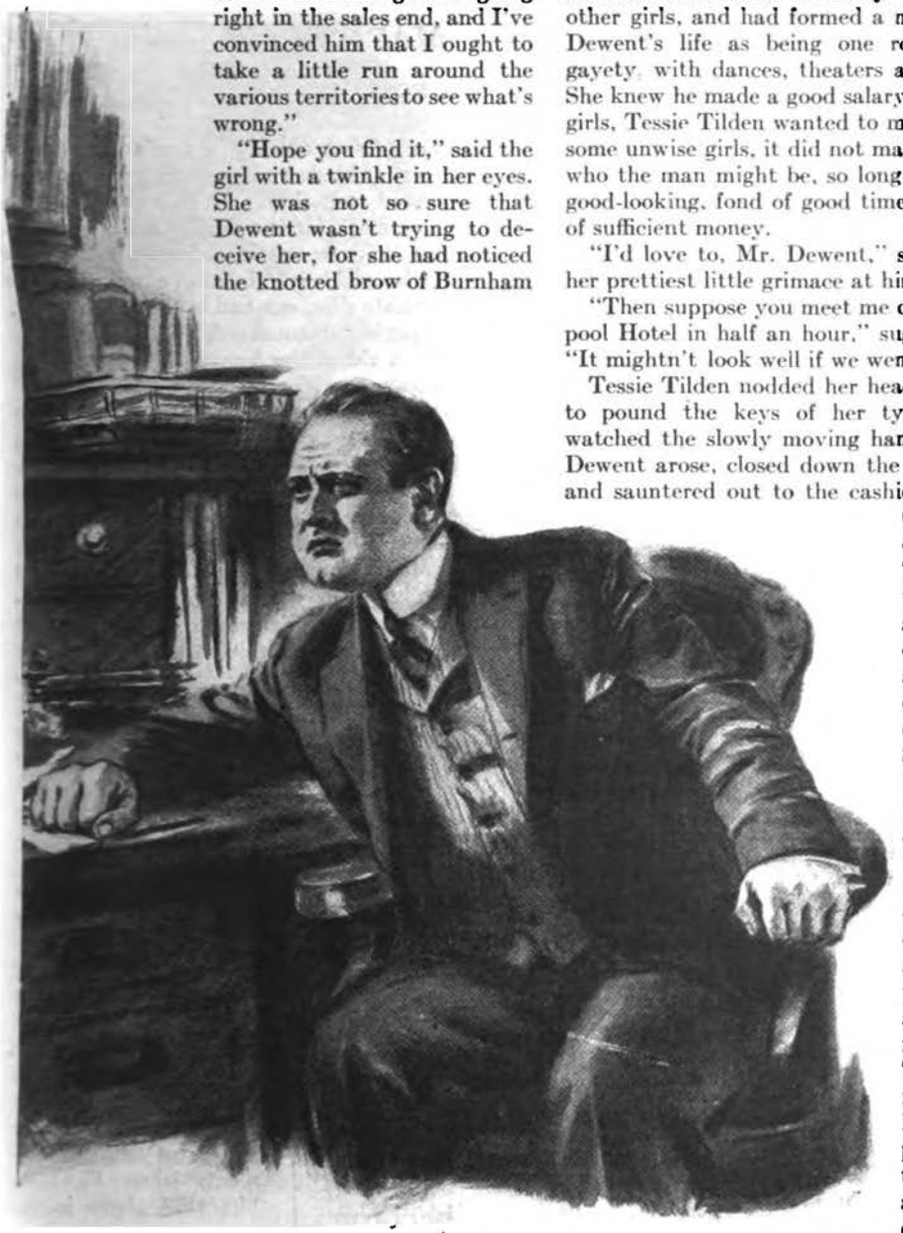
He smiled and sauntered



back to his own desk. His stenographer looked up at him curiously, and noting the expression of triumph on his face, asked, "Been reading the riot act to the boss, Mr. Dewent?"

Dewent couldn't resist the opportunity to pose. "You've guessed it," he answered. "I didn't think things were going right in the sales end, and I've convinced him that I ought to take a little run around the various territories to see what's wrong."

"Hope you find it," said the girl with a twinkle in her eyes. She was not so sure that Dewent wasn't trying to deceive her, for she had noticed the knotted brow of Burnham as he passed her desk on the way to the factory.



"There are no 'buts' about it!" the big chief told him. "Are you afraid to take a vacation because you think things will go wrong—because you have too much to do—or because you are afraid I will discover that you are a non-essential, non-working cog in this big business machine?"

Dewent looked at his watch. "Come on out to luncheon with me," he suggested, and the surprised girl readily consented. She had long been hoping that Dewent would notice her favorably, for she had heard of his many 'phone calls from other girls, and had formed a mental picture of Dewent's life as being one round of nightly gayety, with dances, theaters and late suppers. She knew he made a good salary—and, like most girls, Tessie Tilden wanted to marry. And, like some unwise girls, it did not matter much to her who the man might be, so long as the man was good-looking, fond of good times, and possessed of sufficient money.

"I'd love to, Mr. Dewent," she said, making her prettiest little grimace at him.

"Then suppose you meet me over at the Claypool Hotel in half an hour," suggested Dewent. "It mightn't look well if we went out together."

Tessie Tilden nodded her head and pretended to pound the keys of her typewriter as she watched the slowly moving hands of the clock. Dewent arose, closed down the top of his desk, and sauntered out to the cashier's department. Once he was out of the office, Tessie proceeded to inspect her saucy little countenance in a handmirror concealed in her desk drawer. She also daubed her cheeks with powder and applied to her lips a rouge stick that she kept concealed in a compartment supposed to hold pencils, erasers, and other office necessities. Then, a full ten minutes before her hour of departure, she went to the cloakroom and further proceeded to make herself the picture she imag-

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The Devil's Auction

Why the Little Wedge of Discouragement Attracts the Largest Number of Victims

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

SOMEWHERE I have seen a picture called "The Devil's Auction," in which, from among many other articles, the devil, as auctioneer, exhibits a small wedge with a very sharp edge. This he is said to prize above all his other tools, because he has caught more victims with it than with any of his other devices.

We all know what this insidious wedge is, for there is no one who has not at some time in his life made its acquaintance. It is called Discouragement.

The devil holds that this is the only thing he can insert in the average mind almost without notice; that, in fact, one is unconscious of the entry of the thin sharp edge of the wedge. But after it has once entered he can make his victim do anything he pleases. When a person is once thoroughly discouraged, the devil has little difficulty in urging him to do some desperate thing that will mar or utterly ruin his whole life.

DISCOURAGEMENT is at the bottom of more failures, more crime and misery, more broken hearts, more ruined lives, more suicides, than any other one thing. As author and magazine editor, I receive more letters from people suffering from this form of mental disease —chronic discouragement is a disease—than are written to me on any other subject.

Not long ago a letter from a young man who was then undergoing a jail sentence for robbery, told me that it was discouragement that had driven him to crime. He had a wife and child dependent on him when he lost his job, and nothing laid by for a rainy day. Discouragement got hold of him, and, no doubt, had a great deal to do with his failure to get another position, for nothing tells so quickly in one's appearance and manner, or hinders so much in getting work, as a depressed mentality. In this condition, he was an easy mark for the devil; and when the temptation came to rob in order to relieve his necessities he yielded. "I believe we all make our unfortunate slips, our bad breaks," he wrote, "when we are in a discouraged, despondent state. Then, to get rid of our anxieties, our pressing necessities, we are willing to do almost anything."

Although this young man is filled with remorse for what he has done, and is resolved to redeem his one lapse from the straight path of honor when he leaves prison, yet he will never be able to wipe out wholly the record of his crime. This is the most terrible thing about discouragement; once you allow yourself to yield completely to its depressing influence you are liable to do something that you never can undo, something that you will unavailingly regret to the end of your days.

THE devil watches his opportunity to get his victims at a disadvantage, when they are down and out, or suffering in some way. He knows that it is no use to tackle a man when he is fit, when he is courageous, energetic, and ambitious—full of life and enthusiasm, working with a will at his life task, or preparing with high hopes to enter his chosen career,—so he times his attacks until he can get him when he is down and out mentally. That is the time he spreads black pictures before his eyes and whispers in his ear words of discouragement, when he tells him that there is no use in struggling against fate, that the only way out of the difficulty that confronts him is the way

> I FIND letters from God dropped in the street—and every one is signed by God's name, and I leave them where they are; for I know that whereso'er I go, others will punctually come, forever and ever.
>
> —*Walt Whitman*

he points out. No psychologist in this world knows human nature like the devil, so none knows better than he that the man who is down and out is easily influenced, and will always look for the easiest way out.

It is estimated that the average number of

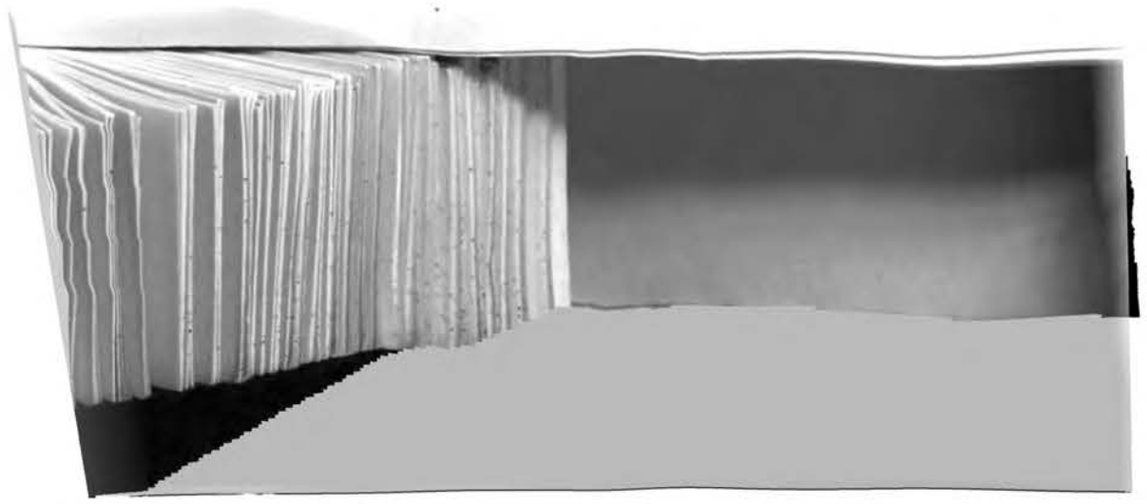
"Here it is! Discouragement! My most valuable possession!"

suicides in the entire civilized world each year is one million; and it is safe to say that nine out of ten of this appalling number are driven to self-destruction by discouragement. Day after day, in the newspapers of every great city, we read of men, women, and even children who, under the influence of the devil's prompting, could see no other way out of their trouble, whatever it was, than the taking of their own lives.

The student in school or college—sometimes it is a child in grammar school—fails in his examinations, or is afraid he will; the business man who in a financial crisis sees failure and ruin ahead of him; the talented young artist who meets with one disappointment after another and despairs of ever making the goal of his ambition; those who are disappointed in love, who have trouble in the home, who lose dear friends or are deceived by someone in whom they had absolute faith—the list is as long as the list of human ills—but one and all are well-nigh demented when they rob themselves of that which the normal man prizes above all other things—the precious gift of life.

The number who cut themselves off in this way, however, are as a drop in the ocean compared with the millions whose lives are ruined every year by the devil's wedge of discouragement. He gets it into the youth's mind and makes him leave college when homesick or when he strikes extra difficulties in working his way through. He makes multitudes leave half-learned trades and professions, and persuades students to leave their half-learned art to try something else.

He has induced people in every field to quit the things that they longed to do and had struggled hard to get started in. With the help of his diabolical wedge of discouragement the devil has driven untold numbers from their life-task, the work they were created to do, by



making them believe they were on the wrong track, and that somewhere else, in some other field, they would have a better chance. So he has kept people moving about all over the world, shifting, changing, never finding the satisfaction and happiness they crave because they are round pegs in square holes.

DISCOURAGEMENT is a disease that is universal in some form. Everybody in greater or less degree is the victim of its poison. I frequently get letters from young men and women on the threshold of their active careers, with fine possibilities ahead of them, telling me how discouraged they are. A recent one from a young woman, after detailing a pitiful list of her troubles and discouragements, the things which she says are keeping her down and making her prematurely old, closes with, "Yours from the depths of the blues."

Now, people who live in "the depths of the blues" are sure marks for the devil's wedge. Our habitual moods have everything to do with our success, and the man or woman who encourages the "blues" instead of driving them away is bidding for failure. Encouraging the "blues" usually ends in chronic discouragement, and when any one allows himself to fall into this state, no one outside of himself can do anything for him. Unless he turns about face, shuts out the devil and his wedge, and finds the God in himself there is no hope for him.

SO long as life remains, no matter what your age or sex or condition, you can regain your lost hope and courage. You can drive out fear, worry, the "blues," all forms of discouragement, all the enemies of your success and happiness, by claiming your divine inheritance and asserting your kinship with God.

The Creator never made any one to be a coward, to run away from difficulties. It is only the devil's wedge that does that. We were made to hold up our heads, to look the world in the face without flinching, to conquer every difficulty that opposes us in our efforts to do the thing we were sent here to do. We were made to succeed in our work, to be happy in it, and if we fail, it is because we turn coward in the battle of life; for it is cowardice, lack of faith in the Creator, that drives people to despair and suicide.

No matter how depressing your present condition, or what your troubles, if you take your higher self, the man or woman God made you to be for your guide, you can recover your footing, you can be the brave, successful, happy being the Creator planned.

DON'T PUT OFF—

THE hard problem, the tough job. Tackle it first.

Writing to your mother or father, or brother or sister, and in other ways showing your affection for them.

The putting on of new clothes. Don't put off putting up a good front, making a good appearance that will tally with the thing you are after in life.

Keeping fit, looking after your physical and mental welfare.

The daily bath and the perfect grooming of yourself.

Self-improvement. While it is never too late to learn, it is better to begin early.

Attending to your friendships. Friends will leave us if we give them no attention, and one of the greatest regrets of multitudes of men, as they near the end of life, is that they have put off their friendships—put off cultivating them while they were making money.

Getting acquainted with your family, giving time to your children, showing interest in their sport and having fun with them. Be their pal and you will not regret it later.

Being kind to others; saying and doing the helpful, considerate thing to-day.

Trying to control your unbridled temper or cruel tongue.

Giving time and attention to your home life, and contributing toward a beautiful home atmosphere.

Registering your vow for better things.

Being honest and square in your dealings.

The higher impulses until they cease to plead with you.

The beginning of the thing your heart longs for, and that you feel able to accomplish.

Making a decision until it is useless or you lose your power to decide.

Getting out of a rut. The present is a good time to make the effort.

Turning over a new leaf and reforming your bad habits. Do it now! —O. S. M.

Misfits Who Were Kicked into Their Kingdoms

How Leigh Hunt, Admiral Farragut, Salmon P. Chase, David Livingston, Karl Harriman, Peter Clark MacFarlane and Others Who Became Successful Started for Their Goals

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

"YOU'RE fired!' said the managing editor of a newspaper in Detroit, Michigan, to a young fellow, several years ago.

The man who was thus suddenly informed that fate no longer wanted him around these parts as a substantial part of the pay roll grinned.

He grinned just as some men grin when they face their executioner, but his heart was as heavy as a three-ton truck. He had been married only a month. All during that month, in the enthusiasm of youthful optimism, he casually informed his wife that the next move for him would probably be the city-editor's desk. Instead, the next move was through the front door.

"But it was the best thing that ever happened to me!" this same man said to me a few days ago, as I sat in his office in Chicago. He is Karl Harriman, now editor of the *Red Book Magazine*, with supervision over two other magazines.

"Why do you consider being fired such a glorious experience?" I asked him.

"Because, if I hadn't been fired I would be writing copy to-day for that paper at a meager salary. As it was, being fired compelled me to dig out for myself. I went to Philadelphia and applied for a job with a publishing house in that city, and, in a few years' time, Mr. Edward Bok invited me to be the managing editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

"So that's why you believe now that the managing editor did you a good turn when he fired you?" I asked, with a smile of understanding.

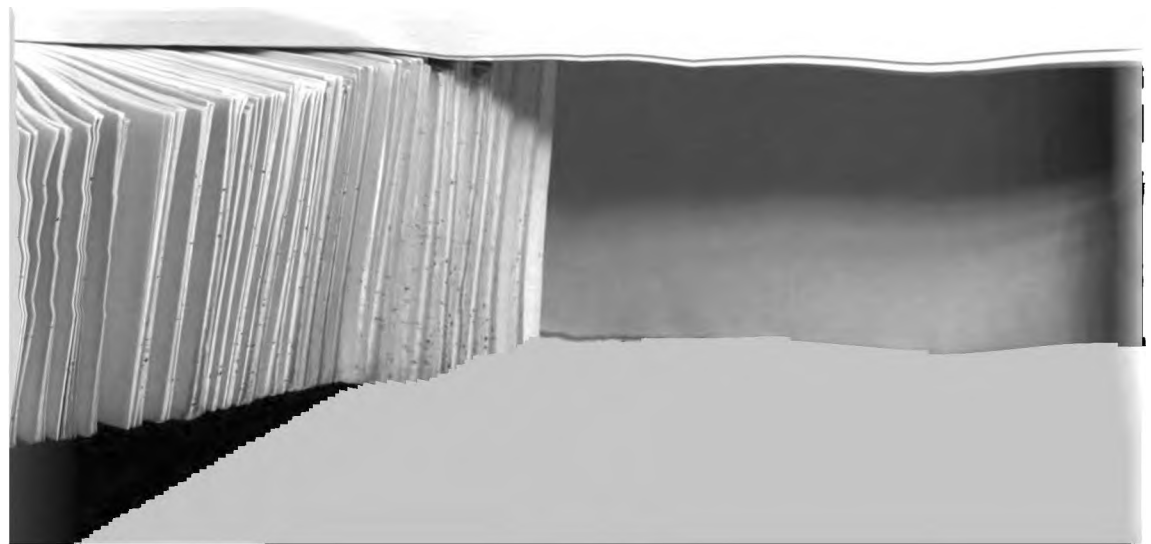
"I sure do!"

"Did you at the time you were fired?"

"No! I considered it a great calamity then. That's why I am anxious to tell others that getting fired from that job was the best trick that fate ever played me."

"You were, then, literally and figuratively kicked into your little kingdom here in this office, weren't you?"

"Kicked is right; kicked just like the boy peeping under the tent when along came a circus roustabout and, the first thing the boy knew, he was sitting in the lap of a clown: 'How did you get here?' asked the clown. 'I was kicked in,' answered the boy. 'Then in you stay!' said the clown. 'You are my guest from



now on.' That boy, I would say, was, to use your phrase, literally 'kicked into a boy's kingdom.'" Thus spake the editor from his little room on the top floor of a big Chicago office-building.

His is truly a little kingdom. The bell rang and in came an artist. The decision as to whether an illustration should be cut for two pages or run clear across double pages was made in a few seconds, and made by the editor. A young woman entered. "Mr. Blank, to see you." I recognized the name as that of a well-known author.

It was fascinating to watch Karl Harriman at work, and to realize that, as is the case of any successful editor, more than a million people are a part of his kingdom; a part of his audience; a part of his congregation; a part of his political constituency; a part of his great group of unknown.

His is truly a little kingdom of power, and he had been kicked into it.

How Peter Clark MacFarlane Left the Ministry

I KNOW a successful writer. He is Peter Clark MacFarlane. Fate kicked him out of the theater. He was an actor. As he walked home he saw a little church boarded up, a sign on the front door stating that the church was closed because it didn't have a preacher.

MacFarlane had always had a hankering to preach, so he hunted up the deacons and said that he would fill the pulpit until they could engage a regular preacher. He captivated the congregation, and the result was that he became a successful preacher. Then fate gave him another kick. This time it was sickness, and he landed in Panama where he interviewed George W. Goethals, the engineer who built the Panama Canal. It was the first time that the great American had ever been successfully interviewed, although many magazines had made an attempt.

MacFarlane was a sick man. He had to have a sea voyage for a rest. His friend, Captain Yardley, then commanding a small coast-wise ship, out of San Francisco, bantering him, said, "Bring your family and take a trip with me down to Panama."

"I had no idea he would take me up," Captain Yardly told me, as I talked with him in San Francisco. "But, when the ship was ready to sail, Peter showed up with his whole family. They were a great crowd. I remember that the children told the passengers their father was the janitor of a New York apartment house. That was their idea of a man of power."

MacFarlane had no idea of interviewing Goethals when he took the sea trip for his health. "It was only to get rid of a serious malady that threatened my life. In fact I didn't know what I was to do. I was blue and discouraged, with no money and no possibility of going back to preaching, because of my health. When we landed in Panama, I decided to have a talk with Goethals, if that were possible. It was. I landed a real interview. It won attention, and then came others. They were followed by stories and books."

"So you, too, were 'kicked into your kingdom' by fate?" I said to him.

"I certainly was! And I still bear the prints of the hobnails on my anatomy!" he said with a grin.

"So far as that is concerned," said MacFarlane, "Theodore Roosevelt was 'kicked into his kingdom' too, by fate."

"What do you mean; into the Presidency?" I asked him.

"No, I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of the time he suddenly faced the fact that he was a weakling, physically, and had to go West for his health. That was the turning point in Roosevelt's career. He told me so himself; so bad health literally kicked him in, too!"

Leigh Hunt and Farragut Were Misfits

THEN, I thought of Leigh Hunt. He had been a misfit through all his early days. In school and college, he was one of the men who didn't fit in. A sudden sickness came while he was in New York. It was a sickness that was accompanied by terrible suffering. But he says of this sickness in his autobiography: "One great benefit resulted to me from this suffering. It gave me an amount of reflection, such as, in all probability, I never should have had without it. It taught me patience, it taught me charity, it taught me the worth of little pleasures, as well as the utility and dignity of great pains; it taught that evil itself contains good."

This sickness made Leigh Hunt. It changed his life.

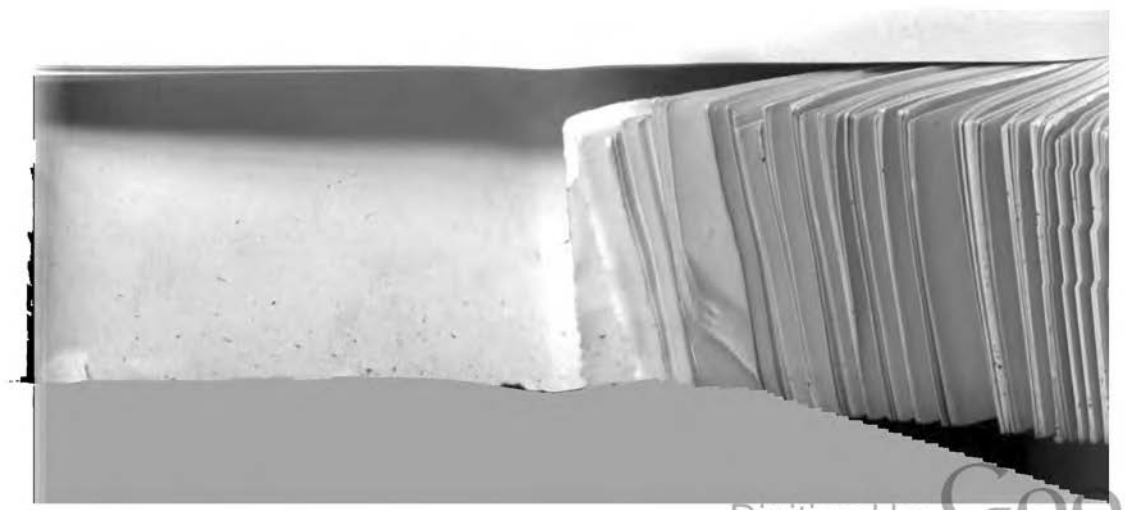
DAVID FARRAGUT was kicked into his kingdom by his father.

He had been rather dissolute and careless, and held the idea that a real seaman must be a swearing tyrant. According to an old story of his early life, his father called him into his own cabin after turning everybody else out, and, locking the door, remarked:

"David, what do you mean to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea!" said his father. "Be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast,



kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land?"

"No, father," exclaimed the boy, "I will tread the quarter-deck; and command, as you do!"

"No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man!"

Farragut admits that he was stunned by the rebuke. That was the kick that kicked him into his kingdom on the sea, as one of the world's great commanders. It took a kick to awaken him.

Salmon P. Chase Would Have Stuck Cheerfully to Teaching

SALMON P. CHASE,—Lincoln's Secretary of War, when he had finished school, decided to start a private school in Washington, D. C. He advertised for pupils; but, notwithstanding his great optimism and hope, only *one* lonely pupil appeared on the opening day.

Thus fate kicked him once. But it took two kicks for Chase.

He then decided to get a job as a government clerk. His uncle, a senator from Vermont, might well have secured for him the coveted position.

Instead, he said to Chase, "I once got a job for a nephew, and he went to the dogs. I take no more chances on another nephew!"

This time fate kicked Chase into studying law. Later, he became a most successful lawyer and was made immortal by Lincoln. But, it is safe to predict that, if fate hadn't kicked him out of his first attempt at founding a school, he might have lived and died a humble teacher.

A store burned down once in which George Peabody, the banker, had invested heavily. It left him desperate and stranded. But that was only fate's way of kicking him into the financial and banking kingdom; for, after that, instead of being contented with being a storekeeper he got a job with his uncle who, later, sent him to London where he became one of the world's greatest bankers. If fate hadn't kicked him out of the store, through a burning building, he might have lived his days in a small-town draper's shop.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, one day while at school, was kicked in the stomach by a boy with a violent temper. He had not been a studious boy, although he was a quiet unobtrusive lad. Instead of coming back in like manner at the boy who had kicked him and run, Newton determined on a more intelligent mode of revenge. He decided to get busy with his books and defeat his enemy by taking his place at the head of his classes. He did it. That marked the first desire that he ever had for real studying. It was fate's way of kicking him into his kingdom, for everybody knows what Sir Isaac Newton has done for science.

David Livingston, the explorer, was all set to go to China, as a missionary, when the "Opium War" broke out, and, much to his disappointment, he had to change his plans and go to Africa, a country about which he knew practically nothing; whereas he had been studying about China for years.

No doubt, Livingston growled about the "Opium War," and was angry at fate for upsetting his well-laid plans. Livingston became one of history's greatest explorers.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON, the authoress, might have settled down to a domestic life. She was married to a naval officer, who invented a submarine gun and was killed while experimenting with it. Then a few years later, her only son died. But out of the culmination of this double grief came her first real poetry. We would never have had "Ramona," that beautiful story of the historic missions of California, if grief had not come to Helen Hunt Jackson.

This Man Was Kicked into His Self-Respect

A FEW years ago, in the city of Detroit, there was a successful business man. In fact, he was earning a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, according to his friend, Edgar Guest, the poet, who told me this tale of how fate kicked a man into a kingdom in a strangely backhanded way.

"He made a success of business but he didn't make a success of living," said Mr, Guest, as we talked about the man.

"In what way?" I asked him.

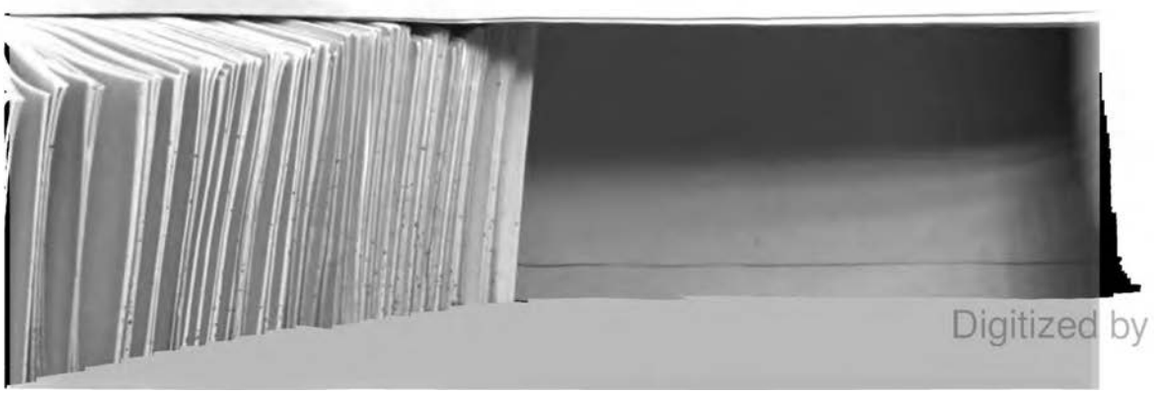
"Well, he got to drinking, and that went from bad to worse. Finally, his wife literally kicked him out, and his children would have nothing to do with him. He was figuratively kicked out of his own home.

"That not only broke his heart, but it awakened him. He suddenly realized what a fool he had been. Even his wife and children didn't want him around."

"Did he buck up then?"

"No, he went further and further down until he got kicked out of his big job, too. He was

(*Continued on page* 133)



Great Business!

A Story Analyzing a Particular Method by Which a Man Sells Himself

By FLOYD MEREDITH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES F. JAEGER

SUDDENLY he threw down his evening paper and stared into the fast-dying fire in the wide open grate. His wife glanced up from the tiny, white, woolen sock she was darning and studied her husband's lowered head.

All through the dinner he had been preoccupied, and, even in the daily romping hour with Junior, now so snugly tucked in his little blue-and-white bed, his usual boyish gayety was somehow missing. But Dorothea Godfrey did not question him, neither did she talk very much, feeling that her silent understanding of whatever was troubling him would be of greater value. She was that rare and beautiful thing—a close woman.

"I've been a quiet, selfish beast all evening," he stated finally, in a penitent voice, "I wonder if any other woman would keep as still as you have. Are you thinking something out, too?"

"No," she smiled. "I mean, yes! Wondering how long it would take you to tell me."

"Oh! so you're sure I'll tell you, are you?" he teased.

"I want you to do as you think best about it."

He threw another log on the fire, and settled back more comfortably in his chair.

"Thea," he spoke quickly, "how long have we been married?"

"Seven years," she offered, surprised at the question.

"And in all that time I've never been able to give you half that you gave up for me and Junior."

"Hugh," her very tones were a rebuke, "I was never happy until you came. I never knew content until you and my little son gave it to me. I gave nothing up. What I had was merely the froth of existence, you gave me the wine of life."

"There, dear, I didn't mean to hurt you. You're not like most women, thank heaven." He touched the white hand holding the tiny stocking.

"No, and you're not like most men," she retorted gaily, "or I shouldn't be loving you as I do."

"One can't, it seems, be altogether unhappy."

"Are you unhappy, Hugh?" she questioned sharply, somewhat perplexed.

"It's like this," he began. "I want to give you and Junior more—more than this," giving a comprehensive, appraising glance around the comfortable sitting room. "You've been a marvel to make the kind of a home we have here, with my small salary. After all, it's always you women who are the home-builders. I'm sick of seeing you with only the necessities of life. I want more money. I want the luxuries for you, those to which you have been accustomed."

"They will come if you'll only not be impatient," she stated in a calm, even voice.

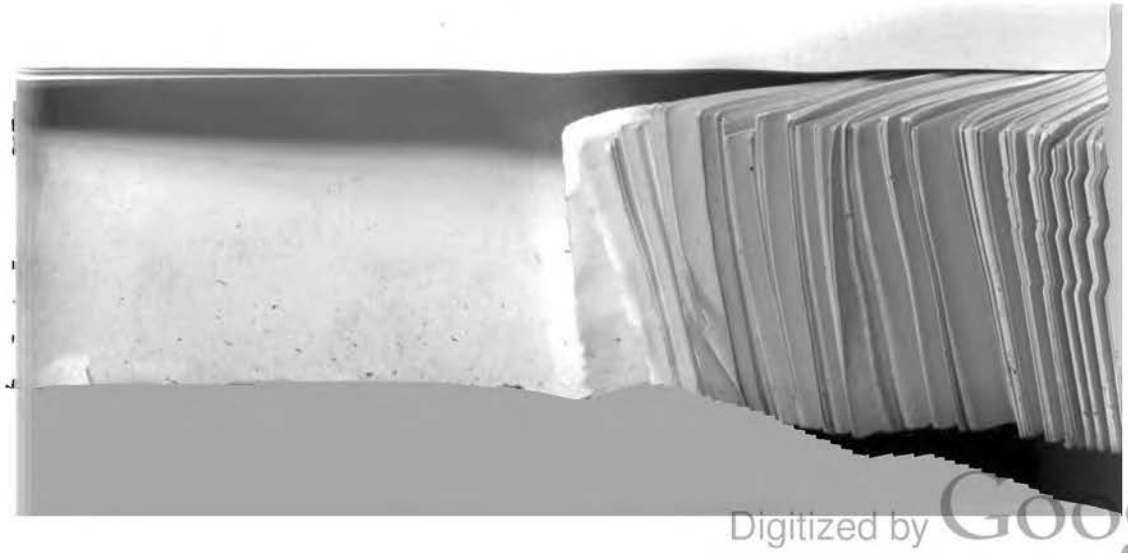
"What makes you sure of that, Thea?"

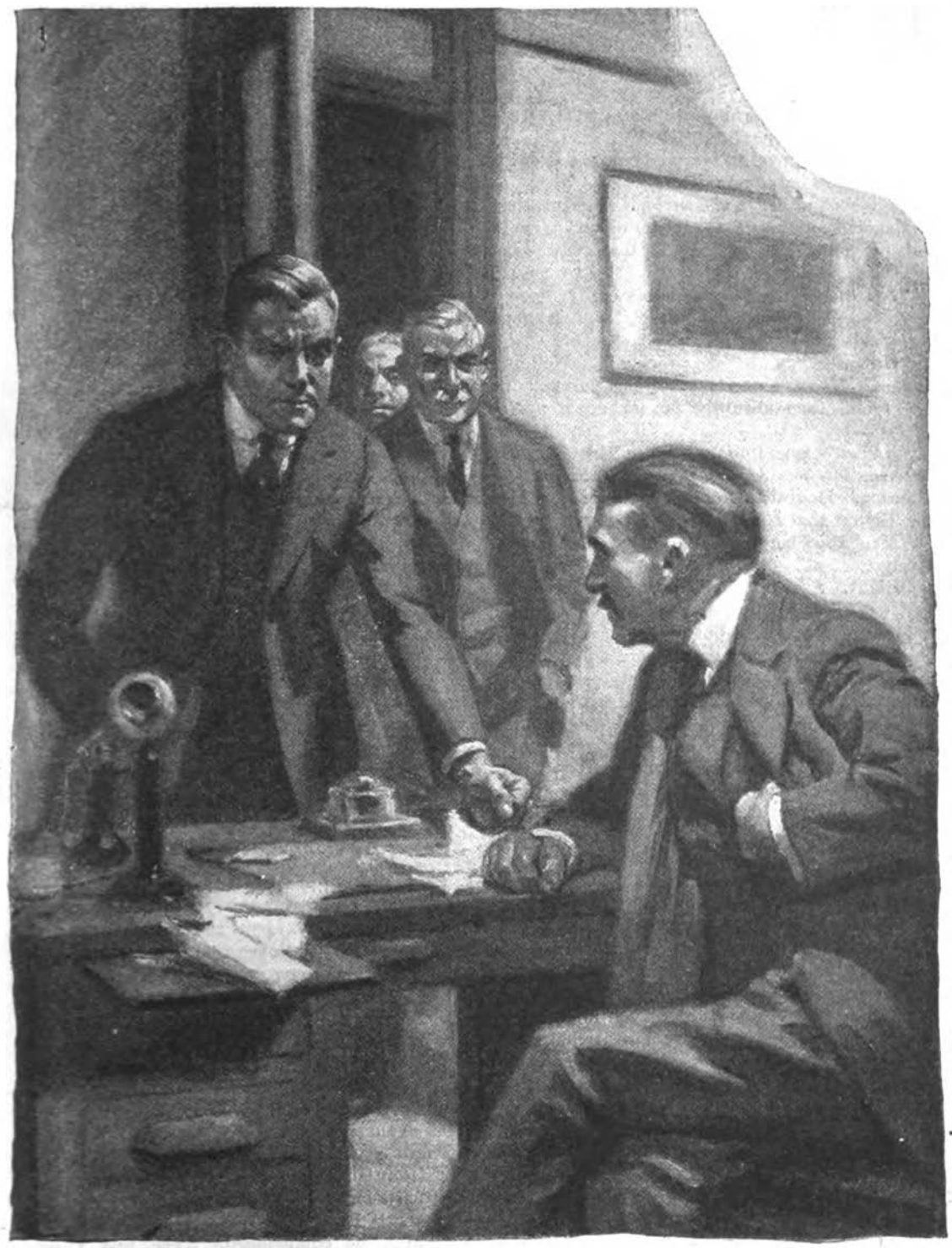
"I just *know*." Her voice was convincing. "I can't tell you exactly how I know. I feel it—here." She pressed her hand over her heart.

"Is it your faith in my ability, or, in Mr. Bennett giving me a better position eventually?" he asked, quietly studying her face.

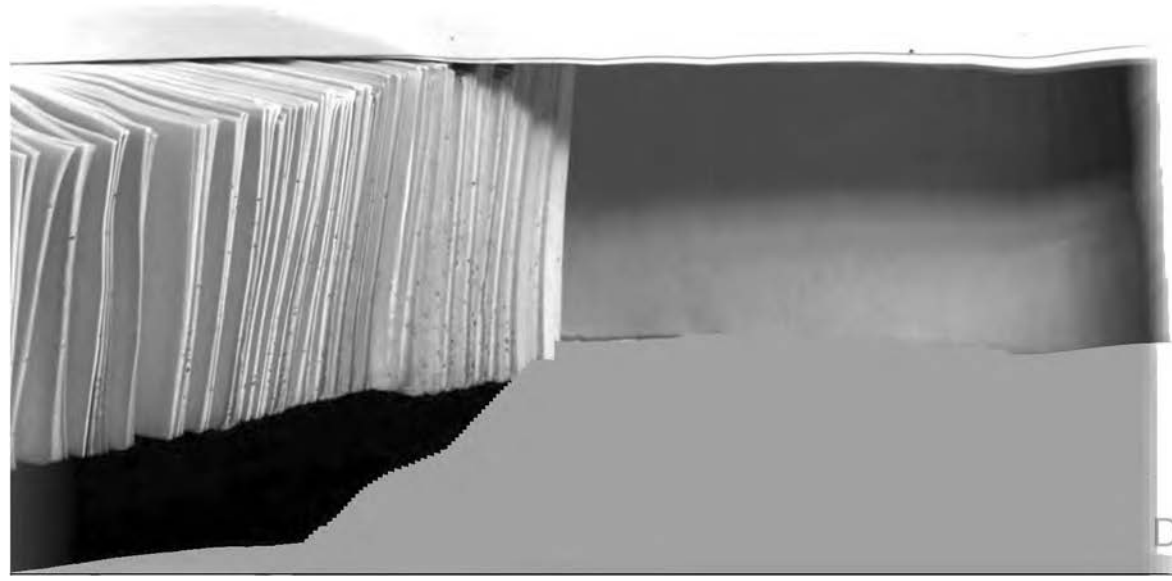
"In both." Thea smiled into his eyes. "Let me tell you how it is. Have you ever been out on an unlighted country-road, late at night? Every tree and bush peers at you, and it is so dark that the very heavens themselves seem to be closing on you from all sides. Even the stars laugh at you from their high places. Then, suddenly, a tiny spark of light shows in your path. Maybe it's just a friendly little lantern flashed across a distant hill, or a light from a remote farmhouse; but you lose the sense of loneness, and you keep on, always looking ahead, knowing that other folks are abroad as well as yourself. And every once in a while you catch a gleam from that friendly light." She stopped and, with an appealing gesture, put her hand on his.

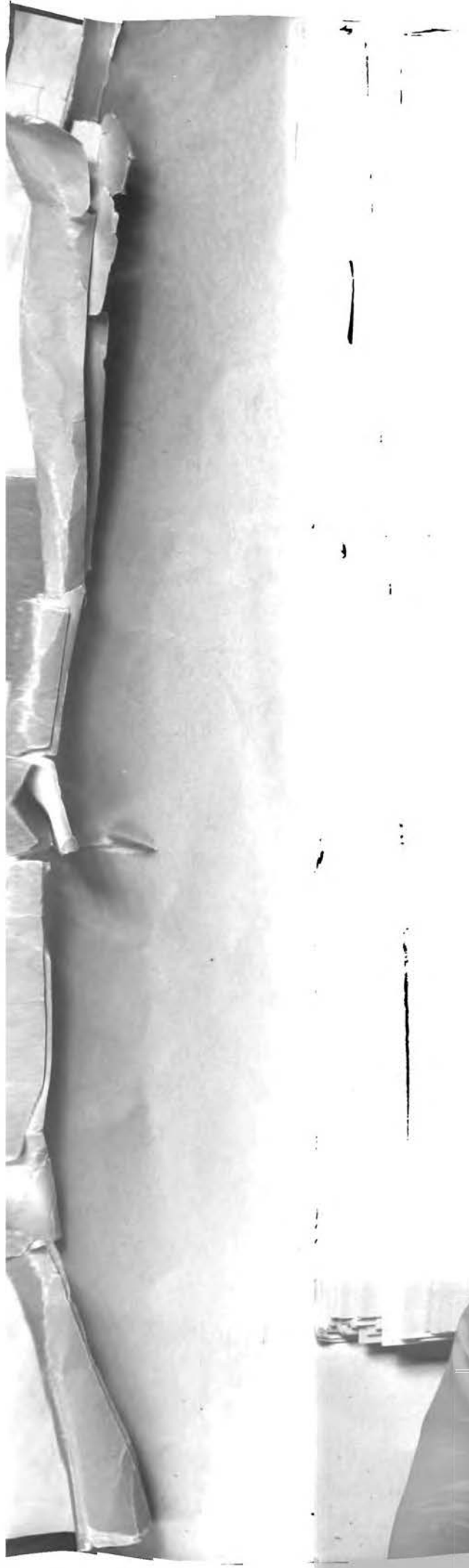
"That's the way it is with me," she went on half dreamily. "Every time you've been advanced in salary there's a gleam, and I know the light is there."





"No, I'm not in on it, nor do I intend to be. I'll get Mr. Bennett's address from Jameson and I'll wire him to come back here at once. Pretty little scheme, MacPherson's and yours; to hit a man when he's down. I don't know who else in this company knows about this but—"





HUGH was thoughtful. "I get your idea, dear. But, is it quite practical in business? A man can easily get into a rut sticking on as I've been doing, in the same place, for years."

Thea laid her darning aside and took up his discarded newspaper.

"If a man is loyal to his employer and does his best—there's only one outcome, ever."

He looked at her in silence for a moment, then said a trifle petulantly: "Aren't you going to ask me about the real trouble that's bothering me?"

"If I did, Hugh," she laughed easily, "you'd say, 'Oh, just business, my dear'," and she gave a perfect imitation of his voice.

"How wise you are," he chuckled. "Well, it's this—" He gave one or two quick turns about the room, then abruptly he sat down again, facing her.

"A man came into our office this morning representing the Good Dress Corporation of Chicago. Doubtless you remember meeting him one time at that large dinner Mr. Bennett gave."

"Mr. MacPherson?" she questioned intuitively.

"Right. I might have known you'd remember. Well, he's what one might call a canny Scot. After a few moments conversation, he came down to business and bought an enormous amount of goods. Something of every single thing we sell. Then he invited me out with him for a bite to eat, before I had a chance to offer that courtesy, myself. Andrews, who's acting-president since Mr. Bennett's illness, saw us go out together and called to me to show MacPherson the town, at the firm's expense."

"It must have been a big order," Thea laughed heartily.

Hugh nodded grimly. "Yes, that's Andrews; but he realizes how much business MacPherson could throw our way. His secretary overheard the invitation. She tells him everything, all she hears and some she doesn't.

"After we were seated, the first thing MacPherson asked—he's very blunt you know—was how much I made. Almost before I realized it, I'd told him, two thousand. 'Two thousand!' he scoffed at me, 'Godfrey, I thought *we* might be able to use you; but, if you're satisfied with a pittance like that, I guess we don't want you.' You may believe me, I told him I was far from satisfied."

"'What do you stay with the Bennett Company for?' he asked. Then, when I tried to give him my life history, so to speak, about starting in with them as office boy and gradually working up, he waved his hand. 'I know all that,' he informed me sharply, 'we study our men before we pick them. The point is, I thought you a five-thousand-a-year live-wire. What's the answer. You're making two—might better be a day laborer. You ought to be a stockholder. I'll bet you don't own a share.' I had to admit I didn't."

"It's a wonder to me you let him speak to you that way," Thea informed. "Was it because you thought there might be a place for you in Chicago with him?"

HE nodded gravely. "I told him I'd done my best. At that he laughed loudly. 'Your best!' he sneered, 'seems to me it's your worst. You were a promising youngster but, in the last few years, you've gone ahead about as fast as a snail.' That made me as mad as a blue devil. 'Well, MacPherson,' I cut in, 'A snail gets there and minds its own business on the way. Good day, sir.' At that he leaned across the table. 'Now we can come to business,' he said in a half whisper."

"What did he mean?" Thea was all interest.

"Just this: It seems that the Good Dress Corporation is about to extend its business, especially in the East. They already have the West pretty well covered. They're going to open a branch house right here. When he told me that I asked him why. 'Why? You young fool' he blurted out, '*Why*—to make more money, that's why.' Then, lowering his voice, he said: 'And, incidentally, to get the business of The Bennett Company, as well.' Then, before I could recover from my surprise, he made me his proposition."

"I thought Mr. MacPherson was a personal friend of Mr. Bennett's," Thea ventured in a rather shocked voice.

Hugh did not seem to hear her. "In a nutshell what he said was this: I can be of use to them. Know more about the Bennett business than any other employee they have, been with them longer, and have a more general knowledge of the management. This is the twentieth. If I accept, I go on the Good Dress Corporation's pay roll on the first of next month. Five thousand a year for a send-off, and, if I make good, to use MacPherson's words, 'The blue dome of bonny Scotland will be the limit.' What do you think of that?"

Thea's eyes had grown very wide and dark. "Five thousand dollars," she repeated in a rather frightened manner. "Five thousand for a beginning! Oh, Hugh!"

"Wait," he commanded. "The first three months, I'm to stay right where I am. They want a better understanding of the Bennett

Company's various departments, the system of the thing, you know, and—a complete list of customers, the big fellows. As for the stock, MacPherson said he'd bought enough for a working basis and that, in Chicago, they could make things cheaper and of better material than is being used in our factory here, and still be able to undersell the Bennett Company and make a profit."

"But that would be a disgraceful thing to do—"

Her husband interrupted her quickly. "Let me finish, dear. I want it all off my chest. We can discuss it afterward. I didn't have time to answer MacPherson after I'd understood clearly the gist of the thing. Andrews came into the hotel and joined us, telling me I was needed at the office, so I had to rush off without getting anywhere. I left MacPherson and Andrews there together. As I started to go, MacPherson half turned in his chair. 'I'll see you again, laddie, in a week or so,' he said softly as Andrews was giving his order, and with that I went out. And there you are!" He finished with a sigh of weariness and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

Thea spoke with a rush. "Well, my intuition was all wrong. Never would I have thought Mr. MacPherson that kind of a man. Never! I can't understand it. If Mr. Bennett were only not ill! The thing to do, of course, is for you to tell Andrews since he's taking Mr. Bennett's place, but I know you dislike him intensely."

"Remember the five thousand," Hugh advised. "Remember that I'd be throwing away *my* chance if I mentioned it to anyone."

"It's a great salary, Hugh," she admitted. "You will have to think it out for yourself."

He looked at her keenly.

"I'm very tired," she announced briefly, "I think I shall go upstairs."

Hugh rose at once and walked with her to the foot of the stair-case. "I'll be with you presently," she heard him say, "as soon as I smoke *my* pipe; but you go to sleep—don't sit up there waiting for me."

UNTOLD possibilities stretched themselves before Hugh. "A general knowledge of the way his firm did business." MacPherson had said something like that. Why, he knew the ins and outs of their business to a T.

There was Carter. A good friend of his and one of the very best in the buying department. He could readily get any information from that source he desired.

Jameson, too, of the financial end, often talked to him of that side of things, so his interest there would be taken for granted.

The producing department was more difficult. Brown was a queer chap, reticent to a degree. But his assistant, Keebler, was as talkative as Brown was quiet. He could be persuaded easily to tell all he knew.

And Godfrey was head of the sales department. How very simple it would all be.

Then, unfortunately, across his vision, came the white and kindly face of Horace Bennett, the president of the firm. Bennett had taken him in—had helped him along right up to his present post. He knew that he had stood in line for the next promotion; but Mr. Bennett had been taken ill and, for six months now, Andrews had been acting-president. The position that Hugh had expected to fill had gone to a friend of Andrews from the outside.

Godfrey had borne the slight silently because of his fondness for the old president.

"But, I can't go on because of him, when he's not there. I don't care a hang for the rest of them," he reasoned. "Every man has his price. I guess five thousand is mine."

But, somehow, the thought of Horace Bennett persisted, even after he had gone quietly to bed.

The next morning found him restless and ill at ease. His mind refused its usual tasks. Finally, with a muttered ejaculation at his own foolishness, he walked over to Miss LePaige, Andrews's secretary.

"Ask your chief if he will spare me a few moments," he requested curtly.

The girl came back in a few moments to say that Mr. Andrews would see Mr. Godfrey.

Hugh smiled grimly, as he walked towards the sanctum of Julius P. Andrews.

As he came into the room, Andrews called Miss Le Paige, "You don't mind waiting a moment, Godfrey, do you? I've just one letter to dictate; almost forgot it."

Hugh nodded silently and sat down.

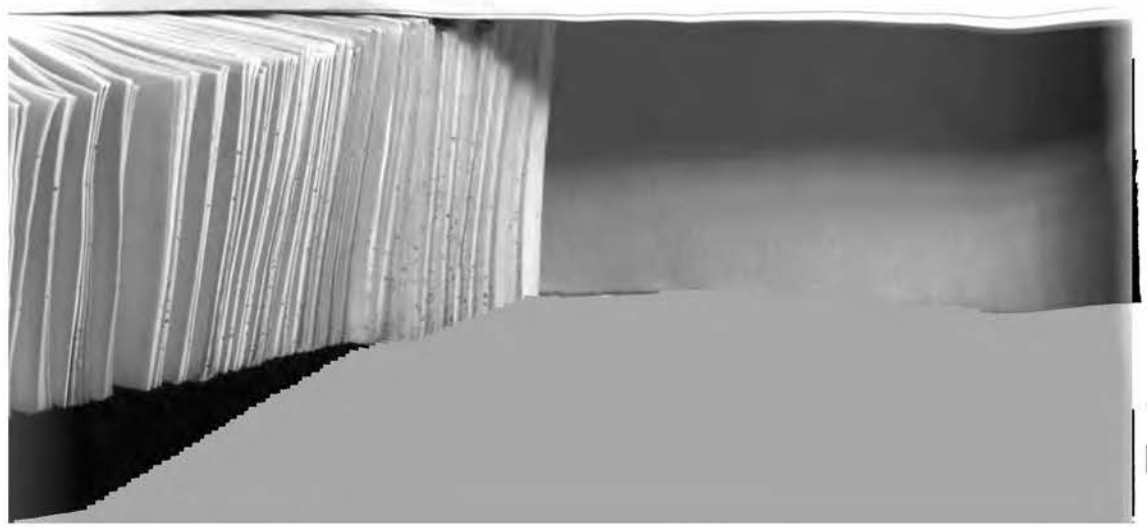
"Tell him," Andrews went on to Miss Le Paige, "that the company, in general, and I, in particular, are glad of his recovered health, and that we hope to have him with us sometime in the future. That is all now," he finished and turned to Godfrey.

The girl hesitated, "Mr. Bennett is still in Colorado?" she inquired in a low tone.

Andrews swung round in his chair impatiently. "I think he's on his way east," he replied tartly. "Get his correct address from Jameson."

"What's up, Godfrey? Can you say it's a 'braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht?'" he quoted jocularly. "MacPherson gave you an order fit for a Highlander, all right."

(*Concluded in April*)



Financing the Home

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IN a conversation on thrift, Mr. Charles M. Schwab once told me the following story: "Not long ago the expenses of running my New York home became exorbitant. I called in the steward and said to him: 'George, I want to strike a bargain with you. I will give you ten per cent of the first thousand dollars you save in house expenses; twenty-five per cent of the second thousand, and one-half of the third thousand.' The expense of running the house was soon cut in two."

The wise expenditure of one's income, whether it be small or large, involves the same principles as the investment and handling of the business-man's capital. And the successful business-man carries these principles into the conduct of all his affairs, his personal and household expenditures, as well as those relating directly to his business. Even multi-millionaires have to be thrifty or their millions would take wings.

The Friendly Hand

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WHEN a man ain't got a cent,
an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
And the clouds hang dark an' heavy,
an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for
a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way.

THERE is no other problem which causes so much discord, so much scrapping and unhappiness in the home as the money question. And in a great majority of cases, all the trouble is caused by the lack of thrift, the ignoring of all business principles in financing the home. Because they have not been trained from childhood in the wise expenditure of money, the tendency of most young married people is to spend to the limit of their income—and often far beyond it—at the very start when they begin housekeeping. If they only knew how to start right, by adopting the budget system, planning their expenditures in every particular—food, clothing, rent, recreation, amusements, etc.—according to their earnings, always spending less than they earn, always laying aside a reasonable percentage for future needs and possible emergencies, what a difference it would make in their lives! What heartaches and heartbreaks, what discords and misery in the home could be saved!

Whether the income runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars, or only a thousand or two, the management of the home is the wife's business. Unfortunately, many young wives do not know how to spend wisely, because they were given no opportunity to become familiar with financial matters until they married. The result is, when they start housekeeping they are ignorant of the laws of thrift; they have never learned by actual practice the real value of money, how to handle it, how to use it, how to get the most out of it, how to make a little go just as far as possible. In short, they never learned how to finance themselves, and know nothing whatever about financing the home. So, when the husband turns over his salary, or a certain allowance for the household expenses, the young, inexperienced wife makes a very bad mess of the whole financial matter. She gets into a muddle, bungles things up, and spends unwisely, often extravagantly, because she has never learned to get the perspective of a definite income, so as to know the right proportion for the different expenditures, to know what she can afford and what she cannot.

THERE are many pitiable cases where young married men find themselves in the dilemma of the one pictured on our cover this month—driven almost to desperation by the bills run up by an inexperienced wife. We often see young women, sincere and honest in their desire to help their husbands, but who had no training in financing themselves or in the handling of money previous to their marriage, developing extravagant habits in dress, and running into debt for luxuries. We find these wives of moderate-salaried husbands ordering expensive dishes in restaurants, riding in taxicabs, patronizing expensive florists, doing all sorts of things which are away beyond their means.

I know of an instance of this kind. The young wife of a college professor with a salary of two

thousand a year, ran up accounts in the department stores, at garages, at the florists, at dressmakers, and in all sorts of places, without realizing what she was doing. She did not know how careful she would need to be in spending her husband's small salary. It never entered her head to consider that marriage had changed her financial status; that instead of being the daughter of a rich father, she was the wife of a poor man, and that her father would no longer send checks for her purchases when the bills were presented. Before she knew it she had run up large accounts that not only embarrassed her husband for several years, but brought great humiliation and suffering upon herself.

When the bills began to arrive and the young wife awoke to a full realization of her situation, rather than tell her husband, she pawned her jewelry, some of which were her wedding presents. Of course the husband found it out, and was not only shocked to find himself heavily in debt, but seriously troubled because of his wife's deception, even though it was not quite intentional. Her ignorance of the art of financing herself and the home was really the source of all the trouble.

By the Side of the Road

By SAM WALTER FOSS

LET me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by,
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish; so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl a cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

EVERY girl, as well as every boy, should have a common-sense training in business matters, should be brought up to spend money wisely and thriftily, not foolishly and extravagantly. The girl who has had such a training will not be all at sea when she gets married and has to run a home of her own. She will be pretty sure to make a good manager of her household finances, a far better one than the average man could by any possibility make.

I know of no other habit more valuable to a man or woman than the early formed habit of thrift; not the stingy, squeezing, holding on habit, but the habit of wise living and spending, the wise administration of one's money, of one's personal and domestic affairs. A provident wife can establish such a system in domestic affairs that, combined with her husband's efforts, the home budget will take on remarkably large proportions, and within a short time the dream of owning a home of their own may be realized.

Theodore Roosevelt said, "If you would be sure that you are beginning right, begin to save. The habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies."

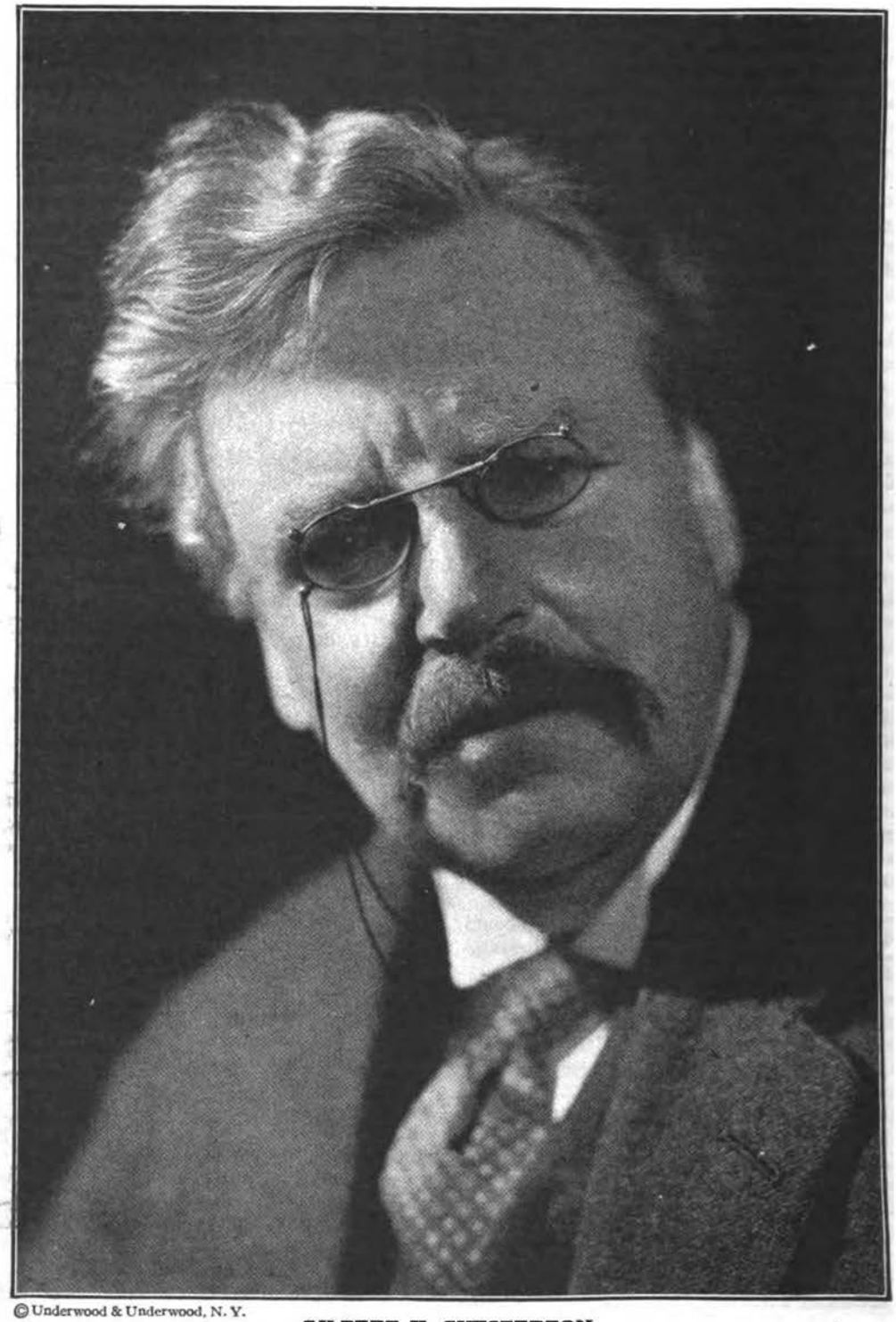
The moment a young man begins to save systematically, and to make wise investments, he becomes a larger man. He takes broader views of life. He begins to have a better opinion of himself, more confidence in his ability, in his power to shoulder responsibility, to make his own program, be his own boss. In early learning the lesson of thrift, he has taken the first step in the development of sturdy character, the sort of character that distinguishes the best type of self-made man.

I ONCE sent an interviewer to the late Marshall Field to ask him, among other things, what he considered the turning point in his career, and his answer was: "Saving the first five thousand dollars I ever had, when I might just as well have spent the modest salary I made. Possession of that sum, once I had it, gave me the opportunity to meet opportunities. That I consider the turning point."

John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor fortune, said that if it had not been for the saving of his first thousand he might have died in the almshouse.

Unless you make it a cast-iron rule to lay aside a certain percentage of your earnings each week, each month, you will never succeed in becoming a really independent man or woman. You will always be at the mercy of circumstances. No matter how small it may be, or if you have to go without a great many things you think you need, put a portion of your earnings away every year where it will be absolutely safe. You don't know what this will mean to you in case of illness, accident or some unlooked for emergency when a little ready money may save you from great suffering or financial ruin.

The thrift habit opens the door to opportunity. It means that a man has foresight and intelligence in planning his future. It is one of the foundation-stones of fortune and character.



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Prince of paradox and master of epigram, one of the few living authors whose words reach all countries of the world

AN INTERVIEW WITH

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Famous British Author Who Sees All Things from a Humorous Point of View

Says Chesterton: *"The modern novel impresses me as a sort of sack which people use as an indiscriminate dumping place for ideas."*

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

IT was with mixed feelings that I approached Gilbert K. Chesterton for an interview for THE NEW SUCCESS. In the first place, I expected to find a man whose dominating quality was his geniality. In the next place, I was prepared to discover him to be one of those rare persons who cannot talk without being entertaining. I was not disappointed. A graying giant whose face bore the unmistakable marks of deep thinking, he was not only as interesting to listen to as the most brilliant lecturer, but as amiable as a child, and as prone to laughter as a child.

In fact, it was impossible to forget, while in his presence, that he had a sense of humor. He was disposing of witty remarks with such liberality that before one had had time to recover from laughing at the first, a second would be forthcoming. It was not difficult to understand that he was a man famous for his paradoxes; he seemed to see through the paradox of life, and to perceive to its fullest its humorous possibilities. And so it happened that laughter constantly interrupted our conversation.

And that was not because the subject we were discussing was in its nature comical. Far from that! Social and industrial reorganization is not ordinarily considered an amusing topic. But in the hands of Mr. Chesterton, it was made literally to glitter.

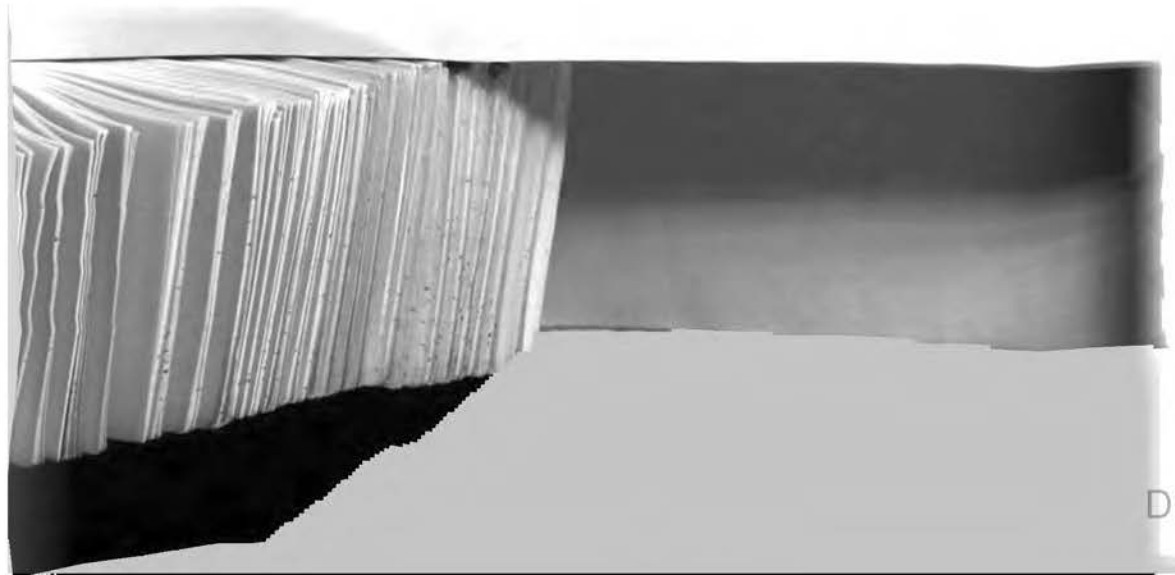
"*What do you believe is to be the influence of the novel in the regeneration of society?*" was the question with which I began.

"THAT is something which I fear that few of the novelists could tell you," Mr. Chesterton replied. "Dozens of them are trying to have an influence; I am afraid they do not know what influence they are trying to have. Both in England and America, as you know, a host of writers are attacking social problems; the subject was, perhaps, never before considered so literary At the head of the list undoubtedly is H. G. Wells, whom I consider one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living Englishmen. He is a writer of vast intellectual range and perception; but in spite of his depth of insight and his unquestionable sincerity, I feel that he is not accomplishing much more than the others in a sociological direction. For the fault with all the novelists who attack social problems is that they do not seem to know where they are going. They start moving somewhere, and seem to think it sufficient that they are moving, without knowing in what direction; they set out toward an objective they cannot see, with about the chance of success of a blind man who seeks to find a light, or of a traveler who wishes to journey from New York to Boston, and indiscriminately leaps upon the first train he sees."

Mr. Chesterton paused, for the smile which had been broadening upon his face at last was lost in laughter. His mirth was irresistible. It was a moment or two before I had regained control of myself sufficiently to inquire:

"*For what reason do you believe that the would-be novelists of reform do not know in what direction they are going?*"

STILL smiling, he continued, "I am afraid that most of them are not sure enough of themselves. They are on the fence, and while they've decided to fall off, they haven't yet made up their minds on which side to fall. Not that they have consciously placed themselves in this embarrassing position—I do not mean to impugn their sincerity—but all they know is that they are not contented to remain where they are; and since they're equally ignorant of all points where they are not, it appears immaterial to them in what direction they go. It's a matter of leaping in the dark, as it were. But as I'm afraid we can't base much hope for progress on such leaps, I'm inclined to be sceptical of the beneficent sociological influence of the contemporary novel."



"But hasn't literature of social reform been helpful in the past?"

"YES, indeed," he acknowledged. "However, conditions were not always the same as now. For example, consider the time when Thomas Hood wrote his 'Song of the Shirt,' which I regard as one of the greatest things of its kind ever produced. In those days, the causes of abuse were evident to all. The capitalist then was usually the unenlightened small merchant or manufacturer who could look with equanimity on any conditions of labor that brought him a greater profit. To trace the abuses to his door was accordingly comparatively easy; an indictment brought in by any particular writer could much more readily be turned to a sentence of guilty by the public; the problems could be solved with a facility proportionate to their lack of seriousness. But subsequent events have complicated matters. It has come to be generally understood that the blame for current evils can no longer be justly ascribed to any particular capitalist; and likewise, it has come to be recognized that industrialism is a mistake, and that some way out is necessary. The trouble, thus far, has been that proposed remedies have tended to be worse than no remedy at all. Perhaps one of the greatest defects of the present system has been the reformers. They have sometimes been more harmful than the evils they have tried to cure; they constitute one of the gravest indictments of the present system."

By this time we were both laughing so heartily that a halt in the discussion was necessary. I had completely forgotten that this was an interview; it seemed more like a talk with some old friend. And without remembering that I had any ulterior journalistic motives, I inquired:

"But did not writers that urged reform in the past know definitely where they were going?"

"MORE so than at present, surely," responded Mr. Chesterton, a sly twinkle in his eyes. "One of the reasons is that many of them were going in the wrong direction. When they found that out, they changed their course, threw the compass overboard and continued going. You see, the Fabians—the State Socialists, with Bernard Shaw among their leaders—have recently had a chance to observe some of their theories in practice. That chance was inadvertently given them by Prussia, which, among other things, is responsible for much of the aimless adventuring of the present-day novel of reform. In Prussia, State socialism was virtually put into effect—or, at least, was put into effect sufficiently for us to judge rather definitely of the result. And that has not been to our liking. It has not been consistent with theory. In fact, it has slashed the most gorgeous theories with holes that have deflated them like punctured balloons. Moreover, in demolishing the theories, it has stolen the stock in trade of many novelists. Naturally, however, these novelists could not be expected to give up business even though their stock in trade was gone. And so they have continued placidly writing, as if ignorant of the fact that their object in doing so has disappeared. Perhaps sometime they will find another object. But that possibility, unfortunately, does not save the present situation."

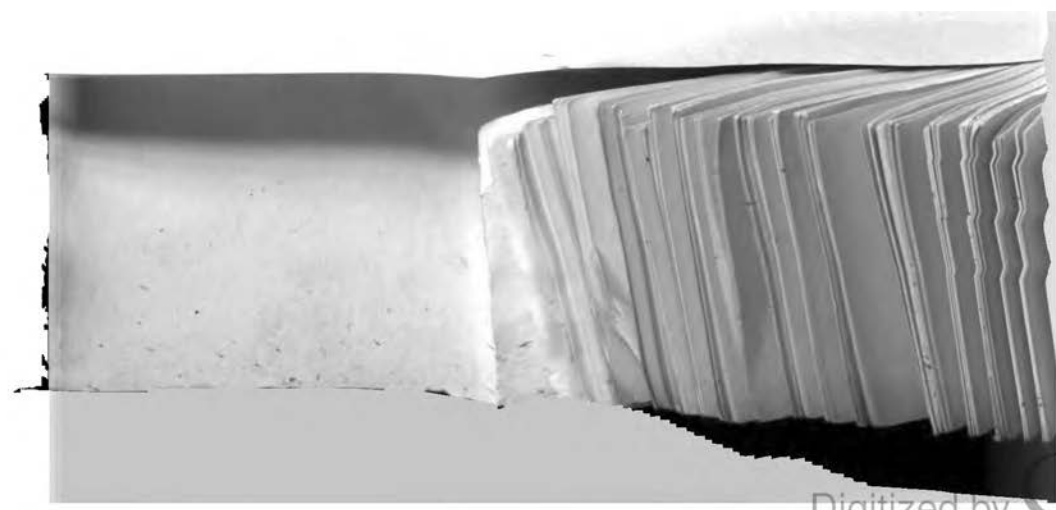
FAITH is the greatest magnetic power for the attraction of the things that belong to us.

"Do you think that contemporary writers are trying to do too much by means of the novel?"

"IN answer to that," declared Mr. Chesterton, with the smile that never seemed to leave him, "I can only say that the novel, at present, impresses me as a sort of sack which people use as an indiscriminate dumping place for ideas, whether they concern the training of genius or the moral regeneration of the Zulu. They seem to think that there is nothing so flexible as the novel; it is a cloth that will cover everything, from the philosophic theories of a Spinoza to the maunderings of a soap-box politician. Once it was imagined that the essay was the proper vehicle for ideas; at present, men seem to act as if their theories, hopes, complaints, and prejudices can be given expression only in the novel."

"But don't you believe that some novel of social reform may yet actually have a powerful influence?"

"PERHAPS," said Mr. Chesterton, with an ironic smile. "But, if so, it will be a novel of a new type. It will not show us how terrible present conditions are; it will not paint the grayness of factories, the filth of slums, the viciousness of low wages, or the gauntness of poverty. An acquaintance with all these things has already been drilled into our consciousness; we are all agreed that they are evils, though none of us are certain how to remedy them. The story that brings to light the black core of present conditions is doing no great service because we



all know that the core is black, even though we don't ordinarily acknowledge it. The truly helpful novel will have to be more constructive. And, by that, I do not mean that it must advocate any particular creed of social reconstruction. It need only portray conditions in some region not infected by modern industrialism. For example, I should say that the beneficial sociological novel would be that which showed the life of some simple people living far from what we term civilization. It would not matter whether these people be the village dwellers of England or America, the peasants of Iceland, or —" he added with a broad smile—"the natives of the Fiji Islands."

"But what would be the advantage of such a novel?" I burst forth.

"THAT'S just what I was about to explain. We can hope to wean people away from present conditions only by showing them how much more attractive other conditions are; and a novel demonstrating that more real happiness is to be gained from the simplicity of village life in Samoa or Hindustan, Hampshire or New Hampshire, than from the metropolitan complexity of New York or London, might do much toward relieving existing evils. In a word, to let it be generally seen that industrialism is a mistake—do not show the sore spots of the present order, but display the shining points of other systems."

"But do you think that will ever be done? Do you think that the people as a whole can be made so to appreciate the brilliance of other conditions that they will want a change?"

"THAT'S impossible to answer," he replied. "But this much I can say: Industrialism is not a necessary evil. There are many who, while recognizing it as an evil, seem to regard it as designed inevitably and indissolubly by the eternal scheme of things. No attitude could be more falacious. Industrialism is now little more than a century old, yet already we can see signs of the end. The very fact that we regard it as a mistake is one of the signs of the end. I do not believe that the great city of the present will endure. It seems to me—"

At this point I could not refrain from interrupting. Mr. Chesterton was approaching so near the most vital topic of the age that I felt forced to ask:

"If you do not think industrialism will last, what do you believe is to replace it?"

"MY own theory," he said, a little more gravely than before, "is that there should be a system in which there is equality of private property. Each man should possess a share of the country's wealth, and that share should be approximately the same as his neighbor owns. I do not believe in a community of property; the theory that one man should own another's boots never appealed to me; I should not favor it, even though I were to own a share in the boots of the President of the United States. But I do maintain that property should be distributed equally; one man should not possess a mountain, while his neighbor must be content with a molehill; and the owner of the molehill must not be made to pay tribute to the proprietor of the mountain. Such a system can result only in discontent and misery, dissension and waste. An economic order based upon an equality of small property-holders would be likely not only to be more stable than the present, but to be productive of a far higher scale of general happiness; and I look forward to such an order as a possible solution of the widespread social and industrial unrest at present afflicting the world."

THE man who is afraid to make an enemy, is not worthy to be a friend.

◆ ◆ ◆

SUCCESS NUGGETS

Opportunity brings out the great man, but he alone is great who is ready to embrace it.

◆ ◆ ◆

If the first rule is to obey your native bias, to accept the work for which you were inwardly formed,—the second rule is concentration, which doubles its force.—*Emerson.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Smiles attract dollars, as they attract everything that is good and wholesome.

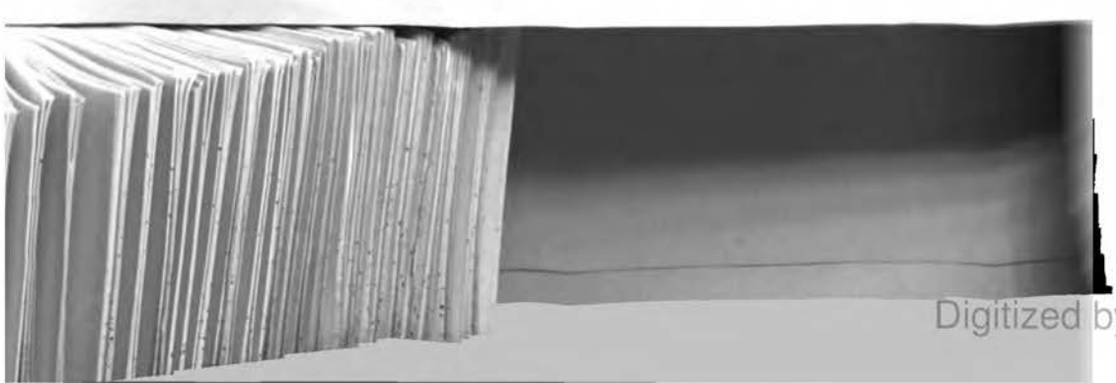
If people would only smile more, if children were trained to smile habitually what a wonderful world this would be!

◆ ◆ ◆

We do not know anything about our own resources until we have taught ourselves to stand alone. Not until we can think for ourselves, decide for ourselves, and act for ourselves do we become more than infants in the moral universe.—*Angela Morgan.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Thoughts never diè, they are immortal dreams that outlive their dreamers.



"ALMOST A SUCCESS"

DO you know any of the people who are "almost successful"—"almost a stenographer," "almost a lawyer," "almost a physician," "almost" something, but never quite anything?

I know a great many of them, and they always remind me of the boy whose father sent him to find some sheep that had strayed from the pasture. On his return from the search, when his father asked him if he had found the sheep, the boy answered, "No, father; but I almost found them."

Some of these "almost successfuls" hang out their shingles as lawyers or physicians, do a little law or medical work, dabble a little in real estate, in insurance and other things, and are not much of anything. I know one of this sort who has a physician's diploma, makes up a few pills, does a little work in his profession, writes articles for various publications, speculates, dabbles in a dozen things, but does not throw himself wholeheartedly into any one.

ANOTHER is a newspaperman, or at least he calls himself such, who now and then gets little squibs in the paper; he is a sort of reporter, a sort of correspondent, a sort of writer, but nothing in particular. Yet he wonders why he is not a great success. He thinks he has the ability to be; but if he has, he doesn't focus it on any one thing so as to make a dent in it.

I know an "almost" stenographer who can hardly read her notes and cannot get a word of more than two syllables right, who can't spell or punctuate and uses only a single finger of each hand in typing; yet she calls herself a stenographer and feels injured because she doesn't get on. She secures a position now and then, only to lose it because of her inefficiency. She makes all sorts of mistakes in taking the simplest dictation, and no employer will bother with her any length of time.

NOW, my friend, unless you are a king in your line, you are in the "almost-a-success" class and come mighty near being a complete failure. "Almost a success" describes multitudes of mediocrities in every occupation and profession, men and women who never half prepared for their jobs, never had the ambition to become experts, and never really become proficient in any one line.

"If you make a good pin you will earn more than if you make a bad steam-engine," said a successful manufacturer. In other words, if you become an expert in the humblest calling, you will earn more, be of more service to the world, and will be more of a man or a woman than if you had a smattering of a dozen things.

The "almost a success" is not wanted anywhere. Unless you become efficient in your line, the world has little use for you.

Grandma Goes to College

And Finds That There Are More Things on Earth Than Were Dreamed of in the Curriculum

By DOROTHY GOODFELLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

This story was awarded Fourth Prize in THE NEW SUCCESS Short-Story Contest

"MEN and things are plastic; they part to right and left when one comes among them moving in a straight line to one end."

Now, I do not know who wrote that, but I do know that Grandma Higgins proved that it is truth.

The appellation, "Grandma," was not rightfully hers. She had neither child nor grandchild to call her by it. It was merely a courtesy accorded to her as the wife of "Grandpa" Higgins whose long white hair and patriarchal beard had gained for him the name.

It was in looks alone that the title fitted the old man. There was in his make-up nothing whatever of the indulgent tolerance befitting a grandparent. He was dour and narrow and unbending, and, for all the thirty-and-odd years of their married life, his harsh obstinacy was the yoke beneath which his wife, in duty bent. During all those years her own personality was submerged beneath her husband's opinions and intolerances, and no preference of her own was left to her unchallenged. But there was a certain resilient fiber in her nature that kept it from being utterly crushed by the overweight of that other dominant character; and when the death of the old man removed that weight of repression, her own personality sprang into buoyant being once more.

During the first days after the funeral, she was, perhaps, a little shocked at her own surprising sense of cheerfulness, and dutifully tried to subdue her mind to a melancholy more becoming in one so recently bereaved. But artificialities of feeling were not for her, and she soon winced away from the discordancy of them and allowed her feeling its natural way.

It was one evening towards the end of the first month of her bereavement that the great idea came to her. She had drawn her supper table to the open window, where she sat alternately eating and gazing at the sunset of ambers and golds flaming across the dim sapphire of the evening sky. Always her soul had been wrought to ecstasy by such tumults of color, but her dreamings over them had always called forth the irritable protests of her husband. Such was the rigidity of habit that she half expected to hear a testy voice reminding her that there was no time to be "mooning" there.

The light faded but she still sat on, luxuriating in the liberty of action that was now hers. It was with an ardor almost youthful that she planned the changes in her surroundings she would make, now that the freedom to gratify some of her long-denied preferences was at length hers.

"A flower garden!" suggested her mind, stanchly thrusting away memory of her husband's dictum that a flower garden meant a waste of time and of ground that might be devoted to more profitable growths.

"Yes! First of all, a flower graden," agreed her happy lips. "A flower garden!" smiled her eager eyes visioning a fluttering, dancing shining expanse of hollyhocks and marigolds, roses and lilacs, pansies and primroses.

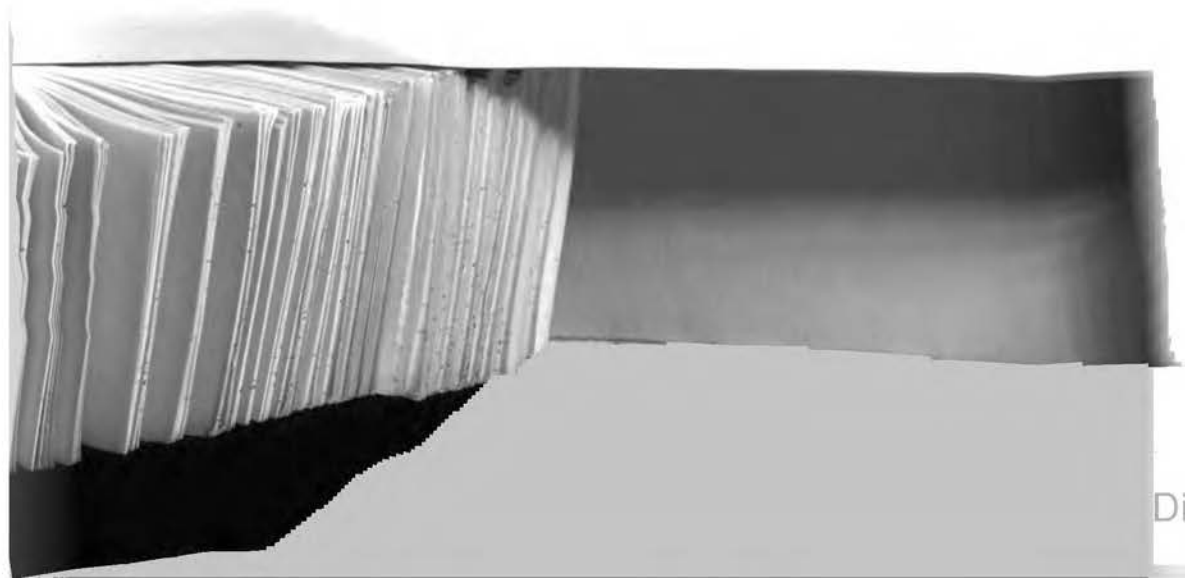
"New paint for the house, new paperings, gay chintz!" advised her mental monitor. "Yes! Color and brightness—no dreary drabness again!" answered her rejoicing lips.

"And clothes, now!" broke in her lifelong ungratified love of feminine daintinesses. "Yes! House dresses of delicate lavender and lilac instead of ugly serviceable browns and grays!" sighed her blissful fancy.

"And books! Books and books and books!" exulted mind and lips together.

THEN her thought slipped away from its work of reconstruction and strayed back to the past—back to the stolen hours of reading, the pilfered hours of study that had formed the happiness of that past.

All her life, Grandma Higgins had craved knowledge, hungered for familiarity with the



wisdom of books, longed to know the romance of foreign lands and tongues, the stern accuracy of science, the graciousness of art.

In the first part of her married life, she had found food for that craving only in the reading and rereading, until she knew by heart the few university classics and histories that had been the property of that long-dead Scotch schoolmaster, her grandfather, who had first awakened in her the thirst for knowledge. And then a village school had been opened quite close, and Grandpa Higgins had been prevailed upon to accommodate the teacher of it, his house being the nearest one with a spare room. There had been a succession of teachers and their presence had been a godsend to the eager seeker after scholarship. Her enthusiasm had enlisted their sympathy and their assistance; they had explained difficult passages and problems to her; they had placed their old college books at her disposal; and, one and all, they had hidden their knowledge of her secret pursuits from the sour censure of Grandpa Higgins.

"I'll get all the new books they are using in the colleges, now," the old lady boasted, her thoughts rebounding from the past to the possibilities of the future. "It'll be almost as good as going to college myself!"

Then, conjured up by her own words, an amazing idea surprised Grandma Higgins.

"Why!" she laughed, her face dimpling with delight and amusement. "Why —I can even go to college!" She stopped, overwhelmed with the audacity of the thought. Her dark eyes were sparkling, her soft old cheeks, usually so like fading rose-petals, were suddenly as pink as any opening bud.

"If I only could," ventured her craving heart.

"Why not?" brisked her matter-of-fact mind. Hope and doubt jostled each other within her, and then courage triumphantly took command.

"I'll go!" announced Grandma Higgins with precipitous conviction. "I'll go—I'll go—I'll go!" she chanted in a mounting crescendo of resolution.

Armed with the weight of that resolve, she thrust the memory of age aside and fronted the future from the assured standpoint of youth. All the difficulties of the way were as straws to be swept down by the weight of her purpose.

"I'll sell all the farm lands and the house," she explained aloud as if to an unseen listener. "They'll bring in more than I'll ever in the world need. Besides, there's the money in the bank," she went on, remembering the sum that Grandpa Higgins had hoarded through many parsimonious years.

"Oh! I'm not afraid," she exulted, confident of her ability to pass the entrance examination. Had not more than one of her friendly teachers affirmed that she was far enough advanced to enter college?

"I'll not tell the neighbors," she said with a twitch of amusement about her mouth as she thought of the pious disapproval that knowledge of her intention would draw from those about her. "They'd be informing me that, at my time of life, I'd be better occupied in thinking of saving my soul."

Far on into the late hours of the night she sat happily musing and making her plans for that rose-hued future.

IT was some months before a purchaser for the farm was found and the final settlements made. The momentous day on which Grandma Higgins, in person, made her formal application for admission was one of new sensations for the college authorities.

She came into the room, a tall erect figure, strangely vigorous in appearance in spite of that telltale crown of silver hair. There was a dignity, native to her, that the old-fashioned village-dressmaker cut of gown and mantle could not wholly disguise; and her eyes, that took a swift survey of the room with its book-lined walls, were bright and eager.

Four faces looked at her over the wide oak table—the elderly patrician face of the college president, the middle-aged chunky bluntness of the professor of mathematics, and the keen forceful intelligence of the two younger members of the faculty.

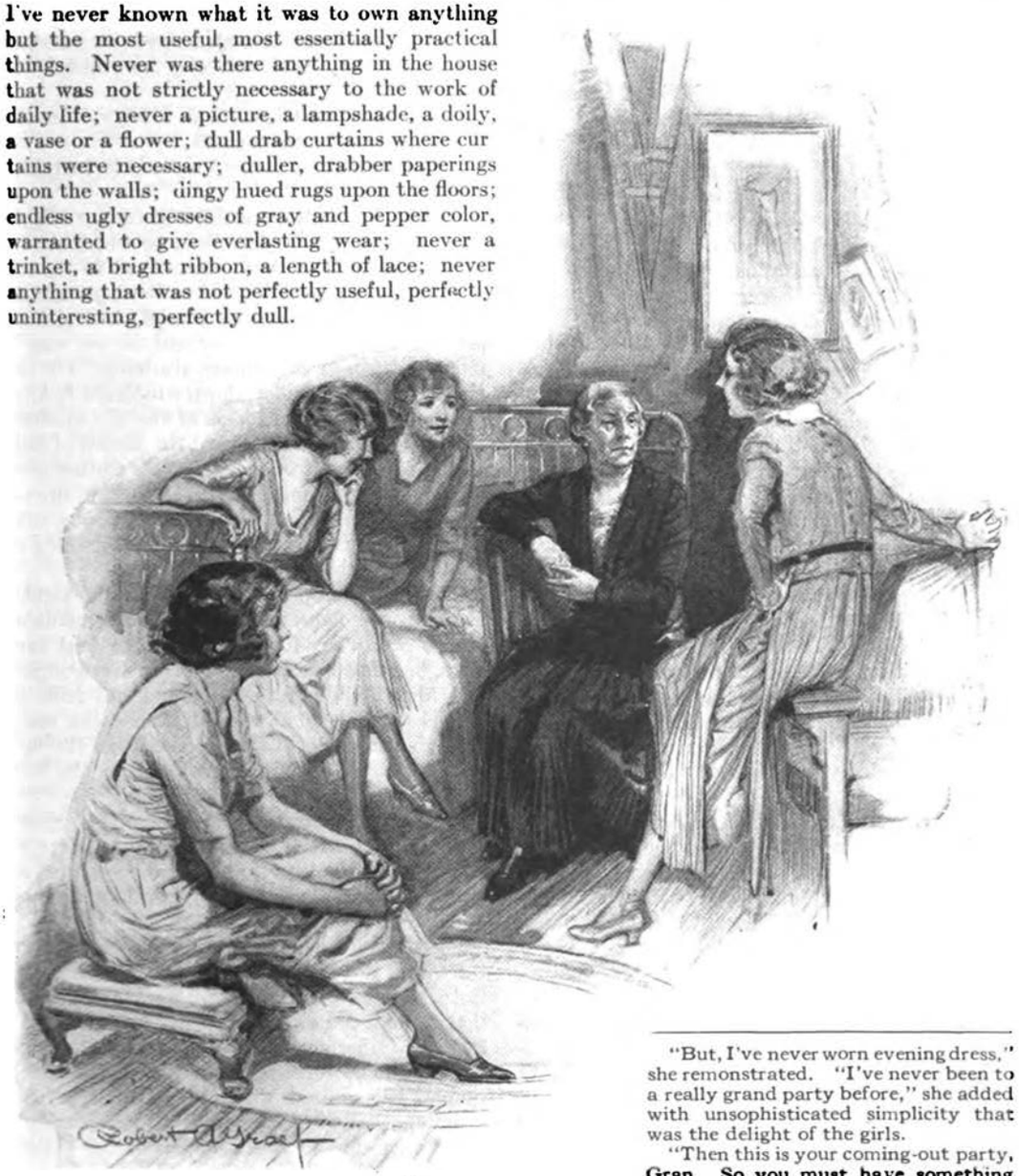
They listened to her request and then, bewildered, looked at one another. Never had such a situation arisen before in the annals of college life. They hardly knew how to meet it. Girls in plenty had come before them—gay girls and serious girls, earnest girls and flighty girls, prim girls and frivolous girls, but never a silver-haired, elderly lady. It was, to say the least, unusual.

For some unexplainable reason the whole idea struck them as something decidedly out of order, something that was in no wise to be encouraged. But vainly they racked their puzzled brains for some objection to offer. Then the professor of mathematics leaned forward with a sudden inspiration.

"But will not the college course be useless to you?" he deprecated. Surely this elderly lady was not dreaming of a career in the scholastic or business world!

"But that's just what I want—something useless!" Grandma Higgins startled his attention. "Why, I'm sixty years old," she declared, "and

I've never known what it was to own anything but the most useful, most essentially practical things. Never was there anything in the house that was not strictly necessary to the work of daily life; never a picture, a lampshade, a doily, a vase or a flower; dull drab curtains where curtains were necessary; duller, drabber paperings upon the walls; dingy hued rugs upon the floors; endless ugly dresses of gray and pepper color, warranted to give everlasting wear; never a trinket, a bright ribbon, a length of lace; never anything that was not perfectly useful, perfectly uninteresting, perfectly dull.



"But, I've never worn evening dress," she remonstrated. "I've never been to a really grand party before," she added with unsophisticated simplicity that was the delight of the girls.

"Then this is your coming-out party, Gran. So you must have something extra swagger.

Flushed with the vehemence of her protest, she faced their amazement. "Maybe," she assured them, "you don't understand how wearying it is at sixty years—sixty, mind you—never to have possessed anything that wasn't just useful when all the time your soul craved for color—for posies and ribbons and chintz and—just pretty and useless and frivolous things."

Starved youth, and cramped maturity, and hungered age spoke in her tone.

There was unmistakable interest on the four faces at the other side of the table—interest and dilemma.

"Could she really do the work?" queried the president of his confreres in nearly inaudible parenthesis. "Brain power, you know, atrophied from long disuse."

"Do you not think that the work of the college

would be rather an undertaking for one unaccustomed to study?" he asked turning directly to her.

"Not accustomed to study!" echoed Grandma Higgins. "Not accustomed—after hours and hours of study, and weeks and weeks of study, year after year. Why, I've got up before dawn to work out problems in algebra; I've singsonged Latin verbs while I baked; I've turned the churn with a history book open on my knee; I've done the washing with an atlas propped open above the tubs; and I've swept and dusted to the rhythm of poets," she contested.

"Difficult!" she scoffed. "Difficult—not when there's nothing to do but study, and instructors to help you study, and others to study with you. Difficult—when you don't have to read with one eye on the stove, or the churn, or the door ready to push the book out of sight at any moment—when you don't have to work problems on the stray pieces of wrapping paper you can save—to work them with your eyes aching for more sleep before the dawn is in the sky, and when you are afraid every second to hear a heavy step creaking down the stair to discover you are not getting the breakfast ready. Difficult! Oh, dear no!" She finished with a reckless enthusiasm before which the doubts of her hearers vanished.

Across the intervening paper-cluttered table they craned with an intent interest in this extraordinary frank, extraordinary exhilerating elderly lady.

"Is it that you think that I'm too old to learn?" Again she challenged the astonished authorities.

"No, no! Why, of course not," protested the president, suddenly taking sides with her against their common enemy, age. "I'm still learning, and I'm older than you," he confided.

"Oh, no," blurted out the professor of mathematics, his native caution overcome by the assaults she had made upon it, "'Never too old to learn,' you know. And any one who is so determined to get a thing is entitled to have a go at it."

"She's got the courage of her convictions, any way! Spunky old lady!" whispered one of the younger men.

"And so," proclaimed the president, while the faces of the others confirmed the proclamation "so far as we are concerned, there is no obstacle in your way. We shall be pleased to enroll you as a student of this college."

WITH some diffidence, those who read the answers to the test questions set in the entrance examination took up the papers handed in by Grandma Higgins. But the answers, written in that stilted handwriting of a bygone day, showed not only knowledge of the points asked for but an intelligent appreciation of them. And the problems, though solved by old-fashioned methods, were correctly and clearly set forth.

"Undoubted mathematical ability," exulted the professor of mathematics.

"Decided literary tastes," added the instructor in English.

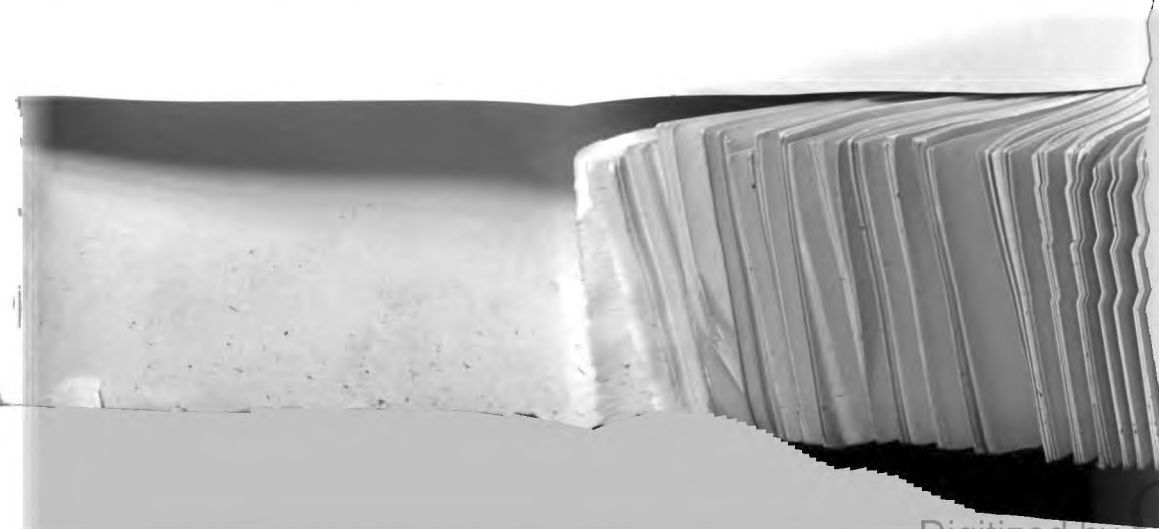
On the day of the opening, Grandma Higgins was conducted to the dormitory to which she had been assigned, and there committed to the care of its matron. In deference to her age, she had been accorded a room to herself, but she was pleased to find that she would in no way be separated from the ordinary students. On each side of the long corridor, down which she followed the matron, were the rooms of the girl students: and, as she passed, she heard the sound of much bustling to and fro, the noise of clothes-closet doors being slammed and of bureau drawers being yanked open, much chatter of young voices and gay laughter as the old students greeted one another and the new comers.

Through the open doors she caught sight of lissom young figures in summer silks, or dainty voiles, or in lace-foamed petticoats and camisoles, bending over the trunks they were unpacking; or straightening up to shake out frills and flounces for the admiration of their room mates; or sitting in swirls of silk or lace upon the floor, nibbling paper-frilled chocolates from the boxes their companions handed round.

A sudden warmth of satisfaction glowed through the heart of the elderly lady. Here was youth and frivolity, jollity and laughter and companionship after the gray grinding drudgery of the years.

She surveyed her room with appreciative eyes. Its walls, the result of a former owner's good taste, were of a warm creamy hue with a border that reproduced all the glowing tints of autumn foliage—amber and gold and cinnamon and dull leaf-red. The furnishings of the room, though simple, harmonized with the walls. Notwithstanding that air of bareness and austerity of every unoccupied room, it appeared the extreme of dainty attractiveness to eyes that had known so little of such attraction.

Her trunk had preceded her and, in a little flurry of pleased excitement, she laid aside gloves and bonnet and proceeded to unpack the trousseau which she had prepared in such joyful anticipation of her college life. Underneath the new "best" dress of black silk, the purchase of which had given her so delightful a feeling of extravagance, lay piles of sun-crisped lavender-scented underlinen trimmed with the unwonted frivolity of crocheted edgings, and among *them*



she found the ruffled pillow shams and the hand-worked bureau tidies she had made during the long months of waiting.

With her clothing safely stowed away, the pillows encased in their frilly slips, the tidies in place, and her books upon the shelves, she looked about her with immense satisfaction.

"With a bowl of flowers on top of the book-shelf, it'll be real gay," she mused happily.

A bell jangling somewhere in the building, an hour later, brought her hastening out to the corridor. Other students were passing along and they looked at her inquiringly, uncertain of the significance of her presence among them. One after another they dropped behind to question one another, and it was not until Grandma Higgins had passed on down the stairway, that they learned the truth from a passing member of the college staff.

"Good gracious!" they giggled in their amazement. "Did you ever hear the like? Oh! oh!" they gurgled with hands over their mouths to stifle the sounds of their mirth. Down the stairs they sped to convey the amusing news.

But their laughter was of sheer light-heartedness; it held nothing of unkindness. Though secretly enjoying the strangeness of the situation, they set themselves to prevent their elderly fellow student from feeling out of place. They found her seat for her in the big dining-hall; they chattered to her in friendly fashion during the meal; and, after dinner, they took her on a personally conducted tour of the college buildings.

THAT evening, and for long after, Grandma Higgins was enveloped in the mantle of protecting kindness they threw about her. They conducted her to the various classrooms; they instructed her where and how to procure the necessary books; they recounted to her the college traditions. In truth, they took more pains to ensure her comfort than they would have taken for any girl contemporary. In that lay the thorn of discontent for Grandma Higgins.

As the days and the months passed, she felt, notwithstanding her eager interest in lectures and studies, that something was missing. Her studies presented no unsurmountable difficulties. Had not her brain been "limbered" by years of mental exercise? Then, too, she found that in many of the subjects she had already progressed beyond the opening stages of the college course. Yet she was not entirely happy.

Strangely it was the excessive kindness of her fellow students that worried her. Their care of her set her apart from the wear and tear of the ordinary college life, and she hated being set apart. She wanted to laugh with them, or be laughed at by them with the same happy irreverence they accorded to their colleagues.

The girl students, however, regardless of their anxiety to render the way smooth for her, mentally met her with that wariness with which youth meets age. She was elderly, therefore to be presumed sedate—likewise, presumably, ready to censure their prankish frivolities. She represented to them all the prudence of thoughtful maturity as opposed to the gay irresponsibility of their own youthful natures.

Thus while they exerted themselves to show her kindness, they, at the same time, unconsciously held her at arm's length.

But Grandma Higgins was not given to despondency. A trouble to her was something to be conquered, not indulged in, and she set herself to overthrow the barrier that existed between her and the more youthful students.

Perhaps her very unconsciousness that they expected her to look askance on their exuberance of spirits, undermined the stability of that barrier. Had her attitude been merely that of refraining from reproval of their girlish frivolity, there would still have been the difference of outlook to divide them. Slowly there gained ground with the girls the conviction that this elderly lady not only forbore to censure their pranks, that she was unconscious of anything to censure, that her delight in them was as genuine and as wholehearted as their own.

Gradually that conviction had its effect. Almost before she was aware that there was a change in their attitude towards her, she found herself admitted to fellowship with the girl students. She was at length laughed at and teased with the same affectionate irreverence with which they treated one another. She was made the confidant of their ambitions; they talked to her of theater parties, and holiday jaunts, and incipient love affairs. And she was completely and blissfully content.

The instructors approved of her no less than did the students. In the classes she acted unconsciously as pacemaker, her boundless enthusiasm infecting all about her. She was also, as the instructor in English phrases it, "the colorist" of the classes. Certainly the fresh and original opinions she offered on subjects under discussion invested those subjects with a new vividness.

"It's beyond me," affirmed one of the lecturers during an informal meeting of the masculine members of the faculty. "She displays such intelligent knowledge of things. I don't see how it is to be accounted for."

"Intensive self-culture," remarked the president. "As she had no one to form her opinions

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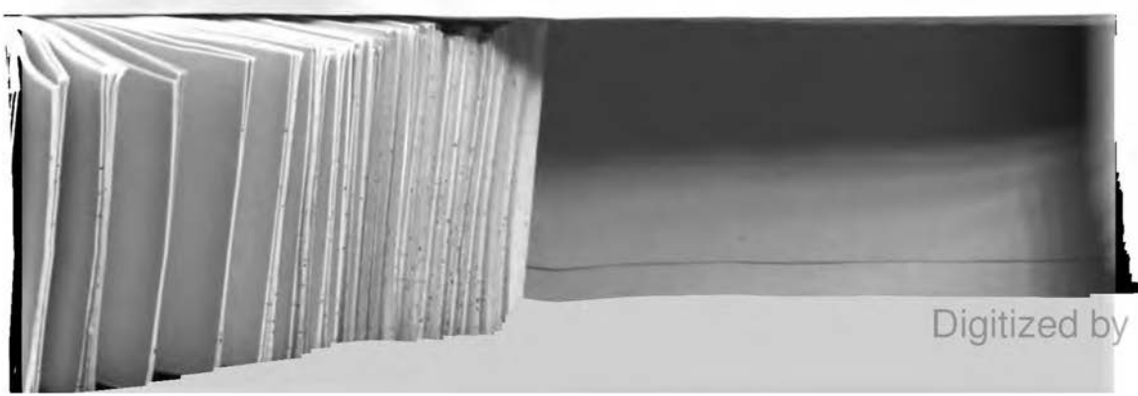


"CAN" YOUR "CAN'T"

By NIXON WATERMAN

OH, Man! If you really wish to win,
Have done with your thoughts of doubt.
So long as you're letting "a failure" in
You are keeping "a victory" out.
If but half of your purpose says, "I will!"
While half has a different slant.
You will find that your effort is all up-hill
Until you have canned your can't.

A CAPTAIN who'd make his port won't trim
A part of his canvas so
It will spoil his project and hinder him
In the course he would choose to go.
And so it must prove with every man:
He will find his progress scant,
With a halting hobble on his "I can!"
Until he has canned his can't.

YES "can" it and bury it good and deep
And forget that it ever was!
It's a word that sounds absurd and cheap
To the resolute will that does.
And if to your fate, "I shall!" you say,
It daren't respond, "You sha'n't!"
Nor stand as a barrier in your way
If it finds you have canned your can't.

AN INTERVIEW WITH

SIR ROBERT HADFIELD

The Leading Steel Maker of Great Britain

Who Is Promoting Edwin Markham's Philosophy of Beauty and Brotherhood Among his Workers

By HELEN R. McDONALD

Author of "The Impelling Force in Sir Thomas Lipton's Life"

SIR ROBERT HADFIELD is known as the Prince of Industry in Great Britain. To me it was pleasing that a man with such principles as he holds should exist. In his capacity as employer of some fifteen thousand workers, one might have been forgiven for supposing that such a man would represent the employer in his most indifferent and cruel position. For, curiously enough, it has been noticed that the larger the number of workers an employer controls the less real are they to him. Count them by thousands and they cease to move and live and have their being; they become like atoms in the universe, ants toiling in intense effort, responsive only to the blind instinct which compels them to work. To the big employer his workers frequently cease to represent individual men and women with human passions and loves and cravings. They become merely "hands." They unify into the mass; and that mass represents not human souls but labor.

But Sir Robert Hadfield discovered in England that the greater the number of workmen, the more multiple the employer's powers for doing good. Employing thousands he found it possible to upset existing vicious conditions of labor and to institute reforms which would react, not only for the benefit of the employee but for the benefit of the employer.

In a large well-appointed room, I sat at luncheon with some of the principal figures of Hadfields, Limited, one of the largest steel corporations in Great Britain. At the head of the table was the host, Sir Robert Hadfield, head of the firm. On his right sat Judge Henry Neil, of Chicago; next Mr. Alexander Jack, vice-chairman of the firm, and several associates.

Sir Robert Hadfield says in this Exclusive Interview with THE NEW SUCCESS:

"I have a dream of a fairer future. I want to see old things, bad conditions, vice, squalor, and misery, done away with and things become as new. I want to see a contented people, well paid, well housed, enjoying labor as well as leisure, having a full, deep appreciation of all that life in its fullness can mean."

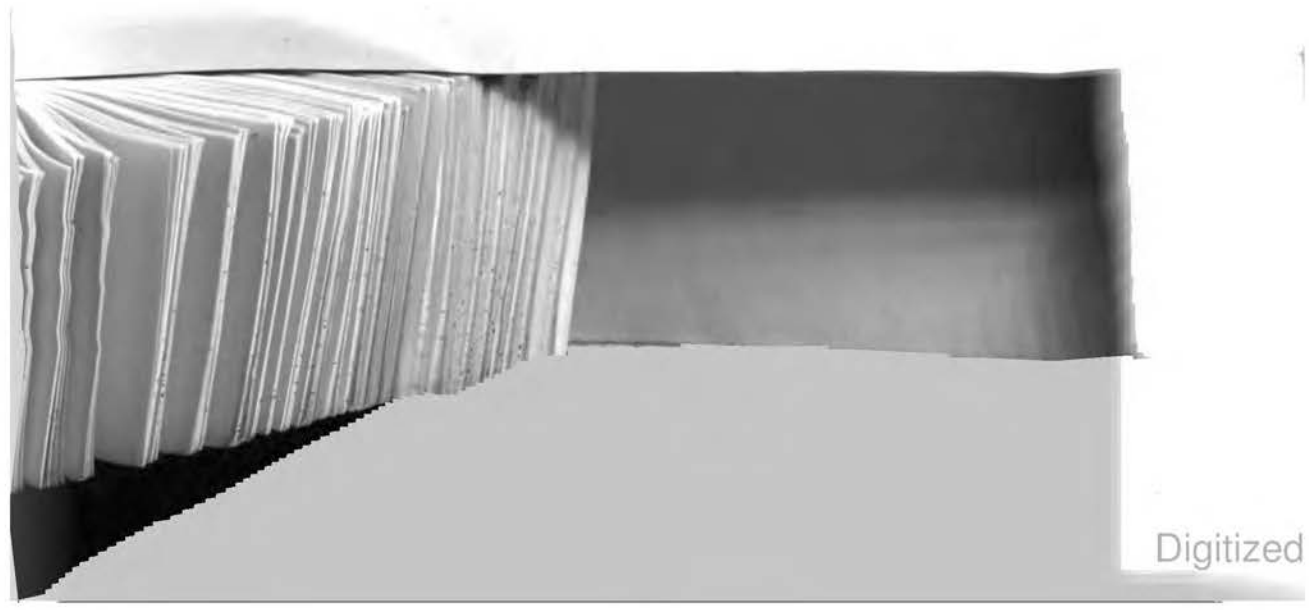
No industries can cope with the two basic industries—iron and steel—in national importance.

We were met there for discussion. The talk was exclusively on conditions of work, wages, and hours of labor. No more interesting topic is ever touched upon. It is vital, pressing, human—since first, in Eden, mankind was condemned to toil and the ominous words pronounced: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." The problem of how long mankind shall sweat and for how much bread, has been all-absorbing. Ages have groaned in travail in fulfilment of that sentence upon mankind of "hard labor for life." Two classes have arisen since then—the men and the masters—and it has taken nearly nineteen centuries of Christianity to teach that there is no great gulf fixed between these two—that their interests are, indeed, one.

Sir Robert Hadfield was one of the pioneers in England of certain far-reaching reforms. He believes in the workers' right to happiness.

"Twenty-four years ago," Sir Robert said, "I put into operation in the Hadfield works, our forty-eight-hours-a-week system. Had I not been to some extent independent as regards finance I doubt whether I could have either risked the experience or accomplished what I set out to do. Such a short working week was then little heard of. I was told that I was losing money—that I was running my firm into irrevocable disaster.

"My chief critics were, of course, other employers of labor; they were strenuously opposed to any upset of the fundamental economic law—which was practically 'the longer and the harder you keep the men working the more money you make.'



"Well, I persisted in my forty-eight-hours-a-week system. Now, after twenty-five years, I find that the shorter hours have been all to the good. Workmen are more able to cope with the demands made on them if they have had reasonable time to recuperate. Overdriven men never do good work. It is cheaper to keep them at high-water mark and not try to overstep the bonds of human endurance. For this reason, I would gladly do away with overtime in my works.

"Sometimes at great sports meetings," Sir Robert went on, "I have seen men running Marathon races. They made superhuman efforts; they kept on long past the time they were even conscious of exertion. Their movements became mechanical and at the end of the race they were useless. Trainers stood around, fanning them and applying wet towels But the runners were almost unconscious. The oxygen in their bodies had been used up. They had been poisoned by their own efforts.

"Exactly the same results obtain in the case of the workman. The workers are poisoned by the fatigue of monotony. The only alternative is to so improve the hours of leisure that a clear-brained invigorated man comes fresh to his task every morning."

Judge Neil leaned forward. "I wonder," he said, "if these worn out men feel the need of what Edwin Markham, America's great philosopher and poet, expressed so well. He said that the three essentials of life are 'Bread, Beauty, and Brotherhood.' "

Sir Robert looked up quickly. "How true that is," he replied. "Just as the world's greatest teacher once said, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' Man must, of necessity, have leisure to enjoy both Beauty and Brotherhood.

"THE most extraordinary statement I have heard for a long time was made by Herbert Fisher, Minister of Education for Great Britain. The Greek word for school, you know, means leisure. The school—education—rightly conducted, should be a preparation, not merely to earn a living but to get equipment for life in its fulness.

"The tremendous thing that Fisher said was, '*Real education is to teach man how to enjoy leisure.*' "

"One great difficulty we have to contend with," said Mr. Alexander Jack, "is the workers themselves. I don't think you have this difficulty in America, but certainly the British workman is a hard nut to crack."

"Yes," reflected Sir Robert. "For centuries the workers have been accustomed to a certain line of action. They will not allow you to say it, but, as a matter of fact, they have become enured to the position of the underdog. When one endeavors to teach them differently, they almost refuse to believe it.

"A scientist told me that, as an experiment, he took half a dozen half-starved waifs from the streets and alleys of one of our big cities, housed them decently, and fed them on nourishing foods. After two weeks of this treatment, the children, instead of looking better, were thinner than ever. Their stomachs could not assimilate the food, their emaciated little bodies seemed to protest against being interfered with—seemed to suggest that they were better in their old haunts of starvation and misery.

"BUT the scientist persisted. And, after a long time, the change began to tell. The children got accustomed to right treatment. They gained weight rapidly and grew into strong and healthy young specimens of humanity.

"In the Hadfield factory, we used to start at six o'clock in the morning. Before the men had slept sufficiently, they had to rise and hurry to work—their minds and bodies in a sort of mute dazed protest against a system which demanded that they should get up and labor while other men slept. There was much bad time-keeping. The men turned up late or didn't come until breakfast time. We tried starting half an hour later, but that did not improve matters. Then we made a radical change, altered the hour to twenty-five minutes after seven and did away with the break at nine o'clock. Would you believe it, the scheme nearly fell down owing to the attitude of the workers themselves? They thought we were out to make more money out of them! Then their wives were up against the innovation. They grumbled at having to rise and prepare breakfast at that hour. However, feeling we were on right lines, we went on our way undaunted. And now, neither the men nor the women would go back to the old six-o'clock start.

"The primary factor which we had recognized was that human labor is not a marketable commodity like a bale of cotton or a ton of pig iron. We discovered that a man at a machine is not a part of it but a sentient being with passionate human aspirations which should be fostered, not crushed.

"My philosophy is that men are forced to become law breakers through not having enough money to live decently and keep the law. I firmly believe that every man would rather go straight than go crooked. It is the unequal distribution of things that make so many malefactors.

"Selfishness is at the root of all opposition to reform," continued Sir Robert, "and the firms which are doing their best to bring about a new

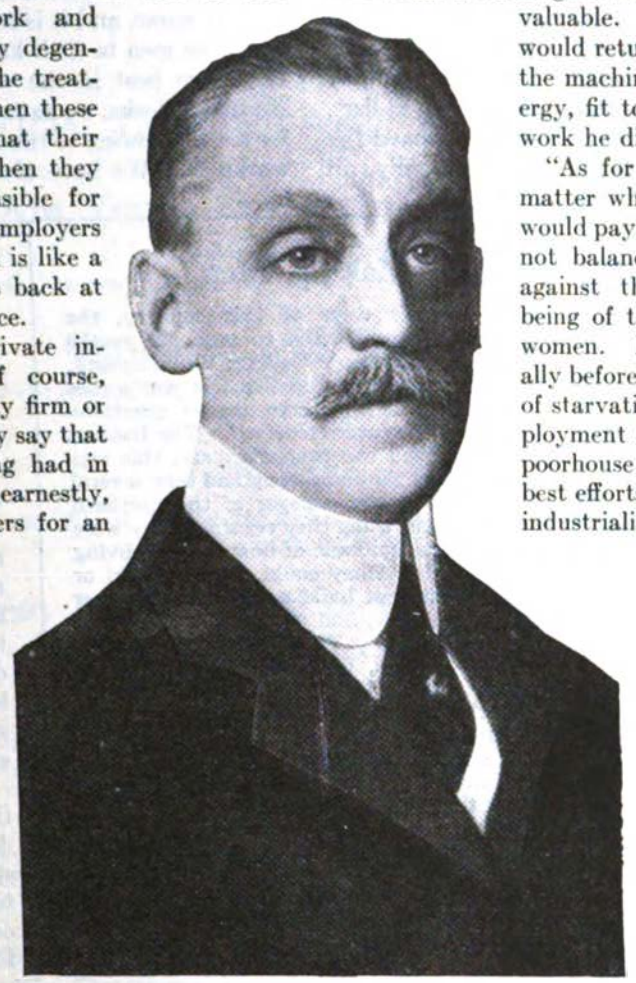
order of things are those in which the employers can put themselves into the places of the workers. Every man should have a wage which not only ensures the means of sustenance to himself and family but, also, the possibilities of enjoyment and a chance to get the best out of life.

"Employers overwork and underpay and generally degenerate the workers by the treatment they receive. Then these employers complain that their men are a poor lot, when they themselves are responsible for it all. The treatment employers hand out to their men is like a boomerang. It comes back at them with doubled force.

"Speaking as a private individual, without, of course, wanting to commit my firm or other employers, I may say that a scheme I have long had in mind," he went on earnestly, "is to pay the workers for an annual vacation."

"But your workers do have vacations," said one of those present. "The works are closed down for ten days in the summertime."

"Yes; we insist upon the workers having vacations at their own expense," Sir Robert rejoined. "When the clerks take their vacation they get paid for the time they are away, so do shopmen, so does everyone else. Only the workers have to pay for the privilege of playing. They, perforce, must take a vacation so that they may be able to continue working in good health. It is all to the employer's benefit that his men and their families go away to the seaside or the country to recuperate after a year's hard work. Change of scene and fresh air work wonders in health and spirits. Thus the employers reap the benefit while the worker foots the bill.



SIR ROBERT HADFIELD

The largest maker of steel in Great Britain and inventor of manganese steel

"Wealth creates an increased obligation to render service to mankind. Why should a man wait until the shadow of the grave falls upon him before he shows gratitude? Why should he linger until the nearness of eternity frightens his conscience into doing something for his fellow men, when, all his life has been enriched by the service he has compelled mankind to render him? It is because so many men—richly blessed, richly benefited—have died without paying their debts to humanity, that the world's progress has been so slow."—*Sir Robert Hadfield.*

"It is intolerable to me," Sir Robert went on, "to think of the strain which the cost of a vacation sometimes must entail upon the breadwinner of the family. By paying the men during this time, the strain would be easier—the vacation would do more good and become much more valuable. Thus the worker would return to his old place at the machine full of life and energy, fit to turn out double the work he did before going away.

"As for the cost! Well, no matter what it cost, I think it would pay in the end. You cannot balance dollars or pounds against the health and well-being of thousands of men and women. Holding up continually before their eyes the threat of starvation, the fear of unemployment and the horror of the poorhouse never called forth the best efforts of the workers. Yet industrialism has been run for centuries on these lines.

"Substitute for these outworn methods the love of life with all the tremendous possibilities for those who care to seize them; instil into the worker a sense of the beautiful in nature; make him understand the deep contentment which comes from work well performed, and you have, not a drudge toiling blindly without joy but a man realizing himself and his powers, quickened to the appreciation of a world full of interest and beauty and possibilities from which he is no longer shut out, of which he is really a part.

"I would instil into every worker, hope," said Sir Robert, his eyes glowing. "For hope is the greatest stimulus of mankind. Why should there be a limit set upon ambition? Education is free and the world is wide.

"When I was a boy at school, in Sheffield," he went on, "we used to have a day which we called Mark Holiday, that is one in every fortnight. Every Monday afternoon, before being dismissed for lunch, our total number of marks during the preceding fortnight were announced and those who had gained a maximum of sixty marks out of a possible one hundred and thirty, were given the afternoon off. This half holiday was a tremendous stimulus to study, and, at first, only a very small percentage of boys gained the required number of marks; but, gradually, all worked up until only three or four were detained in school, and they were fellows who couldn't or wouldn't work. I have often wondered if the Mark Holiday could not be applied just as successfully to industry. Some sort of competitive spirit or reward arranged on reasonably practical lines—and to formulate this would not be at all insuperable—might be organized which would increase the interest of the worker in his output and operate for the benefit of all."

"WHY don't you put into operation now your scheme of payment for the worker's vacation?" asked Judge Neil.

"Because I fear we are not yet ready for it. Besides, may I ask, would America join in with us? Great Britain cannot stand alone in an important development of this kind. It would be even more difficult to introduce in this country as conditions are different here than in America. We are bound to go slowly or we should defeat our ends; that is to say, if America and other countries don't take a similar line of action, it will be seen that it would not be practical to carry out this excellent idea in one country alone. With some firms, wealth is the chief aim; not so ours. Our workers' welfare is our first concern. When that is right and things go smoothly, wealth comes along naturally."

"Several very rich men have told me that they paid too great a price for their wealth," Judge Neil said. "Andrew Carnegie once said that if he had his life to live over again, there would be no Homestead strikes."

"Yes, Carnegie did pay a heavy price for victory," said Sir Robert Hadfield. "Strikes are a hopelessly inefficient way of settling differences. The ones who really suffer are the wives and children at home, and it is surely a monstrous act to bring the men to their knees by striking at those they love best in the world. Happily, in the Hadfield Works, we have never had to shut down for a strike, owing to the agreement with our own workmen. We have always found a talk with our men, round the table, settled most of the difficulties. To my mind, there isn't nearly enough of this round-table discusson between employer and employee. It is the healthiest thing in the world. I have continually discovered that discussion, full and unafraid, between the men and ourselves not only cleared the air, took the ground from discontent and emboldened the men to state what they wanted and to ask for more."

"To appreciate things we must first desire them. Workers should be shown how to get more, not less, out of life. All my life, I have been opposed to teaching working people how to live on less," said Judge Neil. "Why should workers require to learn to live on less? The first thing to teach them is how to live and get the most value out of life. But they must cast suspicion and distrust aside.

"I feel," Sir Robert concluded, "that wealth creates an increased obligation to render services to mankind. Why should a man wait until the shadow of the grave falls upon him before he shows gratitude? Why should he linger until the nearness of eternity frightens his conscience into doing something for his fellow men when all his life has been enriched by the service he has compelled mankind to render him?

"It is because so many men—richly blessed, richly benefited—have died without paying their debts to humanity, that the world's progress has been so slow."

Making Men

IN the early days of this country, the Indians were invited to send six youths to William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, to be educated free. It was a rule of Indian courtesy not to answer questions on the day they were received. The Indians finally declined the invitation and this was their excuse: they said they had sent several young men to the colleges of the northern provinces, and when they returned they were poor runners, ignorant of how to get a living in the woods. They could not bear cold or hunger, could not build a cabin, take a deer or kill an enemy, and they spoke their own language badly. They were not fit for hunters, lawyers, or counselors; in short, they were totally good for nothing.

"If the gentlemen of Virginia," said the Indians in reply, "will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make men of them."

They believed that the glory of the young man was in his strength, in his skill in hunting and doing the things which the Indians take pride in doing.

The Indians' reply gives us a good lesson.

THE NEW SUCCESS FOR APRIL

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THE NEW SUCCESS invites all its readers to become members of The Pass-It-On Club, and to pass on to the editors quotations, mottoes, maxims, poems, or other cherished bits of literature,—little anecdotes, humorous stories, bits of wisdom—in fact anything that has helped, inspired or cheered you—anything that you have saved for your scrapbook, or that you would like others to share with you.

THE NEW SUCCESS will print the best of these, and thus pass on from one member of the Pass-It-On Club to another—and to all our readers—many things that will help them in some way.

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THE NEW SUCCESS also wants little stories of success obtained under great difficulties, and stories of human sacrifice and kindness.

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RESOLVED:

THAT I will not add to the momentum of the hard-times talk by my own dire predictions.

That I will not go about among my fellows with an expression which indicates that life has been a disappointment, or express a lack of faith in my country or in its industrial supremacy.

That I will try to convert the pessimist, the gloom peddler, the down-talker and down-dragger to sane and wholesome thinking and talking.

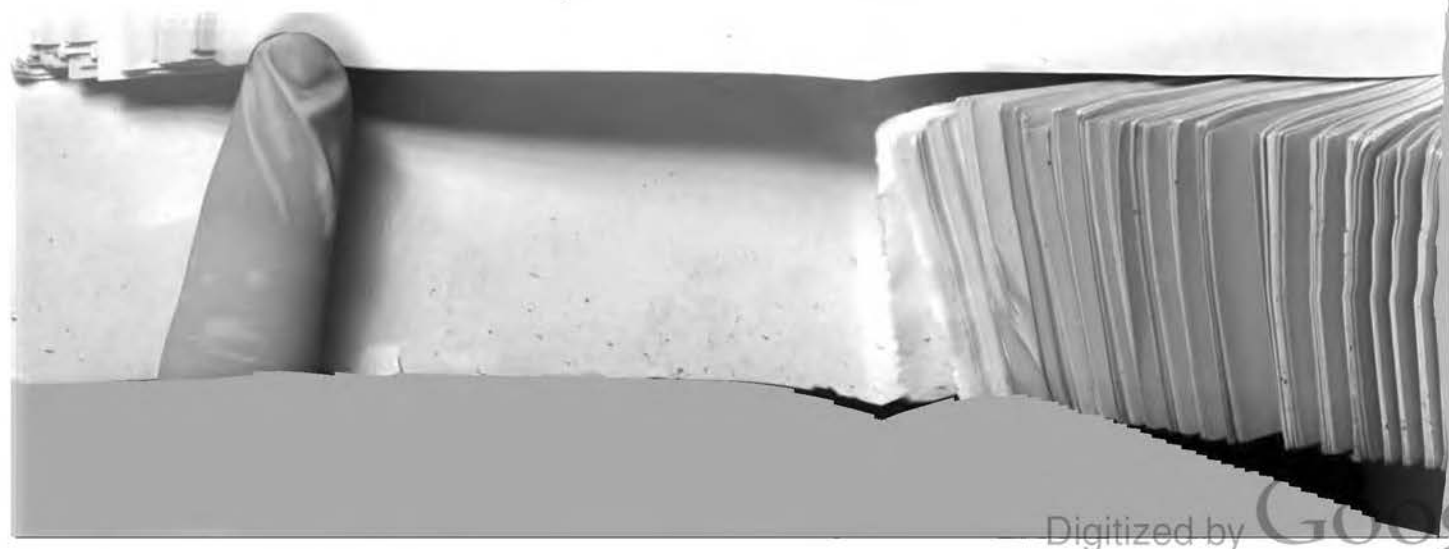
That I will keep a stiff upper lip and a stiff backbone; that I will believe in the best, look for the best, think the best and work for the best.

America has never remained very long in a fit of the blues, and the length of her blue fits grows shorter and shorter. She also grows more progressive, and assumes a more and more commanding place in the affairs of the world. The booster helps this forward movement; the knocker retards it.

RESOLVED: That I will henceforth be a booster, and not a knocker; a lifter, not a kicker, a prophet of good, not evil.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



How to Write a Moving-Picture Play

A Successful Scenario Author Tells THE NEW SUCCESS Readers how He Succeeds Where Thousands Fail

SAYS THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE

SO many people come to me and ask "How do you go about writing a motion-picture play? I wish you'd tell me how you do it."

I don't know how I do it. I just do it. I never took a lesson in my life and never expect to. A few directors have warned me what to do and have told me the sort of stories and effects they personally like, but that is all. I don't know how to write a motion-picture play any more than I know how to write a story or a letter to a friend—I simply write it. I get the plot just as fifteen years ago, I used to gather news when I was a reporter, return to the city room, sit down, and write out the story.

That's all there is to it. First get a real story. Next tell it.

THIS is not a lesson in a correspondence course on motion-picture writing, nor is it a formula for preparing a scenario for the "screen." It is a plain statement of how a motion-picture manuscript is prepared by one who successfully sells motion-picture plots.

There are no set rules and no sure guides to securing a check for your manuscript. If you have it in you to write motion-picture plays, all you need do is sit down and write. If you haven't the natural talent, all the advice and instruction in the world won't help you and you will never become a scenario writer. The greatest art-instructor in the world couldn't teach me to draw a cartoon or paint a portrait. A motion-picture director could and did develop my work to a point where it became profitable, and I am glad to set down here a few of the things he told me and more that I have learned. But I do believe that it is possible to instruct beginners to write salable plots.

DON'T bother about the physical form of your story. There are men connected with the various motion-picture studios who will put it into the desired form—men who are paid to do that and nothing else, and who can do it a thousand times better than you or any other outsider. Never mind the various inside phrases which, so many amateurs, seem to add an air of expert knowledge to their work. Don't concern yourself with such terms as "fade out" or "iris in" or "dissolve into" and the like. *Forget them and tell your story.*

Think it out carefully—then tell it as you would tell it to me if we were sitting comfortably in the living room. You know, I will be interested in the story if you present it to me properly—if you recite it in proper sequence, with just the proper detail and the proper amount of suspense to keep my curiosity aroused.

DON'T indulge in "post mortems." Don't add too many unimportant side lights. Don't trace the ancestry and doings of each character back to antiquity. You know how annoying such comments are in ordinary conversation. They have no place in a "screen plot." The idea is that you want me to hear the story through to the end, and you want me to *want* to hear it. You don't want me to keep looking at my watch, look restlessly at the clock, or fidget about while you're talking.

The length of your story depends entirely upon what you have to say. I have written a scenario in fifteen ordinarily typed pages

and I have written one in thirty-five pages. There's absolutely no rule for length except the story itself. A skillful story-teller can certainly give the complete action of a five-reel photoplay in from ten to fifteen pages. Some can do it in less; but if you need more pages to make your idea clear, take all you want of them.

Don't attempt to limit yourself to any fixed number of words. Remember that you are writing a picture and, consequently, must make your words convey a *picture* to the mind of the reader. If you are a born story-teller, it won't take five thousand words for you to describe what can be said adequately in one thousand words. Tell it all, clearly and vividly, describe in detail each essential action, then—stop writing!

FIRST, ask yourself why you believe you can write a picture play. Be candid with yourself and find out. If you haven't the ability you are only wasting time and courting discouragement. But there really isn't any reason why you can't if you possess the knack of *telling* a story cleverly and convincingly. By cleverly, I do not mean with a lot of needless fancy touches, simply the ability to convey to another, in an interesting, graphic manner, an occurrence or a series of occurrences that amuse, thrill, or excite varied emotions in the mind of your auditors.

Writing a picture plot is simply telling a tale on paper. That is the only difference between writing a script and sitting down beside the scenario editor's desk and telling him your idea.

If you are convinced that you can tell a story well, then ask yourself whether you know what a story is. That may sound like nonsense, but it is far from it. Many people do not know a good story when they read one; but far more folks imagine they have a good story when, in reality the idea lacks in probability, in interest, in dramatic value and action. There is a vast difference, too, between a dramatic situation and dramatic material. Sheridan's Ride was an intensely dramatic incident, but it wasn't a play in itself. Augustus Thomas, the American playwright, took the incident and developed it into a successful play, and there is where the playwright's art asserted itself.

It is the same with screen writing. You encounter countless plot germs every day. When you catch your germ, construct your plot. Build your framework, remembering that you must always sustain suspense, keep the audience guessing, and work steadily toward your climax. Don't get the cart before the horse and tell a main incident of the story too soon. Don't make those in the audience weary by dragging it out and making them yawn and long for the final "fade out." Make it snappy!

IT doesn't require any special aptitude to discover bases for plots. Perhaps the only essential is what newspapermen call a "nose for news"—the ability to know what makes a story and the skill to make a story of such material. The great basic requirement of a film play is *struggle*—a battle against odds—a conflict of wits—a well-sustained suspense that keeps the audience entertained and eagerly awaiting the finish of the story.

What the struggle is to be and how it is to be worked out is your task. It may be that two of your characters will struggle against each other,

KEEP SCRAPIN'

By Esty Quinn

WHEN you're sick as the deuce, and you think, "What's the use?"
And you're tired out, discouraged, afraid;
And you keep asking why they don't let you die
And forget the mistakes you have made;
When you're chuck full of pain and you're tired of the game,
And you want to get out of it all—
That's the time to begin to stick out your chin
And fight with your back to the wall!

WHEN you've done all you can to scrap like a man,
But you can't keep your head up much more;
And the end of the bout leaves you all down and out,
Bleeding, and reeling, and sore;
When you've prayed all along for the sound of the gong
To ring for the fight to stop—
Just keep on your feet and smile at defeat:
That's the real way to come out on top!

WHEN you're tired of hard koocks and you're right on the rocks,
And nobody lends you a hand;
When none of your schemes, the best of your dreams
Turn out in the way you'd planned;
And you've lost all your grit and you're ready to quit
For Life's just a failure for you,
Why, start in again and see if all men
Don't call you a MAN through and through!

or that one character will battle against his environment, the rocks in the road of life, or against his own conscience or sense of duty and honor.

Struggle means action, and action is the prime essential of the screen play. You introduce your characters and tell the audience what they are like. Then your comments are ended—or should be. What these characters say and do for the next hour and a half, is the test of the play's merit—of its success or failure. You can draw your character in any way you like—make him loved or hated—but whichever you do, having thrown this mantle about his shoulders, you must make him live up to the reputation you have given him.

DON'T seek some new twist to an old idea. It's probably been done before better than you can do it. Start afresh. Take a situation—perhaps one from real life. Try to imagine what is going to happen. For instance, you are standing in a railroad station. A well-dressed young woman is walking up and down nervously before the train gate, looking at her wrist-watch every few seconds. Just as the train is about to depart, a messenger boy rushes up and calls out that he has something for Miss Brown. The young woman eagerly takes a package from him, signs for it and boards the train. As the entrance gate slams, the messenger boy disappears and, a moment later, another young woman and an excited man rush up to the gate too late to catch the train. They ask the porter if a messenger boy has been there asking for a Miss Brown.

Now go on. You finish it. That's a plot germ. You can end it in any one of a hundred ways. You are welcome to the "germ" if you want it.

THIS leads to another vital suggestion. Don't take your ideas from the newspapers or things you see in print. Don't rely too much on "personal experiences" of friends. Others may see and develop the same idea, or you may be developing an idea that has been done before. Then you may be accused of plagiarism. Once that occurs, your writing days are over.

It is this danger—the danger of innocent or unconscious plagiarism—that makes the scenario editor wary of the unknown writer. He must have the word of some one he knows, and can trust, to assure him of the first-hand *originality* of the script. Libel suits and heavy damages have resulted where screen editors have been imposed upon by unscrupulous plot-stealers or innocent offenders who unconsciously committed literary piracy.

Be careful to make your characters human. Ask yourself if you have ever seen any one like that, if a man or a woman would really act as you have made them act under given conditions. Be careful not to make them stilted, unnatural—unreal. Their acts may and should be original and the chances are they will be, because your own point of view on life is individual, and so long as you build from your own imagination it is likely you will develop something worth while.

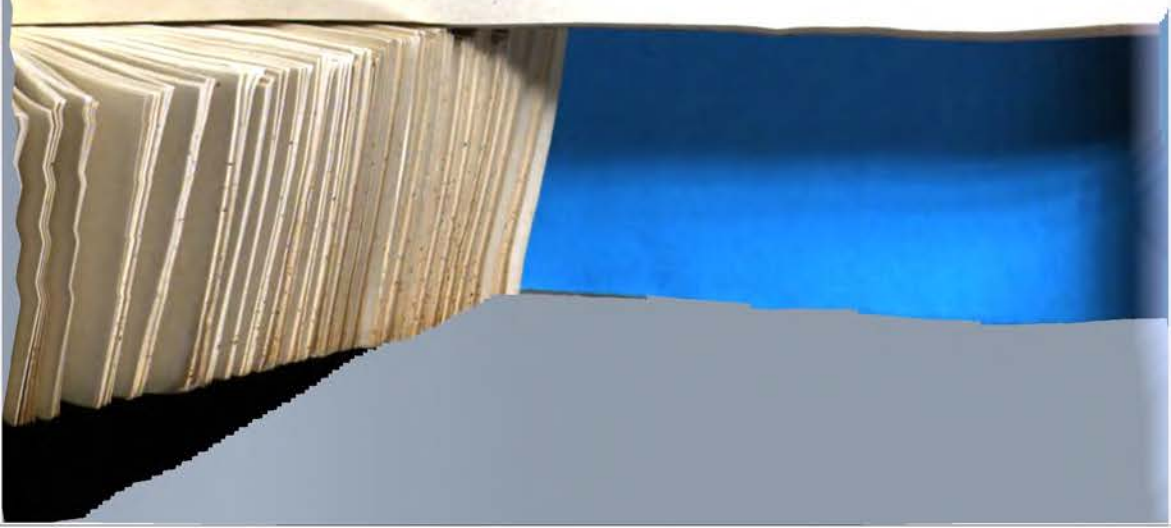
If you are planning to write for the screen, study the screen. Find out what sort of stories people like and what screen stars they flock to see. Have a definite star in mind when you write your play. In writing your scenes, imagine what this actor would do in the situations you have devised and how he or she would do it. Consider whether they could or would do such things at all, whether the part fits the personality. By doing this, you enhance your chances of selling your script.

Will the great "movie star" ever see your work? Yes—if it passes the screen editor and he thinks it is worth showing to the star. But now comes the problem of getting the scenario to the proper scenario editor. If you are an outsider and do not know how to market your plays, don't sit down and fatten the revenue of the Post-Office Department by sending your script to this and that studio. To do so is a sheer waste of time.

THERE are many reputable and successful manuscript brokers who will read your story, tell you frankly whether it has merit, and if it has value, to place it for you. They will charge you a reasonable commission and save you many heartbreaks and a great deal of time. But be sure you pick a reputable agent. Investigate the one you select, and be sure you will receive upright treatment.

Successful moving-picture writing is nothing more or less than the ability to know what others want to see and hear and to tell them that story pleasantly and entertainingly. Nobody can teach you to do that. Either you can do it or you can't. If you are fair with yourself, you can soon find out where you stand.

The present tendency of the producers is to get away from dramatizations of successful books and plays. The prices which must be paid for such works are usually out of proportion to the sum which should be paid for a script; and the author must remember that, after his check has been signed, many thousands of dollars must be paid out to prepare the actual film. And every picture turned out is *not* a success. Many go "on the shelf."



EDITORS' NOTE

JANE ADDAMS has never had much to say, but she has always found much to do. It is unusual for her to grant even a fraction of her valuable time for an interview. But she has said some very pertinent things to THE NEW SUCCESS interviewer. Some of her words should burn deep in all of us. She is a keen observer and student—and she knows. If, as she says, the American youth is losing, or has lost, the flaming enthusiasm of our forefathers, which made patriotism a vital part of every day life, then we have confronting us a problem which we will be obliged to face and solve much sooner than we anticipate.

Democracy No Longer Stirs Blood of Young America

So Says JANE ADDAMS, Founder of Hull House, Chicago, in an Interview with THE NEW SUCCESS

By WALTER YUST

"YOUTH is so vivid an element in human life," wrote Jane Addams some while ago, "that unless it is cherished, all the rest is spoiled."

And it has been this intense interest of hers to cherish the spirit of ardent youth, "seized with the old desire to achieve and to improve the world," that has seemed to inspire the founder of Hull House, Chicago, through all her many years of service.

For a long time the name of Jane Addams has held a kind of illimitable magnificance. Her books on social and political reforms, written after years of intimate association with those of America's second largest city who have been denied certain privileges for self-improvement, have beckoned countless readers, promising a wider understanding of people and a consequently completer life. And she has numbered among those noble few who endeavor to "treat every human being with a kind of tenderness, because the principle of good," in even the least of us "is at once fragile and precious;" whose dealings with their fellows are inspired by a deep impulse of reverence for human potentialities.

IT was with a feeling somewhat like awe, therefore, that, anticipating this interview for THE NEW SUCCESS, I walked along the streets of Chicago's Italian district toward Hull House which is situated in the heart of it. But once seated in the drawing room before Miss Addams, I was reminded, once again, that those genuine persons who seem awe-inspiring from a distance almost invariably radiate the gentlest kind of neighborliness at close range, and I immediately understood why she is honored by being not merely the guide for, but also the accepted friend of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of foreign-speaking Americans who have not the privileges of their brothers.

Miss Addams looks "motherly." She seems neither academic nor institutional.

"But there is nothing I can say in a—well, in a cooked-up interview, that can be of any benefit to anybody," she parried, after I had introduced myself, her rather sad eyes smiling. "I don't believe in that kind of interview, anyway," she admitted with disarming and charming bluntness.

"Youth in America," she quietly repeated. "The contrast with the youth in Europe is obvious. At the present moment they are hungry over there. They need to be fed and clothed. And their future is in grave danger because of their present emaciation. That's obvious, too. In the United States, there is comparative plenty. The business of the hour would appear to be for American youth to help much more than American youth is helping. But there is prudence here. Perhaps, too much waiting for higher prices."

IT is a matter of pain to Miss Addams that young people who have the advantage of "morning in their hearts" should suffer, no matter what their nationality. She believes that the spirit of youth, although it is "sometimes crude and filled with conflicting hopes, *some of* them worthy and most of them doomed to dis-

appointment," for the sake of the future happiness and beauty of the world, must not be ruthlessly blotted out; especially that idealism of the young foreigners for whom life has been intensified by the suffering and by the starvation of millions of their fellow subjects.

MISS ADDAMS said that the idealism, "the insatiable desire for more just relations in industrial and political affairs," of these young foreigners who come to this country with great and compelling hopefulness should be wisely directed by American educators into governmental channels.

"The great store of youth's creative enthusiasm must be conserved," she said. She is convinced that to permit these young people to be separated "from the contemporaneous efforts of ameliorating society" is "to withdraw from an experimental self-government founded in enthusiasm, the very stores of enthusiasm which are needed to sustain it."

Before the World War, Miss Addams said that "it is but too true that Democracy—a people ruling—the very word the Greeks considered so beautiful, no longer stirs the blood of the American youth, and that the rich enthusiasm for self-government must be found among the groups of young immigrants who bring over with every ship a new cargo of democratic aspirations."

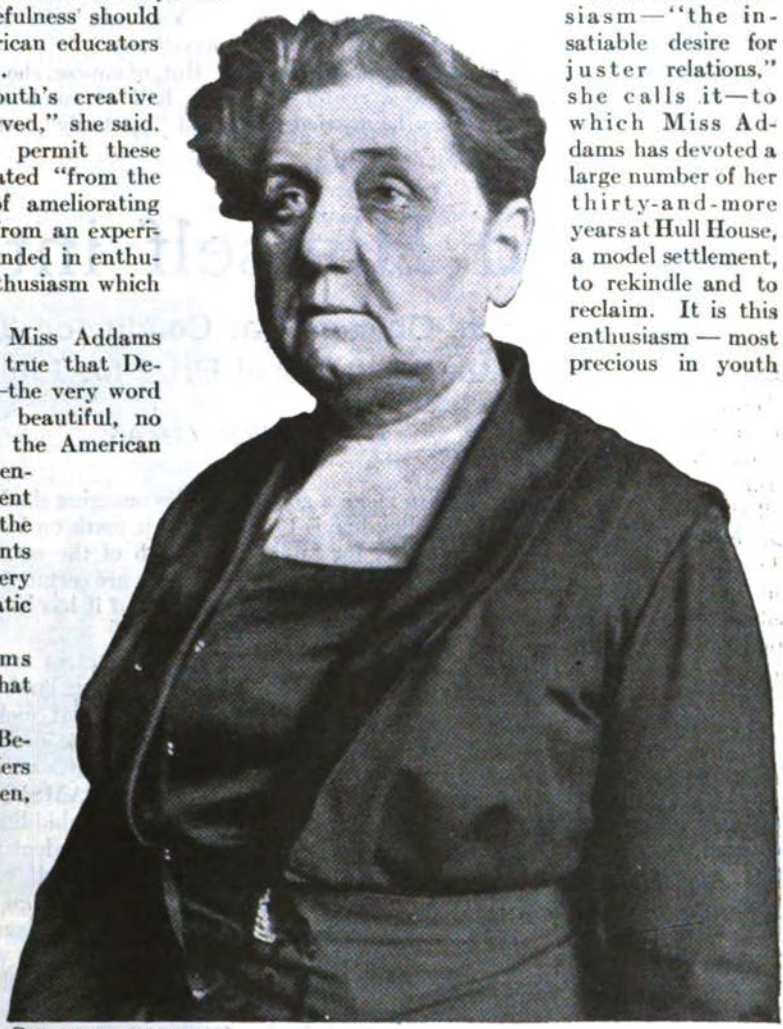
I asked Miss Addams whether she still thought that to be true.

"Yes," she replied. "Beyond the fact that our soldiers used the word now and then, why—"

And I took it her answer implied that American young men are not aroused, these days, by the vision of Democracy to the extent that they vigorously hope for, and identify themselves with the America-old political struggle toward a future social order in the United States which will embody the purest relations in both industry and government; that the American youth is losing or has lost the flaming enthusiasm of the forefathers which made the Democracy of these States a vital part of everyday living and thinking.

"To be actually stirred by Democracy means to feel a kinship with other races," she said. "Enthusiasm for Democracy has its international aspect. And if our youth had more of it, it would be easier to give more food and more clothing to the youth of Europe."

It is this enthusiasm—"the insatiable desire for juster relations," she calls it—to which Miss Addams has devoted a large number of her thirty-and-more years at Hull House, a model settlement, to rekindle and to reclaim. It is this enthusiasm — most precious in youth



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Jane Addams is America's most successful settlement worker. Her whole life has been devoted to practical efforts to better the condition of the poor and the degraded. She has been highly successful. Hundreds of people whom she has helped, praise her for her efforts to make their lives brighter and their possibilities more fruitful. The Hull House Settlement, Chicago, which she opened in 1899, is the most important in the world. Ten years ago, she received the first honorary degree ever given by Yale to a woman. In April, 1915, she presided at the National Peace Conference of Women at The Hague. She is a quiet, sincere, earnest worker, who has done more for humanity, perhaps, than any other one person in this country

—which she keenly desires to wrest from utter atrophy. It is this enthusiasm which she believes is being killed in America's youth by the unrelieved strain of economic struggle, by the tawdry and indecent amusements of American cities, by our American inclination toward the possessive impulses rather than toward the creative or constructive; it is this enthusiasm which hunger and cold are helping to kill in Europe. And the world can little afford to lose any of it anywhere.

In Hull House, which with its workshops, rest rooms, cafeteria, theater, classrooms and dormitories occupies a whole city block; Miss Addams and her coworkers have provided a center for higher civic and social life; they have tried to afford the youth of a congested area opportunities for wholesome and inspiring and freer self-expression.

And if you look long into the face of Miss Addams, the eyes and the lines of which have in them something of world power, you will notice that this champion of youth is kindly smiling—and hopefully.

When she finally rose from her chair to bid me "good-day," the lines at her mouth deepened and her eyes twinkled.

"You see," she said, "I have quite talked myself out."

But, of course, she hadn't. She doesn't like to talk half so much as she likes to work. And most "motherly" women are that way.

Starved Himself into Fame

Knut Hamsun, Chicago Car Conductor, Tells How He Won the 1920 Nobel Prize for Literature

By PETER GRAY

A MAN who was too stupid to make a good conductor on a Chicago trolley line is the winner of the 1920 Nobel Prize for Literature. He is Knut Hamsun, who has attained this highly prized honor after a career of starvation and hardship under which his determination to succeed could not be shaken. Refusing to be daunted by continual rebuffs, he finally attained fame by dramatizing his own sufferings, writing a book of his own experiences which he entitled "Hunger."

He laughed at trouble and capitalized it to his own prestige and advantage. His career is the story of a man fired with an overwhelming desire to succeed, who was willing to live through any privation in order to fulfill his ambition.

Knut Hamsun was born in August, 1860, the son of poor parents who dwelt on a farm near Lom, in the narrow valley of Gilbradstol, Norway. At the age of four years, he was sent to live with an uncle in the Farthest Northland where the year is divided into two almost equal periods of night and day—six months each of light and of darkness. But despite the bitter cold and his dreary surroundings, Knut Hamsun dreamed of the day when he should become a successful writer.

Perhaps he was inspired by the brilliant flashing of the northern lights. In any event, while the discouraging shadows of this bleak land, have left their mark on his writings, each work shows the faith of the man—the confidence that better times are certain to follow the depths of darkness. And it has been so in Mr. Hamsun's own life.

His characters are largely habitated in this bleak northern land, and it is only in such an atmosphere that such individuals as he depicts could really live and be truly human.

KNUT HAMSUN grew to manhood in that cold, forbidding atmosphere. The desire to become a student filled his soul, and a talent to express himself in writing became evident. However, the frozen souls of those about him gave scant encouragement or sympathy. Despite the poverty in which he lived, he dreamed his dreams and built his castles in the air—castles that have a firm rock-foundation to-day. During the long Arctic nights he would occupy himself with his books and with pen and paper. Those around him nodded their heads solemnly. Knut Hamsun was another example of the tendency toward artistic craftsmanship which, according to legend, marks certain Norwegian children once in a generation. But his uncle was more interested in the toil of the young man's hands than in the products of his brain.

Still Knut Hamsun would not be discouraged. From the day he learned to trace his first letters he was ever endeavoring to put on paper some semblance of literary composition. Yet he was forced to give it up at the age of seventeen to become apprenticed to a cobbler. But the fires of ambition in his youthful breast did not die. He consoled himself with the latent hope that his earnings would be great enough to enable him to publish, at his own expense, his then completed works—a long poem and a short novel.

History records that Knut Hamsun cobbled better than he wrote in those days, although he scribbled better than he knew. Yet he kept on cobbling with all there was in him. His two literary masterpieces of those days did not find themselves into type; but Hamsun, with a tidy sum of savings in his jeans, finally quit his bench and made his way to Christiania, where he fondly hoped to be able to make his way through the great northern university.

KNUT HAMSUN

Winner of the 1920 Nobel Prize for Literature. "I worked," he says, "I worked—and starved; but I was determined that something should come out of it—and something did"

It was there that his ambition received its first great setback. He had imagined that in addition to his meager earnings at odd tasks, he could sell his writings to the newspapers and magazines in Christiania—but the editors proved as cold as the land from which he came.

NEITHER his poetry, his essays, nor his attempts at fiction, were accepted. The publishers found no favor or merit in the work of the youth who was one day to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. Keenly sensitive, Hamsun soon became hurt by the gibes of his fellow students. They did not sympathize with him, did not understand him and his overwhelming ambition, and he was too proud to attempt to justify himself or explain it to them.

Not discouraged, he resolved to seek an outlet for his yearnings in America. Slipping silently away from the university halls he journeyed to the promised land and into Dakota Territory. At first he became a tiller of the soil, then a rough-and-ready workman in the lumber camps. He was ever wandering from one rude job to another, building up his health and bucking up his courage. And all the while he was trying to turn his pen to some worth-while production which would bring him sufficient for a return passage to the land he had quitted with a sense of shame and failure.

Finally, after a varied career, in which his courage never faltered, he amassed the necessary amount. He had taught school, he had been a track-tender, a coal miner, a sailor, and a lecturer. He had tried his hand at whatever job would bring him a competence and a tiny surplus to save.

It was in 1884, that he again saw Christiania, the city he had forsaken. This time he meant to conquer it! But even his great resolve could not prevent his failing again in his effort to wring recognition from that cold, unresponsive city. The disappointment was only two years in making itself manifest to him.

BUT Knut Hamsun's spirit was not broken. Once more he returned to America. He meant to make a fresh start and in due time return to his native land to *exact* from his fellow countrymen the respect and honor for which his heart hungered.

He journeyed to Chicago and secured a place collecting fares and ringing the signal bell on a street car that traversed the toughest and most dangerous of the city's neighborhoods. In those days, Halstead Street was a place of crime and

sordid dissipation. The "tough line" passed through a section which was ever unsafe for car crews and passengers.

Speaking of it in one of his writings, Hamsun says, "We were not allowed to shoot the passengers, so I never carried a revolver and relied on good luck. It was in 1886, just after Christmas, that my car encountered an intoxicated crowd near the Stock Yards. They were violent rowdies and declined to pay their fares. A policeman boarded the car but soon gave up the task and advised me to leave the men alone. One of them laughed at me and asked why I had not reported them. I told him I did not think it necessary as I knew they would pay me in time. Some laughed, but others sided with me and they all paid up."

HAMSUN is distinctly remembered in Chicago as a poor, ragged, down-at-the-heel conductor. His wrists were red and raw where his frayed coat-sleeves failed to reach his mittens, but he was seldom without a book—one hand on the bell cord, the other holding a volume. Often he would forget to give the signal, and the car would pass a corner at which some irate passenger wished to alight.

The superintendent of the Halstead Street line began to get complaints against this dreamer, and with the comment that he was "too stupid to run a street car," discharged him! That aroused Hamsun's ire. Determined in all things he meant to demonstrate that he was *not* too stupid to be a conductor, so he got himself another job on a cable car-line which ran along Cottage Avenue.

"I was working there at Christmas time, 1887," says Hamsun. "The public in that part of the city was better, and I had to collect the five-cent pieces with gloves. There I had no strong sensations to experience, but I soon grew tired of seeing these villa dwellers and listening to their conversations."

The life was hard enough at its best, and he made it harder because he was saving money to go back to Christiania.

"All winter long," he says, "I covered my chest with paper to protect it from the strong, penetrating wind. Every time I moved the paper cracked noisily, which embarrassed me very much. My fellow conductors always had fun at my expense."

By spring he was thoroughly disgusted with his job, so he gave it up and started for New York, stealing rides on freight trains. From there he worked his way to Norway on a freighter and again took up his battle with the Christiania publishers.

HE had saved a little money and associated himself with the Bohemian circles of the city. Fate was more kind to him now and, occasionally, he sold something. But he was nearing the bottom of his slender purse when he sold a sketch called "Hunger." He had been in actual want before making that sale, and he took that experience as the foundation for his story.

"Hunger" is an analysis of his sensations during a period of three days when he had been forced to go without food after weeks during which he had eaten little or nothing. He received $3 for that sketch and managed to live for another week, only to go hungry again. Once more he had to give up the literary fight and shipped before the mast for a three-years' trip which took him to France, Russia, and Finland.

Then he bobbed up again in Christiania. It was then that he elaborated the sketch, "Hunger," into book form, and added his bitter struggle before the mast. Overnight he found himself famous. The book had made him—the struggle was won!

From that time on, he continued to write steadily and with ever-increasing success. He now had fortune as well as fame, and took himself to a little farm in Central Norway where he might dream at his ease and write to his heart's content.

It is believed that his "The Growth of the Soil," written in 1918, is directly responsible for the award of the Nobel Prize. "Shallow Soil," published in 1893, was the result of Hamsun's life among the Bohemians of Christiania after his street-car experience in Chicago. Evidently he was no better understood or liked by the Bohemians than he had been by the students at the university a dozen years before. Hamsun took his revenge by his violent attacks on the Bohemians in "Shallow Soil."

HAMSUN seems not to have been able to forgive Bohemia the wounds to his vanity. And yet the people he describes are no different from their fellows everywhere. They are spongers, drones, lady-killers, ready to beg, borrow or steal, ready for anything except to earn their living honestly, and pretending to despise the hands that feed them.

Probably, they despised him because he had done honest work, and when his money was gone, when they could no longer eat and drink on his savings, they kicked him out of their society of ragged grafters.

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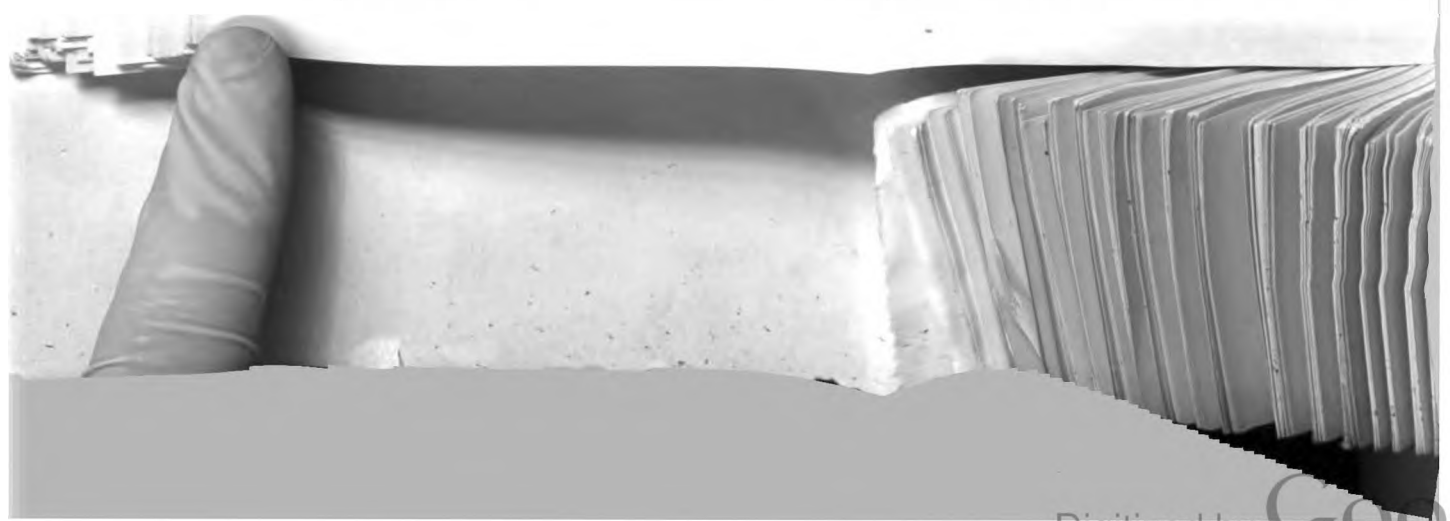
The important thing in life is to have a great aim, and to possess aptitude and the perseverance to attain it.—*Goethe*.



The "Where-Is-It Club?"

Are You a Member?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

AN item in *Impressions*, a London publication, in reference to a "Where-Is-It Club?" recently attracted my attention. The name impressed me, for I felt that it aptly designated about the largest organization I have ever heard of. Its membership must include a very large percentage of the human race, for in practically every home and every business concern in the civilized world there are charter members of the universal "Where-Is-It Club."

We see these people everywhere, men and women who are always hunting for things, never knowing where they are. They have no order or system in their make-up, and no sense of their value in making life harmonious. They never seem to have heard of the maxim: "A place for everything, and everything in its place." They never put anything where it belongs, but drop it wherever they happen to be. Then when they need things in a great hurry, they must waste a lot of valuable time looking for them, turning over the contents of boxes, bureau drawers or desk drawers, hunting through papers and letters, and misplacing a lot of other things which they will have to search for later.

He looks as if he might be eligible for president of the "Where-Is-It Club?"

THE NEW SUCCESS cartoonist gives us a good illustration of the typical systemless business man. He looks as if he might be eligible for president of the "Where-Is-It Club?" Half crazy hunting for some particular document on a desk which looks as if a cyclone had struck it, his face lined with worry, all his energy used up, he is more exhausted, less fit for important work than an orderly, systematic business man would be after a whole day in his office.

WE have all seen the slipshod, systemless business man who never knows where he is at, who spends half his time hunting for things—the man who stacks his letters and papers in pigeon holes, expecting to file them later, but never gets to it, and is always swamped under a mass of miscellaneous stuff awaiting attention. The country is full of such men, men who have never learned the meaning of Heaven's first law—order.

Ruskin says that order and system are nobler things than power. Order and system are not only nobler things than power but they are also producers of power. They multiply one's power of achievement a hundredfold. They economize time and energy; they facilitate and simplify your work, make it infinitely pleasanter and easier of accomplishment, and they shorten the way to success.

The Bradstreet and Dun agencies state that a large percentage of failures are due to lack of system and order. Thousands of unsystematic proprietors of small business houses go through life complaining of their hard luck and the fates that keep them down, without ever realizing that their confused, slipshod methods are re-

sponsible for all their troubles. They lay their non-success to bad location, too many competitors, or some other thing, when competent men all about them know that it is due solely to their indifferent management and lack of system. Many a man is wondering right now why he does not succeed, while the very desk at which he sits tells the reason why. The unfiled documents, the disorderly drawers, the layers of newspapers and pamphlets, unanswered letters, empty envelopes, memorandum slips—all are telltales against him.

WE are all surrounded by telltales which, whether we are conscious of it or not, are constantly proclaiming the story of our lives, telling all who have eyes to see, whether we are efficient, systematic, orderly, painstaking, reliable or the reverse. If I were about to hire a clerk, I would ask no other recommendation than would be afforded by the condition of his desk, or table, or room, or work-bench, or counter or books. This would tell me more concerning his real character and his value as an employee than anything else.

A business man who had been watching a young fellow for some time, and seriously considering employing him for an important position, called on him one day at his place of business, and was so shocked at the appearance of his desk that he decided not to engage him. The disorderly desk, piled up with papers, letters, books, clippings, odds and ends of all sorts, convinced him that the young man lacked the first essentials of a business manager—the qualities necessary for any position calling for large executive ability—system, order, method, efficiency in disposing of a large volume of business quickly and effectively.

Watch your desk! Its condition will help you or will hinder you. It will not only influence others in their judgment of you, but it will react strongly on yourself. Confused surroundings make a confused, muddled mind, and a muddled mind cannot think clearly or work efficiently. Clear your desk of everything you don't need for immediate use; make it ready for the day's work just as the decks of a battleship are cleared and made ready for action in a coming battle, and you will be surprised to find how much more effectively you can work, how much more you can accomplish. On the other hand, there is an insidious suggestion of confusion, of helplessness, in a cluttered desk. It destroys the feeling of joy and enthusiasm, the sense of satisfaction with which one sits down to work at a desk cleared and ready for action.

Have you ever been in a large commercial office and seen a great array of desks, all occupied by busy men? And have you noticed the characteristic difference in the desks? There are desks and desks; some cleared, ready for the next task, and others ready to bury it. An efficiency expert going through such a place could give a pretty accurate analysis of each man's character by a glance at his desk, for like man like desk; like desk like business. Without looking at the men he could tell which ones were members of the "Where-Is-It Club," and which were not.

SUCCESS

By J. A. Edgerton

WHO says, "I will," has conquered Destiny,
Has found Fame's golden key.

Who says, "I die, or win upon this cast,"
Will gain the goal at last.

Who says, "I can," and learns to strive and wait,
Is henceforth king of Fate.

Who dares demand and will not be denied
Has God upon his side.

He conquers who has courage to command
The forces at his hand.

He only gains the Temple of Success
Who'll bide in nothing less.

For all things gladly bend to his control
Who has the master-soul.

Did you ever try to get the other fellow's position? Did the other fellow scheme to get you out of yours?

That is the unique problem presented in this unusually funny story

"I—I—Sir!"

By ***OLIN LYMAN***

Author of "Efficiency-Fuss," "The Voice that Won," "How Do Y' Get That Way?" and other stories

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

"*WHAT!*" pealed Theron Wade, while he viewed with alarm the olive visage of Tony Camapella. "Two cents more? Why, you raised the price three cents two months ago!"

Many men would not have remembered just when the former catapulting occurred. However, Theron could have told you, to the day. It was set down in the thin little expense book which reposed in a vest pocket. The vest was not more than three years old. There are vests no younger, as well as coats and, perhaps, trousers, that are worn in these days of costs saving to beat the high tariff for living, which look almost as good as new. But the owners paid more for their suits than had Wade. Veritably, from hat to shoes he was shiny.

Frowsy Sicilian Tony elevated shoulders toward the lobes of ears which had once worn rings. "They-a raised da price on *me*," he gabbled. "Once—now again. I maka three cents, I show you da bill. Me, I can no do beez-a-ness for nothin'! You buy it somewheres else, it costa you a nickel, a dime more."

Theron knew this was true. It would be a waste of time to look further in the hope of saving the two cents. Since he had come to Hailesborough, a year before, he had combed the town for the cheapest shops in which to buy his necessities. He knew that the odds and ends which comprised Tony's fruit-and-what-next stock could be always bought *right*. Camapella was cringingly satisfied with a smaller profit than any merchant Wade had ever seen. How could he support his wife and *bambino!*

So Wade reluctantly dug for the required thirty cents. "Five cents raise in two months," he grumbled, "and a nickel six months before that. Used to cost twenty cents! Profiteering!"

Tony's unhappy gesture indicated that he did not know. He did not know much anyway. In these days of soaring prices he remained overly humble, not daring to ask a reasonable profit. So, while his patrons saved money, he did not.

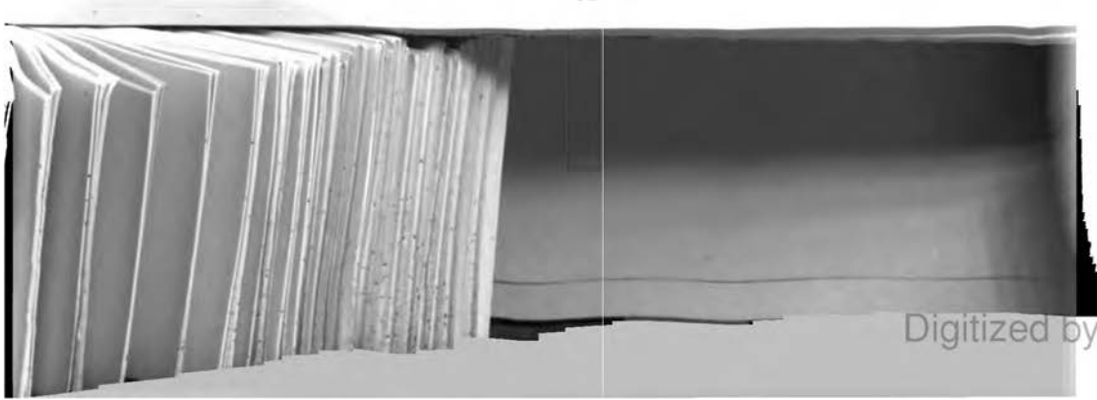
He wrapped about the round box a fragment of expensive glazed paper and snapped over it a couple of rubber bands. Thus, he further reduced his meagre profit on the sale. As for Wade, he would use the paper for shaving and the bands would come in handy. He always figured that way. Even the twine which came around parcels was preserved, wound in a compact ball.

Theron took out his expense book and jotted down, with the date, the item, "One box Blackola, 30 cents. (Two cents advance.)" Then he continued his walk to the office, while he mentally computed that he would more than get around the advance by shining his shoes twice a week instead of three times, which had been his custom. For the rest of the time, to rub them over with the cloth every morning would do as well.

THERE were ways to balk these accursed profiteers! Oh, yes, there were ways! Two shines weekly, rather than three, was a lucky hunch. After all, the new box of polish would last him longer than the last one had done.

There was beauty on Commonwealth Street, down which he was walking; beauty in the elms among which soft breezes were whispering; beauty in sunlight which irradiated the dingy shops; beauty in the faces of young women walking briskly to work in stores or offices. However, Wade saw none of the beauty. His look was downcast, his thin lips compressed and his hawklike profile tensed as he hastened, absorbed in mental computations.

He was not alone in this exercise, of course. Plenty of men and women in the passing throng were similarly engaged. The times demanded



it. It was fair to assume that most of them were concerned with the ascending cost of living, and that they reckoned with responsibilities toward others.

Herein lay the difference between Theron Wade and the great majority. He had no encumbrances; he had only himself to look out for. His computations concerned the cost of living, but only as it related to his bank balance. That was growing by an average of twenty dollars a week, saved from his salary of forty; he was determined that it should be no less as the weeks sped on. Those savings: he must guard them! Not for the relief of some fellow being, though he had relatives who needed some such practical attention. Just for their own sweet sake, he jealously schemed for the weekly additions that were swelling the thousand or two which, at twenty-seven, he had managed to amass. The amount must not be cut down by the rising scale of living.

But how hard the profiteering hounds were making it for a poor dog, to be sure! This was the reflection that lined his brow with pain as he turned into Exchange Street. The landlady had just advanced the weekly rent of his mean little room, in Exeter Place, by a half dollar. She had volubly explained, while tucking back a wisp of drab hair which straggled discouraged upon her forehead, that she just had to do it, costs were coming up so. Theron listened gloomily. Her troubles were nothing to him; there gleamed in his mind only the round, cold, hard fact of the extra half dollar.

There was no use in thinking of moving. He had selected his boarding place for the same reason he had chosen the shop of Tony Camapella. Mrs. Dustin was "easy," as was Camapella. If she were advancing him a half dollar, it was certain that every other lodging housekeeper in the neighborhood—which was not an expensive one—had "jumped" their lodgers anywhere from a dollar to two a week some time before timid Mrs. Dustin had dared to make the plunge.

That room, once it had cost him three dollars, and now it was five-fifty! A lunch that in halcyon days had cost fifteen cents, now cost thirty or thirty-five! And laundry—

WITH that thought the Theron forehead cleared. Why hadn't he thought of this before? Those bills from Verbach's had caused him for many weeks acute anguish; yet a young man in business must be clean. And there was so much soft coal burned by the Hailesborough factories.

He had now a scheme to beat the landlady's fifty-cent raise. With the inspiration came a twinge. If only he had thought of it before, there would have been that much more to cache with his savings in the Hailesborough Savings Bank. Better late than never, though.

A faint grin tugged at his thin mouth, filled with teeth that required some overdue attention, only, dentists were profiteers, also. About this laundry business, now, every man could be to a reasonable extent his own mangler.

His underwear and socks, by all means. He could slip into the bathroom at night, wash them, and hang them upon the hooks of his closet to dry. Yes, and his handkerchiefs and the soft collars. A soft collar looked mussed a little while after you buttoned it, anyhow. What was the matter with ironing them, while wet, with his fingers? They would dry, all right. Men had to pay altogether too much for a few strokes of a flatiron in these days. And on soft collars the laundries saved the price of the starch. Outrageous! But—no more.

Ambition surged within him. Why not do his pajamas, also? Nobody would know. That would leave only his shirts to be sent out, as a regular thing. Reluctantly, he admitted that he had best not tackle *them*. He had to meet the landlady's advance of fifty cents. Now he foresaw a weekly saving of sixty, seventy cents, even more. A little thought had solved the problem. He was still safely inside the costs limit he had set for himself.

There are men who make "killings" in the stock market. They feel no keener thrill than now warmed Theron Wade, approaching daily toil with his hunch on home-done laundry, as a dampener on the high cost of living!

THE Marathon Sales System Company, of international success, was housed in its own red-brick building, in Exchange Street. Four floors hardly met its growing needs; its former structure in the West End, now yielded a handsome rental investment in office. More than ever, was the Marathon thriving since the war. Following chaos, business throughout the world was feeling the thrum of a faster *tempo*, was developing in breadth and vision.

Theron Wade ascended in an elevator to the fourth floor and entered the computations suite where he had a desk. Here, as throughout the building, showed rich tiled floors spread with rugs, burlapped walls, the dull glow of mahogany. The Marathon had never done things by halves. This "waste" of good money had always given Wade twinges of disapproval. The interior of the offices could have been made as presentable for half the money, he believed. Why expend so much upon quarters in which folk spent not to exceed eight hours a day?

He walked into the little room, past the office of Walter Pratt, who was chief of that particular subdivision of the department, which he shared with Lambert Brill. He drew out his cheap, but reliable watch, noting with satisfaction that he was, as usual, five minutes ahead of time. He hung his hat in the wardrobe, wherein dangled the four-year-old overcoat he had not been wearing for some days, as the weather had turned warm. As he closed the door, there came a disagreeable odor of gasoline from the interior. Wade had cleaned the collar himself a few days before and had laid the stuff on too thick.

Since then, the cost had increased, further, to everybody in the office except Theron. By mean little expedients he had contrived thus far that there should be no cut in his savings. But roundabout the wave of inflated values was rising. Ere long, despite the discovery he had made in laundry matters, it would encroach upon the hardpan of his beloved dollars.

With his brief elation over the laundry, now passed, Wade stood scowling reflectively. To protect his ratio of savings, and perhaps to increase it, he had to have more money.

A blonde girl—they had never liked each other—handed him his envelope. She leered at him unkindly

He turned to the window, looking over the valley studded with chimneys of varied quarters, those of factory sections and of handsome residential districts. Grave, lofty, surrounding hills were beginning to show the deep emerald of spring. Filmy patches of clouds, like the handkerchiefs of a goddess, sailed in the blue sky. Rare beauty—but Wade was not thinking of that. As nearly always, his thought turned inward. It reached out only for money.

That forty a week which he drew; he reflected rebelliously that it should be more. A month longer than a year he had been with the Marathon; they had increased his weekly salary five dollars in the fall, a general advance through the office made in deference to the increasing cost of living.

The office should pay him more. But he knew there would be no use in asking for it unless the powers were considering another general advance. And this, he considered doubtful, so soon.

He heard a stir in the outer office; evidently old Pratt had arrived. A tapping of light footsteps told, too, that Hannah Thomas, the stenographer, had come in. Then, as the silvery chime of the clock in Pratt's room began the toll of nine, a swinging tread approached his door.

Lambert Brill, his desk mate, entered the room. "Hello, Wadie," he called, as he tossed his hat on a hook in the wardrobe, and flung himself in the chair opposite Theron's at the long, flat mahogany desk. "Everything seems more'n rosy to-day!" he remarked.

Wade contrived a perfunctory smile and a monosyllabic answer. He wasn't for anybody, much, except Theron.

BRILL stretched back in his chair with a prodigious yawn, while he stared in enmity at some sheets of figures requiring immediate attention. "Too fine a day to be cooped up with this junk!" grumbled his resonant baritone. "Makes you feel like an old woman with her tatting! Wadie, wouldn't it give you a pain in the gizzard, if you had any?"

The good-natured mockery got no "rise" from Theron. Back in school days they had said he was about as sensitive to flings as a tortoise to mosquito stings. His cold gray eyes, bleakly lighting a hawk's profile, stared unblinkingly at Brill.

"It's work," replied his dry, precise voice. "We've got to work to live."

"I'd rather live than work," flippantly responded Lambert, yawning again. "Well, if I have to—" and with a prodigious sigh he languidly stretched forth a brown, stubby hand for the sheets of figures.

As he made ready to attack his own columns, preparatory to a session at the adding machine, Wade glanced at Brill, from under lowered lids, in a stealthy habit he had. That he did not care for Lambert was evident from this look. His mask of cool friendliness, assumed for Brill's face, was—only that. The lightninglike look from the gray eyes had shown startling malice.

Yet the well-groomed, dark-skinned, tall young fellow, with coal-black hair brushed straight back, had never harmed Wade. Quite the contrary. At Pratt's request, Brill had broken him in to the work when he had come the year before. Two or three times Brill had asked him out to lunch and enabled him to save that much more during that particular week. He had never returned the courtesy; especially as Brill lunched at more expensive resorts than he frequented. The mere possibility of paying such a check, for two, would have caused his frugal soul intense pain.

Wade hated Brill because he was so wholly the antithesis of himself; just as some other persons hate each other because they are so much alike. Theron had found that Brill received five dollars a week more than he did; he hated him for that. He would have bet that Lambert lived weekly to the limit of his forty-fifth dollar; he wore good clothes; he had "breeze," *sang froid*, a careless twentieth-century nonchalance, hallmark of his twenty-six years.

More than these, he had a tolerant contempt for Wade's colorless mode of life and for his many frugalities. This was never expressed in words, but Theron felt it. So he hated Brill in growing measure as weeks and months drifted by.

The young men worked in silence for a few minutes. Then Walter Pratt, the chief of their division, entered. He was a drab, gray, little man in his dwindling fifties, soberly garbed like a preacher of the old school, hopelessly steeped in routine. His voice was dusty, like his eyes protected by thick, polished lenses.

"Brill, here's this new schedule proof to compare with the original. Read it very carefully, please, and I'd like to have it soon after lunch to send downstairs. There's been delay on it already."

He glided noiselessly upon rubber soles back into his office. The door swung shut behind him. From the basement, far below, came the muffled thunder of the presses, busy turning out the printed matter of diversified sales systems which were finding favor around the world.

LAMBERT BRILL glowered at the sheets which Pratt had left, while he ran his fingers through tousled hair.

"Schedule proofs," he growled, though with a whimsical light in his eyes. "Soon after lunch. That makes a full day for me, all right, with the rest of it. And I had a little date for this morning, and another one for the afternoon!"

Theron looked up. There flashed into his memory other recent occasions when Brill had absented himself from the office upon outside business. To him came the beginnings of a plan of action, nebulous as yet, but stealthy. He spoke from sudden impulse.

"Keep your dates if you want to, Brill. I can manage that schedule proof, along with my work. I can get Miss Thomas to read the copy while I correct."

At the ring of eagerness in his tone Brill stared at him in justified surprise. The pace required of Pratt's two young assistants was not of the lash-driven order. He had often helped Wade, especially when he was breaking in. Never till this moment had Theron ever offered to relieve him, even in temporary interims when more than the usual quota of work had been thrust upon him.

The fellow must be growing human! Well, in that case, he should be encouraged! Brill grinned gratification.

"Why, thanks, old man!" as he handed Wade a couple of cigars. "That's decent of you! Do as much for you sometime. I'll manage to duck out after an hour, I think."

Greedily Wade pocketed the cigars, which were of quality better than twice his own.

A little after ten o'clock, Brill seized his hat and disappeared, saying he would be back about an hour after lunch. Wade worked steadily, and more rapidly than usual, so as to be abreast of his own work and the extra task of Brill's which he had taken upon himself.

There was a light in his eyes. But it was not the warm glow of good fellowship. Rather, it was the icy sheen of self-seeking, like bleak sunlight upon ice.

At last he understood the impulse which had led him to offer to do a part of Brill's work, so as to allow him egress from the office during business hours. As the minutes ticked away he gloated in it. He had been looking for an opportunity to better his fortunes; to conserve his savings and to add to them. The chance was here, and now.

If a man didn't look out for himself, who was going to do it for him!

A face flitted through his mental vision as he worked at an increasing pace. It was not Brill's, nor Pratt's. It was the face of the man "higher up"; the cold, rocklike, keen-eyed face of the Marathon's new general manager, Talcott Storm.

That surname of "the boss" had struck young Wade as incongruous when the new arbiter had come from New York, six months before, to take the tiller. Rather, his aspect was as bleak and calm and uncompromising as a November day. A stickler for duty, for pace, for results; a man who interested himself in every department; who viewed at close range with the naked eye instead of afar through a telescope, he was emphatically the man for Wade's hour. He and Theron would understand each other!

So, while one hour glided into the next, and the work of the Marathon and of the rest of the work-a-day world went on, Theron Wade was doubly busy.

At the front of his brain reigned twin duties of the day, his own and the extra task of his office mate, which he had assumed. At the back, welling from dark chambers of the subconscious mind, rose dubious vapors which coalesced in a saffron-hued scheme.

That plan, if carried out as Wade desired, would financially benefit him—and Lambert Brill not at all.

"SEND him in." The direction was extended at ten the next morning.

The girl at the switchboard on the main floor, turned to Wade. But he had heard the even, clean-cut, resonant voice carrying beyond the transmitter. He was already striding toward the general manager's office.

Talcott Storm looked up from the loaded but well-ordered mahogany desk in the center of the most ornate office Theron had ever seen. Wade caught a fleeting impression of a sturdy, medium-sized figure that could not have been tailored inside of a couple of hundred dollars. That soft silk collar and the loosely knotted tie, they must have together required fifteen. And, if he had time to think of them, the probable cost of those polished russet shoes and brown silken hose, matching the suit, would have filled him with disapproving horror.

It was like Wade, when meeting a man for the first time, to lower his gaze and to meet his eyes last. So, when after a fleeting instant, his look met Storm's he felt sudden perturbation new in his experience. For his gaze had traveled upward, from sordid details of polished shoes and clothing of dark, rich sheen like the mahogany's luster, to two living, brilliant, disconcerting eyes.

Never had Wade previously remarked, in seeing Storm from a distance, the penetrating quality of those eyes. With the detachment of cold steel, they seemed to look, from under somewhat narrowed lids, right through one.

"Well?" prompted Talcott Storm, as Theron seemed rooted before his desk. No shadow of impatience showed in his thin, ruddy, shaven face, the visage of a healthy, coördinated, poised man in the full flood of matured powers. He was somewhere in the forties; thin gray hair was brushed straight back upon a symmetrical head.

His voice, a part of his controlled personality, exuded neither warmth nor coldness, but only polite inquiry. Somehow it proved further disconcerting to Wade, who had been so sure of himself when he had asked at the switchboard for this interview.

"I—I—sir,—I can save you money," he asserted, rather lamely.

Storm's thin lips relaxed in a slight, grim smile. He indicated a chair at the side of his desk. "We're always glad to entertain suggestions pertaining to that matter. Sit down, Mr. Wade, and tell me about it. Something about Mr. Pratt's department, I assume?"

The slight smile had sufficed to reassure Theron. He slid into the chair with passing wonderment. He was but one of many cogs in that big wheel of business, and he had merely given his name to the switchboard girl, with no reference to the department. Yet Storm had placed him. Nobody saw him around overmuch, but he evidently had the business at his fingers' ends. And he was a stickler for efficiency, for production, for devotion to the job.

(*Continued on page* 139)

Artistic Temperament

By BERTON BRALEY

"Then the captain dances"

THE grizzled old sailor who now is a tailor
Looked up from his sewing and said:
"If it wasn't so stale, I would tell you a tale,
But I'll tell you a story instead.

"At seven bells by the larboard watch
The captain broke into song;
Which same were a melody somewhat Scotch
An' most distressin'ly long.
Then he climbed the shrouds with an awful yell
An' bit the mizzen in two—
But why he done it I cannot tell,
No more, I reckon, can you.

"Says I to the mate, 'he's a-actin' queer
Fer a perfectly sane galoot.'
Says the mate to me, 'be calm, my dear,
It's worse when he starts to hoot
In seventeen different kinds of speech
Includin' dialects Russian, a few;
I never could understand his screech
No more, I reckon, could you.'

"Then the captain dances a saraband
On the top-mast's top-most pinnacle,
An' the mate he says, 'well, it may be grand,
But I'm gettin' slightly finical
Since the day he cooked the binnacle
An' ate it cold in a stew.
I can't be blamed if I'm cynical
No more, I reckon, can you!

"Then the captain whistled a popular air
In the patented key of *Z*
An' we seizes him gently by the hair
An' plunges him in the sea;
Yet he whistles away as he sinks from sight
In the depths of the azure blue.
I couldn't whistle in such a plight—
No more, I reckon, could you.

"But it goes to show, to a large extent,
Considerable, more or less,
That a lot of artistic temperament
Is a bad thing to possess;
I wouldn't dance on the mizzen top
I'd stick to the deck, like glue,
An' I'd stop my tale when 'twas time to stop
An' so, I reckon, would you."

The grizzled old tailor who once was a sailor
He dumped out his pipe on the floor,
He said, "if you'll call in the winter or fall
Perhaps I will tell you some more."

"Since the day he cooked the binnacle"

Putting Your Name on the Door

By
ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

WHAT a wonderful thing it would be for mankind if every human being could have the benefit of a stimulus sufficiently powerful to unlock all his powers and make him do what he is capable of doing! How quickly the world would go forward. What marvelous undreamed of resources would be brought to light! What courage, what progress, what happiness would crown the race!

Many of us think we are doing our best, yet how much better we could do under a greater stimulus! If you are an ordinary employee, and knew that, to-morrow morning, you would be called into your employer's private office and offered a partnership in the business, provided for the next three months yuu could very materially improve on your past; if you knew that this great dream of yours was unexpectedly to be realized, provided you could measure up to a certain standard, don't you think you would find a way to improve very materially on what you have been doing?

Employees on small salaries who have been for many years in one position without an advance, often write to me for advice. Many of them think they have been treated unjustly. While this is sometimes the case, the fault usually lies in themselves. Promotion is based upon better work, greater effort. Many employees seem to ignore this fact.

The vast majority of people who complain because they have not been advanced more rapidly, the men who have worked hard for years and feel dissatisfied with the small returns for their experience and service, are themselves much to blame for their unsatisfactory condition. They have not put their best into their endeavors. They may have worked hard, but they have not been the exceptional employees.

The "John Allen" who returns from a business trip to find his name on the door is the "John

Allen" who has put extra effort into his work, who has used original methods, who has been up and doing, who has bettered his best. Such a man is made of partnership material.

You may think you are doing about as well as you can in the way of making good; but if your name were on the door don't you think you would take a little more interest in the business? Could you not find a much better way of doing your work, improving on it in every particular if the motive were big enough, stimulating enough? Yes, in your heart you know that you could, and yet you perhaps say that you are doing the best you can!

None of us are really doing the best we can. I don't know of a soul in my whole acquaintance; I don't know of a single clerk, or a single salesman, a lawyer, a writer, an artist or a business man, who cannot do his work better than he is doing it right now. Even the most conscientious of us can do better than we are doing. Double and treble the motive and you will be surprised to see what will come out of your effort. It is all a matter of trying harder, and you know perfectly well that you can try harder than you have tried so far.

IF many of you who are dissatisfied and discontented really knew how little of yourself you are giving your employer, and what a small percentage of your ability you are bringing into play in his service, you would probably be ashamed of your criticism of him for not advancing you. An employer is not looking for half men or quarter men. He is looking for men who are all there, who are willing to fling their whole life, the whole weight of their being, into their work with enthusiasm; men who will bring zest to their task and who will look upon it as their own, whose motive is to give conscientious, good service. Don't think that you can watch the clock, shirk your work and go blundering on, spoiling merchandise, making all sorts of mistakes, and get a raise of salary every few months. You really ought to be discharged if you are doing these things.

The highest motive or ambition that can ever come to a human being is the ambition to raise the things that come into his life to their highest possible value, to raise the standard of everything he touches so that when it leaves his hands it will bear the stamp of superiority, the stamp of his manhood, his character.

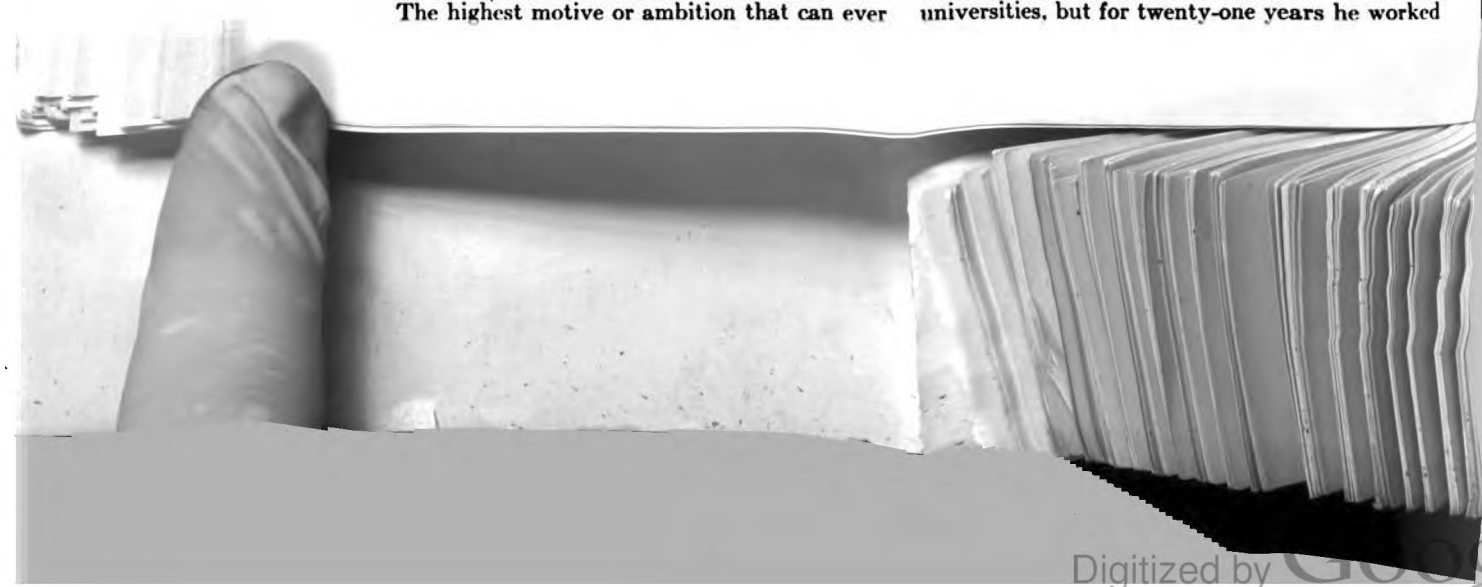
Make up your mind at the very outset that you will have nothing to do with inferiority, with cheapness in the quality of your efforts, that nothing shall bear your name unless it is the best of its kind, that excellence shall be your trade mark, that your superior touch shall be protection enough for your work without a patent from the government.

I BELIEVE that the host of people who have asked my advice know perfectly well what they ought to do, but they are not willing to pay the price, to make the larger effort to do the bigger thing they long to do. They are after bargains, short cuts; they don't want to go the regulation route. They are dreaming of the big things but are not willing to pay the price for them.

> LOVE is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmonizer, the true peacemaker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent, a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge, and all brutish passions and propensities. As cruelty melts before kindness, so the evil passions find their antidote in sweet charity and loving sympathy.

"Success," said the late John A. Bracher, master instrument-maker of the world, "is in having an ideal and living up to it as closely as one can." And the great scientist adds: "If there is anything in my life uncommon it is because from the time I was a boy, no matter what I had to do, *I tried to do it a little better than it had ever been done before.* If a workman in the rolling-mill broke a hammer handle and I set out to make him another, I tried to make him the best hammer handle he had ever had."

Is it surprising that a man with such an ideal, such a motive, as this, should have risen from the position of a mechanic in the rolling-mills of Pennsylvania to that of one of the world's greatest scientists? If the motive is big enough the ability is usually forthcoming, often where it is not expected. Dr. Bracher was president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and a member of the world's greatest scientific societies. He was given degrees by colleges and universities, but for twenty-one years he worked



in the rolling mills of Pennsylvania, where his motive was perfection. When past forty he set up a little shop on Observatory Hill and in it he designed and made some of the greatest astronomical instruments.

THERE are always vacancies waiting for the determined soul. Your success is purely a question of personal investment. Now, how much do you really want success, how much do you want to put into it? You can only take out as a result what you put in in effect, as a cause. What are you willing to risk, to hazard for this great prize which you call success? How much intelligent planning and downright hard work are you willing to put into it? How much determination, pluck and real grit are you willing to invest in the success prize which you long to take?

It is deplorable to hear American youth talk about there being no chances for them. There is a vacancy in your State legislature, in the State Senate; there is a chair in Congress, in the United States Senate, awaiting some ambitious American.

There is something in us which when the call comes, and the demand is made, answers in a bigger way than we had believed possible. Very likely Mr. Harding never dreamed that such an honor as the Presidency of this great Republic would come to him. In years he had passed his youth, and probably had no thought that he would ever do anything greater than he had already done. He may even have thought that his powers were on the decline. This new motive which has come into his life will undoubtedly open up a new door to the great within of him and disclose resources before undreamed of.

There seems to be almost no limit to which the mind will expand if the motive is large enough. The ability is usually forthcoming, often when it is not expected. It is wonderful what a great motive will call out of even a very ordinary person: that is, one who has previously been very ordinary in his attainments, who has lived a colorless, hum-drum life. Motive is a powerful incentive to carry us through obstacles to seemingly impossible achievements.

EMPLOYERS are fast finding out that the motive is everything. The difference between the old-fashioned way of treating employees, of watching and suspecting them, driving, bulldozing and browbeating them, and the new way of not only trusting them, but giving them a motive to call out their best efforts, is marked and in the latter way is far-reaching for good.

Where employees have a sufficient motive they are always trying to improve on their best efforts; there will always be efficiency, harmony, peace of mind.

No business concern has ever yet honestly and fairly tried this larger motive policy and regretted it, for it has always worked, and it always will.

You can always tell a big man by the size of his motive. If his motive is large, is grand, is unselfish, if his motive is great service, he is a valuable man.

The money motive is one that makes a very strong appeal. The money craze, or tendency to commercialize the ideal is found in all walks of life. "What is there in it for me," is written all over American life.

But the greatest reward for services is never in the pay envelope, or in promotions. It is not in the larger salary or the larger place. It is in the increased self-respect and satisfaction, the increased personal power which comes from doing everything to a complete finish, of putting your trademark of superiority upon everything you touch, like a master, like an artist, not like an artisan.

There is something in every one of us which tells us that we can do better, that we are capable of much more than we have yet done. We all know that we can improve on our past; we all know that we can do things better than we have done them before.

"THINK the things you want." The profoundest philosophy is locked up in these few words. Think of them clearly, persistently, concentrating upon them with all the force and might of your mind, and struggle toward them with all your energy. This is the way to make yourself a magnet for the things you want. But the moment you begin to doubt, to worry, to fear, you demagnetize yourself, and the things you desire flee from you.

STICK!

GRANT'S single sentence and proclamation, "I shall fight it out along this line if it takes all summer," may have done as much for the world as all his successes. It has heartened thousands to hold on when everything was dead against them. It will prove a perpetual inspiration to every brave soul fighting with his back to the wall. Grant won ultimately because preliminary defeats could not discourage him. He was always fighting and kept on fighting, no matter how the battle went. That is the secret of every great victory that ever was won—to keep on fighting.

GEORGE WASHINGTON is another great example of the important part the sticking faculty plays in the victorious life. Washington kept on fighting, losing and winning battles, but never becoming disheartened, for his final triumph was as certain as that day follows night. He knew that he was fighting for justice and that no just fight is ever lost.

JOHN BROWN, the negro's friend, did not win in his natural lifetime, but he did win by infusing his patriotic ardor into posterity, into the men who went with his spirit singing, "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave."

COLUMBUS died in ignorance of the fact that he had discovered a new world, but his great work gave a new impetus to civilization. On his voyage of discovery, no peril or disaster could turn him from his purpose. Not even when his mutinous crew refused to go any further and threatened to put him in chains did he flinch or waver. When he quelled the mutiny and was trying to recharge the sailors with his own courage, hope and enthusiasm, one asked, "But, admiral, what shall we do when our hope is gone?" "Sail on, sail on, sail on and on!" was the dauntless reply.

AFTER others have become discouraged and given up, many a persistent pearl diver has fetched up a valuable pearl that was waiting for just one more plunge. It is the persistent soul that wins the great prize in every line of endeavor.

But it is not always the prize won or the glory of victory which pays one for carrying on under the most discouraging circumstances until the goal is reached. It is the consciousness of the great moral victory over one's weaker, lower self; the joy of finding one's divine unconquerable self; the sense of power that comes from always fighting and sticking to one's aim in the face of all discouragements, when the prospect of success seems very dim and the shadow of failure constantly looms up before one. This is the great prize, the everlasting glory of every true victory.

"I Won Because I Thought I Could Win"

—ORVILLE HARROLD

Famous American Tenor, Interviewed for THE NEW SUCCESS, Tells How He Kept on Up-hill Until He Met Recognition

By ADA PATTERSON

ORVILLE HARROLD, the greatest American tenor, presents an object lesson in triumph over obstacles, that should fire the ambition. He sings in that place which represents the highest pinnacle in music in America, the Metropolitan Opera House. He has been called "the American Caruso." No higher praise can be bestowed. Caruso is the world's first singer.

Yet, Orville Harrold—this compactly built man with dark eyes that glow with the twin fires of vitality and imagination, did not fly on wings of that myth called luck, to Attainment Peak. He climbed with feet that bled, with heart torn by anxiety, with a stomach that was nearly a void. His palms are still hard from the heavy labor he performed.

It must have been pleasant to him to read this opinion of his *Parsifal*, sung at the Metropolitan: "No other voice of equal beauty has ever been heard in the part here." And these expressions after he had sung *Rodolpho* in "La Boheme": "Hats off, gentlemen! To a great tenor and an American!" "He sang *Rodolpho's* music as only one man can sing it. Him there is no need of naming." Another veteran music critic thought there was need of naming. He penned his conviction: "Orville Harrold, American tenor, won last night, at the Metropolitan Opera House, one of the most pronounced successes achieved by any singer since the star of Enrico Caruso rose there." Another oracle in the music world said: "No such triumph has been won in the Metropolitan with the single exception of Caruso."

Orville Harrold had reached the heights though he had climbed to them on his knees.

His school days had been interrupted by so many calls to work, in order that he might eat, that he was not graduated from the high school until he was twenty and full grown. He was ashamed of his height and amplitude as he stood among the slim girl graduates and the flat-chested boys to receive his diploma.

He used to black boots and sell newspapers after school. And when he quit school, he worked beside his father in a flour mill. He did heaviest farm-labor, of all kinds, plowing, sowing, harvesting in hot July days, and threshing in hotter August days. He groomed horses and milked cows. He drove a livery wagon for a coffin-manufacturing company.

Started from Home without Money

ORVILLE HARROLD was born on a farm in Indiana. He is, therefore, geographically, a brother of Booth Tarkington and George Ade, of the late David Graham Phillips, and the picturesque Senator Breckenridge. He lived for his first ten years on this farm, eight miles from the nearest village. They were years of simple living and hard work for the family, even for the only child. He started to the country school when he was five. His earliest recollection is

THE RUNNER

By Clinton Scollard

SWIFT-FOOTED one, howe'er so fleet you trip
Along life's varied pathway in your prime,
One still remains whom you may not outstrip—
The tireless runner, Time!

of running away from home. This he achieved at four years of age. He and a lank hound, beloved friend of his childhood, vanished in the woods and were gone all day. When a posse of anxious farmers, led by his nearly distracted father, found him, he was playing contentedly in the depths of the woods unafraid of the approaching night.

"Orville, darling, why did you run away?" His mother stopped hugging her restored son long enough to ask the question. "I was doin' huntin'," he said, and showed a stick which, supplemented by his active imagination, had become a gun. He had gone forth to slay rabbits and quail. That his quarry had escaped him did not disturb the baby vagabond. For him had been the thrill of adventure.

The Indiana farm was sold and the elder Harrold removed to Kansas. He opened a livery stable. Panic and dragging hard times ensued. They culminated for the Harrolds in a fire that destroyed the livery stable and the horses. This culmination of his untoward fortunes disheartened the Indiana man. He uttered the old cry of the despondent: "What's the use?" and began day labor. He was a man of all work, doing odd jobs in Lyons, Kansas, and his small son, his only child, worked with him.

A Free Ride to Chicago

THERE was another removal, this time to Newton, Kansas

Hard times gave no sign of abatement. Orville Harrold's father became ill. To his friend and confidant, his mother, young Orville, now aged seventeen, said, "I'm going back to Indiana. I know there will be plenty of work on grandfather's farm."

He had been used to free rides. He and his playmates, ever seeking the thrill of adventure, had practiced, to the point of nimble efficiency, the art of jumping on and off moving freight-trains. By their expertness, being aided by the good nature of the conductors, they had "beaten their way" to Chicago to see the World's Fair, and to Oklahoma to see the opening of a strip of land to settlers, and the grand rush of the landseekers for their fraction of El Dorado. In consequence, his mother's, "But you haven't money to pay for a ticket, dear," was met by his "I can get back to Indiana without money."

On a dark night a boy with large, glowing dark eyes might have been seen making his way quietly across the train yards at Newton. He carried a bundle wrapped in paper. That constituted his wardrobe. Maternal solicitude had provided sandwiches and cake that bulged from his pockets.

Yes, the side door of a freight car stood open. The conductor was not in sight. The boy knew the car was destined for a trip across Iowa and Illinois. He climbed aboard, stretched out on the floor of the box car and rested his head on his wardrobe. He slept well and awoke hungry. He was breakfasting on one of the sandwiches when a conductor opened the door of the car.

"Here, kid! Get off!"

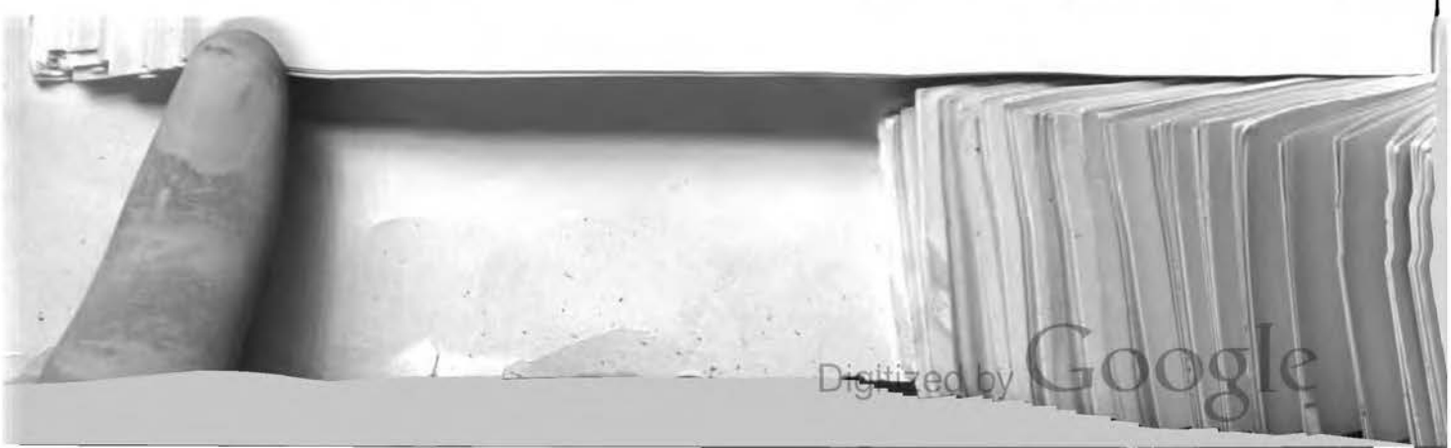
Orville Harrold debated the matter. Unlike David Belasco's band of seventeen conductors, many of whom were not interested in his story, Orville Harrold's conductor "listened to reason." The box car was empty. The boy being slight and anæmic, weighed considerably less than one hundred pounds. So he did not add materially to the locomotive's labors. Moreover, the "kid" had a pleasant, boyish voice and knew all the popular songs. The conductor spent much time in the car. The lad had exhausted his repertoire before he hopped stealthily off in the night, the precaution being taken to protect the conductor against reports to the company by others of the train crew.

"My grandfather was glad to see me because there was a great deal of work to be done on the farm, and he wanted another hand," says the tenor of this phase of his troubled development.

The next year his father and mother returned to Indiana. The three lived in a hamlet near Grandfather Harrold's farm and the father and son worked on the farm. Having been graduated at last from high school, the boy felt justified in seeking "a position for an educated man." His search ended with a casket-manufacturing concern in Muncie, Indiana. He kept its books and drove its delivery wagon. "No, it did not seem to me an especially gruesome occupation," he said, "I thought of the ten dollars a week it brought me. The money was essential. But, one night, I went out to the warehouse to get some caskets to take to the station for shipping. I stumbled across a corpse. I don't mind telling you I ran, and that my hair stood on end with fright. Some embalmers had been meeting in the warehouse for a lecture and demonstration, and had left their subject behind them."

Then Great Singers Heard Him

ORVILLE HARROLD'S spun-gold notes had three discoverers. Four if you count one passive Columbus. Mrs. Gaston Boyd, the supervisor of music in the Newton public schools, heard the lad's tones, high, flutelike, rise above the voices of his fellows, during the music hour. She asked him to stay after school. She inquired about his home, family, and circumstances. The



The Duke in "Rigoletto" *Rodolpho* in "La Boheme" *Pinkerton* in "Madama Butterfly"

ORVILLE HARROLD, THE PREMIER OF AMERICAN TENORS

conversation ended in Mrs. Boyd's offer to give him free vocal lessons.

His removal to Indiana ended the lessons after a few months. But Mrs. Gaston Boyd still lives and rejoices in the fortunes of her pupil. She wrote him, after his brilliant début at the Metropolitan, saying: "I always expected it."

Alexander Ernestinoff, a Russian conductor, gave concerts in Muncie. The young tenor was one of an ensemble of local singers whom he

hurriedly collected. He detected the voice that was so much higher and sweeter and richer than the others: "You must have lessons, my boy," he said and he gave them, as Mrs. Gaston Boyd had given them, without recompense, save that joy which pervades the heart of a true musician at the discovery of an exceptional gift.

Madame Schumann-Heink, while giving a concert at Muncie, heard the same voice—clear, high, fresh as the dew on a June rose. "Whose voice is that different one?" asked the visiting star. "The high one? That belongs to Orville Harrold," answered the local director. "Bring him to me," she commanded.

The young man was brought in and bashfully and awkwardly acknowledged the presentation to the great singer honored on two continents.

"You have a voice that will make you a great singer. You should go into grand opera. You have the voice for it," she said. That was all, but it implanted definite ambition in the country boy's heart. It set a star high in the heaven of his hope. He resolved to go to New York. He arrived with a letter to a manager of one of the Shubert companies in one pocket and two and a half dollars in the other.

"I stopped at the Grand Union Hotel, across the street from the Grand Central Station." So the tenor told me the tale of his entrance into New York. "I got a room for a dollar and a quarter. The next day, I called on Claxton Wilstach and presented my letter of introduction. It was from relatives of his at Muncie. He invited me to go up to his apartment for dinner that evening, an invitation which I accepted with greater pleasure than he knew. We talked about my experience. I sang for him. He told me to be at the office next morning and he would have me sing for Lee Shubert. I wasn't late at that appointment. Mr. Shubert said, after hearing me, 'I'll give him a job right away.' He put me into 'The Social Whirl,' at the Casino. I earned fifty dollars a week, more money than I had ever dreamed of getting. I remained with the show until it went to Philadelphia. I didn't want to leave New York, so I remained here and tried to get other work. I joined three other fellows in a quartette. We went on the vaudeville circuit. I had to leave town after all. Our bookings brought us back to the Victoria Theater. Oscar Hammerstein heard me sing. He asked me to go down to the Manhattan Opera House the next day. After the audition he came close to me and touched my throat. He said: 'My boy, you've got it here but,' his finger shifted to my forehead. 'What have you got there?' I answered: 'I don't know what I've got there, Mr. Hammerstein, I haven't had a chance to test it.' He signed a contract with me at sixty dollars a week and arranged to send me to Oscar Saenger, the vocal teacher. Mr. Hammerstein paid for my lessons. When his season opened at the London Opera House, I was one of his singers. He sent me to Paris to take vocal lessons. My star was in the ascendant.

"But Mr. Hammerstein's failure in London nearly killed me. I had to go back to vaudeville and comic opera. I reorganized the quartette. I sang for awhile with 'Naughty Marietta.' Those quartette days in vaudeville were not simply lean. They were bony. I was up against it. We took a room on Thirty-eighth Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. All of us slept in that room."

A Modest American

"ANY park-bench nights?" I queried.

"No. I always managed to sleep under cover. But I have split a ten-cent beef stew."

"Which means?"

"That we would go into a cheap restaurant together and order a plate of beef stew and two spoons. We ate together until the plate was emptied, a time that came too soon."

"And now, you are the American Caruso with an extended repertoire."

"I know twenty-five rôles." Does any unmusical person among my readers know what toil and study this represents? Most opera singers are identified with three or four rôles.

"But I am not a Caruso," says Orville Harrold, "and never will be. Caruso's voice is the voice of the ages. It has a quality unlike any other. It will never be repeated. I won because I thought I could win."

Mr. Harrold's peregrinations led him to Chicago. He sang at Ravenna. There, members of the Metropolitan Opera House organization heard him and reported his quality to their chief, Signor Gatti Cazazza.

Riccardo Martin was singing with that cooperative band of artists, The American Singers Society, at the Park Theater, New York. Mr. Martin was indisposed and Mr. Harrold was asked to sing his rôle. Again, representatives of the Metropolitan Opera House force were present. Again a report reached Gatti Cazazza of a tenor that surpassed at least all native products. Mr. Harrold was invited to an audition. He joined the Metropolitan Opera Singers.

Farther heights? He says not. He thinks that "a man who, at forty-three, has brought up his three children well, and has a farm in Connecticut to which he can bring his father and mother, hasn't done badly." He wants to live on that farm and "be a free man."

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.

PART II

EDITORS' NOTE

THIS is the second and concluding paper in Mr. H. Addington Bruce's entertaining treatment of a very interesting subject. He gives here nine different unquestionable records of happenings that actually followed distinct warnings. These, added to the true stories in Mr. Bruce's previous instalment, in our February issue, provide rather startling evidence that there may be some basis for a belief in premonitions. We hold no brief in the matter. But we would like to hear from our readers regarding the subject. Perhaps you will be glad to tell us of any premonitions you have had, or any previous warnings of evil or danger or anything else that came to pass. We will be glad to consider your manuscripts for publication, and to pay promptly for any that may prove acceptable. All manuscripts should be in this office not later than April 1.

Historic Dream of John Williams

NO less extraordinary is the historic dream of John Williams, mirroring the murder of Mr. Perceval, in the House of Commons, eight days before its occurrence. The Society for Psychical Research has an account of this, purporting to be in Mr. Williams's own words, and signed by him. He was living, at the time of the dream, in Cornwall, busy with the management of some large mines, and giving no thought to political affairs.

"About the second or third day of May, 1812," his narrative runs, "I dreamed that I was in the lobby of the House of Commons—a place well known to me. A small man, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat entered, and immediately I saw a person whom I had observed on my first entrance dressed in a snuff-colored coat with metal buttons, take a pistol from under his coat, and present it at the little man above mentioned.

"The pistol was discharged, and the ball entered under the left breast of the person against whom it was directed. I saw the blood issue from the place where the ball had struck him, his countenance instantly altered, and he fell to the ground. Upon inquiry who the sufferer might be, I was informed that he was the chancellor. I understood him to be Mr. Perceval, chancellor of the exchequer. I further saw the murderer laid hold of by several of the gentlemen in the room.

"Upon waking, I told the particulars to my wife; she treated the matter lightly, and desired me to go to sleep, saying it was only a dream. I soon fell asleep again, and again the dream presented itself with precisely the same circumstances. After waking the second time, and stating the matter again to my wife, she only repeated her request that I would compose myself, and dismiss the subject from my mind. On my falling asleep the third time, the same dream, without any alteration, was repeated, and I awoke as on the former occasions in great agitation.

"So much alarmed and impressed was I that I felt much doubt whether it was not my duty to take a journey to London, and communicate upon the subject with the party

The Real Man

I TAKE no thought of my neighbor's birth, or the way he makes his prayer;
I grant him a White Man's place on earth, if his game is on the square.
If he plays straight, I'll call him mate; if he cheats, I'll drop him flat.
All rank but this is a worn-out lie, for each CLEAN man is as good as I,
And a KING is no more than that.

—The Rotarian

principally concerned. Upon this point I consulted with some friends whom I met on business the following day. They dissuaded me from my purpose, saying I might expose myself to contempt and vexation, or be taken up as a fanatic. Upon this, I said no more but anxiously watched the newspapers.

"On the evening of May 13, my second son, returning from Truro, came in a hurried manner into the room where I was sitting, and exclaimed, 'Oh, father, your dream has come true! Mr. Perceval has been shot in the lobby of the House of Commons; there is an account come to Truro from London.' The fact was, Mr. Perceval was assassinated on the evening of the eleventh."

Named His Pallbearers

AGAIN, chance may account for some, but it cannot be made to account for all of the numerous instances in which the warning of death comes in a dream, not to a second party but to the person who is to die. One of the best authenticated cases of the kind occurred some years ago at Valparaiso, Indiana, in connection with the death of Thomas Pratt, a well-known merchant of that city. Mr. Pratt was a veteran of the Civil War, and many of his friends and former comrades were in the habit of dropping into his store two or three times a week, to exchange reminiscences. One evening, when half a dozen were present, he told them of a peculiar dream he had had the previous night.

He had dreamed, he said, that he was dead, yet possessed the strange power of one in a trance to see all that went on about him. In the dream he watched with interest the preparations for his burial, and even noted the names of those selected to serve as pallbearers. He saw himself borne to Memorial Hall for the funeral services, and afterwards taken to the cemetery, where his coffin was lowered into the grave. With the throwing of the first spadeful of earth, he awoke.

His friends joked with him about the dream, and, in a few minutes, departed, leaving him to all appearance in the best of health. But the next morning he was found dead in bed, and the men whom he had named in his dream were the pallbearers at his funeral.

The Coincidence of a Book

AND, as was said, there may also be premonitions of a most vivid, explicit character relating to events that have no sinister significance, but on the contrary are commonplace, everyday occurrences. I have space for but two illustrative instances out of the many that might be cited. Mrs. A. W. Verrall, a prominent member of the Society for Psychical Research, who has cultivated the faculty of automatic writing, on December 11, 1901, found in her automatic script these puzzling sentences:

"Nothing too mean—the trivial helps—gives confidence. Hence this: Frost and a candle in the dim light. Marmontel, he was reading on a sofa, or in bed—there was only a candle's light. She will surely remember this. The book was lent, not his own—he talked about it."

A week later there was evidently a recurrence in the script to the same topic, for Mrs. Verrall discovered that she had then automatically written:

"Marmontel is right. It was a French book, a memoir, I think. Passy may help, Souvenirs de Passy, or Fleury. Marmontel was not on the cover—the book was bound and was lent—two volumes in old-fashioned binding and print."

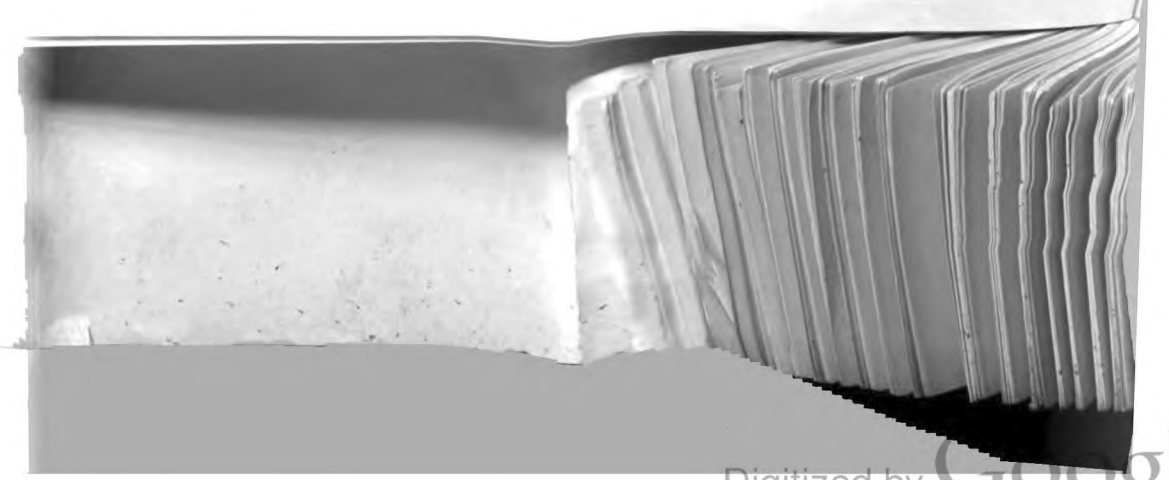
She had no idea what all this meant. But three months afterwards the mystery was solved—or, perhaps, I should say, was made more mysterious—with the arrival of a friend, a Mr. Marsh, for a week-end visit. The evening of his arrival he chanced to mention that, shortly before, he had been reading a volume of the "Memoirs" of Marmontel, a French author. At once, remembering the references in the automatic script, Mrs. Verrall asked for particulars, and learned that he had been reading this book on two nights, February 20 and 21; that on both occasions he had read it by candlelight, once while in bed and the other time while lying on two chairs; that the volume contained allusions to both Fleury and Passy, and that it was not a book of his own but one he had borrowed from a public library.

There were certain minor discrepancies between his account and the statements in the script, but the general coincidence was so close as to convince Mrs. Verrall that her automatic writing of December, 1901, had accurately predicted her friend's action on two nights in February, 1902.

The Ruined Carpet

AGAIN, Mrs. J. W. Mackenzie, of Rossshire, Scotland, at breakfast one Sunday morning, detailed an odd little dream she had had the previous night.

"I thought," she said, "that there were a number of people in our drawing room, among others Mr. Jones, and that I left the room for a few minutes to see if supper was ready. When I came back I found the carpet, which was a new one, all covered with black spots. I was very angry, and when Mr. Jones said it was ink,



I retorted, 'Don't say that. I know it has been burned,' and I counted five patches. With that my dream ended."

Some jesting remarks were made, and, in a few minutes, the family started for church. There they met the Mr. Jones of her dream, and invited him, with some other friends, to take luncheon with them. Almost immediately upon returning to the house, Mrs. Mackenzie noticed a spot on the drawing-room carpet. Wonderingly she asked what could have caused it, and when Mr. Jones suggested, "It looks like ink," exclaimed:

"Oh, my dream! My new carpet! Ruined!"

It was then found that a careless housemaid had allowed some live coals to fall on the carpet from a shovel, burning five small holes.

In a case like this it is obviously absurd to raise the cry of "spirits" in seeking an explanation. "Spirits" surely have something better to do than to go about announcing to anxious housewives the future occurrence of trifling domestic mishaps. And there are so many cases on the same order that even those spiritistically inclined, when they really give thought to the subject have been forced to some other hypothesis.

We Perceive More Than We Are Aware of

PERHAPS that most in favor just now, among believers in the occult, is one suggested by the late Frederic Myers, to the effect that possibly a cosmic picture-gallery, so to speak, or photographic or phonographic record of all that has occurred, or will occur, in the universe, may in some sense exist, and may at times be partly open and dimly decipherable. But such a hypothesis inevitably involves an appallingly fatalistic view of the order of the world; and, in truth, is nullified by the fact that, as we have seen, many premonitions indicate a course of action which, if followed, will avert their fulfilment.

In point of fact, I do not believe it is necessary, in order to explain any premonition of attested record, to go beyond the known, natural laws of mental action. Not so long ago, this could not have been affirmed with any degree of confidence; but the science of psychology has been making marvelous strides of late, and has immeasurably enlarged our knowledge of the powers and activities of the human mind, by discoveries many of which have a direct bearing on alleged supernormal phenomena like those I have described.

Of greatest importance in this connection is the light that has been thrown on the processes of perception and memory. It has been proved by repeated experiments that all of us perceive much more than we are aware of. We see things, literally, "out of the corner of our eye," and sensations of all kinds which fail to make a conscious impression on us are subconsciously perceived and registered on the cells of our brain, whence they may be afterwards recalled either spontaneously or experimentally. Thus it is that a hypnotized person is able to remember many facts in his past life of which he has no recollection in the normal waking state, and of which he may never consciously have been aware. The same emergence of subconscious perceptions and memories has been observed in dreams, in crystal visions, in automatic writing. This was amusingly demonstrated, some time ago, by Dr. Morton Prince, a well-known psychologist.

Even to His Teeth

DOCTOR PRINCE introduced a friend of his, a Massachusetts judge, to a lady in whom, like Mrs. Verrall, the faculty of automatic writing was well developed. They chatted together a few minutes, then Dr. Prince suddenly interposed a screen between the lady and his friend, and asked her to describe the latter's clothing. She replied that she had not noticed what he was wearing, beyond the fact that he had on a dark-colored suit. Thereupon, Dr. Prince placed a pencil in her hand, put paper before her, and, still keeping the judge concealed by the screen, requested her to try again. In a few moments her hand began to write, describing with the utmost accuracy every detail in the judge's dress, even to the pattern of his necktie and the number of buttons on his coat. Finally, to Dr. Prince's horror, the automatic script completed the enumeration with the embarrassing item—"False teeth."

It seemingly makes no difference how long a time has elapsed since the original sensations were consciously or subconsciously perceived. Under appropriate conditions they may be recalled, and, what is most significant, it has been discovered that they often are recalled in the form of auditory or visual hallucinations—as when a crystal gazer sees in the polished surface of her crystal a hallucinatory picture representing some scene, it may be of her earliest childhood. Or, as in the following instance:

Subconscious Perceptions

A WOMAN in Brooklyn, while apparently in full possession of her faculties, had a hallucinatory vision of a garden back of a house, surrounded by a high fence, and con-

taining a pump of peculiar construction. She was quite sure she had never seen anything of the kind, and was greatly puzzled to account for the vision.

Some time afterwards, she went to Ohio to pay a visit to a relative of her mother's. While there she was introduced to a woman who invited her to her home for a cup of tea. During the afternoon they walked out into the garden behind the house, and the visitor at once recognized in this garden the scene of her hallucinatory vision. Everything corresponded perfectly, even to the detail of the odd-looking pump. There was no doubt in her mind that she had been given, in some mysterious way, a premonitory view of the spot in which she was then standing. Naturally, on returning to Brooklyn, she mentioned the incident to her mother, expressing her conviction that she had not been in any garden of the kind before.

"Ah, but," said her mother, smiling, "my dear girl, you have in reality been in that very garden long before you saw it the other day. When you were a very little child I often used to take you there myself."

In short, these three facts of subconscious perception, the reproduction of latent memories, and the possibility of such memories being reproduced in hallucinatory and, perhaps, symbolical form, unquestionably account for many so-called premonitions, which in such cases are really retrocognitions, or glimpses into the past rather than into the future.

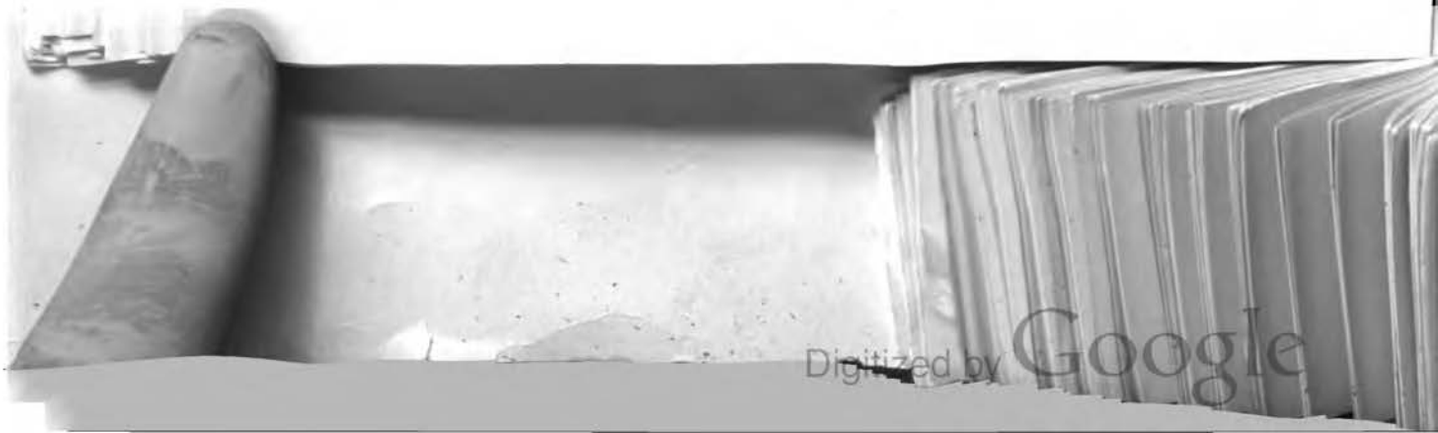
We need not go beyond these facts, for instance, to explain the Marmontel case of Mrs. Verrall, and Mrs. Mackenzie's dream of the burned carpet. In the latter case, the probability is that the burning of the carpet occurred on the evening of the dream, not on the morning after it; that in passing the drawing room on her way to bed, Mrs. Mackenzie subconsciously noted the damage done, and that this subconscious perception was afterwards raised above the threshold of consciousness in dream, as frequently happens. The presence of Mr. Jones in the dream and in the drawing room next day need give us no concern. The mere fact that she had dreamed of him the night before might unconsciously influence Mrs. Mackenzie to invite him to luncheon; and if the burned spots looked like patches of ink it would be only natural for him to say so, both in the dream and in the drawing room.

Indications Are Generally Evident

AS to the Marmontel affair, there is on record a statement by Mrs. Verrall that on looking through a list of books, at which she had glanced before she wrote the second piece of script—and, most likely, before she wrote the first, although she does not seem to think so—she found an advertisement of a book by Marmontel. She claims that this was the first time she had ever heard of him, but, in view of similar cases where the contents of dreams and trance utterances have been definitely traced to books read in childhood and youth and afterwards forgottem, it is a legitimate assumption that she had, at some time, read, or, at all events, dipped into, the particular volume of the "Memoirs," with its reference to Passy and Fleury. If this were the case, as I am sure it was, the seeing of Marmontel's name in the bookseller's catalogue would stir up her subconscious memories of the early reading, and lead to the emergence of Marmontel's name in the script.

The premonitory phase, it is true, remains to be explained. There was, as the script shows, no mention of any particular person being engaged in reading Marmontel. But at the time she wrote the script, Mrs. Verrall may well have been thinking of Mr. Marsh, since it was as early as January that she wrote inviting him to visit her; and, by subconscious association of ideas, the Marmontel reminiscence would readily become mixed with a latent memory of his peculiar habit of reading books in bed and by candlelight. We know, further. that Mrs. Verrall, who was much impressed by the reference to Marmontel, spoke of it to at least one person —Mrs. Henry Sidgwick. She more than probably spoke of it to others, perhaps to Mr.Marsh himself, or to a mutual friend who, by mentioning it to him, would consciously or subconsciously rouse his curiosity and impel him to procure and read the book, thus verifying the prediction of the script.

So, too, we must regard premonitory warnings such as those received by the Boston dentist, the Montana lady, and the miner in Mexico, as evidence of nothing more unusual than subconscious perceptions raised above the threshold of consciousness by exactly the same processes involved in the hallucinations of crystal gazers, or in such hallucinations as that experienced by the resident of Brooklyn as just described. That is to say, for example, the Montana woman must have subconsciously perceived, "out of the corner of her eye," the weakening of the lamp bracket; and must fortunately have been in precisely the right condition to have this subconscious perception conveyed to the upper consciousness as an auditory hallucination. The same with many—though not all—of the death warnings.



DISEASES may give rise to symbolical dreams localizing the part affected, and thus serving as valuable aids in diagnosis and treatment. On precisely this principle one may explain such premonitions as that of Mr. Thomas Pratt, the Valparaiso man, who dreamed that he was dead, and actually died within twenty-four hours. It should be added that, quite possibly, had Mr. Pratt been aware of the psychological significance of his dream, he might have prevented its fulfilment by placing himself at once in the hands of a good medical man. Always, in cases of this kind, it is well to err on the side of safety. Dreams of death and disease may be entirely meaningless, but if they are exceptionally vivid or are repeated at frequent intervals, and especially if they point to some particular organ as being diseased, prudence should counsel a doctor's examination.

When the death warnings come not to the persons most concerned but to their relatives, it is in many cases proper to assume that indications of the approaching tragedy are sufficiently evident in their features or behavior to be at least subconsciously noted by those solicitous for their welfare; these subconscious perceptions, when favoring conditions arise, being translated into visual or auditory hallucinations. In the Catleugh case—in which a "double" was seen hovering over the bed of a sleeping child—there is evidence that, although the parents could consciously perceive nothing untoward for more than a month after the apparition of the "double," they had been anxious about the child from her birth as she had never been strong; and that they would therefore be especially alert subconsciously to detect any indications of disease. The apparition seen by Dr. Romanes—when his sister was even then ill—and the weird living-room dream, would fall into the same class.

Obviously, however, this explanation will not account for premonitory dreams such as those experienced by Captain Scott and Mr. Williams. These, in my opinion, were undoubtedly telepathic in their origin. In the Williams case, since no circumstantial narrative of the dream was recorded until many years later, it may reasonably be questioned whether Mr. Williams's memory did not play him a trick, causing him to "read back" into the dream many imaginary details. But the corroborative evidence is too strong to leave any doubt that, in more or less detail, he really had a dream of Mr. Perceval's murder more than a week before its occurrence; and the only adequate explanation, short of accepting the spiritistic view, would appear to be that it was transmitted telepathically to Mr. Williams from the subconsciousness of the intending murderer.

It remains to be added that while, as the attempt has here been made to show, there are assuredly what may be termed "true premonitions," people should not get into the habit of thinking that every dream or presentiment they may have must infallibly "come true." One never hears of what I have called "false alarms," that is, alleged premonitions that prove to be quite meaningless, yet these far outnumber the true premonitions in the proportion of, perhaps, ninety-nine out of a hundred. Any one inclined to be overtimid or unduly credulous should bear this fact well in mind; and, if dreaming of disaster, should always remember that the chances are as ninety-nine to one that the dream's threat will not be realized.

HAVE YOU THE HEART—

TO do mean, underhand things that will hurt another?

To repeat idle gossip when you know it may blast another's character?

To idle away your days while others are toiling to support you in luxury?

To spoil the promise of another's future by your selfishness or greed?

To neglect your wife and children, and spend your time and money in dissipation?

To bring sorrow or disgrace to your parents by your dishonesty or wilful ways?

To neglect to make the most of the college education others have made sacrifices to give you?

To sit at the piano and sing and play while your tired, wornout mother toils in the kitchen?

To fail to provide for your mother or father, or to deprive them of the evidences of your interest and affection?

To keep up, unremittingly, jazz, song, and dance, long into the night, to the discomfort of the invalid next door, or the hard-working neighbor whom you are depriving of needed sleep and rest?

To be cruel to, or neglectful of, the faithful dog that guards you from dangerous intruders, or the cat that rids your home of annoying and destructive rodents?

To spend money freely for your own pleasure or satisfaction and to see others about you suffering for necessities?

To speak discouragingly to a fellow-being when a few words of hope or cheer might help him to overcome great obstacles and win a name and place for himself?

K. L. A.

"WHY-CAN'T-I-DO-IT" SERIES

How "Hurry-Up" Browne Built a Railroad Bridge in Six Days

F. D. BROWNE

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

F. D. BROWNE is a railroad-construction engineer with a reputation on the Pacific Coast reaching from the Mexican border to Alaska. He is called "Hurry-Up" Browne because he has demonstrated that he knows how to get things done. His philosophy is as rugged as his job. Here it is in a few sentences:

"*When a thing has to be done, do it! If worrying is part of the work, let the other fellow worry. If a man must do some worrying himself let the worrying take place after the thing has been accomplished.*"

While employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad, Mr. Browne was requested by the management to build a certain extension in the Imperial Valley, California, in order to hold a franchise. This involved the construction of a bridge several hundred feet long and sixty feet high.

"It looks like an impossibility," exclaimed the big boss, "but it's got to be done. Do you get me?"

"Yes, sir," responded Browne looking straight into the eyes of his superior. "I get you, and it shall be as you say."

Browne made good, and, thereafter, was known as "Hurry-Up" Browne.

His working force consisted of Hindus, Mexicans, and hoboes; his success depended on his ability to fire them with enthusiasm so they would exert themselves to the utmost.

Browne called the gang together and told them about a great race in which they were about to engage.

"By noon, in six days, we must win!" he exclaimed. "Can you do it?"

"We are the lads, you know," responded the hoboes, who understood "Americano" better than the rest. But all caught the spirit of the contest, and set out to beat old Father Time "by noon, in six days."

BROWNE worked his men in groups according to nationality. As the undertaking went forward, he put in his time encouraging the workers. He did not drive or urge. He used quite a different method to get speed.

"Hey, there Mahomet!" he exclaimed, addressing the leader of the Hindus, "the hoboes think you are slow! Better watch out or they will beat you."

And to the hoboes he suggested: "Do you want that gang of Orientals to do a better job than you noble Americans?"

Nogales, head of the Mexicans, paused a moment as Browne spoke.

"Say, Nogales," asked Browne, "did you ever hear the rice eaters say that they could beat meat eaters any time?"

"We'll show you," responded the Mexican, as he turned and yelled at his toiling countrymen.

After that the gangs kept close tab on one another. All hands worked like mad, sometimes for thirty-six hours at a stretch.

The night before the sixth day was a supreme one. The track laying was about all done, but the high bridge had to be decked and the fills completed at either end.

Up to this time, Browne had not used the Hindus on the bridge, because they were too easily scared. But, as the darkness came on he put on a gang of Hindus to carry ties and roll out rails on the high structure. The night was black, and the men had to use lanterns. All went well until dawn. As the sky began to light up, the Hindus became panic-

> THERE are two kinds of success. One is the very rare kind that comes to the man who has the power to do. That is genius. Only a very limited amount of the success of life comes to persons possessing genius. The average man who is successful—the average statesman, the average public servant, the average soldier, who wins what we call great success—is not a genius. He is a man who has merely the ordinary qualities.
>
> —*Theodore Roosevelt*

stricken. For the first time they saw how far they were from the ground. Some of them fell on their hands and knees in terror, and crawled to the end of the bridge, while others sat down and had to be helped back to safety.

Why were they brave in the dark, and afraid in daylight? Just a state of mind, to be sure; but Browne understood that state of mind, and did not try to use Hindus on bridge work in day time.

MR. BROWNE employed much the same tactics in building a railroad through a swamp in Alaska, for a distance of twenty-three miles, to get around a washout in the Nenana River. What Browne proposed to do was a radical departure from the accepted standards of railroad building. He was warned that graders would be unable to work in the water to throw up an embankment. Besides if they did succeed in making a grade it would be nothing but mud, not stable enough to hold a track. He was solemnly informed that his crane would topple over. But he did not hesitate.

The road simply had to be built, or the people would suffer for lack of coal. So he went ahead in his own way. First he made cribs of logs, which were swung ahead by a locomotive crane. As fast as the logs were put into position, ties were placed on them and the rails spiked down, the construction train creeping up as rapidly as the track was completed. Many times the logs and rails would settle into the mud until the wheels were under water. Gravel trains followed closely behind the track gang, and gravel was packed beneath the track to make a solid roadbed.

In discussing his management of men Browne said to me:

"We have, perhaps, every variety of human nature in a construction gang, in these days. The men come from the ends of the earth. Many of them have seen better days. All are willing, and the majority will do an honest day's work. But there are times when they must be stimulated to put forth an extra effort. They cannot be driven, and an order to hurry would probably result in a slowing down. So we must rely on an appeal to pride of race. Every man has it. No man likes to be outdone by one of another nationality, especially if he holds the other nationality in contempt. Good-natured ridicule will sting a man into action when every other effort fails. After I have touched up the pride of the workers a little, and applied ridicule where it will do the most good, I notice an additional horse-power or two develop all along the line. The Mexicans and the Scandinavians would rather perspire than be outdone by Hindus and hoboes, and that is saying a lot."

"What kind of men do you prefer for gang bosses?"

"In all of my big rush jobs," he replied with a grin, "I have relied on red-headed Irishmen to deal directly with the men. They are keen, quick, amiable, resourceful, and love the game."

IN his youth, Browne was a printer and had serious thoughts of becoming an editor, but he decided to be a railroad man. He started as an engine wiper in a roundhouse, and worked right up until he could put a Baldwin locomotive together. Then he became a surveyor. After five years in the field, he quit and worked his way through the University of California. Following graduation, he got a job in the engineering department of the Southern Pacific Company. For over twenty years, as an assistant engineer, his work took him into every State touched by that company in this country and Mexico, both on location and in construction.

In 1916, he was invited to help build the government road in Alaska, where he is now at work, with Nenana as headquarters. Browne took the place of Thomas Riggs, Jr., engineer, who was appointed governor of Alaska. The Alaska Railroad on which Browne is working runs from tide water near Mt. McKinley back into a rich coal mine region where the supply of coal is almost inexhaustible.

Faith Sees Beyond the Obstacles

"ACCORDING to thy faith be it unto thee," is just as scientific in this world of affairs as any demonstrated truth of science.

Unless you have one-hundred-per-cent faith in your ability to do the thing you set your heart on, your efforts will be in vain. No indifference, no doubting half-hearted work will accomplish it. *He only can who thinks he can.*

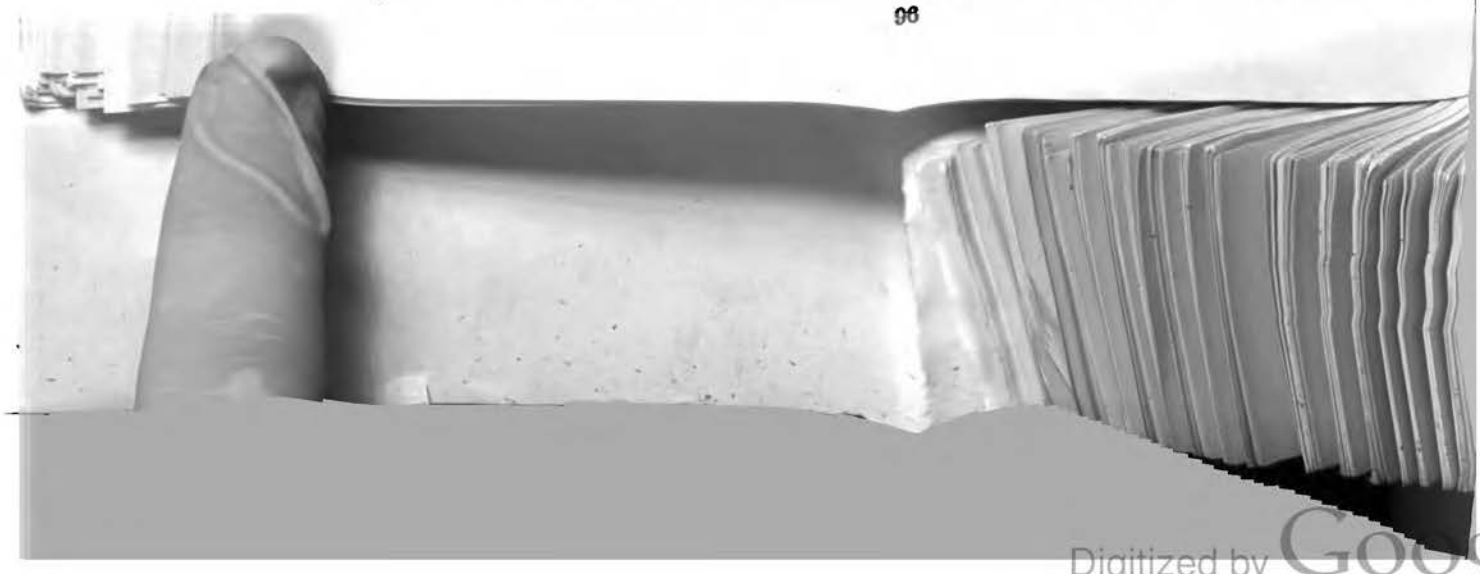
If you have only fifty per cent of faith, that is, if you have fifty per cent of doubt or fear of the outcome of what you are trying to do, your chance of success will be correspondingly weak. If you have twenty-five per cent of doubt and seventy-five per cent of faith, you will be handicapped by just twenty-five per cent.

IT is the men with one hundred per cent of faith, the men who kill their doubts, strangle their fears, and push to the front regardless of obstacles, who win out in life. So long as you live in an atmosphere saturated with failure thought you cannot do the biggest thing possible to you, because you cannot have a hundred per cent of faith; and remember that your achievement, your success, will depend upon the percentage of your faith in yourself and in what you are trying to do.

If we should interview the men in the great failure army, we should find that most of them failed because they lost their courage, their faith in themselves. They did not believe enough in themselves, while they believed too much in circumstances and in help from other people. They waited for luck, waited for outside capital, for outside boost, outside influence, to help them out of difficulties. They depended too much upon everything else but themselves. And now they remain in the failure army because they haven't the courage to try again. They lack the enthusiasm, the bulldog grit and tenacity to hang on, that faith gives.

FAITH is something that gets a grip upon us which nothing can dislodge. No matter how dark the outlook, faith sees the light of victory ahead where the other faculties see only innumerable obstacles, impassable Alps. This is why men who have left their mark on the world have clung to their faith when everybody else denounced them, when their own relatives and friends forsook them.

Faith has always accomplished the "impossible," because it is the faculty which connects men with the great Source of all supply, the Source of all intelligence, the Source of all power, of all possibilities. If you only have faith, one-hundred-per-cent faith in yourself, in your life work, in anything you undertake, you cannot fail.



He Has a Most Remarkable Knack for Reading Faces

How Tom Rutherford Makes $18,000 a Year!

I hadn't seen Tom Rutherford in nearly 10 years. When you consider that we had been pals at college, you can imagine how delighted I was to hear his cheery voice come ringing over the telephone. He was on one of his big swings over the eastern territory and he wanted to know if I wouldn't come down and eat dinner with him at his hotel.

I found him to be the same old Tom—older of course—a trifle gray around the temples—but all in all the same old Tom. Success hadn't turned his head one bit and I felt no hesitancy in asking him why he had been so successful.

"I can sum it up in five words," he said quickly—"The ability to read men. I can tell within three minutes after I meet a man the kind of man he is. I can tell if he is honest; I can tell if he is kind; if he is open to reason; if he is dependable; if he is careful or if he is careless. His eyes tell me one thing—his nose something else—his mouth, his lips, his forehead, his profile, his ears, every feature in fact has a never-failing message to the skilled observer.

"You know I had no more ability to start with than any one else. But one day I heard of a very rich man named L. Hamilton McCormick who had been making a life-time study of Character—as revealed in the face. I determined to visit him in his home and I did. I found him to be one of the most charming—most unusual men I have ever met.

"For forty years he had been making a study of CHARACTEROLOGY—not for money, for he is many times a millionaire, but through a desire to establish this study as an exact science. His study of types had taken him all over the world. After a lifetime of effort he had formulated certain definite rules for reading character. When he told me that any one who studied these rules could read character my enthusiasm knew no bounds. I persuaded him to let me read the manuscript of this monumental work.

"From then on my success in business was assured. People marveled at my ability to swing conferences to my point of view—to make friends—to sell "impossible" prospects. It was all due to my ability to read men.

"For several years I have been **urging Mr.** McCormick to publish his rules **for reading** character. But always he would shake his head and say kindly—'Not yet, my dear **sir. I must be ten times sure of every word before I offer this work to the public.'**

"And now at last, this epoch-making work on CHARACTEROLOGY has been published. In it you will find every rule for reading character that has made my business and social life so successful. You, too, can become an expert reader of character if you study the rules laid down by Mr. McCormick.

"You will find this not only the most interesting work you have ever read but the most profitable. It is something that you can use every day of your life. I firmly believe—in fact I know—that my ability to read men is the one big reason why I am earning $18,000 a year."

* * * * * * * * *

Tom Rutherford said good-by that night but before he left I had sent to RAND MCNALLY & COMPANY for this work on CHARACTEROLOGY. It has meant more to me than any other book I have ever read. As Mr. McCormick himself says—"There is no study of more importance to man than the study of man."

SEND NO MONEY

We want to send you this remarkable work on CHARACTEROLOGY. We are willing to send it to you on approval because we know that once you start reading it and begin applying its rules you will realize its practical value to you in every-day life. You need send no money. Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, sign and mail the coupon printed below.

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Do You See Things at Night?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

AT a time when President Roosevelt was being terribly abused, denounced, and condemned by his political opponents, he told me that he never lost a minute's sleep thinking about it; that he did his level best during the day to handle the duties of his great office in the most efficient way he could, and when he got ready to go to sleep he went to sleep. He would allow nothing to interfere with his night's rest.

Some one says "The man who can settle overnight his exact plans for to-morrow, goes to sleep." Big, strong men like Roosevelt face their problems, make their plans, do their best during the day; but at night, when they go to bed, they stop thinking and planning and get ready for the next day's run by going to sleep. It is only the little, weak, undecided man, who doesn't know how to handle his problems, who lies awake worrying about them and seeing horrible things in the darkness. If any one is sick in his family, hideous ravens take up their post at the foot of his bed and croak death warnings; if bills are coming due and creditors are pressing; if his business is falling off and competitors are getting ahead of him; if he is not succeeding in his profession; if he has trouble in his family—whatever his cares, burdens or difficulties—they take on monstrous forms in the night and point threatening fingers at him.

Now it is certain that continued loss of sleep means loss of power. Nothing else will so quickly play such havoc with a man's brain and so deteriorate the quality of his work. No normal person is strong enough to do good work, day after day, without sufficient sleep. We all know how we feel next day after sitting up all night with a sick friend or with a sick child. We cannot think clearly, cannot concentrate our minds; our brains are muddled. This is a constant condition with chronic worriers, and many people try to neutralize the effects of their worry by all sorts of stimulants. Some even resort to drugs to get rid of that heavy, muddled feeling, that lack of energy, life and ambition which constantly weighs them down. Their faculties are dull; their minds are befogged; they cannot think clearly, cannot make out effective programs, because their brains are not renewed by good refreshing sleep.

You can tell these chronic worriers wherever you see them. They are unmistakable. The telltales are tagged all over them. They are very serious; they have a hunted, anxious, uneasy look in their eyes; they seem to be always straining after something, but never catching up. They are hard workers and don't waste a moment, but they are constantly thwarting their own efforts and neutralizing their work because they are not in a condition to plan or execute efficiently.

Many a business man cuts down his efficiency twenty-five or fifty per cent by chronic worrying, the habit of taking his business cares to bed with him and lying awake nights trying to solve his problems. Yet he would think it an unpardonable sin to lose even half of this percentage through what he would call the waste of his time by indulging in a little play or recreation during business hours. The worrier never has time for play or mental refreshment, because his mind is always confused and he never works to the best advantage. I believe that lying awake at night and worrying has wrecked more careers, ruined more ambitions, destroyed more happiness and darkened more lives than anything else.

You would have no hesitation in saying that a man is crazy who would leave his factory or his shop at night, without turning off the electrical power and stopping the machinery. Yet, if you are the sort of man who, instead of stopping your mental machinery when you go to bed, stays awake all night fretting and worrying whenever things go wrong in your business, you are worse than crazy; for to worry, that is to waste your mental power when you should be adding to it by sleeping, is suicidal. Men of large vision and business capacity have more horse sense. They know how to turn off brain-power when they are not using it. They know that worrying is not using, but abusing it, wasting it. They know that a man's job is to work, not to worry.

> WORRY is really a form of cowardice. It is born of fear and comes from the consciousness that we are not equal to cope with the obstacles that confront us.

It is only the weak, undecided man who lies awake worrying at night, seeing horrible things in the darkness.

Worry is really a form of cowardice. It is born of fear and comes from the consciousness that we are not equal to cope with the obstacles which confront us. In other words, it is a confession of weakness, an admission that we are not masters of the situation; that our troubles are bigger than we are. It is evidence that we have lost faith in ourselves and in the Power that sustains us. Consequently we do not get the confidence of other business men; they are not willing to trust us with loans or other assistance, because they see we do not have confidence in ourselves; that we are not large enough to meet a large emergency.

If you are a worrier, my friend, instead of regarding you as an able fellow, as you may fondly think they do, people are more likely to look upon you as a weakling. They criticize you and regard your habit of fretting and stewing as an indication of inefficiency and a lack of constructive ability fatal to leadership. And unless you take the same attitude toward yourself; unless you recognize that your worrying is nothing but cowardice and weakness, and resolve to rid yourself of the habit, there is nothing for you but unhappiness and failure.

There is only one way to get rid of the worrying habit, and that is to quit at once. You know that worry has never done anything but render you less able to cope with your difficulty. Courage is the natural foe of worry. When you lie down at night, instead of reviewing all the perplexities and problems with which you have struggled during the day,

(*Continued on page* 114)

A Little of Everything

Greeley Didn't Mind the Crowd

HORACE GREELEY was a splendid example of the truth of Emerson's aphorism, "The one prudence in life is concentration." He was invariably a whole man to one thing at a time. The marvelous power of concentration which enabled him to accomplish so much in manhood was characteristic of him even in childhood.

This habit of concentration was invaluable to him in later years, when, as editor of the New York *Tribune*, his waking hours, and often the hours when he should have been sleeping, were filled with exacting work. The story is told that on one occasion, amid the excitement of the passing of an immense procession up Broadway, while the streets were lined with people, flags waving and bands playing lustily, he sat down near the Astor House, and, using the top of his hat for a desk, wrote an important editorial for the *Tribune*, with as much composure as if he were sitting in his office.

◈ ◈ ◈

A Promise Unfulfilled

O. HENRY, the well-known story-writer, once promised the editor of a magazine that he would deliver a short story to him on the following Monday. Several Mondays passed, but the Muse was refractory and the story was not forthcoming. At last the wrathful editor wrote this note:

"My Dear O. Henry:—If I do not receive that story from you by twelve o'clock to-day, I am going to put on my heaviest-soled shoes, come down to your house, and kick you down stairs. I always keep my promises."

Whereupon O. Henry sat down and wrote this characteristic reply:

"Dear Sir:—I, too, would keep my promises if I could fulfill them with my feet."

◈ ◈ ◈

When King Albert's in a Rush

WHILE King Albert of the Belgians was visiting Brazil, a Cabinet crisis occurred at Brussels. Nothing could be done during his absence. No one else but himself could accept the resignation of the Ministers who had been defeated, or appoint and swear in their successors. The king accordingly hurried back to Belgium. When he reached Lisbon he left Queen Elizabeth and his son on board the warship, to complete the homeward journey of several days by sea, and took the fastest train that he could find, through Portugal and Spain, to the latter's northern border.

Crossing the frontier into France, he abandoned his special train near Biarritz, motored out to a neighboring aerodrome, found a couple of aeroplanes in the very act of leaving for Le Bourget, the international air station outside Paris. He secured passage in one for himself, and in the other for his aide-de-camp, Count d'Oultremont, and on reaching Le Bourget transferred himself and his companion into a couple of Belgian aeroplanes that were in waiting, and reached Brussels fully twenty-four hours or more ahead of the time that it would have taken to make the trip by rail.

Less than an hour after his arrival he had received the resignations of the outgoing Cabinet and sworn in Henri Carton de Wiart as Premier, and the latter's new colleagues into their respective offices. It is assuredly difficult to be more up-to-date and abreast of the times than this Belgian monarch, who thus flies home through the air clear across France, almost from the Spanish border, ahead of the fastest railroad train or steamship, in order to settle affairs of state, and to bring about a solution of Cabinet crises.

◈ ◈ ◈

When You Shake Hands

WHEN you shake hands, grasp the hand as though you were glad to see the owner of it, not as though performing a perfunctory duty. Put your heart into your handshake. While you are holding the hand, look into the person's eyes and give him a smile from your heart. Let cordiality and geniality gleam in your face.

◈ ◈ ◈

Being Well Dressed

A REAL salesman must be dressed properly to represent prosperity. Being well dressed has nothing to do with orchid-lavender socks or a fancy vest that would make Aunt Maggie a sofa pillow. One must be neatly and cleanly dressed. Good clothes and cleanliness have as great an effect on the wearer as on the beholder. Good clothes and clean linen make a fellow throw his chest out and feel fearless. And a shave every morning will make a fellow clean-cut to represent a clean-cut enterprise. Smooth words can't get over a rough chin.

◈ ◈ ◈

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

◈ ◈ ◈

The thing for you to do is to do what you can't help doing. Don't trust quite so much to your intellect. Give your instinct a chance. Do what you love to do with all your heart and soul, and then you'll know all the heavenly joys there are.—*Tom Drier.*

Can You Write a Photoplay?

Do You Really Want to Know?

THE Palmer Plan of Instruction in Photoplay Writing now introduces for the first time in the history of education by correspondence, *a new method of discovering in men and women who may least suspect it, the presence of CREATIVE IMAGINATION—that fundamental qualification which is the photoplaywright's "key to success."*

If you have it in you, you should develop it.

If you lack it you should give up the idea of ever writing photoplays, for creative imagination is inborn and cannot be acquired.

This simple test comes to you in the form of a confidential questionnaire prepared especially for us after months of study by Professor Malcolm Shaw MacLean, former instructor in short story writing at Northwestern University and University of Minnesota, in collaboration with H. H. Van Loan, America's most prolific photoplay writer, author of "The Virgin of Stamboul," "The Great Redeemer," et cetera.

You simply send for it and try it in the privacy of your home and without expense.

• • • •

TO those who answer it successfully will be offered an opportunity to obtain competent training in photoplay authorship through the Department of Education of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

We will tell you frankly if you have or if you lack the essentials—for this institution serves the great producers who buy photoplays, as well as those who wish to learn the art of writing them; and, therefore, must seek only those who are fitted for success.

Perhaps you have ability and do not know it—this test will tell. Maybe you believe you have ability but have not—you want to know. For you don't want to try to learn and we don't want to try to teach you if you lack the main essentials to success. This school maintains the standards of a university because that is "good business" as well as ethics, and we are jealous of our reputation in this field.

Granting that you have ability, a real opportunity is open to you in the writing of scenarios.

The motion picture industry is seeking everywhere and earnestly for new writers and you need not have "made a name." Several thousand new plays are needed every year and the present writers cannot fill the great demand.

If you have acceptable ideas and will learn to put them into *the form* that producers require in a scenario before they will even *read* the play, you will have an ample market for your work. The Palmer Plan teaches that form; but only to those who have creative imagination.

The course requires home study during spare time only. Literary ability is not a factor, for hardly a word of what you write appears upon the screen.

Behind this course, on the advisory council, stand such leaders in the motion picture industry as Cecil B. DeMille, director general Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thos. H. Ince, head of the Ince Studios; Rob Wagner, writer for the Saturday Evening Post; and Lois Weber, foremost director among women.

If you think, therefore, that you would like to seriously test your fitness for a place in this new field of art, your opportunity is *now*—under the guidance of the Palmer institution.

The questionnaire which we will send you is scientific and authoritative—perhaps the most courageous and, in fact, the first test of this kind ever adopted by an educational institution.

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Please send me your New-Method Confidential Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your perusal and subsequent advice to me without charge. If successful, I am to receive further information about the Palmer Plan without any obligation on my part to enroll for the course.

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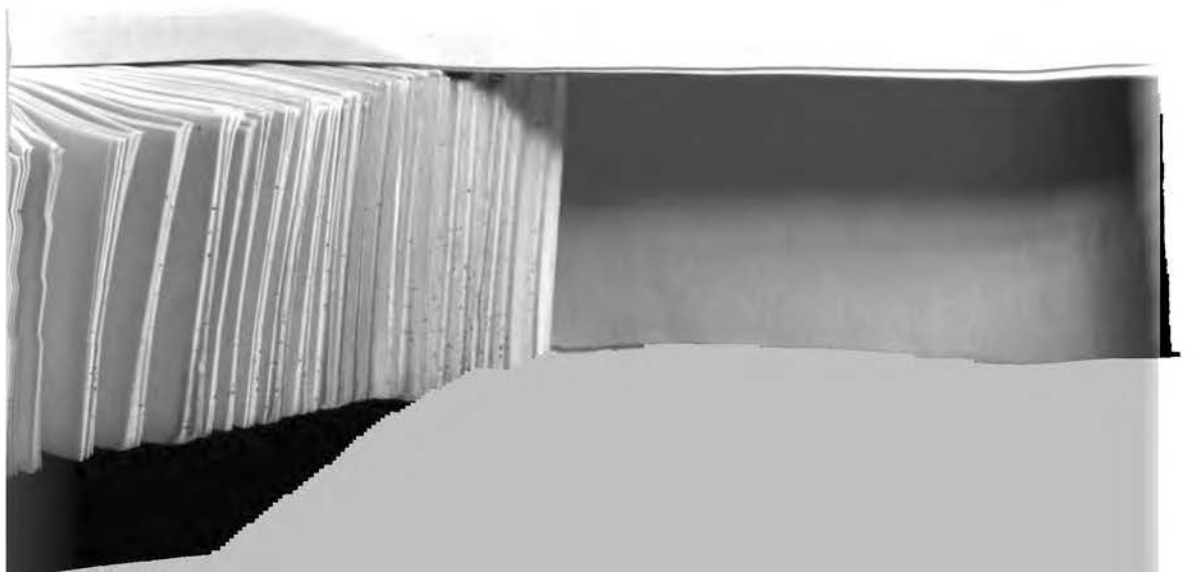

Free Proof that I Can Raise Your Pay

No matter how much you are earning now, I can show you how to increase it. I have even taken failures and shown them how to make $100—$200, and in one case as high as $2,000 weekly. I am willing to prove this entirely at my risk and expense.

LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But to-day all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

It was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

My sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as $2,000 a week. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. To-day this young man is worth $200,000. He is building a $25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He

has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling, whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who a few years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work—in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to $40,000. And this genial 64-year young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstances—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

A Few Examples

Personal Experiences

Among over 400,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex. U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, former Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co.; Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

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President-Elect Worked on the Erie

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING, who played a cornet and set type in his youth at Marion, also drove a team in the grading of what is now the Marion division of the Erie Railroad in 1882. His employer was George E. Payne, a real estate operator of Long Island City.

"I was twenty-one then," said Mr. Payne, recently to a New York reporter, "and was working as time-keeper for Page & Littlejohn, railroad contractors, who were building a part of the extension between Marion and Kenton, Ohio. We depended on the farmers of the community for teams, and one day, as I remember it, a young fellow who said he was W. G. Harding asked for work, saying he had a team. I sent him down to the foreman, a Mr. Hart, who put him on the job immediately."

Mr. Payne said he read several months ago that Mr. Harding had worked on railroad construction in his youth.

"Having been in that section," he continued, "I looked up my old records. I wrote to him and got the following letter from his secretary, Mr. Christian:

" 'This is to confirm your inquiry, and advise you that W. G. Harding who was employed by you to work on the grading of the railroad in 1882 is now the Republican candidate for President.' "

◆ ◆ ◆

"Try It Again!"

HERE'S to the chap,
With the smile on his map,
Though Fortune has dealt him a thunderous rap
And knocked him clean down on the rear of his lap,
Whose only remark is, "Gee whiz, what a slap!
I'll try it agin!"

I'm there with the guy
With the gleam in his eye,
Though Fate has let loose a stiff punch in the eye.
And has scattered his pride all over the sky,
Whose only retort is, "Doggonit if I
Don't go ye agin!"

I'm strong for the brick
With the courage to stick,
Though Failure has hounded him like the Old Nick
Who cries out at last, "Now I'm on to the trick!
And camped on his trail when the going was thick,
Let's try 'er agin!"—*Selected.*

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Pluck, Not Grit

WHEN Julius Caesar came to the Rubicon, the boundary stream of Italy, he said, "There is no alternative, the die is cast." He plunged into the stream and "I came, I saw, I conquered," was the result.

There is something in the grim resolution of the man to win at all hazards, something in the grit that never knows when it is beaten, that will never turn back, that inspires confidence and carries conviction.

A good salesman must have grit. Pluck will not do. Sherman, Hooker, and a lot of the lesser generals in the Civil War had pluck, but Grant had grit. He could stand by a proposition and see it through.

It takes a lot of grit in a salesman to go about among his customers with a cheerful face, with hope beaming in his eyes (for confidence creates confidence) when, perhaps, the times are hard and the goods remain unsold, when business is paralyzed.

It is comparatively easy to sell merchandise when times are good, when money is easy, when everything is booming. But it is a very different proposition when everything is at a standstill.

The world believes in the conqueror. His very reputation for winning is half the battle.

◆ ◆ ◆

Even the Artist Was Not Sure

MANY of the pictures of Whistler, the artist, are vague both in treatment and subject. One night he was dining with Henry Irving, so the story goes. Two of Whistler's pictures adorned the walls, and he wished no further entertainment than the study of these. At very short intervals during the meal he took occasion to rise from his seat and take a close observation of them.

After studying the paintings in this way for some time, he exclaimed, "Irving, Irving, look what you've done!"

"What's the matter?" asked Irving, calmly.

"Matter?" thundered Whistler, "why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you have never noticed it. I suppose they have hung that way for months!"

"I suppose they have," replied Irving; "but I think I might be excused, since it has taken you—the man who painted them,—over an hour to discover that they are upside down."

◆ ◆ ◆

Lincoln on Brevity

ONCE when President Lincoln was handed a huge pile of papers containing a report on a new army and naval gun, he said, "I would want a new lease of life to read all this. If I send a man to examine a new horse for me I expect him to give me his good points, not to tell me how many hairs he has in his tail."

◆ ◆ ◆

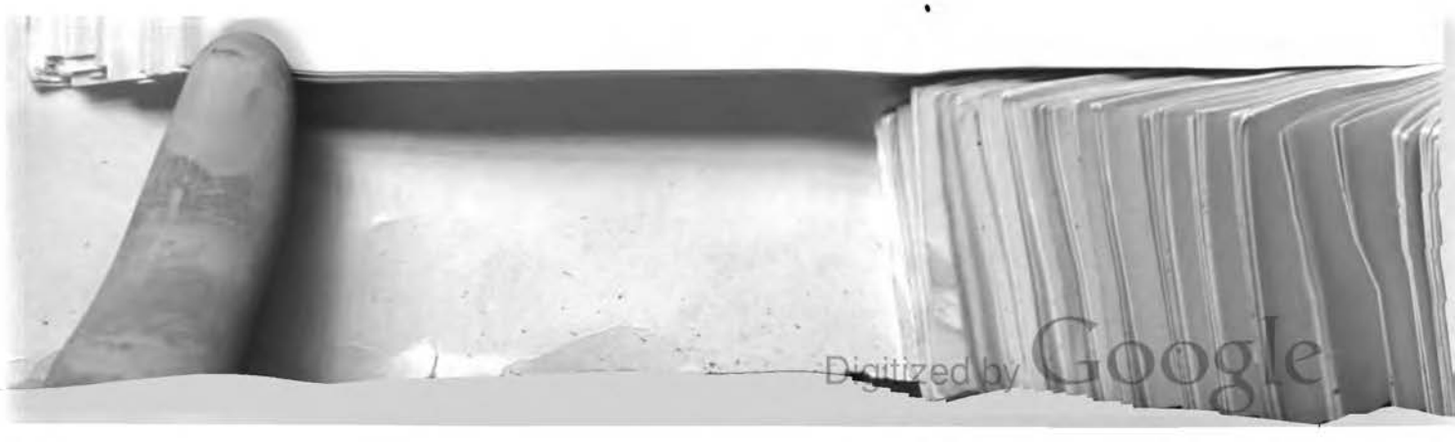
A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*Dr. Johnson.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them, they solicit him to enter and possess.—*Emerson.*

◆ ◆ ◆

The man who conquers is the one who moves steadily, persistently, everlastingly towards his goal, unmindful whether it is always in sight or not, unmindful of obstacles, of difficulties, of discouraging conditions. He moves ever forward because he is invincible.



What Is Nerve Force?

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

EXACTLY what Nerve Force is, we do not know. If we did know, we would know the Secret of Life. We know this: it is generated by the Nervous System through which it travels at a speed greater than 100 feet per second. It is the Master Force of the Body, the force that controls every heart beat, every breath, the digestion of every mouthful of food we eat, the action of every muscle, and the life of every cell. It is the force that gives us courage, ambition, personality, character, mental power and energy—the Force that Drives us On, On and On.

Every mental impulse and every bodily act uses up a certain amount of Nerve Force. If we expend more Nerve Force than the system can develop, we necessarily become Nerve Bankrupts, and we then have a condition known as Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration or Nerve Exhaustion. Since the greatest drain of Nerve Force is by way of the brain, it can easily be understood why mental strain, worry, grief, and of course, abuse of the reproductive functions, wreck the nerves so readily.

Nine people out of ten have weak nerves and are not aware of it. They think because their hands do not tremble, muscles twitch, or knees shake, that their nerves are perfect. Bear in mind that our nervous system consists of two great branches, the External and the Internal. Organic derangements and ailments are due to weakness of the Internal Nervous System, and not the External System, which mainly governs the external muscles. Note the accompanying diagram.

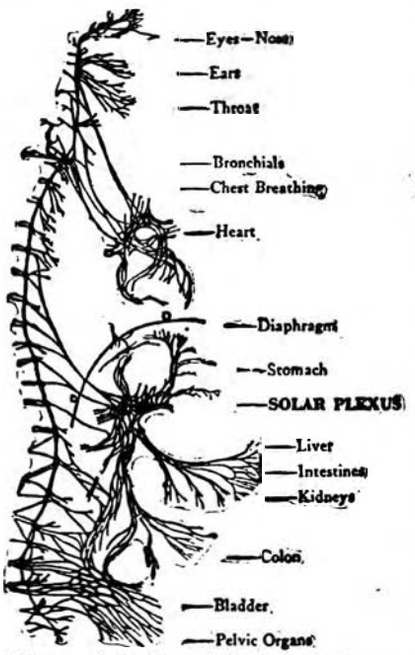


Diagram of the Sympathetic (Internal) Nervous System. Note how the Solar Plexus (abdominal brain) governs the vital organs. Mental tension—grief, excitement, fear, worry,—paralyze the Sympathetic Nerves, which in turn paralyzes the vital organs, causing indigestion, constipation and clogging the blood with irritating poisons, which in turn irritate and exhaust the nerves. Thus mental strains start a cycle of evils that produce dangerous poisons, which lower the vital powers, cause aches, pains, illness and general misery.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling."

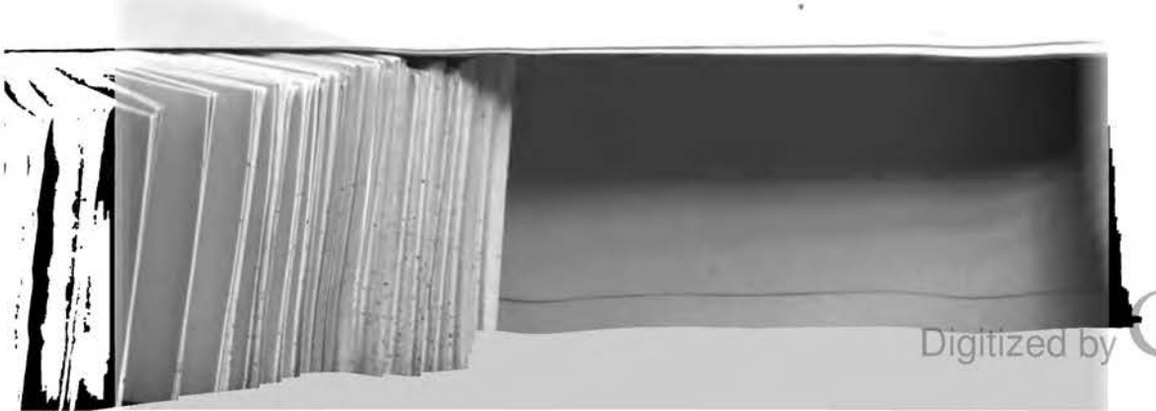
Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism; and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

Hundreds of books have been written by Nerve Specialists intended as a guide in caring for the nerves and restoring nerve force. Unfortunately, these books do not meet the need of the general public as they are written in technical and complex language. I have written a 64-page book entitled "Nerve Force," which in the simplest language explains hundreds of vital points regarding the nerves and their care; information every person should know. Students of the subject, including physicians, pronounce the book the most practical work on the subject which has ever been written. Large corporations have bought my book by the thousands for their employees. Physicians recommend it to their nervous patients. Extracts from the books have again and again been reprinted in magazines and newspapers, which is the strongest proof of real merit. The cost of the book is 25 cents. Bound in substantial leatherette cover 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio, 199, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. I have advertised my various books in this and other high-class magazines for more than twenty years, which is ample guarantee of my responsibility and integrity. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money PLUS your outlay of postage. So send for my book To-Day, subject to my guarantee.



How Foch Did His Part

MARSHAL FOCH, when asked how the World War was won, said: "When a man of ordinary capacity concentrates all of his faculties and all of his abilities on one end, and works without diverging, he ought to be successful. He ought not to get lost in passing impressions. Facts alone count, and he ought to devote himself to facts. . . . How did I do my part in winning the war? I did it by smoking my pipe. I mean to say, in not getting excited, in reducing everything to its essential, in avoiding useless emotions, in concentrating all my strength on my job."

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And He Still Lives

THEY told Wycliffe they would destroy his teaching of Christian liberty by burning him at the stake.

"Very well," he replied, "Burn my body at the stake, and scatter my ashes on yon river of Severn, and its waters will carry my faith and principles to the uttermost parts of the earth."

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Test of a Man

THE test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grit that he daily shows;
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory after all,
But the fight that a brother makes;
The man who, driven against the wall,
Still stands up erect and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high,
Bleeding and bruised and pale,
Is the man who'll win in the by and by,
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get, and the jolts you get,
And the shocks that your courage stands,
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
The prize that escapes your hands,
That test your mettle and prove your worth;
It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take, on the good old earth,
That shows if your stuff is real.

—Dallas *Saturday Night.*

◆ ◆ ◆

President's Wardrobe Cost 38 Cents

BEING President may pay the rent but it doesn't always provide the wardrobe—not in Armenia at any rate. A letter just received from Erivan, the capital of that most unfortunate republic, tells how President Ohandjanian got his winter woolens, and it wasn't a case of political graft either.

It was in a Near East Relief old clothes warehouse and the charming young worker in charge was dispensing second-hand clothing to a long line of ragged applicants who offered in exchange their thanks, or at most, a few cents. Bending over her bundle of "gents' furnishings," she was suddenly startled by the sound of a suave and unusually musical voice inquiring in English for a suit of underwear, of the largest size on hand. She looked up and beheld a very tall and very dignified gentleman arrayed in a greenish black, rather frayed Prince Albert. It was rather difficult to associate so impressive a figure with anything so unromantic as a request for woolen underwear, but since such had unmistakably been what he asked for, she made all haste to supply him with the largest outfit in stock.

To her surprise, he offered her in payment the equivalent of thirty-eight cents in American money. Involuntarily she protested but he reassured her in his gracious tones: "Really, madam, I have plenty, you know. You forget I receive the quite remarkable salary of twenty dollars a month."

The little relief worker looked again and this time with dawning recognition. The gentleman she had not had the honor of meeting, but his picture was as familiar in his country as that of Woodrow Wilson in the United States. He was none other than M. Ohandjanian, the President of the Republic of Armenia.

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Ten Things for Salesmen to Think About

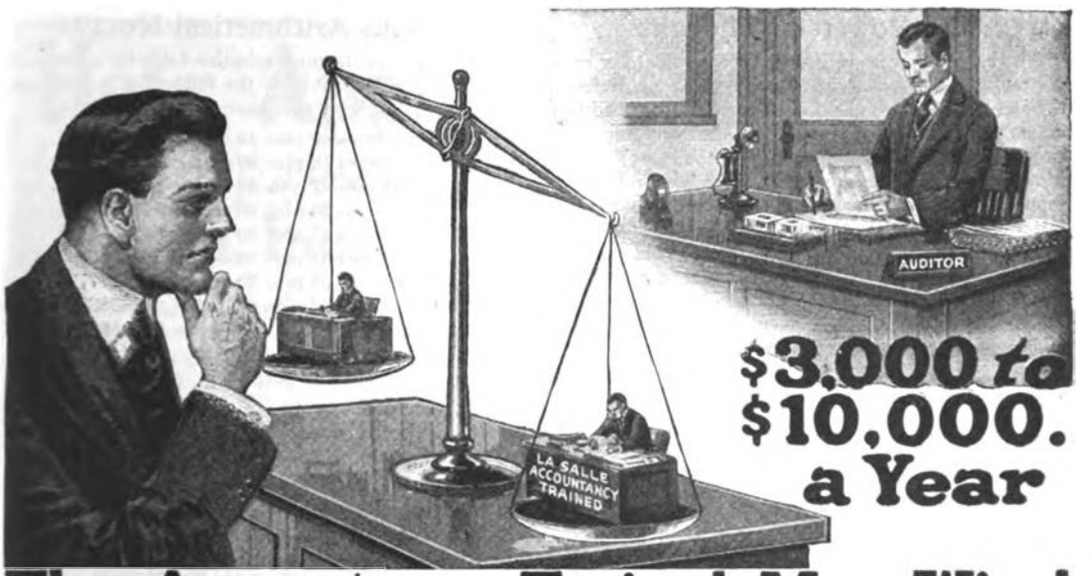
1. Our customers judge this company by what they think of you.
2. Old customers are new customers who have been rightly treated.
3. The recollection of pleasant treatment remains when everything else is forgotten.
4. Do not expect a customer to believe what you do not believe yourself.
5. Courtesy always pays—and you are paid to be courteous.
6. Two are required to make service perfect—the server and the served; and you are always responsible for your part.
7. Our satisfied customers are our most valuable asset.
8. Let your willingness outrun your obligations.
9. We exist not alone for to-day. We live for to-morrow also.—*Niagara Paper Mills.*

◆ ◆ ◆

There are two kinds of discontent in this world—the discontent that works and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success; and there's no cure at all for the second.—*Lorimer.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Happiness like health is man's divine heritage. Don't be cheated of your birthright. The idea that sorrow is the normal condition sprang from the same mind which imagined that if a man were not sick occasionally there was something the matter with him.



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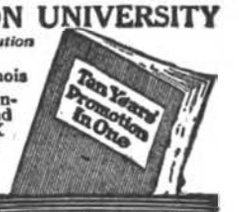

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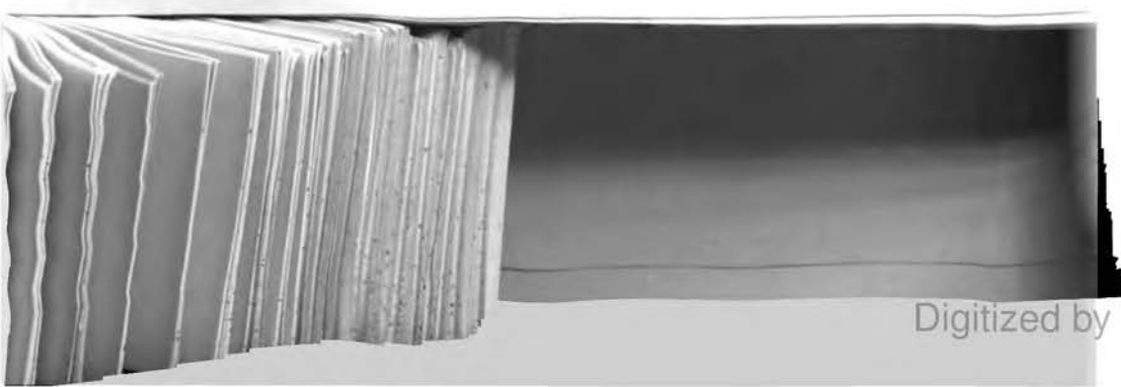

The Power of Thought

IF a thought can in an instant of time dilate or contract a blood vessel; if it can increase or decrease the secretion of a gland; if it can hasten or retard the action of the heart; if it can turn the hair gray in a single night; if it can force tears from the eyes; if it can in an instant produce great bodily weakness; if it can produce insomnia; if, as has often occurred, it can bring instantaneous death,—then is it not natural for us to conclude, without further argument, that it may bring about a more or less continuous derangement of the physical organism that we call disease?

I have seen the most wonderful effects follow a fit of anger. After an outburst of passion the function of every gland in the body is impaired. Time and time again, I have observed acute illness in an infant when it was permitted to nurse immediately after the mother had engaged in a quarrel, and on more than one occasion I have seen death follow within a few hours.

The standing army of the human body is the corpuscles of the blood. Upon them we depend to heal the wounds, build new tissue and attack the poisonous bacilli that may attempt to enter our systems.

Thought produces disease because of its action on the corpuscles of the blood. These corpuscles are wonderfully influenced by the mind. An outraged conscience; hate, envy, anger and fear crush the vitality out of them and leave the citadel of life exposed. But faith, hope, happiness and love create them and send them swarming through the body till every fibre and tissue throbs with life. This is demonstrated by the microscope.—*Dr. Charles Gilbert Davis.*

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Things That Have Blasted Promising Careers

A SOFT snap.

Being somebody's pet.

Being held in a position by influence, instead of earning it.

Being pushed, leaning upon others, depending upon others for influence, waiting for something favorable to turn up, trying to get the most without trying honestly to earn it.

Depending upon luck or a pull.

Trying to be somebody else.

Getting into a position which he could not honestly fill, which he didn't have the training, the education, the preparation to fill.

Getting a job does not always mean that one is able to fill it, and has ruined many a career.—*Specialty Salesman Magazine.*

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Genius is usually frayed at the trousers; Mediocrity is run down at the heels; but Success is always well-dressed.—*Joseph J. Lamb.*

◆ ◆ ◆

The soul's highest duty is to be of good cheer. —*Emerson.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A business half-fed is half-dead.

Curious Arithmetical Results

AS a sequel to the multiplication table by a Harvard professor, we publish the following, which was sent to us by Henry Tanenbaum, of Toledo, Ohio:—

123456789 times 9 plus 10 equals 1111111111.
123456789 times 18 plus 20 equals 2222222222.
123456789 times 27 plus 30 equals 3333333333.
123456789 times 36 plus 40 equals 4444444444.
123456789 times 45 plus 50 equals 5555555555.
123456789 times 54 plus 60 equals 6666666666.
123456789 times 63 plus 70 equals 7777777777.
123456789 times 72 plus 80 equals 8888888888.
123456789 times 81 plus 90 equals 9999999999.

This table is still more interesting when it is noticed that each multiplier is divisible by 9, and that, when the figures of each answer are added together and the added number is subtracted, the answer is 0. For example, the sum of 1,111,111,111 is 10; 10 minus 10 is 0.

Mr. Tanenbaum also sends the following:—

987654321 times 9 equals 8888888889.
987654321 times 18 equals 17777777778.
987654321 times 27 equals 26666666667.
987654321 times 36 equals 35555555556.
987654321 times 45 equals 44444444445.
987654321 times 54 equals 53333333334.
987654321 times 63 equals 62222222223.
987654321 times 72 equals 71111111112.
987654321 times 81 equals 80000000001.

In this table it will also be noticed that each multiplier is divisible by 9, and that, if the figures in each answer are added together, they will form a total which, if added together will equal 9. For example, take the second answer, 17777777778. These figures, added together, equal 72, and 7 plus 2 are 9.

◆ ◆ ◆

Jibes Didn't Worry Rossini

WHEN Rossini's famous opera, "The Barber of Seville" had its premiere in Rome, the audience was made up largely of personal and professional enemies of the composer, all prepared to cry the new opera down and hiss it into oblivion. The tenor, Garcia, had forgotten to tune his guitar which figured in his Spanish love song, the prima donna sang flat, the orchestra played badly. The hostile contingent sneered openly, jested, and made fun of the whole performance. After it was over, Rossini's friends went in search of him, to comfort him for the trying ordeal. They found him—much to their amazement—at a neighboring restaurant, enjoying an ample supper in the best of good humor. He told them calmly that he knew that he had produced a masterpiece, and that all the criticism of his foes could not change a note of it—so why worry? The joy of good work accomplished is a joy that no one can take away from us. So long as we make this our object the stings of jealous rivalry or unkind comment will not ruffle us.—*Etude.*

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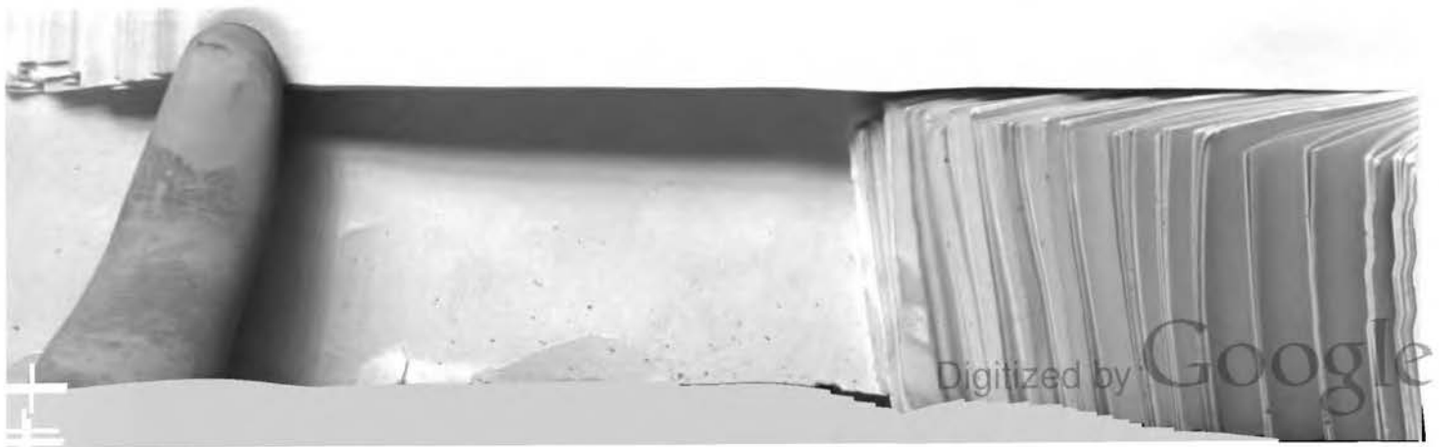
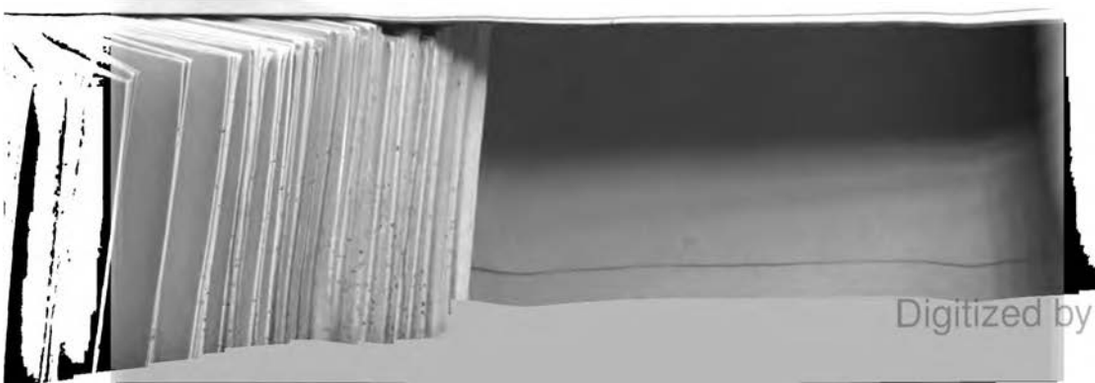
We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away.—*Beecher.*





How Ignorance Almost Stole My Right to Happiness

I WAS born in the poorer section of the city—near enough to the main thoroughfare to envy the carefree gaiety of society, yet far enough away from its alluring happiness to feel alone, out of it all.

Sometimes I fancied myself a prisoner hidden away in a dark cell, shut out from all the beauty and sunshine of the world. And I would picture a tiny beam of light, stealing softly through the iron-grated window, growing until its glorious light shown full upon me.

You see, I always believed that a person is bound to become happy, just as he is bound to grow up and become tall. Perhaps it was because mother whispered to me just before she died, "Everyone has the right to happiness my child. Study the world and its people—and let no one keep you from your happiness."

I Am Forced To Give Up My Studies

As I grew older I realized more keenly the difference between poverty and riches. While other young men and women, only a few blocks away, were preparing for college, I had to leave the world of books and study behind and become one of the cogs that keep the wheels of industry moving. I used to tell myself that it was just a stepping-stone to the future happiness that was surely bound to come to me.

But how could I help knowing that day after day, as I ground away my youth so relentlessly, other young men and women were studying, planning, storing up the accumulated knowledge of the world's greatest minds? How could I help knowing that while my mind was slowly becoming dulled, these other young people were learning all there was to learn, becoming worldly, brilliant, skilled? They were fitting themselves for life's battles,—but I—what training had I had, what chance have I been given?

"It isn't fair; it isn't right!" I told myself bitterly. But mother's words rang reproachfully in my ears—"Everyone has the right to happiness." And so I decided that I, too, would study and plan and prepare for the "big" things that life had to offer.

I Meet Ben Harris

It was not easy for to study at night. I tried very hard at first but always my head would begin to throb. I simply could not concentrate. I found that I had to give it up—my days of study were over.

Ben was a draftsman; and he was ambitious

And then Ben Harris came into my life.

How can I tell you what a difference Ben made to me? Everything seemed to look brighter, I seemed somehow to become eager, alert. Mother was right; we all have the right to happiness.

Ben was a draftsman; and he was very ambitious. He wanted to become a famous engineer, but, like me, he had had very little education. And he felt that it was holding him down—shutting him out from all the glorious opportunities of life. I knew that he looked to me for encouragement and help. Whenever he was troubled or puzzled about something he would come to me and say, "Let's talk it over together." But I was always afraid to speak—afraid that he would find out how pitifully little I really knew.

Ben Asks My Advice On a Vital Question

One day Ben told me that he had two big offers—one to engineer a building proposition in Panama, the other to plan the construction of a railroad over a mountainous area somewhere in the West. He was elated. "Both are great opportunities," he exclaimed. "I don't know which one to

choose, and I want you to advise me."

"Can't—can't you do both?" I ventured, hardly understanding it at all. I was embarrassed, miserable. What did I know about Panama and the West? What did I know about ships, and building, and mountains, and railroads? What did I know about anything outside of my own narrow little sphere? I realized then more than ever how utterly essential it is to have knowledge before one can be thoroughly happy.

"Both?" Ben laughed—and he went away disappointed.

I told him my secret, but I was not prepared for the answer

I Make One Last Effort

That night I sat up a long time thinking it over. Now that my chance for happiness had come, was I going to lose it after all? Was my mind made any differently than the minds of the intelligent men and women I met every day? No, it was only training that I lacked—training and education. How could I remedy it?

I saw very little of Ben during the next few weeks. I felt that he was drifting away from me—that lack of education was a constantly widening breach between us. Ignorance was robbing me of my right to happiness.

I spoke to Rose about it—she was the most educated and cultured young woman in my acquaintance. She told me, with a great deal of enthusiasm, about the Pocket University—a set of books that had been especially compiled for just such people as I. "If you read just a little each day, you will soon be able to converse intelligently with the most educated people," she exclaimed. And so, as a last effort I decided to send for it.

"The Pocket University" Arrives

When the Pocket University came, I reproached myself for spending the money. It couldn't help me—I felt sure of it. Nothing could change me any more.

But after a few minutes I became absorbed. Here was something I had always been interested in, always wanted to know about, but never seemed able to understand. Now it was all revealed to me—and I marvelled at the simplicity of it all.

"The Daily Reading Guide" which came with the set contained a digest of all the wonderful things to be found in the 26 volumes. I began to read the items, and it actually seemed as though all the important figures in history, science and art were marching in bright array before me.

Things I had never even dreamed of were slowly revealed to me; things that I had known about only vaguely, became suddenly real, vital. I sat by the window and read eagerly, until the last gleam of the sun vanished from the sky.

Then I sat in the darkening room, thinking—just thinking.

A Glorious Dream Realized At Last

After that I devoted 20 minutes or a half hour each evening to my Pocket University. I learned new things every day, and I began to take a keen delight in talking to people who had more education than I.

It seemed almost as though a marvelous new world had opened up for me. My mind seemed suddenly freed from its dungeon of ignorance, pierced by a blazing light that sent my spirits and hopes soaring. My mind had been awakened. Ignorance could no longer rob me of the happiness that was my heritage.

Each day I read about something new, something startling, something beautiful. In only two weeks, I had covered tremendous ground—history, science, literature, music, autobiography, travel. I had entered a new world—and emerged a new being.

Ben noticed it "You have changed so much" he told me. "You used to be so bashful and quiet; now you are always ready to talk to me—on any subject at all."

I told him my secret, but I was not prepared for his answer.

"The Pocket University? Why, that's where I got all my education, too!"

And it was only a month later when Ben and I—but that of course is another story.

Interesting Booklet Sent Free

You, too, can learn one new thing every day. You, too, can acquire a college education merely by reading a few minutes each evening. The Pocket University which consists of 26 carefully compiled volumes will open the door to a new world for you.

Don't deny yourself these books. No matter how educated you are, no matter in what direction your ambitions lie, these volumes will broaden your vision, strengthen your mind, *make you happier*.

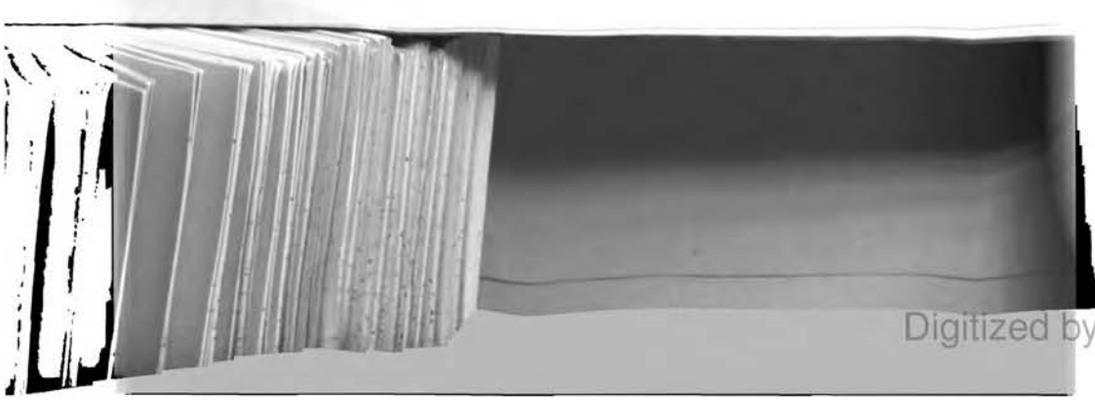
Let us send you more information about this wonderful education-in-books. No obligation, of course. Just send the coupon below filled in with your name and address and we will send you a booklet that tells you all about the famous Pocket University. Don't delay. Mail the coupon today and receive the booklet FREE. Nelson Doubleday Inc., Dept. 223, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Nelson Doubleday Inc.,
Dept. 223, Oyster Bay, New York

Please send me free information about the Pocket University, which contains 6,000 text pages by 388 authors. This does not necessitate my purchasing the books if I do not want them.

Name.....

Address.....



Do You Know That

THE United States Navy has dropped whiskey—even as a medicine.

The New York City subway is 75 miles long and has 220 miles of track.

About half of the world's coal reserves are located in the United States.

There is not a man or woman over 60 years of age alive in Austria today. All persons over that age died of starvation.

The total damage done by rodents, every year, to crops and grain in the United States is estimated at $300,000,000.

According to the United States Treasury, each man, woman, and child in this country is worth $51.06. Where is yours?

In the banks of the State of New York are 25,000 forgotten accounts, representing balances of from $5 to hundreds of thousands.

A million dollars in gold weighs more than a ton and a half, and a billion dollars weighs a thousand times as much, or more than 1,500 tons.

According to the completed statistics of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, but one American citizen paid a tax, in 1918, on an income of $5,000,000 or over.

Living costs in the United States are now 101 per cent higher than in 1914. This is 18 per cent lower than in June, 1918, when the high-water mark, 129, was reached.

An eminent authority declares that $16,000,000,000 was added to corporate surpluses in this country from 1914 to 1919. This does not point to imminent wholesale bankruptcy.

Over 7,000,000 persons in the United States depend, in whole or in part, upon tips for their compensation. This is a gain of more than 2,000,000 in ten years, and illustrates strikingly the growth of the tipping custom.

The 7,623,551 automobiles registered in the United States, or an average of one to every 15 of our 105,000,000 inhabitants, represent an investment of $9,148,260,000, or practically one-half of the total valuation of the railroads.

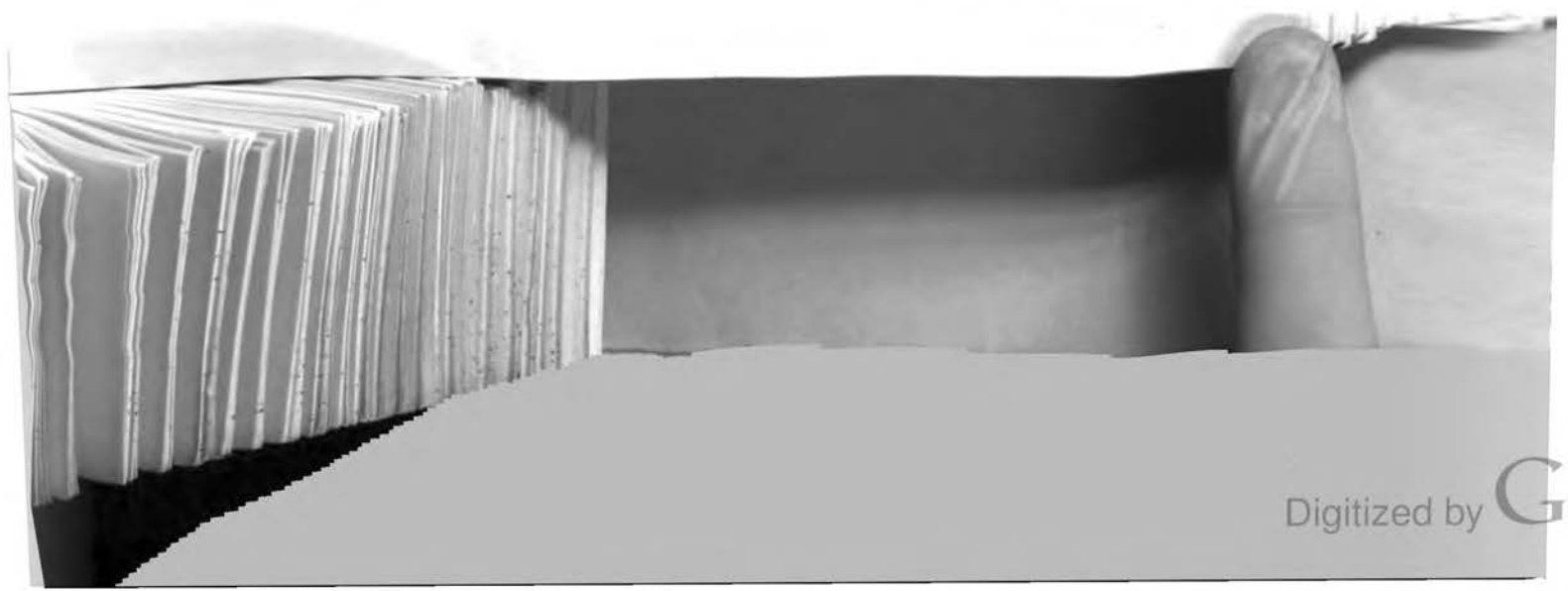
The South leads in illiteracy, but the North leads in non-English speaking. Over 17 per cent of the persons in the east-south Central States have never been to school. Approximately 16 per cent of the people of Passaic, New Jersey, must deal with their fellow workers and employers through interpreters. And 13 per cent of the population of Lawrence and Fall River, Massachusetts, are strangers in a strange land.

From a study of a large number of actual cases, it has been found that, at 25 years of age, the boy who remained in school until he was 18, had received $2,000 more salary than the boy who left school at 14, and that the better-educated youth was then receiving more than $900 a year more in pay. This is equivalent to an investment of $18,000, at 5 per cent," the statement said. "Can a boy increase his capital as fast in any other way?"

The United States Steel Corporation is the leading business organization of the world? It has over 250,000 employees, a yearly payroll of $480,000,000—the average daily pay per employe being $6.17. Its volume of business averages $1,500,000,000 a year. Its property assets equal more than $1,900,000,000. These include 800,000 acres of coal property, 23,000 coke ovens, 1,600 miles of railroad, 59,000 freight and passenger cars and steam locomotives and 356 steamers and barges.

Every year about one-tenth of the total population of the United States falls downstairs, gets run over, trips into open manholes, leans too far out of the window, or peers into a gun that is supposed to be unloaded. The result is that 11,037,000 persons are injured every year. Also, 10,000 are killed accidentally every year. During the World War 31,000 Americans were killed in battle, whereas right at home with no battle going on 126,000 Americans died of accidents during the same period, according to figures produced at the conference.

Previous to 1914, we owed England so much money that the annual interest was $300,000,000. Now England is obligated to pay us $150,000,000 a year interest. Before the World War we owed about $4,000,000,000 abroad. To-day the net indebtedness of Europe to America is $10,000,000,000. The United States owns about one-third or more of the total wealth



of the world, and is now the richest nation and the financial center. Before the war, England was the greatest ship-owning nation. After 1920, America will have twice as many ships as England

The number of men who have left farms of Michigan, during the last three years, is three times as great as the number of Michigan men who died or were killed in the Civil War. There are enough vacant farm houses in Michigan to house conveniently the population of Grand Rapids. Of the farms of the State, 8.74 per cent are wholly idle, an area of approximately 1,668,000 acres. Of the 276,000 men on farms, three years ago, 46,000 have since left, 20,000 of them during the last year. This unprecedented exodus from farms indicates that city and industrial life has become more profitable and satisfactory.

The American public spent $8,710,000,000 last year for goods which, though classed as luxuries, have come to be regarded as necessities. Tobacco heads the list of the goods included on the itemized "luxury bill," with total sales well in excess of $2,000,000,000, cigarettes alone being responsible for an expenditure of $800,000,000. The nation's candy bill is in the neighborhood of $1,000,000,000 a year. Automobiles cost $2,000,000,000, while soda water and soft drinks run up to the tidy sum of $350,000,000, and chewing gum sales amount to $50,000,000. Furs add $300,000,000 to the account and perfumery and cosmetics more than double this.

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Most anybody can do a thing he feels like doing, but it takes a true man to do a thing when he doesn't feel like doing it.—*Sam Jones.*

Seeing Things at Night

(*Continued from page 99*)

thrust all this out of your mind and fill it with the consciousness that you are made in the image of God, and partake of all his divine qualities. Instead of cringing before the horrible shapes created by worry and fear, assert your power to triumph over all the obstacles that stand in the way of your success. For fear and worry, substitute courage and faith. Make a supreme call upon the Great Within of yourself, where you will find an infinite reservoir of peace, of harmony, of divine power and strength that will make you a master of circumstances.

Try this mental treatment, not only before you go to sleep, but many times during the day, and you will be surprised to find how quickly you can drive fear and worry out of your life.

IT'S FINE TO-DAY!

SURE this world is full of trouble,
I ain't said it ain't;
Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but say,
Ain't it fine to-day?

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,
Life, it ain't no celebration,
Trouble? I've had mine.
But to-day is fine.

It's to-day that I am livin',
Not a month ago,
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way,
It may rain again to-morrow,
It may rain, but say,
Ain't it fine to-day?—Selected.

The true way to conquer circumstances is to be a greater circumstance yourself.

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You can restrain the bold, guide the impetuous, encourage the timid, but for the weak there is no help. You might as well undertake to stand a wet string up on end.

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Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.—*Samuel Smiles.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Opposition, adverse circumstances, do not put brains into men, but they draw out what is in them.

◆ ◆ ◆

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die!

The right idea of God and man's relation to Him would revolutionize the world.

◆ ◆ ◆

There are plenty of people in the world who can do little things poorly; but the world wants men and women who can do the little things superbly.

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An understanding of the educational possibilities that live in spare moments is a great success asset.

◆ ◆ ◆

The man who has done less than his best has done nothing.—*Charles M. Schwab.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Better lose a long moment at a crossing than the rest of your brief life.

YOU CAN—Learn Music at Home


MYRON A. BICKFORD
Mandolin, Banjo, Guitar and Cello


C. W. WILCOX
Violin, Harmony and Composition


A. H. KNOLL
Cornet


JOHN KOEHLER
Piano and Organ


MELVILLE A. CLARK
Harp

If you love music you can make music. It's true! In a few months you can be reading and playing music as easily as you are reading this.

Without leaving your home you can learn to play or sing by note—become a musician — by putting to use your spare half hours. Thousands of people have done it and are now enjoying their own music, delighting their friends or earning money as teachers, bandsmen and orchestra members. They didn't know the first thing about it when they started. But there's nothing hard to understand about music when you learn it this way.

Choose Your Instrument

PIANO
ORGAN
VIOLIN
DRUMS AND TRAPS
BANJO
MANDOLIN
CLARINET
FLUTE
SAXOPHONE
CELLO
UKELELE
GUITAR
HARP
CORNET
PICCOLO
TROMBONE

You Have The Gift

Have you ever thrilled to the swing of a military march or cadence of a dance-piece? Have you ever felt the beauty of a sweet old-time tune? Have you ever longed to just sit down at the piano and *play*—anything—everything? If you feel the spell of music you have the "gift"—the spark that can become a flaming talent.

Your music will make you the person in demand — the popular member of your crowd. Start learning now and surprise your friends with the new ability to play the instrument you like best.

Students Make Money

You don't need to know one note from another to begin with. Or if you have already studied music you can take up this method just where you left off. This is not "trick music"—no "numbers" to learn—and there is no limit to what you can play. We teach music in a new way with the hard parts made easy—give training that opens the door of the whole musical world to you within a few months.

Of the 250,000 men, women and children who have studied with us, hundreds of them are earning money for themselves through their musical training. The demand is big for teachers of instrumental music and singing, band and orchestra musicians, vaudeville acts, etc.

Amazing Offer

We want to have one pupil in each locality at once to help spread the story of our wonderful, easy system of teaching music. So for a limited time we offer music lessons at practically no cost—charges amounting merely to about the cost of music, postage, etc. Get the proofs that the method is successful — read the letters from students and graduates. Find out about our special offer of free lessons. Mail the coupon today for full information and free booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home." NO obligation.

Dr. David F. Kemp, President, U.S. School of Music, 1433 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

U.S. School of Music
1433 Brunswick Bldg., New York

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" and particulars of your special offer.

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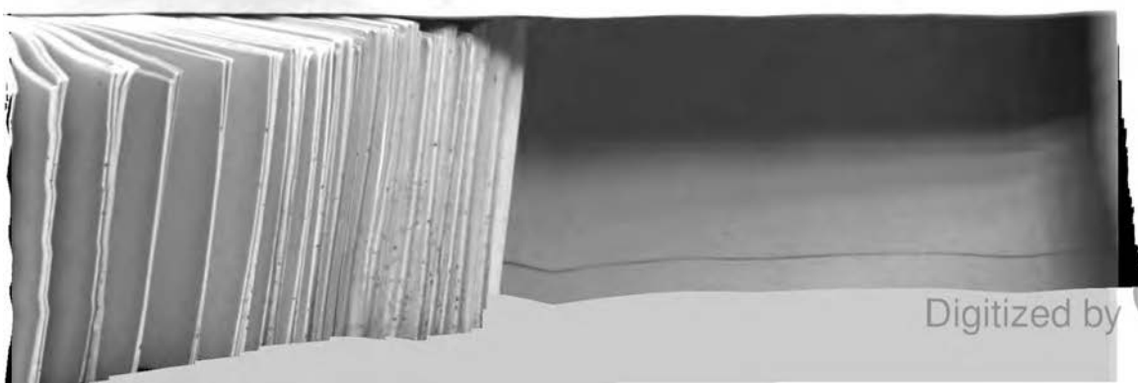

The Editor's Chat

Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of* THE NEW SUCCESS, *Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice

It Is Your Employer's Business

DO you say it is none of your employer's business what you do out of business hours? If so, consider a minute, my friend! Have you not contracted to give him your best effort, your best service? If you go to your work in the morning used up, with a dull brain and a system poisoned with débris from lack of sleep, or from dissipation, or from turning night into day; and if you give to your employer's business your second best or your third best effort, is it not very decidedly his business? Are you dealing honestly with him?

If you are physically depleted when you begin your day's work and drag yourself through the day with only twenty-five per cent of yourself really on the job, you are liable to make all sorts of mistakes or blunders, and this is very much your employer's business. He is paying you for something quite different to what you are giving him.

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To a Discouraged Man

YOU would resent it if anybody should intimate that you were not the author of your own success; that it had been due to outside influence, to pulls, or to outside capital. You claim that there is nothing mysterious, no secret about the success you have had up to the present time; that it is due solely to your own effort, your own hard work, your own intelligence. Now, what reason have you for thinking that a larger success, a success magnified a thousand times, would have any special secret back of it?

The same processes you have employed, if extended, accentuated, intensified all along the line, will increase your success tremendously. This matter lies in your own hands. Nobody else can do this work for you.

If you have accomplished all that you have done without any remarkable effort, without any terrible strain, without thinking so very much about it—what could you not do if you should fling into your endeavors all the force you could muster—the whole weight of your being? If ordinary efforts have accomplished what you have accomplished—what would not extraordinary efforts do? What could you not do by putting your whole heart into your work, bringing a superb enthusiasm to it, coming to it with a determination to be a winner, coming to it in the spirit of a master instead of an artisan? Perhaps only half of you has been in your efforts in the past; think then what you could do if you were all there!

Don't think so much about the big boost that may come to you from some mysterious source; just better your best each day. Concentrate a little more, have more courage, more self-confidence, intensify your application, your dead-in-earnestness, and before you realize it you will have multiplied your powers tremendously.

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Pace Makers

I KNOW a young man who was only an ordinary employee in an immense concern, but whose marvelous energy acted like leaven through the whole establishment, and aroused the slumbering forces of thousands of employees. In fact, his example revolutionized the entire concern.

There are plenty of young men in our business houses whose aggressive, pushing, energetic methods not only have aroused their fellow employees, but who have astonished their employers and often actually changed the entire policy and the methods of those above them—of their chiefs, of the proprietors, themselves.

Young people should start out on their business careers with the conviction that there is only one way to do anything, and that is in the best possible way that it can be done, regardless of remuneration.

I have known a stenographer on small pay who put a higher quality of effort into her part of the work than the proprietor of the great establishment she worked for put into his. Consequently she got much more out of life than he did.

It is only when we do our best, when we put joy, energy, enthusiasm, and zeal into our work, that we really grow. This is likewise the only way we can keep our self-respect, the only way we can achieve the highest success and happiness.

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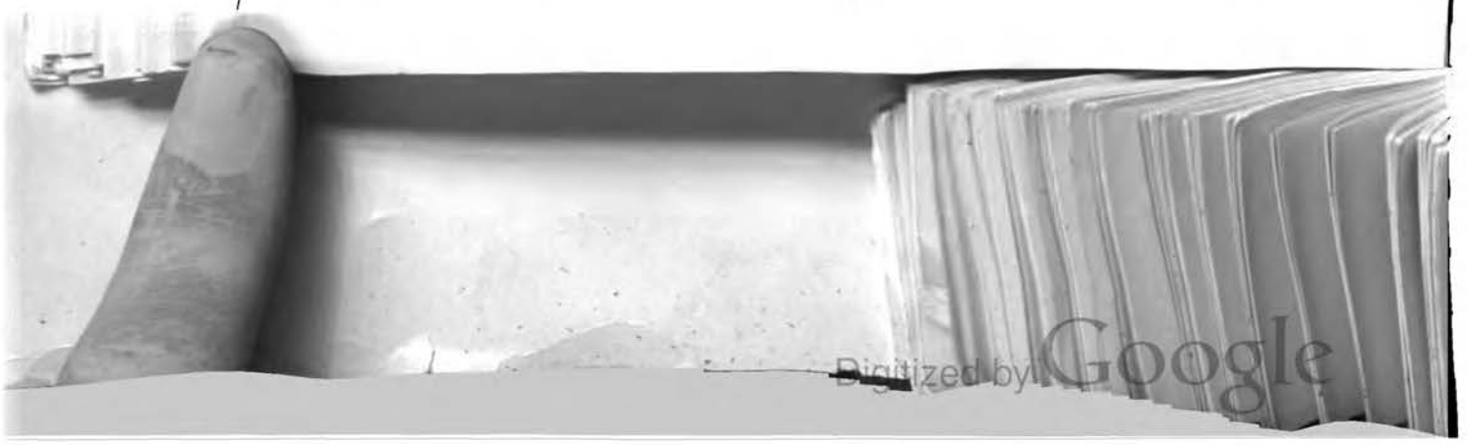
Hold the Ideal of the Thing You Long to Attain

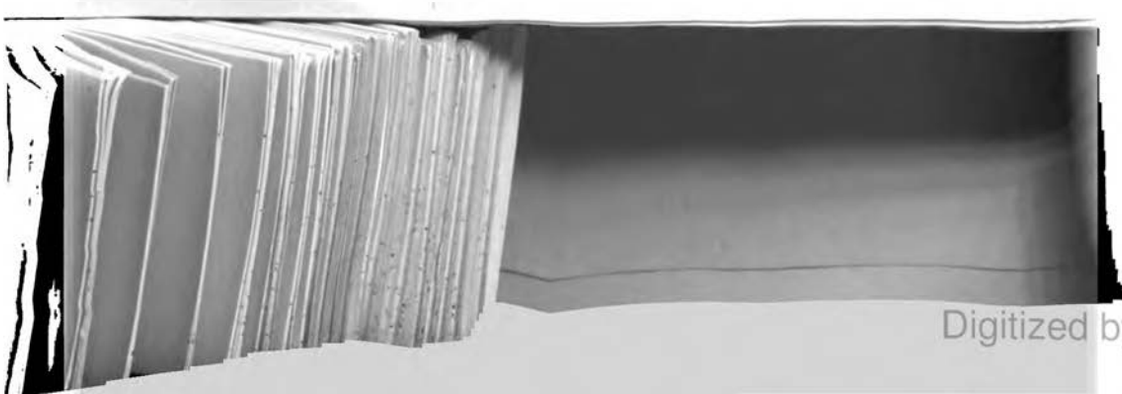
A WISE physician puts into operation the law of expectancy of health. He knows that if he can cheer up a patient by holding out hope to him, the assurance that the patient will be well in a short time, it will have a powerful influence in ameliorating the diseased condition.

Mental healers hold the thought, and endeavor to develop in the mind of the patient, the conviction of health as a reality, an ever-active principle, thus avoiding the undermining of the normal resisting power due to fear and foreboding.

When the mind is full of fear the deteriorating disease-producing tendencies are very active, because mental depression creates the abnormal condition upon which disease thrives. To make the mind perfectly normal we must hold the ideal that we are normal in all things.

Most of us have thought infinitely more of the ab-





normal conditions of the body, of our unfortunate, distressed sensations than we have of holding the health idea, the conviction that we were made in the image of Perfection and that our inheritance must be perfect. If we would only hold fast to the idea that there cannot be anything the matter with that which we have inherited from our Creator; that the reality of us is perfect, exempt from discord, from disease, from all physical troubles, we would conquer all distressing conditions.

We are beginning to learn something of the tremendous possibilities of holding the ideal of the thing we are seeking, the thing we long to attain; we are finding that the holding in mind the model of the person we wish to become, the ideal of the body we would like to have, the health we long for, the prosperity we desire, tends to make these things realities.

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He Can't Forget His College Degree

I KNOW a young fellow who is trying to get a good job but he has the misfortune to have a college degree—a bad thing for him as he can't seem to forget it. He had a chance, recently, to go into a big department store, in New York City, but he turned the chance down because, he said, a college graduate couldn't afford to start at the bottom of anything.

Now, there is where this young man is making a big mistake. He will have to start at the bottom of something or he will very likely not start at all.

There is about this young man an air of superiority which makes him unpopular. He never fails to let you know that he is a college man. He manages in some way to bring that out with everyone he meets, and, in his letters, he frequently places the name of his alma mater in parenthesis.

If you carry about with you an air of superiority in regard to your education or other advantages, no matter what your position or learning, my young friend, you will antagonize people.

One of the best things for a graduate to do after leaving college is to take a course in hard knocks. This sets him to thinking, shows him that if he is ever going to amount to anything in the world his diploma will not cut such a big figure as he had expected, that he must depend upon himself, not on his college studies or theories. His success is right inside of him.

I know of a business concern with a rating of $150,000 which went to the wall because it could not raise $5,000 cash in an emergency.

It is a great thing to have your success assets convertible into power. You may have a college education, but if you cannot make it available, it will not count for very much.

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Only the Best is Good Enough

"THE best and only the best at any price." This is the motto of a New York business house, the proprietors of which think more of their reputation than they do of making more profit on cheaper articles. They deal only in the best, and as a result they get the trade of the best people. Every customer knows that he will get square treatment at this house without any question.

I know a young man who is so impressed with his own importance, who has such an exalted opinion of himself, that he doesn't think it necessary to take pains with his work, or to be very exacting or thorough. He seems to think that things are coming his way, but by what law of philosophy no one can tell. He has never yet done anything which has attracted much attention except from himself.

Now, mediocrity which does not take pains is in a pretty bad way, so far as the prospect for doing anything unusual is concerned. I have always found that it is doing things to a finish that counts. Thoroughness is a sign of unusual ability. The mediocre men, the weaklings, as a rule, do not take pains; they are not thorough, and their work has to be done over and over again.

Whether you are the head of a large business house or only an employee, the same rule holds good: "Only the best is good enough."

The habit of incompleteness, of never doing things quite right; the habit of accepting inferiority from ourselves, instead of always striving for the best and the highest, is fatal to all worth-while success. The inspiration of work well done spurs us to further endeavor, gives us a satisfaction which nothing else can give. When we can say "Amen," to a piece of work we have finished; when we can say, "There, that is the best I can do, I have stamped my character, I have risked my reputation on that!" then we have done something of genuine value.

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The Business Man's Place in Civilization

CIVILIZATION owes a tremendous debt to the business man. Think of the qualities which are developed in human beings by business system and method! Think of the training employees get in great business establishments! Consider what sort of civilization we would have to-day if it were possible to take out of it the business man and all for which he stands!

We see what conditions are among primitive peoples, where there are practically no business men, only a few traders living from hand to mouth. There are no great business structures, no great business enterprises, no commerce, no wealth, no opportunities. The people barely exist.

The high type of men which the pursuit of business has made has added immensely to the quality of civilization, has lifted the race up to great heights. It might be said that in some ways business has done more for the development of the race than the churches have. It has been a perpetual school, a great world-university where vast multitudes of human beings have enlarged their intelligence and usefulness and become good citizens. Men have been taught how to do business in an efficient way—how to finance and maintain themselves; they have learned valuable lessons in thrift and right living—in morality, fidelity, faithfulness, dead-in-earnestness, enthusiasm. They have received training in initiative and courage, in fact, training in all of the mental faculties which enter into success in life, not only in living-getting, but in life-making and life-building.

How I Found the Surest Road to SUCCESS

How I doubled my income in one year. I now make $600 to $1000 a month, after 8 years when $100 a month was my limit

By WALTER C. KNIGHT

I AM now thirty-three years old and well established in business. I made more progress last year *than during the previous ten years*, all because I realized and put to work for myself the fundamental secret of success. The very simplicity of this secret causes the average man or woman to overlook it.

I do not feel a bit boastful about the success I have made, for I am as confident of a tremendously greater success in the immediate future, as I am that the sun will rise to-morrow morning.

Like many other average boys, I went through grade school, high school and college, and was considered a bright student. In college I was especially interested in psychology. At the time I felt I had learned a great deal to help me in my business life, and in gaining a knowledge of human nature.

Eleven years ago last Fall I went to work for the firm of which I am now an executive. I started in at $30 a month, and only after six months was my salary raised to $40 a month.

I had a keen desire and a pressing necessity to make good rapidly, yet my progress was slow. It seemed to me that every one of my friends got on faster than I did, though I refused to admit they had more brains or ability.

$100 a Month Was My Limit

I worked hard and in a few years brought my salary up to $100 a month. Then for the next four years I could not increase it, try as I would. The firm told me I was doing my work well, but said they could not afford to pay more for that class of work, and that I would have to prove myself worth more.

Then an incident gave me the first insight toward the great success principle I am now using. One of my fellow workers got a "grouch"; had the idea he was constantly being discriminated against, and that all the good opportunities were given to others. His work suffered terribly for several months. In fact, the firm was about ready to let him go when somehow he got hold of himself again.

Harry's experience, and the set-back it gave him, taught me a man should learn to work *with a winning spirit*, regardless of the obstacles before him. I began to put such a spirit into my work, and it did not take the president of the company long to notice it. Shortly after, he invited me to go to dinner with him one evening, and told me he had decided to give me a chance on the sales end of the business.

How I Got a Better Chance

To say I was surprised, is putting it mildly. At that time, he had far more confidence in me than I had in myself. I promised him I would work as hard as I could to justify his belief in me.

It was not long before the president began to receive favorable reports of my work from customers I was serving.

One day when my father was in our office, the president pleased him greatly by saying to him, "Your son certainly has given me one of the surprises of my life. When I put him on sales work a few months ago I had no idea he would make the progress he has made. He is doing this higher type of work with an ability I never suspected he possessed."

These results came because I had gotten just a glimpse of the whole truth I know now.

During the next two years my income increased much more rapidly. Then early last year came the day I am now using as a reckoning date in my life.

The Red-Letter Day of My Life

It was the day I first learned about "The Science of Personal Success." From this training *I have grasped and applied to myself the fundamental secret of success.* "The Science of Personal Success" is a home-study course of absorbing interest. To any one who can read, it will teach a new and startling application of the success principles *which have always existed.* One person in a hundred has learned to use them and forges rapidly ahead, while the other ninety-nine enviously wonder why it is they don't get on better.

This training is the fundamental need of every man and woman, who desires to win a true and lasting success. It *discovers to yourself* and scientifically develops all the powers of your mind, your heart, your will, your body, and that intangible something called faith, into one well-rounded, evenly-balanced personality,—*the most powerful human force in existence.*

Please notice, I said *all* your powers. You may think you know what all your powers are, but the chances are 100 to 1 you do not. This is one of the amazing features of the course. As an example, I used to be like a carpenter trying to do fine cabinet work with a hammer and a saw. Now I have a full kit of tools, and *know how to use them.*

The things I used to regard as success in themselves, I now recognize as merely results of the true success which no one *can stop or take away from me,*—my scientific self-development.

Above all else I am realizing the wonderful power of *true* self-confidence that comes with the development of all one's powers into a winning, forceful personality. This is in no sense "bluff" or "nerve," but the convincing sureness of a man's faith in himself when he *knows his real ability.* Life for me is no longer a struggle; it is an opportunity. This personal miracle—I know of no better way to express it—lifts one above work where only small incomes can be earned, into the higher field where the possibilities are practically unlimited.

The results I can already show justify my faith. Last year I doubled my income. Also, I was taken into the firm; in fact, became one of five men who own the entire business. My earnings frequently run from $600 to $1000 a month, and I am only getting a start. In the years ahead, my success will be limited only by the extent to which I continue development of all my energies and powers towards a supreme personality.

I repeat what I said at the start: "I have found the *surest* road to success." For any one who will apply it, "The Science of Personal Success" cannot fail.

* * * * * * * * * *

Send Today for "Personality Supreme"

If you want to take the sure road to success, read this book, "Personality Supreme," which will promptly be sent upon request, free of charge. It describes in detail this fascinating home training "The Science of Personal Success," prepared by Dr. Stanley L. Krebs, A.M., Ph.D., who has an international reputation as an educator and *practical* psychologist. Through application of this course you can literally turn your spare moments into the gold mine of your life. This book really serves as an introductory lesson to the course. Sign and mail the coupon NOW!

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
805 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen: Please send me the book "Personality Supreme" without charge or obligation.

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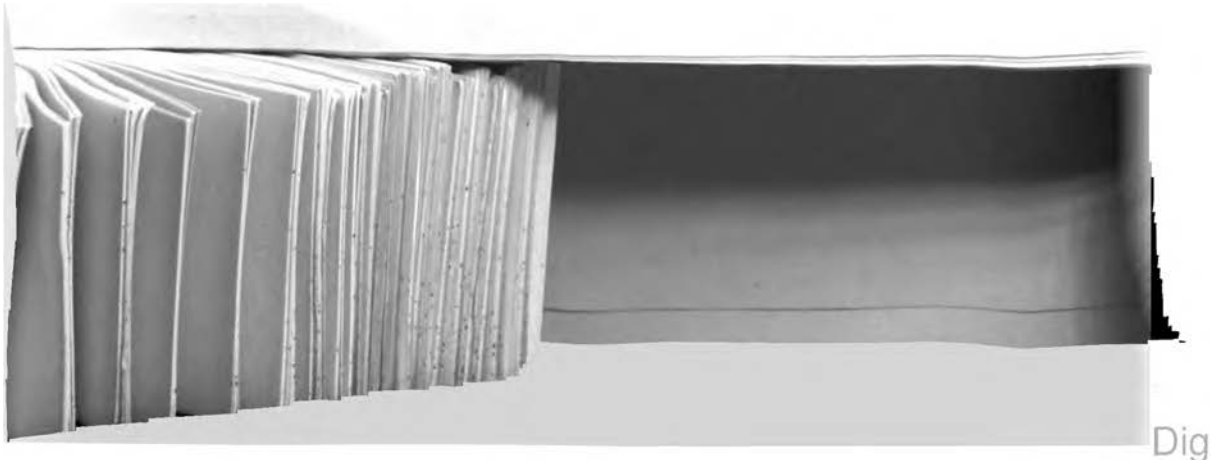


Conversation as the Basis of Oratory

By H. BURNHAM RIGBY

FOURTH (Concluding) ARTICLE

QUALITY of voice is important. One may say, "Nature gave me my voice: I am not responsible and can not change it." Are you sure about that? It is true that most persons seldom hear their own voices. They utter words and make a sound and think it is the voice. Many of them have not heard the true voice since they were children, and some not even then. This must be found. The throaty grunt, the nasal twang, the high squeak, the metallic knock, knock, knock of many voices we hear are acquisitions, and do not belong to nature; or, to be more exact, they are degeneracies from neglect. It is true that, during the day, we have to speak in competition against the noise of machinery and building, cars and wagons and all the din of the street, and have to force our throats; but our fault is, that when this is over and we get into quietness we keep up the effort that is no longer needed. Much of our nervous depression results from the way in which we pelt one another's ears all day. I hear a voice, now and then, which, if I had to live with, would soon fit me for a sanitarium. More frequently, I want to say: "How agreeable your conversation would be if I did not have to hear your voice."

Now, most voices should, and could, be pleasant to hear—low and restful or stimulating, but never distracting. Deep breathing ensures good lungs and puts the voice apparatus into good condition, but good tone comes from *managing* the breath. Breathing to keep alive is one thing; breathing for pure sound is another.

A Good Voice Calls for Restraint

HAVING a good voice, then, the next thing is restraint—the old lesson. It is a great art so to talk to a chosen listener that others will not hear what you say. This comes from a daily practice of pitch. Untrained persons waste themselves. Every day you hear some man talking to half the people in a car, when he thinks he is talking only to one friend; this is imprudent for him, disagreeable to the friend and offensive to all others.

The elocution of public speaking and conversation is just the same in principle, the only difference being in degree. Nothing is better than the daily practice of reading aloud for half an hour that the ear may be trained and the voice so strengthened that it can be used for long periods without weariness or loss of quality.

A course of common sense elocution is very desirable, and if your instructor is philosophical, having originality and sympathy, he will do you much good. Incompetent instruction, however, may give you the affectations of elocution without its philosophy, and these will make you absurd to the end of your days.

The Four Indispensables

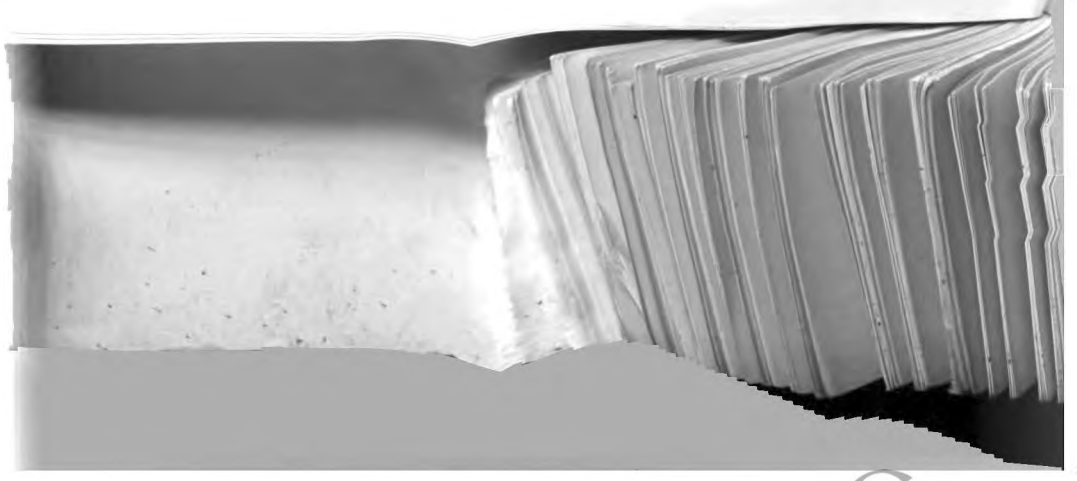
IN any case, four things are indispensable to good utterance. They were observed by Demosthenes, by Cicero, and by every great and correct speaker who has ever lived. These four things are good *Articulation*—the clear sound of a letter, short word or syllable; good *Pronunciation*—the right sound of a word as settled by academic authority; good *Enunciation*—the right sound of a cluster of words; good *Phrasing*—the art of dividing a sentence, of selecting for unbroken utterance one word or a number of words which give the best sense and melody; the art of pausing at the right place and of renewing the breath.

Some insist that *emphasis* is the main thing. I say, *phrasing*, for emotion will direct the emphasis, but good phrasing means good thinking. Emphasis mostly will take care of itself; but phrasing seldom does, and when one's phrasing is good it is a pleasure to hear him, even if he be faulty in some other things. These rules seem elementary, but we can never get beyond them.

In a wider sense than the foregoing, conversation is the basis of oratory. Each listener in public must feel that you are talking to him. The direct style of address has no better illustration than the orations of Demosthenes, which are like large and animated conversations. William J. Bryan has chosen this method, and it is the secret of his effectiveness and popularity. After many florid periods we have reached the old starting point, and the age in which we live demands directness and simplicity. Voice trainers speak of the dominant note, from which they work up the scale or downwards. The dominant note in oratory is the conversational method: one may rise to climaxes of impassioned utterance, but from these and all other departures he must come back.

Be Conversational and Direct

IT sometimes happens that a new senator, congressman, or other person who has risen into sudden notice, and to whom public speaking was an afterthought which came with success, makes his bow to the public by a few star speeches. I have many clip-



Drink Your Way to Health

Dr. H. B. Galatian tells of

"The Miracle of Milk"

Dr. H. B. GALATIAN

IF you should meet a friend on the street whose appearance indicated that he was in the grasp of some chronic disease—pale, thin and haggard, and then a few weeks later should meet the same man, and this time his erect bearing, steady stride, and robust condition indicated perfect health, you would feel like asking whether he had found the proverbial "Fountain of Youth." The chances are he would tell you that he had been drinking of that fount from which issues the white waters of youth, health and strength—milk.

I believe if I were told that I must select one method of treating disease, and must discard all other methods, I would retain the exclusive milk diet.

This conclusion is based on the results obtained after many years' experience in prescribing the milk diet, both in private and institutional practice.

A Marvelous Recovery

One case I will mention is that of a man whose normal weight should be one hundred and forty pounds, but who weighed but ninety-two pounds when he began treatment. His alimentary tract and nervous system were in a sorry state. For years there was no bowel action without medicine or enemas. Because of the distress incident to eating he had reduced his diet until he was practically fasting. His circulation was so sluggish that he suffered severely from cold. His memory was practically gone and his mind a confusion of ideas. He had tried treatments galore—from medicine to electricity, from spinal manipulations to diet—and was slowly starving to death. The milk treatment was prescribed. And with what results? He has gained twenty pounds and will continue to gain. He can walk long distances and take other exercise. His memory has been regained, his mind is clear, and he is in every respect a different person.

Another case came to me weighing one hundred pounds. This man suffered from extreme physical weakness, and mental lethargy. There was also inflammation of the bile ducts, with retention of bile. Milk was again the prescription. This patient gained twenty-five pounds and was entirely relieved of the liver trouble, his skin becoming pink, and his strength increasing. Later his weight increased to one hundred and forty-five pounds. He has returned to his regular diet and is still well.

Another interesting case is that of a young man who had been having one or two epileptic seizures each week. He took the milk diet, and when I again saw him he told me he had only one attack in a year, and that, a few weeks previously, induced by overeating of cake and ice-cream.

These few cases were mentioned not because they are unusual, as such results are common with the milk diet, when it is taken correctly, but to stimulate those who have not tried the diet, to do so.

> "That the exclusive milk diet is literally a life saver is attested by the case of a young lady who had been told that she would be dead in less than a year, because of anemia. Her red cells were one-third of normal. Today she is alive and well, red cells normal, and thirty pounds heavier."
> —Dr. H. B. Galatian.

Milk Elements Make New Blood

How does milk cure? Milk cures only because it is an easily digested and assimilated food containing ample amounts of all substances required for growth of tissues and organs, and repair of worn-out cells. When taking milk one does not have to worry about combinations or whether this element or that element is being supplied. They are all there in the milk, in living organic form, and the sick body uses them to the best of its ability.

Milk has long been the standby in wasting diseases, but it should be employed in all chronic ailments of whatever nature. Even should necessity in disease never arise, a few weeks of milk diet every year will keep any one well, give renewed energy, greater resistance to disease, a cleaner complexion and a better feeling of bodily comfort than any spring tonic or blood purifier ever compounded.

Win Back Health in Nature's Easy Way—
Learn the MILK DIET SECRET

The above is from an article by Dr. Galatian that appeared in a recent issue of *Physical Culture*. Its appearance created a tremendous demand for further information concerning the milk diet treatment for building up run-down bodies. To supply this knowledge we have had prepared a complete course of instruction in the Milk Diet Treatment, comprising six lessons. This course is the joint work of Bernarr Macfadden, the world renowned Physical Culture Authority and Dr. Charles Sanford Porter, America's leading Milk Diet Specialist.

If you are weak, run-down, in the grip of a chronic disease, or are engaged in any way in a struggle for health YOU SHOULD KNOW THE MILK DIET TREATMENT.

The price of the Macfadden-Porter Milk Diet Course has been made very low to place it within the reach of all.

Under this short-time offer, you get this Course and a full year's subscription to *Physical Culture* at the Special Combination price of only $5. In one year's issue of the *Physical Culture Magazine* you will receive the equivalent in reading matter of 25 standard-sized volumes.

SEND NO MONEY

Just sign and mail the coupon attached and the six Milk-Diet lessons will go forward to you by return mail together with the current number of the *Physical Culture Magazine*. If after receiving it, you do not consider it one of the best investments you ever made, just return the lessons. But if you are more than pleased, send only $5 in full payment.

PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION
Dept. NS3, 119 West 40th St., New York City

You may send me the complete Macfadden-Porter Milk Diet Course and enter my name for a year's subscription to *Physical Culture*. If I am delighted I will send you $5 at the end of five days. Otherwise I will return the Course and owe you nothing.

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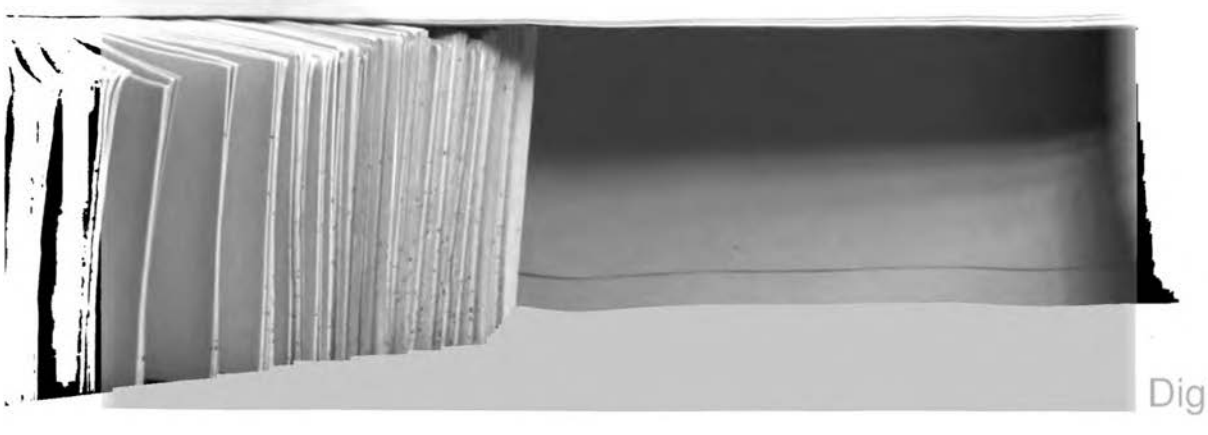

pings of such, and I observe that when they talk of business affairs, which they understand, they do very well. If they confined themselves to such speeches they would at least command respect. But they *will* try to be eloquent: the microbe of rhetorical vanity has bitten them; hence the florid passages are amusing, and the efforts show immaturity, because they do not realize the essential rules laid down in these pages. They think that simplicity is but the starting point, for boys, when, in fact, it is found only at the winning-post.

Effective oratory conveying a message on any subject whatever, does not consist in pyrotechnics; it must make each auditor feel that he is the one person spoken to. This can be done only by a style that is conversational and direct.

I have used the word oratory in a very wide sense. Strictly speaking, oratory is concerned with the emotions: its object is to convince and persuade.

Most of the necessary public speaking, however, appeals only to the intelligence. Whether in law, politics, class-work, or business in committee, the main things needed are statement, illustration and argument, and the power to present these can be acquired like piano-playing or mechanical drawing. For thinking and talking before a number of people, there is no better preparation than doing it among a few persons in conversation.

THIS is the fourth and concluding article in Mr. Rigby's interesting and instructive series, "Conversation as a Basis of Oratory." The first three articles appeared in THE NEW SUCCESS *for December, 1920, and January and February, 1921. Any person desiring a compact little guide to successful public speaking could do no better than have these four articles complete. Mr. Rigby has treated this subject so thoroughly and simply that every student of oratory, every one who wants to speak in public without faltering, who wants to be able to "think on his feet" will find them invaluable.*—THE EDITORS.

The Art of Keeping Fit

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

HEALTHY men and women are a nation's most valuable asset. It is natural to be healthy, but we have wandered so far astray that disease is the rule and good health an exception. Of course, most people are well enough to attend to their work, but nearly all are suffering from some ill, mental or physical, acute or chronic, which deprives them of a part of their power. The average individual is of less value to himself, to his family, and to society than he should be. His bad habits, of which he is often not aware, have brought weakness and disease upon him. These conditions prevent him from doing his best mentally and physically.

This abnormal condition has a bad effect upon his descendants, who may not be born with any special defects, but they have less resistance at birth than is their due, and, consequently, fall prey to disease very easily. This state of impaired resistance has been passed on from generation to generation, and we of to-day are passing it on as a heritage to our children.

The average lifetime is only a little more than forty years. It should be at least one hundred years. This is a very conservative statement, for many live to be considerably older, and it is within the power of each individual to prolong his life beyond what is now considered old age.

UNDER favorable conditions, people should live in comfort and health to the age of one hundred years or more, useful, and in full possession of their faculties. Barring accidents, which should be less numerous when people fully realize that unreasonable haste and speed are wasteful and that life is more valuable than accumulated wealth, human life could and should be a certainty. There should be no sudden deaths resulting from the popular diseases of to-day. In fact, pneumonia, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, cancer, and various other ills that are fatal to the vast majority of the race, should and could be abolished. This may sound idealistic, but though such results are not probable in the near future, they are possible.

All civilized nations of which we have record, except the Chinese, have decayed after growing and flourishing a few centuries, usually about a thousand years or less. Many reasons are given for the decline and fall of nations. Rome especially furnishes food for much thought. However, look into the history of each known nation that has risen to prominence, glory, and power, and you will find that so long as they kept in close contact with the soil, they flourished. With the advance of civilization the peoples change their mode of life from simplicity to luxuriousness and complexity. Thus individuals decay and in the end there is enough individual decay to result in national degeneration. When this process has advanced far enough, these people are unable to hold their own. In the severe competition of nations, the strain is too great and they perish. There is a point of refinement beyond which people cannot go and survive.

Nations, like individuals, generally do better in moderate circumstances than in opulence. Nearly all can stand poverty, but only the exceptional individual or nation can bear up under riches. Nature demands of us that we exercise both body and mind.

CIVILIZATION is not inimical to health and long life. In fact, the contrary is true, for as the people advance they learn to master the forces of nature and with these forces under control they are able to lead better, healthier lives, but if they become too soft and luxurious there is decay of moral and physical fiber, and, in the end, the nation must fall, for its individual units are unworthy of survival in a world which requires an admixture of brain and brawn.

Health-Vitality-Beauty

Through Magic-Like VIOLET RAYS In Your Own Home

For building health and strength there is nothing like Vi-Rex. For chest and bronchial affections it is invaluable

ENJOY wonderful, sparkling health! Feel the thrill of the bounding vitality of youth! Increase your store of energy, revitalize your worn out cells, make every fibre of your body tingle with a new vim and vigor! All this you can have through the magic of Vi-Rex Violet Rays right in your own home!

Violet Rays penetrate to every cell in the body, imparting that stimulating vigor which brings the glow of health, tones up the entire system, putting life into over-taxed and sluggish tissues. As a quick relief from pain Vi-Rex has no equal. Its soothing rays quickly find the source of distress and afford speedy comfort. Headaches, nervousness, skin blemishes and many other complaints vanish as if by magic through this marvelous treatment. You will be amazed at the splendid, quick results through the use of this wonderful new Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine—right in your own home!

TRY VI-REX RAYS FREE

You don't have to take any risk in giving Vi-Rex Violet Rays a trial. Take 20 treatments in your own home. Use this marvelous machine for ten days. If you do not find quick relief—if you do not feel better, sleep better, look better, send it back and you will not be out one penny. This special offer may be withdrawn at any time, so act quickly!

Use Violet Rays For:

Asthma	Falling Hair	Neuralgia
Boils	Hay Fever	Paralysis
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Catarrh	Insomnia	Rheumatism
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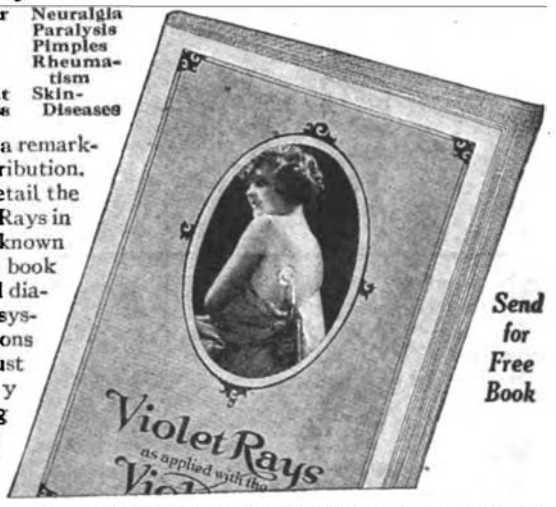
Eczema	Nervousness	

The Violet Ray is especially effective for inducing a clear and healthy skin, free from blemishes and sallowness

We have just published a remarkable book for free distribution. This book explains in detail the manifold uses of Violet Rays in treating almost every known human ailment. This book also contains charts and diagrams of the nervous system and organic locations and fully describes just how the Violet Ray works its many seeming miracles, written in a simple style—devoid of all technical language.



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Laugh with Us!

LITTLE GIRL (*leaving lecture on Child Labor, to which her mother has taken her to make her realize how fortunate she is*): That means it will be against the law for me to wipe dishes, doesn't it, mother?—*Life.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"YOUNG Smithers told me he was wedded to his art and asked me whether he had better go to Paris or Rome."

"What did you say?"

"Advised him to go to Reno."—*Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"YOU seem fond of the druggist's little boy."

"Yes, he kin git all the pills he wants fer our airguns."—*Kansas City Journal.*

◆ ◆ ◆

LITTLE GIRL (*looking over newspaper advertisements*)—Mamma, why do all these boarding houses object to children?

FOND MAMMA—I'm sure I don't know. Go and see what the baby is howling about, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Kate stop fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't stop banging that drum so hard I'll take it away from him."

◆ ◆ ◆

AN aeroplane was high overhead. Harriet and Mary Lee were watching it.

HARRIET—"I wouldn't like to be up that high in an aeroplane."

MARY—"I'd hate to be up that high without one."

◆ ◆ ◆

"WHERE," asked the female suffrage orator, "would man be to-day were it not for woman?"

She paused a moment and looked around the hall. "I repeat," she said, "where would man be to-day were it not for woman?"

He'd be in the Garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.

◆ ◆ ◆

"WHAT is an orphan?" asked the teacher. None of the children seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher.

Then a hand popped up and the small boy remarked, "An orphan is a woman who would like to be married but nobody 'll have her."

"SO you have twins at your house, Johnnie?"

"Yes'm, two of 'em."

"What have you named them?"

"Thunder and Lightning. That's what pa said when they came to the house."

◆ ◆ ◆

"HAVE you said your prayers?" asked Willie's mother.

"Of course!" replied the child.

"And did you ask to be made a better little boy?"

"Yes, and I put in a word for you and father, too."

◆ ◆ ◆

YOUNG MAN—What did your pa say when he heard I had kissed your sister?

LITTLE GIRL—He said that was encouraging.

◆ ◆ ◆

KNOWD—"Hey, Ben, I bought me a new felt hat yesterday, and charged it up against the firm."

PELL—"What as?"

KNOWD—"Overhead expenses!"

◆ ◆ ◆

FEMALE passenger in aeroplane some thousands of feet up—excitedly, "Please, oh, please, won't you go down? I've just dropped my pearl cuff-button!"

"Calm yourself, madam—that's not your cuff-button, that's Lake Erie."

◆ ◆ ◆

SALESMAN—"Don't tal : to me that way. I take orders from no man."

SALES MANAGER—"I noticed that on the report of your last trip."

◆ ◆ ◆

"THERE'S talk of abolishing the nickel."

"That shows that as a people we have no sentiment."

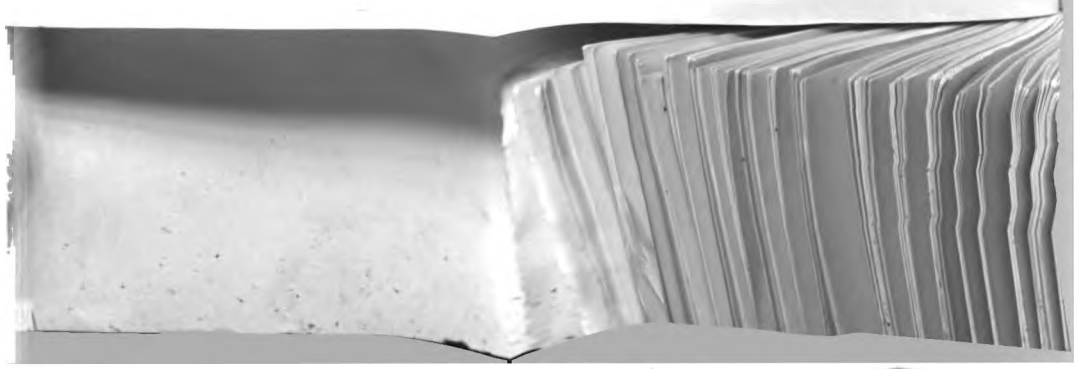
"How so?"

"Why, if we had, we would want to keep it if only as a reminder of the good old days when we could buy something with it."

◆ ◆ ◆

CUSTOMER—"How can one tell the imitation pearls from the real ones?"

SALESMAN—"Ah, madam, you do not tell—you just keep it to yourself."—*New York World.*



Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia"

One of the most inspired pieces of writing in the English language.

With the possible exception of the Bible it has been more widely distributed than any other book.

OVER FORTY MILLION COPIES OF THE MESSAGE WERE PRINTED DURING THE LIFETIME OF THE AUTHOR

During the world war three of the Allied Governments distributed it to the boys in the trenches.

The Roycrofters have just printed a special edition containing portraits of the author and Major Rowan, the man who carried the Message. It is thoroughly Roycroftie.

We would like to send out a limited number of these copies to friends who are in sympathy with Roycroft ideals. You may have one for the asking and without obligation on your part.

Our object in doing this is to get in touch with friends who would be interested in the Roycrofters' Memorial to the late Elbert Hubbard.

Should you care for one of these Messages, fill in and mail the coupon below.

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East Aurora, N. Y.

I shall be pleased to receive without obligation on my part, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia" and further information about The Roycrofters' Memorial Edition of Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great.

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Address.....City.....

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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.

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

Rich Man? Poor Man?

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

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

No Chance—No Luck

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

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

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N. S.—3-21.

How Dewent Fizzled

(*Continued from page 35*)

ined Dewent would demand at luncheon at the Claypool.

She was just passing the office gate when the big boss came back from the factory—the frown on his features heavier than ever. He glanced with seemingly unseeing eyes at the little powered marshmallow trotting out to her luncheon hour. Then he passed into his own sanctum and slammed the glass door. His telephone rang. Impatiently he picked up the receiver and heard the voice of Dickerson, his vice-president.

"Hello, old grouch!" Dickerson's voice came over the wire. "Jason of the Continental has decided that he's tired of playing golf. We're going to lunch at the Claypool, and as he wants to get out of town early this afternoon, you'd best come over and have a bite with us while we settle the conditions of his order."

"I haven't time to lunch at the Claypool!" Burnham grunted into the telephone. "Feed him and bring him over here and we'll discuss it during the afternoon."

"Don't be a grouch!" Dickerson laughed at him. "We'll go in and get a table and you can come over when you're ready."

Burnham finally consented to go. On his way to the table where his vice-president and Jason of the Continental were awaiting him, the president saw Dewent and Miss Tilden seated at a secluded little window-table, deep in conversation.

As Burnham took his chair he directed his glance toward Dickerson. "Did you notice your little protégé entertaining his secretary?" he inquired, in an annoyed tone, notwithstanding the presence of a valued customer.

"I did," Dickerson answered. "Apparently we are to have a little budding romance in the office."

"Well," said Burnham sourly, "I wish romance would bud and blossom outside the office. If Dewent is serious about marrying this girl, I would rather he made it less of an open secret about the shop. If he isn't serious then one or both of them ought to be fired. An office is no place for foolish flirtations. Moreover, if he is going to marry her I trust that she will make him a better wife than she is a secretary, and I hope he'll make her a better husband than he is an executive."

It was Jason who laughed this time. "I guess you're right, Dickerson," he said. "Burnham is born and bred of the old school—" And then the conversation faded into business and the

interest of the three men in romance quickly faded—the escapade of Dewent and Tessie Tilden gave way to the more vital matters they had decided to arrange at luncheon.

IN their own little corner, Dewent and Tessie Tilden were discussing the group of three they had seen pass on their way to a center table. "I'm going on the road, Tessie," Dewent told her. "It doesn't seem to me that everything is going smoothly back in the office or in the shop. I'll leave you my itinerary, naturally since you're my secretary, and you can give it to Dickerson or Old Burnham if you like. But if you hear anything that you believe would interest me—send me a little personal note and tell me all about it. Of course," he added, "I'll expect an occasional heart-to-heart line from you, anyway."

Tessie was thrilled at the idea of lunching with her immediate boss—a man so far advanced in the counsels of the company that he was going on the road to investigate selling methods. She pictured a glorious diamond, set in platinum, a cozy little apartment, and heard wedding bells peal their silvery notes to the tune of engraved invitations and at least a church ceremony. "I'll write you every day!" she promised with flushed cheeks.

Unknown to Tessie Tilden, Dickerson, Jason, and Burnham finished their luncheon and motored back to the office.

Tessie looked at her wrist watch and became a trifle nervous. Dewent laughed at her fears. "You're my stenographer, aren't you? If I need you outside the office, who's to question me? I'm leaving for Buffalo to-night—at least so old Burnham thinks. I don't think I'm ready to start. There's a dance at the Mohician Club. Would you like to go with me?"

Tessie was flattered at the invitation—impressed at the willingness of Dewent to delay the trip to Buffalo in order to take her to a dance—and eagerly consented.

"Then don't bother to go back to the shop," Dewent told her. "Go home and get into your best bib and tucker. I'll meet you here at seven o'clock, and we'll have dinner together."

Her boss had invited her to dine with him. He was responsible for her time and for his own, she reasoned. So it was that Tessie did not return to the office, but took herself home for a nap; to change her clothes and hasten back to the hotel by seven. Dewent himself figured the time that Burnham, Dickerson, and their customer, Jason, would be closeted together. He looked at his watch and decided he had ample margin for a shave before going to the office to

receive the president's instructions regarding his trip out of town.

It was half past three when he returned to his desk, on which was piled a litter of papers. One was a Pullman envelope containing his ticket and berth to Buffalo. And atop of the pile were three penciled "memos" from president Burnham to inform Mr. Dewent that the big boss wished to see him.

The door of the Burnham office was open and Dewent saw that the conference between the vice-president, Jason, and the chief had ended long ago. Burnham was in his favorite attitude —facing an open window and pondering over things he wished to formulate before leaving the plant for the day.

A SHADOW passed between Dewent and the open door of his boss. It was the hardy form of Dickerson and immediately behind him the door closed with a sharp bang. Burnham swung around in his chair, and Dewent at his own desk, facing the desk of his absent secretary, wondered whether he had not, after all, made a mistake.

He strained his ears to listen, but the voices in the executive office were subdued.

"Don't be too hard on the boy, Burnham," Dickerson was saying. "He's young and he's evidently in love. He'll get over it, sooner or later. Not the love—if it's genuine, but the abstraction that love brings to every youth who is trying to make good with a job and a girl at the same time. I think, perhaps, a little more sharing of confidences—a little more encouragement from you—would help matters."

"That isn't my way," Burnham answered. "When I like a lad in my employ, I don't think it's good business to let him know it. If you take him out to luncheon or dinner or go to baseball games with him, it's ten to one he'll soon take advantage of the fact, no matter how great his stamina. He grows careless, too familiar, and soon begins to think he can get away with anything. He decides he has a soft snap, and, having that impression, is ruined—for soft snaps have broken more ambitions than the discouragements of hard work."

"Well, don't jump down his throat when you have this little talk with him," advised Dickerson. "Send him away with the idea that you expect big things of him and impress upon him the value of this investigation to his future with the company. He undoubtedly has set up his own goal but you can readily advance it for him if you try—and make it seem more desirable of attainment."

Burnham only grunted as Dickerson went out. Beneath the surface he was kind hearted, but his methods were old-fashioned, and he believed that every youth should work and climb as he had worked and climbed.

However, he took his partner's advice. When Dewent left the office half an hour later, it was with an air of dazzled surprise. "Wonder what got into the old boy?" he mused. "Jason must have given him a big order. Thought sure I was going to be raked over the coals. Instead, I guess he was sorry for what he said this morning and, anyway, Dickerson's a good friend of mine."

Burnham would have smiled if he had known Dewent's attitude. As it was, he suspected it and wished heartily that he had been more severe.

Dewent looked at the clock, then at the mass of papers on his desk. "Collver," he called to a bright-faced, shirt-sleeved youth at the next desk, "will you come here a moment?"

Dewent began passing to him one paper after another with a hasty word of comment, or a quick, careless, "You'll know what to do. If you don't, just ask someone. I'll have to run now. Just keep an eye on my desk while I'm gone, will you? Miss Tilden will forward my personal mail, but you can tell her to give you any business letters that come in.

Lighting a fresh cigarette, he hastened from the office.

It was half past six o'clock when Burnham came out of his room and looked about the almost deserted office. Collver was still struggling with the unfamiliar matter Dewent had left him, and the president, interested, paused at the young man's side.

"Get swamped to-night?" asked Burnham.

"I don't mind," said Collver. "Mr. Dewent had to hurry away and asked me to attend to these things. I'm not very familiar with them so it's taking a little longer than usual."

"Hum!" grunted Burnham. "Well, suppose you let me look them over and see if I can help you. Better do that than risk a mistake that may cost the firm money."

MEANWHILE Dewent, in a smart dinner-coat, was seated with Tessie at a tiny table with shaded pink-lamps in the dining room of the Claypool. "You sure are a picture!" he exclaimed as he looked at the girl in her frilly party dress. "A little peach that's good enough to eat."

She flushed happily. It seemed like fairyland and Dewent was even more handsome in evening clothes than she imagined he would be. Now she was listening with awed amusement as he

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How Progress Is Replacing Romance in the South Sea Islands

By THOMAS J. McMAHON, F. R. G. S.

IN

THE NEW SUCCESS *for April*

told her how he had transferred his Pullman reservations until the noon train the next day. "We'll be up late, and I won't want to hurry in the morning," he explained with a careless laugh.

It was nearly ten o'clock the next morning when Tessie arrived at her desk, pale and sleepy looking, with dark circles under her eyes. To her surprise young Collver was sitting at Dewent's desk looking over his morning mail, and *in* the doorway of his private office stood Burnham.

He glanced up as she opened her typewriter desk, and Tessie flushed as she became aware that he had glanced from her to the clock. Now, he was speaking, "Please take Mr. Collver's dictation while Mr. Dewent is away," he said to her. "He will be acting-manager of the department in Mr. Dewent's absence."

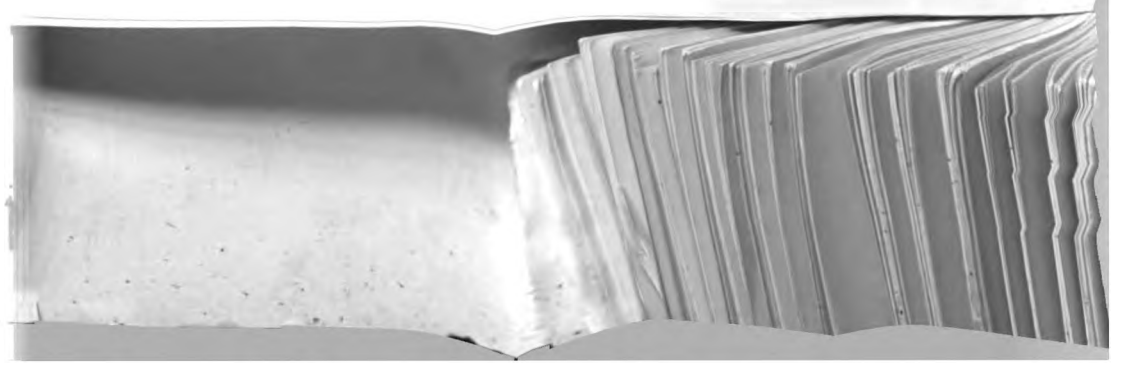
Tessie murmured something and, five minutes later, was trying to concentrate in vain on the mass of dictation that seemed to flow in an endless stream from Collver's lips. Tessie was thinking of the dance, of how different it would be if Dewent, with his lax and lenient ways, were seated in the chair now occupied by Collver. And she knew that half her notes would be meaningless when she came to transcribe them.

Noon came and she remembered that Dewent would be boarding the train. Still Collver kept on dictating with apparently never a thought that it was Tessie's luncheon hour. Finally he stopped, and, with feverish haste, Tessie went for her hat and coat and took herself to a little nearby tea-room to rest and vent her spleen on the young upstart, Collver.

She wondered if Dewent was thinking of her at that moment and told herself that he must be, since he had been so gallant the evening before and had stolen a kiss at which she had not protested overly, when he bade her good-night.

But Tessie was far from Dewent's thoughts. He was leaning back lazily in the club car of the fast-moving train, puffing away at his inevitable cigarette, and carelessly counting his fat roll of expense money to discover how much the previous evening's entertainment of his secretary had cost the firm. For he fully intended to get the supper and the taxi-cabs, as well as the flowers he had given Tessie, on his expense account.

"Dick Dewent," he said to himself with a sly smile, "this is going to be *some* little triumphal journey! If old Burnham thinks I'm going to travel in anything but first-class style, he's mistaken. And it's not going to be all work and no play, either. As the representative of the Burnham Manufacturing Company, I ought to be entertained pretty royally, and, naturally, I can't be a cheap skate and not return such



favors. I suppose the boss will growl like fun; but it is a cinch that Dickerson will back me up. If he doesn't he can take his fool job. I'll make a lot of influential friends on this trip, and, if they kick, I'll resign and get another—perhaps a bigger place—as easy as rolling off a log!"

WITH such pleasing observation, Dewent stuffed the big roll of bills into his pocket with elaborate carelessness and devoted his attention to a newspaper.

Perhaps he might not have been so complacent if he had known of the telegram Tessie was even then dispatching to him at the hotel address he had given her to reach him in Buffalo:

"Burnham made Collver acting-manager while you are away. I hate them both."

But while the wire was largely prompted by resentment, there was a lurking suspicion in Tessie's heart that all was not well at the office so far as Dewent's interests were concerned. And, herself resentful of hard work, she was furious at having any injustice done to her own lenient boss. And if Dewent did not know of the wire, he did think of Tessie later on. "If they scold that kid for being late this morning, I hope she has sense enough not to say she was out with me. I'd just as leave the boss didn't know I stayed over until this morning. I should have warned her about that."

(To be continued)

Kicked into Their Kingdoms

(Continued from page 41)

fired, body and soul, from his home and his job. He took the slide then for fair and didn't stop until he landed one night down at the foot of Billy Sunday's sawdust trail. There wasn't any place else left for him. There wasn't any place else for him to go. They had kicked him out of every saloon and club in town. That was what drove him to Sunday's meetings.

"Billy got under his skin, and, before he knew it, this man had hold of Billy's hand and clung to it like a drowning man. Somebody told Billy how this man had been one of the big business successes in Michigan, how he lost his grip on life. Billy Sunday took a personal interest in his case. What that fellow got at Sunday's meeting put new hope and new pep into him."

"Where is he now?" I asked

"He's up in a little country church, preaching. He was converted, bought a new suit of clothes, got his self-respect back; next he got his family back, and then his manhood. He is up there in the country, the happiest fellow I ever saw, with his wife and children about him.

Grandma Goes to College

(Continued from page 57)

for her, she learned to form them for herself and so developed her own mental capacity. I'm always harping on the value of self-help to the students. Here's an example of it."

"A remarkable example," agreed the professor of mathematics. "It's wonderful what she achieves in spite of her age."

"Yes," declared the president. "I used to think of age as of something incompatible with further achievement, and I dreaded my own advancing years. But she has convinced me that there is no incompatibility, and I feel I have a new lease of life."

"Her enthusiasm inspires me," interpolated one of the younger men.

"Me, also," interrupted another voice.

"And me," breezed a third.

"Us all," summed up the president.

"She's a regular Polyanna grown older," flippantly asserted the science master. "She reforms all she touches. And the best of it is she has not the slightest desire to reform any one or anything. Good old Gran! She's as fond of pranks and mischief as the friskiest young one of them all."

Thus with success in her work, and surrounded by an aura of good will and affection, Grandma Higgins's first year at college was passed.

IT was towards the latter part of her second year that she developed a new ambition. There was to be at the commencement of the coming term some special festivity to mark a college anniversary, and the girls were eagerly discussing fashions and frocks for the forthcoming event, while Grandma Higgins listened to the discussions with her usual interest in anything that interested her companions.

"What are you going to wear, Gran?" they queried, turning unexpectedly to her.

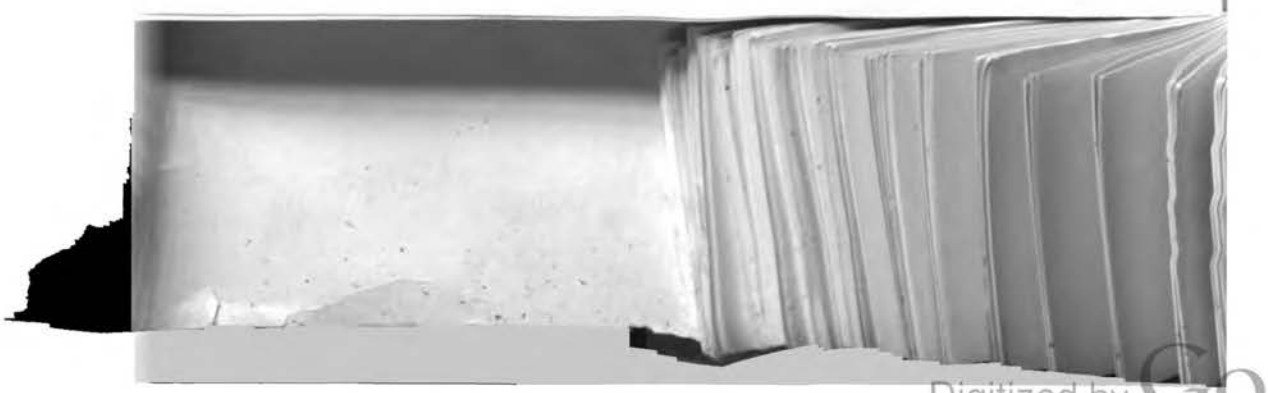
"Who—me?" she asked in ungrammatical surprise. "Why, my black silk," she answered with complacent pride in the "best" dress she wore to all festivities.

"Won't do! Nothing less than evening dress for this," they teased her.

"But, I've never worn evening dress," she remonstrated. "I've never been to a really grand party before," she added with unsophisticated simplicity that was the delight of the girls.

"Then this is your coming-out party, Gran. So you must have something extra swagger for it."

"Very well; I will," she calmly assured them, in her heart springing a desire for something of



greater elegance than anything she possessed. "You, young folks, are not going to have a monopoly of all the frills," she laughed.

The vacation at the end of that term was a short one. On the very first day, Grandma Higgins visited a dressmaker in the neighboring city. The dressmaker, a little Frenchwoman whose "*chic* creations" were in great demand, met her with refusal ready on her lips. This old lady in her homely gown was not the sort of customer to whom she usually catered. But before the refusal could be voiced, Grandma Higgins, with her usual simplicity, was recounting the whole situation, and the little Frenchwoman found herself at first amused, then interested, and at length enthusiastically sympathetic.

"Yes, yes!" she gesticulated. "I comprehend. Madame desires not to appear young. But a gown of magnificence that will please the so young girls—her companions."

"That is it," assented Grandma Higgins delightedly, and proceeded to outline the color scheme she wished for that gown of magnificence.

"That color—it is good," approved the dressmaker, and then followed a long conference as to materials, styles, and accessories. Then Grandma Higgins's measurement was taken, and she was dismissed with instructions as to which *corsetiere* and which beauty specialist to visit.

The remainder of the vacation was a whirl of shopping and of dressmaker's fittings, of massages and shampoos and manicures and instructions in hairdressing.

The completed gown was truly "of a magnificence." So mutually delighted were wearer and maker of it, that orders were given and willingly taken for class, and walking, and "best dresses."

The big costumer's box and the various smaller parcels were duly noted by the girls on Grandma Higgins's return to college. But no glimpse were they permitted of the contents. With a quaint air of secrecy, the old lady preserved her own counsel.

"It's a twilight symphony, befitting the spirit of old age," was all they could learn from her.

"Fiddlesticks!" they scoffed. "If it befits your spirit, Gran, it'll be the most frothily youthful gown in the room."

On the evening of the festivity, Grandma Higgins locked the door of her room before laying out the dress and its accessories—silken *froufrou* of underskirts, brocaded corsets, silk stockings, and elegant silver-buckled shoes. With the delight of a débutante in her first ball finery, she gloated over them, and then set to work at the unaccustomed business of powdering face and

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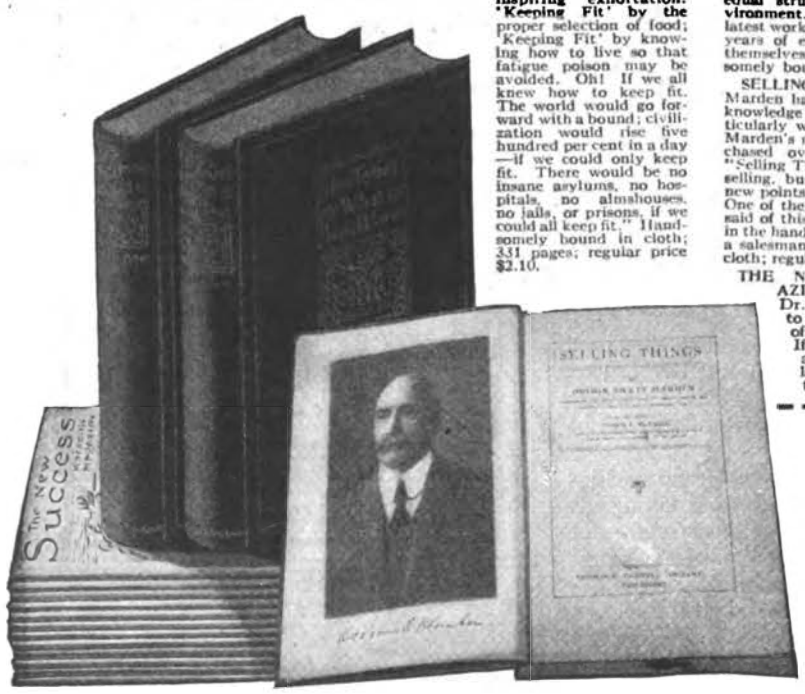

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arms, and dressing her hair in the manner recommended by the hairdresser.

There was an excited fussing and chattering in the other rooms along the corridor. Girlish figures in lacy *dishabille* darted from one room to another, and there was a constant chorusing of questions.

"Does my hair look right? Have I got on too much powder? Will someone hook me up, please?"

Being unaccustomed to the making of elaborate toilets, the old lady spent much time over hers, and the girls were assembled in the hall below when she appeared at the head of the stairs.

Amazed glances swept from her silken slippers, up over the gracious fullness of her figure sheathed in an overdress of jade and silver, beneath which shone deep rich gleams of purple like that of a twilight sky; up to the soft white neck and shoulders that the years had not wasted, to the necklace of amethysts; to the faintly flushed cheeks, to her crown of shining silver hair.

As that regal vision swept majestically down upon them, there was a breathless pause of astonishment and the applause broke out. Excitedly the girls gathered about her exclaiming, laughing, delighting. They made her stand off from them that they might get a fuller view of her magnificence, of the superb lines of the gown that added such stateliness to her tall full figure, of the rich yet subdued restraint of its colors that gave her such an air of quiet elderly elegance.

"Why, Grandma Cinderella!" they rallied her. "Did you enlist the help of a fairy godmother? You've cut us all out. Won't the 'profs' stare."

The professors, if professors may be accused of so glaring a breach of good manners, certainly did stare when that imperial figure swept into the room with its train of girl attendants.

"My eye!" said the youngest of them with a complete forgetfulness of professorial dignity. "I'd like to marry a girl that would look like that when she grows old."

THERE was no question about it. Grandma Higgins was the center of attraction that evening. Her own bevy of young people hung proudly about her; members of the faculty sought her out and found obvious pleasure in her company. The most persistent seeker of all was the college president. At every possible opportunity he returned to her side, his aristocratic old head bent to hers in utter oblivion of the *meaning* glances the amused students threw in *their* direction.

"Gran's got a beau," announced one flippant youngster to another.

Truly, in the days that followed, it seemed that she had. During the rest of that term and during the third year of her college life there came to Grandma Higgins constant tokens of the president's regard for her—books, engravings, even flowers.

"It'll be candy next," exulted the girl observers. Scenting a possible romance of old age, they set themselves delightedly to further it. Never before in all his term of office, though he had always been a favorite, had so many invitations to house parties been showered on the president, never had he managed to find sufficient leisure to attend so many. And at those gatherings the machinations of the youthful matchmakers threw the elderly widower, nothing loth, into the company of the elderly student.

And ever the thought took greater hold of his mind that here in this gracious and intelligent old lady was a decidedly desirable, decidedly inspiring companion with whom to spend the remainder of his days. True they were both well on in years, but had she not taught him herself that age was a negligible quantity. With a sudden new enthusiasm he quoted to himself the opening lines of "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

> Grow old along with me.
> The best is yet to be—
> The last of life, for which the first was made.

All unconsciously the thoughts and feelings of Grandma Higgins kept pace with his. Here in this tolerant-minded courteous old gentleman was one who stood to her as the incarnation of all those things of which her life until now had been deprived—knowledge and culture and all that broadened and deepened and refined life.

His companionship would bring her into contact with college life when her own college days were over—would give her opportunity of making use of all she had learned and gained. There stirred in her heart a real personal feeling for him.

It was the first real love story of her life. Her marriage to Grandpa Higgins in the days of her girlhood had been an affair of family arrangement—into it her heart had hardly entered. And now, love, though late, was none the less sweet.

But it was not until the end of her college course that the elderly lovers arrived at a mutual understanding. The girl students were not slow to guess that the understanding had been reached.

"Now, Gran, own up," they commanded, with quizzical eyes on her soft blushes.

And radiant with happiness Grandma Higgins "owned up."

"I—I—Sir!"

(*Continued from page 79*)

Suddenly, Wade felt sure of his ground. "Yes, it's about things up there. You can save the price of a man in that office, or nearly, Mr. Storm. I've got it all figured."

STORM, sitting upright in his swivel chair instead of tilting back, as a man of less military cut would have done, frowned thoughtfully. His eyes became two sparkling interrogation points, inviting him to proceed.

"There are two of us in Pratt's anteroom," continued Theron. "I've been with you a year. When I arrived there were Pratt and his stenographer in the main office. And there was Lambert Brill."

Storm nodded, his lips flexing. "Oh! Brill!" he repeated dryly. "I know him, of course. I know all of you. I begin to see. You're coming to the fact that Brill is apparently not satisfied with his job, that he is seeking the open air pretty frequently during business hours. And then, what?"

"So you've noticed it!" commented Theron, trying to keep the exultation from his tone. "Well, business is business. I'm doing an extra job to-day that Pratt gave him. I did one yesterday. He doesn't seem to have time to do them, and he's been growling about being penned up for some time."

"Oh, he has, has he? In that case we might arrange to give him all the fresh air he wants." Storm's face and tone were judicially calm as usual. But his eyes were glittering.

"Right here," swept on Theron Wade, with mounting eagerness, "is where *I* come in. I might as well tell you, Mr. Storm, that the pace isn't so very fast up there. I don't know what you have been told, but that's the fact. Even when there's extra work, it isn't enough to stagger under; not for a *good* man. And I'd like to demonstrate with a little experiment."

"What is that?" Theron's ambition warmed. Storm was undoubtedly registering interest.

"Suppose, for a week or a month, as you like, you invent some excuse for loading the work of both of us onto *me*, Do it through Pratt. I'll demonstrate, for any period you want to name, that I can do both Brill's work and my own. I'm getting forty dollars a week as it is. It might take a little overtime, but I'll furnish that. And if I can swing it—and I know I can—I'll do the combined job for fifty dollars."

He leaned forward, his hawklike features tensed, his eyes glowing hungrily, his thin, acquisitive fingers clasping and loosing. No

man ever attempted to sell himself with more ferver than Theron Wade was showing in this crucial moment.

Talcott Storm, stickler for pace, efficiency, progress, sat considering, with downcast look. Theron waited, quivering. Somewhere out in the sunshine, Lambert Brill, blissfully unconscious of this colloquy over his fortunes, was following his devices, that had nothing to do with dreary computations in a sub-department of the Marathon Sales System Company. Upon the wall a bronze clock ticked relentless moments of fate.

Finally, Storm turned his face again toward Wade's. Eyes and lips were as cruel, as ruthless, as Theron's own.

"Every man earns his own flowers, for a bungalow or for a funeral," he conceded. "Brill hates routine; that is evident. If he's misplaced, that's his own affair. Any man who doesn't like his job should change it. Most of them have to be helped out—but that's their own lookout."

"Exactly!" agreed Theron fervently.

The plotters exchanged meaning glances. "You've outlined an interesting experiment," Storm told Wade. "We must watch expense, as we watch men. They are interdependent. Go back and try it for a week, if you want to. I will have Pratt in here, and explain."

Dizzy with joy, Wade left the room, even forgetting to thank Storm for the chance. His roused ego centered on a gleaming magnet, which Storm's words had swept close to him. It was the extra ten dollars which he felt sure, after the week's experiment, would be his to cache every seven days with his hoardings.

They were treasured for their own sordid sake, without thought as yet to investment in fields outside the bank. They would never be thrown into gambles of finance wherein men of more heroic mold sometimes win fortunes. No plea for aid, from sources however close in ties of blood, would ever lure them from the repository in which they were slowly growing.

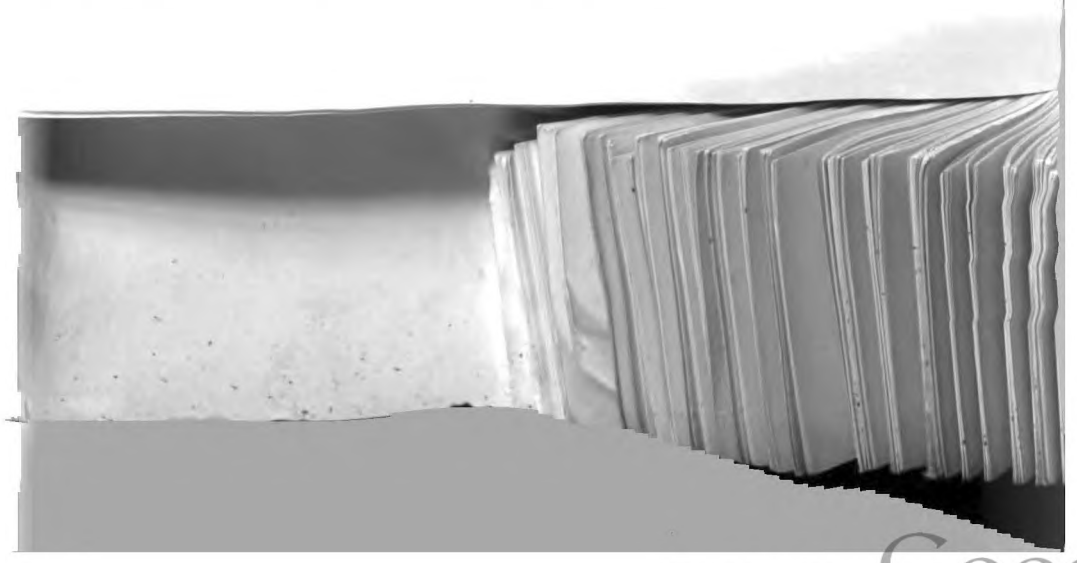
Theron Wade, incipient miser, mean of mind and scrawny of soul, ascended in the elevator, returning to his work that Saturday morning. Two words romped together, laughing, in his head:

"Fifty dollars!"

And rolling, scampering, yelping with childish exuberance, four other words:

"I save ten more!"

IT was a week later, on a Saturday afternoon. Excepting the main building office downstairs the Marathon's suites were empty for the weekly half-holiday.



However, one man was working in a little office on the fourth floor. He was Theron Wade, successfully completing his self-imposed task of two men at the week-end.

It had been very simple, after all. Monday morning Pratt had told him that the general manager required Lambert Brill's presence downstairs, and had asked him if he could manage to do the work of both Brill and himself for a week or so. Wade had instantly assented. He could not tell from the drab little Pratt's manner whether Storm had let him in on the jest or not.

There was more work than usual that week, and Wade found he had to give more night time to the combined job than he had anticipated. But the extra ten dollars glittered invitingly in his vision. The anticipation was sufficient to comfort fatigue. Fagged, but happy, he completed the remnants of his work, and placed the papers in his drawer, ready to hand to Pratt Monday morning.

From the corridor came a faint step. Somebody had walked up the four flights, for the elevators had ceased running at noon. The doors of Pratt's office and the smaller room were open. Coming along the corridor was Lambert Brill.

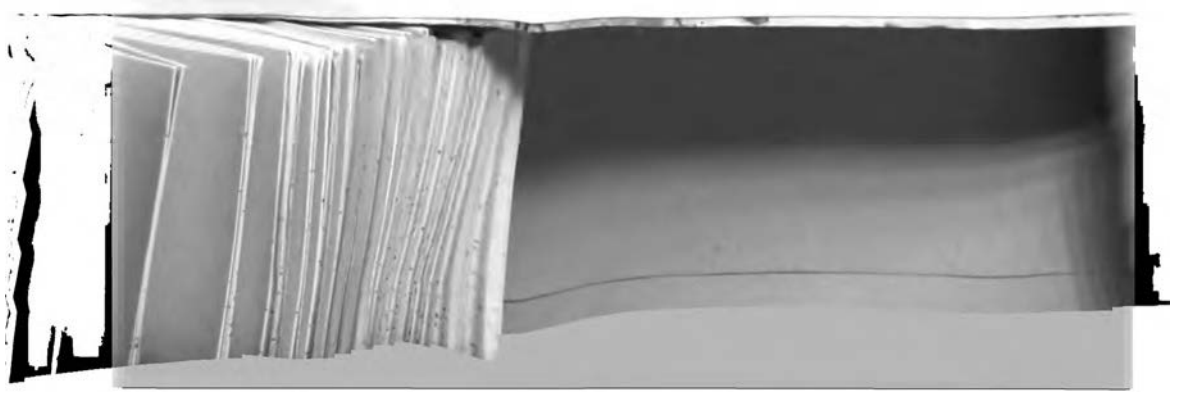
Obeying a blind impulse—Brill had not glimpsed him—Theron Wade leaped from his chair and tiptoed swiftly to the wardrobe. He slipped inside and pulled the door nearly shut as Brill came through to the room wherein he had worked for nearly three years.

The impulse to hide had been obscure, but now Wade knew the last thing he wanted in the world was to meet Brill. It was musty in the wardrobe, and there remained traces of the gasoline smell adhering to Theron's overcoat, which he had taken to his lodgings only the night before. Now, cold beads of sweat dampened his forehead. Suppose Brill had something in the wardrobe, and should open the door and find him there?

He glanced about, and nearly gasped in relief. There was nothing on the hooks but his own hat.

Cautiously pushing open the door a very little for air and vantage, he peered through the chink between the hinges. His eyes widened with swift divining. Lambert Brill had been discharged! Realizing this, with the accompanying possibility that he might know or have guessed how it had come about, Theron cowered in the wardrobe. What, if he should chance to open the door, would the discredited Brill do to him?

However, Brill's gaze did not once turn toward the wardrobe. He was a different figure from the nonchalant Lambert to whom Theron had become accustomed. He had been wont to



enter the office with breeze and a blithe whistle. Now he stood silent by the window, as if staring over the vista of chimneys in the valley between green hills for the last time from this room.

His raiment was fine, as usual, but his manner revealed no joy in life. Now Theron noticed that he was holding a suit case. With a deep sigh he turned to his desk. Upon it he placed a drawer key.

He went through the drawers and took out some personal belongings which he placed in the suit case. Then he went out, with bent head.

Breathing freely now, Theron, sweating, came out of the wardrobe and said:

"It was his own funeral!"

PUTTING on his shiny derby he descended the stairs. The main office was still open. The rest of the force had drawn their weekly envelopes at noon, to waste on theaters and such that evening. He would draw his now, and, on Monday, he would see the general manager and arrange to carry on the combined job at the new pay.

A blonde girl—they had never liked each other—handed him his envelope. She leered at him unkindly. He returned a stony look and went out into the rotunda to tear open his envelope.

His heart beat faster. The envelope was uncommonly fat and they usually used large bills. Perhaps the advance had been already started. Perhaps—

He was counting, in tens and fives:—thirty forty, forty-five . . . seventy, eighty, ninety—*Ninety dollars!* What!

Then, in his trembling fingers, he beheld for the first time a folded bit of paper.

He unrolled it. He read it, while his heart seemed to cease beating.

Mr. Theron Wade,

Find enclosed your salary for week ending to-day and salary, at $50, for next week, covering a week's notice of dismissal. You need not trouble to report again.

TALCOTT STORM, *General Manager,*
Marathon Sales System Company.

Talcott Storm lodged at the Eagle Bachelor Apartments on Pomander Avenue. At six o'clock that evening, while dressing for dinner in his suite on the second floor, he turned at a frantic pounding on his door.

He slipped into his tuxedo, crossed a den outfitted with leather chairs, smoking stands, steins, and pennants that men love decorating the walls, and threw open the door to confront an agonized and shabby figure.

"Oh, *you?*" exclaimed the general manager, with an indescribable inflection. "I just told you over the 'phone that I did not care to talk with you."

"You *will* talk!" gabbled Theron Wade, disheveled, incoherent, almost sobbing. "You'll tell me why—how—you double-crossed me—fired us both without reason."

He stopped abruptly, gaping. There was a swimming in his head, he could not find words he longed to pour forth.

"Fired you—*both?*" repeated Talcott Storm, faintly puzzled. Then he smiled grimly. "Oh, yes, Brill. He was packing up to-day. You may have seen him. But he's not fired; he's promoted."

"*Promoted?*" gasped Wade.

"Monday he starts on State territory for the sales department. He came to me three weeks ago, told me he was out of place in Pratt's department, and asked me to let him put in a few hours each day around the city, to see if he had the sales instinct. He has it! He's a comer."

"So I—" faltered Wade.

Storm continued:

"Brill had been doing his routine work at home nights. When you made your proposition I saw no reason why Brill should not have an uninterrupted week under the care of our city sales manager. I never saw a man come on faster. He's a big bet."

"For once," pursued Storm evenly. "I'll deviate from my habit of not talking business outside business hours. Brief business! Since you have forced yourself upon me, I'll fill your ears.

"'I—I—sir'; that's how you first addressed me. It's the key note to your nature—'I'. But the keynote of real business, in these days of reconstruction, is 'we'. And while the Marathon is looking for men to save more money, it's anxious to get its hooks on those who can make it. We're looking for Brills!"

His eyes flashed in his tense face, he took a step nearer Wade. Theron shrank away. About the man now was the essence of a tempest.

"As for you, miserly, plotting, unprincipled hound that you are," imparted his deadly, deep, quiet tone, "we'd as soon have a snake around as you. A man who would knife in the back a desk mate who had served him, would stab a company as soon. Loyalty! The Brills think of the job; that's how we build.

"And you—you came in handy for Brill's week of training, till we could get two other men. They'll be in Monday; we don't believe in slave lashing here. Now you've got your little Judas roll of greenbacks. Get out of here before I throw you downstairs!"