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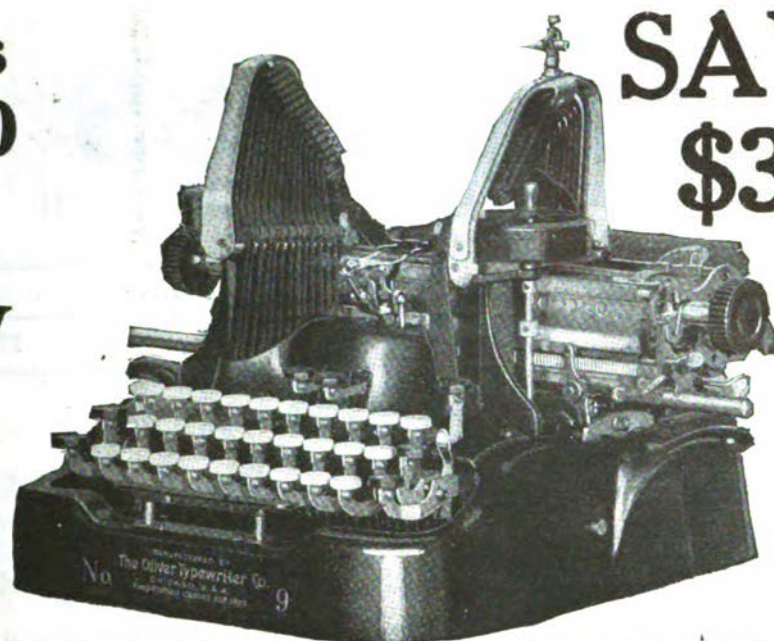
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Marden's Magazine

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

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Number 4

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MARDEN'S

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR

VOLUME V

NUMBER 4

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1921

The Big Man of the Harding Cabinet

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

How He Fitted Himself for a Public Career

By T. V. MERLE

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES as the prime minister, so to speak, of President Harding's cabinet, is a wise choice. Mr. Hughes has a deep and independent understanding of foreign affairs. He is possessed of a determined mind. He is not easily swayed—his incumbency as governor of the State of New York proved that. If he is permitted to conduct his great office in the independent manner suggested by the President when he handed Mr. Hughes the portfolio, we may look for a Secretary of State who will measure up with Daniel Webster and John Hays.

Why has it come to Charles E. Hughes to be Secretary of State? By what steps of progress has he attained the standing that caused President Harding to regard him as the man of all men to head his cabinet? He was forty-three years old before he attracted any unusual attention. That was back in 1905, when he was selected by the New York legislature to conduct an investigation of what proved to be the greatest commercial scandal of the age. Mr. Hughes proved himself then to be a fearless inquisitor, for he forced from the lips of some of the men whom the late Presi-

dent Roosevelt had termed malefactors of great wealth, a deplorable story of criminal greed and the misuse of public funds by some of the great insurance companies of America. The financial methods of men who had long held exalted places in the public esteem were laid bare by the skillful knife of Charles Evans Hughes. Their high reputations were placed on the rack. Boldly and unerringly, with a probe of questions, he, as chief counsel of the investigating committee, brought to light such astonishing conditions of disease in the institutions of life insurance that the entire system was turned to new and more honest channels. He curbed the pernicious operations of high finance and protected the savings of thousands of men and women. It was, probably, as important a piece of work as ever befell a young lawyer.

MR. HUGHES was a remarkable man in those days just as he is to-day. When he pitted his determination against the strong reluctance of able witnesses, he seemed austere and cold, a mere intellectual machine. But in

the quietude of his home or his private office, he is another Mr. Hughes.

One of the first and most significant things I discovered about him was that he has a very spontaneous and rather boyish laugh—a laugh impelled by so strong a sense of humor that now and then he feels obliged to rein it in. It becomes plain, when you chat with him, that he is far from being an inquisitor by nature.

"I have always tried," he said to me, "to let nothing interfere with the work I have on hand."

Standing, most of the time, with his back to the grate fire, he gave me a glimpse of the long succession of his days of work. I saw first a frail and puny boy of eight receiving, among his presents on a Christmas morning, a copy of the Bible printed in Greek, and the same boy, after breakfast, poring over its pages. Mr. Hughes laughed when he told me this, and asked me not to consider the child a little prig. He assured me that he was not much of a Greek scholar at the age of eight, and had no overweening fondness for the classics. It was only that being too delicate to go to school or to indulge in the romping play of other children, his father, a Baptist clergyman, had turned his young son's mind in the direction of his own studies. That was in Glen Falls, New York, where Mr. Hughes was born.

HIS mother, as well as his father, took a hand in his early education. Having been a school-teacher and believing in the value of mathematics as discipline for the mind, Mrs. Hughes drilled her boy every day in mental arithmetic. He said that he used to enjoy these lessons, and that they were the foundation of a grasp of facts and figures which has been of immense value to him in his law practice. Besides studying the languages and mathematics, he was reading theology when he was ten. Again he laughed when he mentioned this. He explained that it was merely his home influence and not any special inclination on his part, aside from a fairly studious disposition, that led him into these paths of somewhat premature scholarship. If he had been a farmer's boy, he said, he would probably have been no less zealous in following the path that led to the swimming hole in the creek.

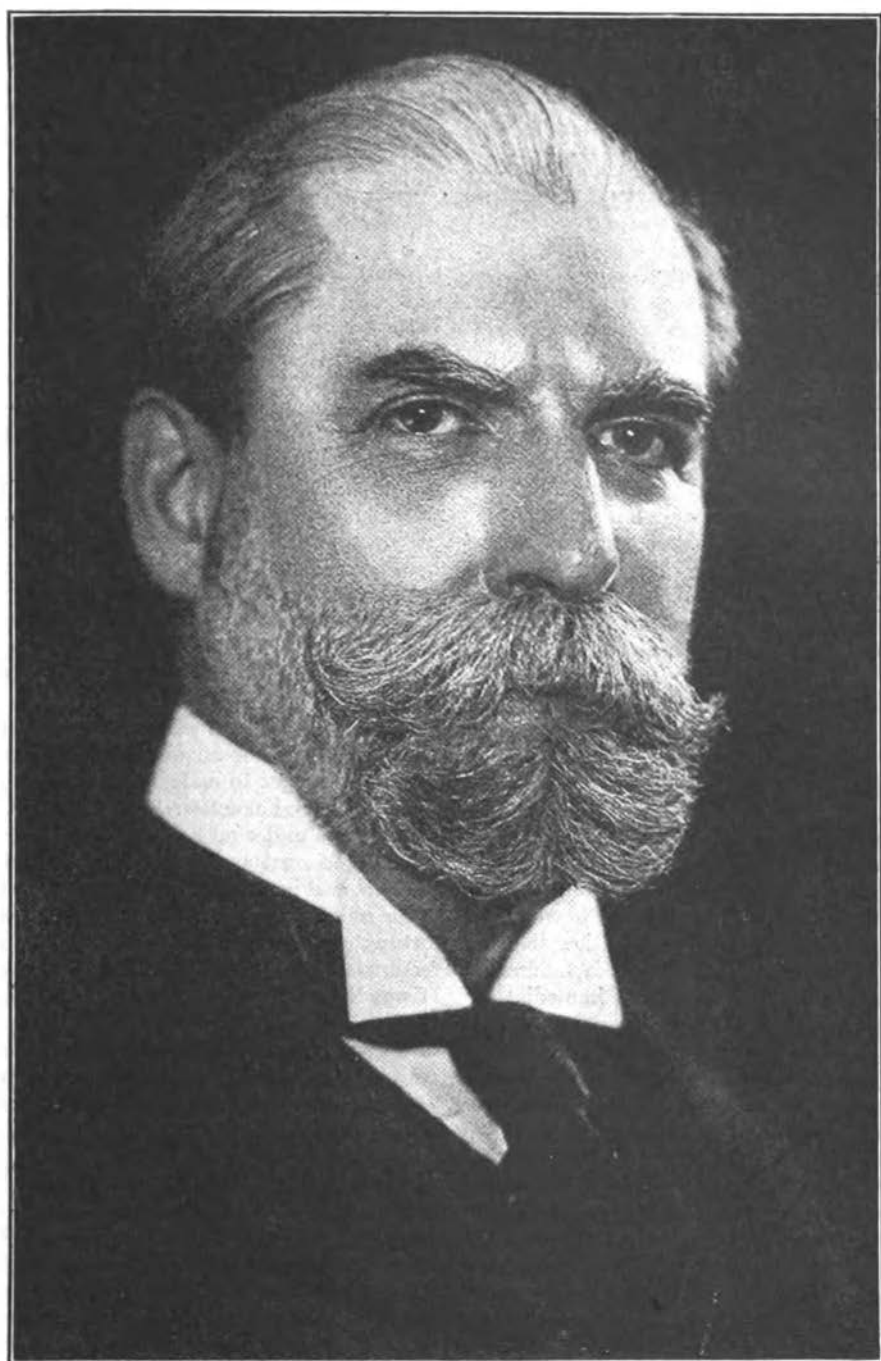
The family moved to Newark, New Jersey, when he was eleven, and there, having grown stronger, he obtained his first taste of public-school life. Another family removal, within a year, brought him to New York City and the famous old grammar school in Thirteenth Street, from which he was graduated when he was thirteen. It was at this time that he experienced his

first strong disappointment. He was looking forward to taking the course of the College of the City of New York, but was refused admittance because he was a year too young. He was anxious to be graduated from this college with the boys who were entering it from his class in the public school. When he found that he couldn't be, he felt that he was being left behind in the race of life. To avoid such a calamity he decided to devote a year to home study and then enter a college in which the course was only four years, so that he might still graduate in triumph at the same time as would his classmates of the public school.

IN the following fall, 1876, he passed his entrance examination for Colgate University. He describes himself as being very slight, delicate and short of stature in those days. He had no chance in the physical competitions of a college, and for this reason he threw himself with more vim into those which were intellectual. After two years of hard and successful study at Colgate the young man entered the junior class at Brown University, where he quickly acquired the reputation of being, in the words of a classmate, "a lad who managed to carry off the plums of scholarship without study." Mr. Hughes told me that this was a general but erroneous impression on the part of his fellow students at Brown. The fact that his hard work at Colgate had carried him ahead of them in a number of subjects was what gave him freedom from the cares of the dull lessons prescribed for the remainder of the class.

"I felt like a colt in a ten-acre field," said Mr. Hughes, in commenting on this. His use of his liberty was not, however, like that of the average "colt." He frisked about in history and philosophy, and of the latter he became passionately fond. He was not studying for honors at Brown, however, having come to believe that a broad foundation of knowledge and culture is more important than success in out-distancing rivals. But he was graduated third in his class, and was awarded one of the Carpenter prizes, which are given to the two students who, in the opinion of the faculty, have shown the greatest all-round promise.

It was not his laurels, however, nor the concrete knowledge he acquired at Brown, that Mr. Hughes regarded as the most important feature of his training there. When he entered the university, he had a pretty fair opinion of his own attainments, but it was not long before he was brought face to face with his deficiencies. There were several unusually strong men on the faculty, he said, but one of them, Professor J.



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CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, Secretary of State for the United States

"I have always tried to let nothing interfere with my work"

Lewis Diman, he regarded as one of the most inspired teachers ever connected with any American university. "I came under his influence, and it was probably the most potent molding factor in the formative days of my youth. That man woke me up."

THE light of enthusiasm had come into the thoughtful eyes of Mr. Hughes. Under the spell of the personalities of his teachers, he felt at that time that teaching was the finest profession in the world, just as his early home influences had convinced him that he was destined for the ministry; but, when he was called upon to write the class prophecy for the graduating exercises at Brown, his mind was not made up as to the calling he should follow.

"What are you going to prophesy for yourself?" asked a classmate.

"I don't know," answered Hughes.

"Well, if you want to make a true prophecy when you come to your own name, tell them about your brilliant future at the bar."

Both laughed at this, but it set Hughes to thinking about the law. He thought about it a good deal during the summer following his graduation, and in the fall, after he had written to the principal of Delaware Academy, at Delhi, New York, asking for a place as a teacher, and had received a reply to the effect that half his time could be utilized as a teacher of Greek and mathematics, he decided to devote the other half to the study of law.

In the office of Judge Gleason, at Delhi, he began to read dusty legal tomes, and his first dips into them left no doubt in his mind as to what his profession would be. He told his father that, if the latter would see him through the Columbia Law School, he would buckle down immediately afterwards to the practical business of making a living. The nineteen-year-old teacher of mathematics and the classics had no lack of confidence that, in the jostle of legal work in New York City, far different from his quiet life of study, he would be able to get ahead. At Columbia he concentrated himself to such a degree upon his work, and showed such a grasp of legal principles, that Professor George Chase coupled his name with that of William M. Hornblower, afterwards in the same firm, calling the two the ablest students the law school ever had.

When he was attending a reception of his class, in his senior year, he was informed that Theodore E. Dwight, the dean of the school, desired to make him a prize fellow, which meant an annual income of five hundred dollars a year after graduation for quizzing undergraduates two nights a week. Eager to get to work as a practicing

lawyer, and desirous of concentrating his whole attention on the cases he was sure would come, he said, at first, that he could not accept the fellowship. He reconsidered, however, and for two years conducted night quizzes which are still well remembered at the law school for the brisk brilliancy and thoroughness of the youth in the professor's chair.

MEANWHILE he had entered a law office. Armed with a letter of introduction from a friend to a member of the firm of Chamberlain, Carter & Hornblower, he sat waiting, one morning, in the anteroom of their offices, when Mr. Carter, then one of the best-known of New York attorneys, happened along. One of the latter's hobbies was young men, and, noticing this one and inquiring in a genial way as to his business, he invited the youth into his private office, where he proceeded to give the aspirant for a position some advice.

"Your ambition," he said, "is, of course, to become a leader of the New York bar."

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Hughes.

"Well, you will need for that a very broad groundwork of knowledge. If I were you I would round out my legal education with a year or two at the fine old universities of Europe."

"That would be fine," answered the young man, "but there is an obstacle. I haven't the money. I've got to make a living."

His talk and manner so pleased Mr. Carter that he was under no necessity of presenting his letter. His own personality was his best introduction, and in a day or two he had a desk in one of the offices. This he regards as one of the most fortunate circumstances of his life, but it was fortunate only in that it gave him an opportunity. It was his own zeal, ability, and greed for work that lifted him, in the course of about three years, to the position of a junior partner in the firm, and caused Mr. Carter, who was getting along in years, to intrust to him much of the preparation of his own important cases.

"I was jacked into taking care of a large part of Mr. Carter's work," said Mr. Hughes. By the time he was twenty-seven he was arguing cases in the New York Court of Appeals. Before he was thirty he had written briefs which fill eight volumes of law books in his library. All this meant extremely hard work. There were many nights when he would return to the office, after dinner, and would not leave his desk again until after daylight. His chief recreation, in those days, was solving and devising mathematical puzzles. It might be imagined that his mind was far from marriage, but he had met Mr. Carter's daughter, who became Mrs. Hughes.



Important Steps in the Life of Charles Evans Hughes

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1862—Born, Glenn Falls, New York. | 1906—Declined Nomination for Mayor of New York City. |
| 1876-8—Student at Colgate University. | 1906—Elected Governor of New York. |
| 1884—Graduated from Colgate College. | 1908—Re-elected Governor of New York. |
| 1885—Admitted to New York Bar. | 1910—Appointed Associate Justice of Supreme Court of United States. |
| 1893—Professor of Law. | 1916—Nominated for President of the U. S. by the Republican National Convention. Defeated by Woodrow Wilson. |
| 1895—Special Lecturer New York Law School. | 1921—Appointed Secretary of State by President Harding. |
| 1900—Special Counsel, Stevens Gas Commission. | |
| 1905—Special Counsel, Armstrong Insurance Committee. | |
| 1906—Assistant to United States Attorney General in Coal Investigation. | |

THE young man's life was so strenuous that, when he was twenty-nine, his health had given way, and, to obtain a rest, he accepted a chair of law in Cornell University. He worked nearly as hard there as in New York, but it was work without strain, and the quiet life so rested his nerves that he again grew robust. Mr. Carter did not approve of the idea that his partner and son-in-law should retire permanently, in his youth, to quiet scholastic paths. He bombarded the young professor with letters of recall to the fray. This strong influence, together with the feeling that he ought to be making more money for his little family, caused Professor Hughes to resign from Cornell, where, he told me, he had spent two of the happiest years of his life, and return to the arena of New York practice.

From that time until the beginning of the legislative inquiry into the business of the New York gas-selling corporations, the career of Mr. Hughes was that of a metropolitan lawyer who does work in litigation which involves great interests, but which usually does not get to the courts and public notice. The outside world heard little of him, but in his own profession his reputation was growing steadily. One of the members of the committee which the New York legislature appointed to investigate the gas company was State Senator Alfred R. Page, a lawyer of high standing in New York City, who had watched the progress of Mr. Hughes at the bar. The chairman of the committee asked Senator Page who would be the best man to engage as counsel, and the latter promptly replied, "Charles E. Hughes."

"Who's Hughes?" inquired the chairman. Senator Page explained at some length, with the result that the chairman and another committee-man called on Mr. Hughes and asked him to conduct the inquiry. He declined the honor, on the grounds that he already had a great deal of work on hand, and that he feared that he would not be

given complete freedom to bring out all the facts regardless of the interests, political or otherwise that might be affected. Then Senator Page had several talks with him, and the committeemen called again.

"I will undertake this work," he said, "provided"—here he grew very emphatic—"I am not interfered with in any way in getting down to the root of the matter."

HE did get down to the root of the matter. Without knowledge of the gas business, when he began his preliminary work, he showed a grasp of its intricate facts and conditions that astonished everybody when he began to examine the witnesses before the committee. Not one of the many efforts to mislead him or throw him off the track by technicalities or complicated statements was successful. It was then that he began to loom up in the public eye as a man peculiarly fitted for public life.

His record in the gas inquiry was such that, when the committee from the legislature came to New York to investigate the insurance abuses, there was no doubt as to the man to apply the probe. The success of Mr. Hughes in opening the heavy barred doors of the insurance corporation's secret closets and turning a flood of light upon some of the greatest financial iniquities of the age has lifted him to the position of one of the most important men in this country.

He always prepared his cases with great care, but he was never without a touch of apprehension when he began an argument or took hold of an important witness, that he might fail to make the most of every point. "But I always take keen pleasure in my work, whether it is digesting facts, writing a brief, or appearing in a courtroom. It is obvious, I think, that a man can do his best work only when he feels enthusiasm for the task at hand. But training and preparation are, of course, very essential."

How to Increase Your Ability

By *ORISON SWETT MARDEN*

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

A YOUNG woman stenographer once said to me that if she was sure she had the ability to become an expert literary stenographer, she would go to evening school, study nights and holidays, and do everything in her power to improve herself in all possible ways. But as she was convinced that she had only ordinary ability she would have to be satisfied with an ordinary position and let it go at that. She seemed to think that her ability was a fixed quantity, something over which she had no control, which could neither be increased nor decreased, nor changed in any way, any more than the color of her eyes could be changed.

Most people seem to have the same idea about their ability—that it is an invariable quantity. As a matter of fact, human ability is a very variable and a very elastic quantity. It can be expanded almost indefinitely, or contracted, in a great many ways. It is like an accordion which the player draws out sometimes to its full extent and again closes completely. While the development and sharpening of the different mental faculties immensely increases natural ability, it is a mistake to think that all of our ability is dependent upon this. We all know that some days we seem to have many times as much ability as we have other days. Our talent seems infinitely stronger, our faculties sharper, keener, more clean-cut. We know from experience that our ability is extremely sensitive, varying with our moods, sensations, and mental conditions.

WHEN we don't feel like it, when we are out of sorts, when we are not physically fit, or feel blue, discouraged, despondent, our ability is greatly contracted. On the other hand, when we are in good trim, when we feel fine physically, when we are healthy and robust, when our minds are harmonious, not anxious or worried about anything, it is enormously expanded. That is, all the positive, uplifting, encouraging, cheerful emotions and feelings expand, increase, our ability, while all of the negative, depressing, discouraging, gloomy ones, contract, lessen, it. In fact, our ability is as sensitive to our moods, our feelings, our mental attitudes, as the mercury is to the changes of weather; as a weather-vane is to currents of air.

Hope, self-confidence, assurance, faith in one's mission, enthusiasm in one's work, optimism, courage, joy, open up the ability accordion. Fear, anxiety, envy, prejudice, jealousy, worry, smallness, meanness, selfishness, close it.

WE all know how our ability is enlarged by a sublime self-confidence, an unwavering faith, and how it is contracted by the lack of faith in ourselves, by self-depreciation. You know how much a bigger man, how much more capable of planning and doing things, you are when your courage is up and you believe in yourself, than when you are blue and discouraged. Your consciousness of ability expands so, you feel as though you could tackle almost anything. Again, we all have had numerous experiences showing how our minds are demoralized and our ability cut down fifty or seventy-five per cent by fear, by worry, by anxiety.

We know how cowardice paralyzes initiative and all of the other constructive faculties; how bad news, failure, disaster, hard times, close up the ability accordion of a great number of people; and how, on the other hand, good news, the notice that some good fortune is coming to him, that somebody has left him a large sum of money, or that he is to be unexpectedly promoted, greatly enlarges and increases a man's ability.

Nothing encourages us like success, and whatever encourages us unlooses our ability, opens up our accordion. Think how the unexpected success of an author enlarges his ability, especially if a book in which he has very little confidence becomes a "best seller," and its sales run up to a million copies!

Honor from our fellowmen, election to high office, great responsibility which will test all our powers,—all these things enlarge ability tremendously. Think how the ability of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson was enlarged by their election to the Presidency! The consciousness that a nation's responsibility was thrust upon them, that so many millions were looking to them for results, that on their judgment and wisdom mighty issues depended, put them on their mettle and brought out tremendous reserves which, perhaps, otherwise would never have been brought out.

Love, praise, appreciation, happiness in our work, the consciousness that we are doing our best, looking our best, and making a good impression on others—these are tremendous enlargers of ability because they increase one's faith in one's self, one's self-respect. They give one assurance, confidence, and confidence gives a marvelous impetus to initiative, to executive ability. We all know how, when a young man who had never before amounted to anything, falls in love with a sweet, beautiful girl and begins to save for a home of his own, his whole character changes, looks up, his ability expands, and instead of a good-for-

of dress. He declared himself utterly incapable of thinking to good purpose except in full court dress. This he always put on before entering his study, not even omitting his sword.

If an Edison should invent something by means of which we could increase our ability twenty-five or fifty per cent, what sacrifices

would we not make, what price would we not be willing to pay for such a wonderful device! Yet any one has it in his power to do this for himself, by right thinking, and attention to details of dress and manner that will greatly improve his personal appearance and in many ways add to his effectiveness.

Many people go through life with their possible ability so cramped, so muzzled and suffocated by their negative, destructive mental attitude, their doubts, fears, worries,



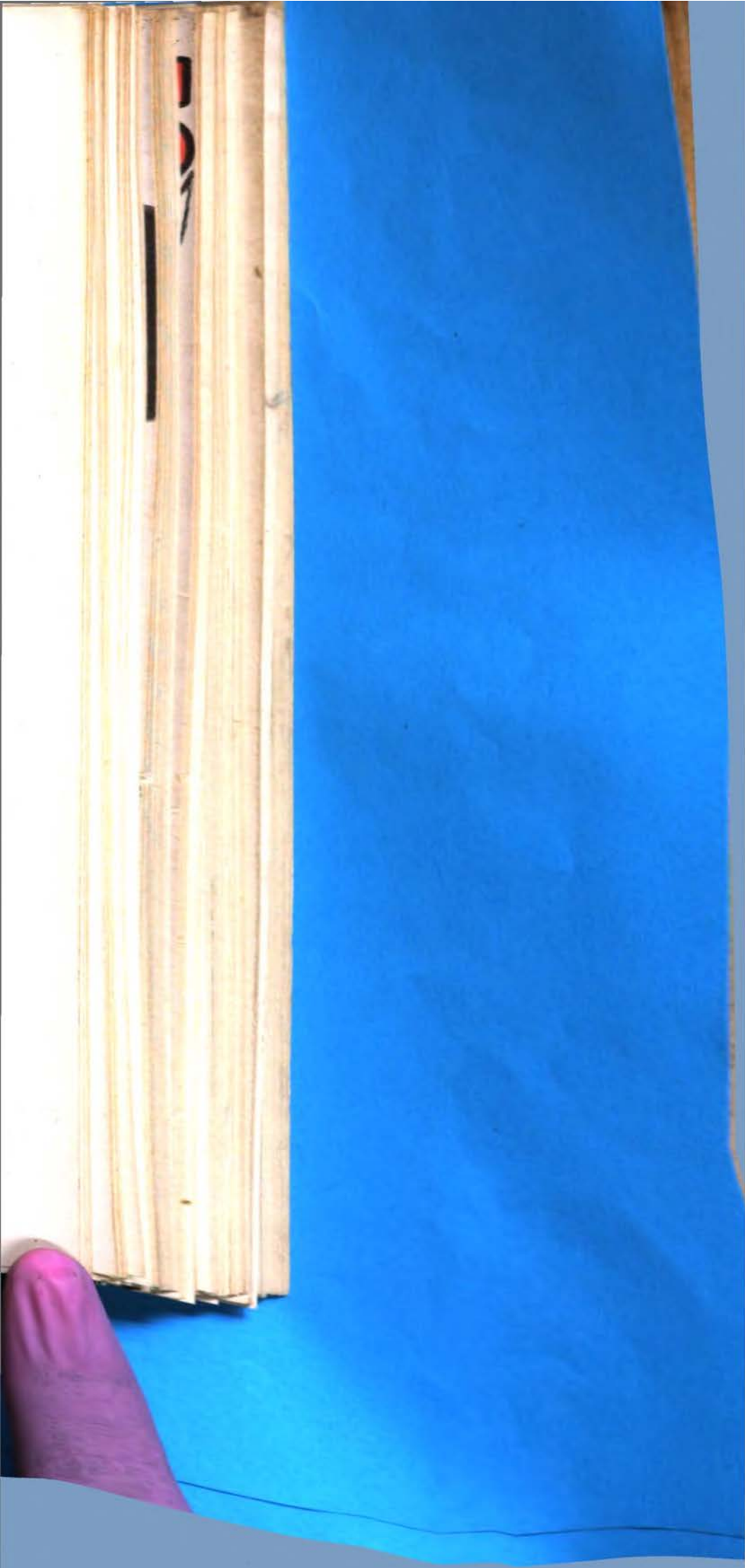
nothing, he soon becomes a good-for-much man. We know, too, how the consciousness of being well and becomingly dressed seems to multiply one's ability. It braces one up, unloosens one's tongue, gives one courage to express his thoughts and makes him lively and interesting, when, otherwise, he would be embarrassed and tongue-tied. A woman of great charm of manner says, "I don't know how it is. I cannot explain it, but somehow I feel so different when I am conscious of being well dressed. It seems to open up my nature and unlock my powers. It frees my tongue and I can talk better and say things to others that I could not say before. My mind is freer, I can express myself better."

Even Buffon, the great naturalist and philosopher, was extremely sensitive to the influence



You can close up your ability accordion, as the pessimist is doing, until a mere fraction of your possible ability is available; or you can open it up, as the optimist is doing, and make every bit of it count





superstitions and preconceived ideas, their lack of courage, their lack of faith in themselves and in their mission that they make but a very small per cent of their ability count in their life work, even when they make a supreme effort to do so. Everywhere we see men and women, tremendous workers, who neutralize much of their real ability by their wrong mental attitude, by not facing life in the right way. They do not accomplish a tithe of what they could accomplish, with half the effort, half the time and strength they now expend, if they would only keep their minds in harmony, in a positive, creative condition.

It doesn't matter what amount of natural ability you have, if it is unavailable, bottled up by your pessimism, your doubts, your fears, your cowardice and lack of faith, it is useless to you. Suppose you had a valuable gold mine on your property, and instead of clearing away all obstructions to get at the ore you should add a lot more, what good would your gold mine be to you? It is just the same with your ability. If instead of doing everything in your power to make it available, to give it an outlet, you shut it up within you with all sorts of mental obstruc-

tions, it will never expand, will never yield you anything.

IF you would gain control of your ability and increase it, you must avoid as you would poison everything that tends to make your mind negative,—worry, anxiety, jealousy, envy, fear, cowardice, the whole family of depressing, despondent thoughts. They are all confessions of weakness, non-producers, power-destroyers. The blues, every bit of unhappiness, every feeling of discouragement, of despondency,—all of these are cripples of ability. You must drive them out of your mind, out of your life, with their opposites—the strong, positive, creative thoughts—courage, hope, cheerfulness, love, power, expectation of good things, self-confidence, enthusiasm.

You can close up your ability accordion by wrong thinking, as the pessimist in our illustration is doing, until but a mere fraction of your possible ability is available, or you can open it up by right thinking, as the optimist is doing, and make every bit of it count in making your work, your life, a grand success.

WIRELESS

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of "The Man with the Hoe," and other poems

I

SEE where the wired antennae
rise
To catch the whispers of the skies—
The words that startle into flight
Across the day, across the night.

III

EVEN so our whispers from the
pen
Fly out to find the souls of men,
To quicken in a nobler birth
All spirits to the ends of earth.

II

OVER the myriad leagues of
space
They speed to their appointed
place—
Each finds its own attuned pole,
Its one inevitable goal.

IV

GO forth, O winged words, and
take
Sweet comfort to the hearts that
break—
Go out with joy upon the trail
Give courage to the hearts that fail.

V

GO forth, O winged words, and
shine
To make the dim world more divine—
To fire all hearts to serve the good
And build the dream of Brotherhood!



The Waterloo of J. Napoleon Perkins

"J. Napoleon" is one of those cocksure characters who thinks he knows everything. And he takes himself so seriously that he is positively funny. You'll surely recognize him as some one you know

By JOHN WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL



Here's my bank book. Deposit the currency to my account

JAMES NAPOLEON PERKINS was not at all a bad sort of chap. In fact, everyone liked him. But even his best friends were forced to laugh at his boastfulness, and the airs and graces of importance which he assumed. He simply couldn't help showing off. He was long on making the community believe he was a person of some consequence.

In street cars, in hotel lobbies, wherever he found himself, James Napoleon would assume an authoritative pose, and by chance remarks to his companion, seek to attract the favorable and wondering attention of those about him. He chattered volubly of stocks and bonds—and he knew just enough about these things to make his remarks hold water. His employer, James T. Lyon, was constantly in the market in a big way, and being Lyon's secretary, it was but natural that James Napoleon should be well-informed.

His slender salary forbade his playing the market, but no one would have thought so to hear him talk. He was constantly referring to his "clean-ups" in this or that stock, or to some important deal in which he was playing a leading rôle. James always spoke of his "rooms" when referring to the boarding house where he lived—the rooms consisting of a nine-by-twelve apartment with an alcove containing a washbasin. In casually referring to his tailor, James never mentioned the fact that he wore a well-advertised brand of inexpensive, ready-made clothes.



He was long on making the community believe he was a person of consequence

33

When mentioning his clubs, he neglected to enumerate them by name.

Likewise, he always referred to himself as being "associated" with James T. Lyon, and, as a result, most people naturally assumed that his income was far greater than the twenty-five dollars which found their way into his pay envelope every week.

AND this was the sore point with James. He was not without ability, and his employer had faith and confidence in him, though he was at times a little irritated by James's proneness to pose; but, usually, it only amused him, and he felt that, under his skillful direction, he would one day make a man of him. "The fact that the boy likes to throw a little bluff and pretend he is something he's not, is only another manifestation of an ambition to be such a personage," Lyon once said to someone who took occasion to criticize James. "I'd rather have an employee who 'talks big' about himself, than one with so little imagination that he can never consider himself in any other light than being a plain employee."

So it was that James held his position and continued to glorify that position in the hearing of all who would listen, and of many who were excessively bored by his word pictures of his success.

But this did not apply to Minnie Halsey, who sat at the table with James at the homelike boarding house of the estimable Mrs. Bryant. Minnie was a stenographer, and, also, as a matter of fact, earned five dollars more a week than James did, but she

looked upon him as a successful business man. And James took care to keep this burning admiration well ablaze, giving it not the slightest chance to smolder and die out.

To maintain his prestige with Minnie took a great deal of James's salary; but he fondly told himself that this would increase before long, and then he would talk more seriously with her. To discuss, or even consider, marriage under present conditions, was impossible, he mused. He couldn't ask a wife to share his "rooms" at Mrs. Bryant's, and his salary would just have paid for two rooms there. So he contented himself with talking nightly with Minnie, in the parlor of the Bryant menage, and with taking her to the theater every Friday evening. Friday being pay day, James was able to display, carelessly, a reasonable amount of money by the simple expedient of paying his board to Mrs. Bryant on Saturday morning.

He also saved on personal expenses. Although he spoke of lunching at this or that hotel, he actually sat upon a stool in a "beanery" at noontime, and, later, to lend color to his statement, he sauntered through the corridor of some nearby, exclusive hostelry. And, on rare occasions, James would take Minnie to the Oak Room of the Gildmore after an evening at the theater.

James loved a dress suit more than he loved food. And he had acquired one at the expense of considerable economy. Several times every week he would regale himself and saunter into Mrs. Bryant's dining room to the amazement and admiration of the assembled company. He would always find opportunity to mention that he was attending the opera, or this or that social function; but no one ever succeeded in finding his name in the list of guests at these affairs. However, Minnie believed him, and that was sufficient for James. All he longed for was an opportunity to make his particular dream come

true—sufficient coin to entertain Minnie in the best fashion.

That a little closer application to his daily tasks might prove the way to do this, did not dawn on James; and the last time he had mentioned a raise to old man Lyon, the merchant had suggested this fact. James was angry, but he didn't resign. He was also peevish; and he did not exert himself as he should have as a result of the suggestion.

So it happened in the end, as it has happened so many times before, that love of pretense and desire for ostentatious display, brought trouble. Although, in James's case, the matter worked out differently from the average moving-picture plot.



He actually sat upon a stool in a "beanery" at noontime

IT occurred the morning Mr. Lyon was hastily called to Chicago to attend a business conference. He sent for James, gave him several hasty letters and instructed him carefully as to how to handle matters which might come up in his absence. James's chest swelled and his heart beat faster. His good-looking head was held several pegs higher, and the office smiled at the air of importance he at once assumed.

But the trouble came when Lyon returned to his desk a moment before leaving. "James," he said, as he opened a private drawer of the desk. "I almost forgot that I had considerable cash in here. I don't want to carry it with me on this trip, and I don't care to leave it here while I'm away. Here's my bank book. Take it over to the Second National and deposit the currency to my account. Good-by."

And he was gone, leaving the astonished James clutching a bank book and seven one-hundred-dollar bills. His eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Seven hundred real iron men," he murmured. "In century notes, too! Oh, boy! what a neat little wad to flash."

The suggestion had come to his mind—the unfortunate temptation that was to cause all the trouble. Now James was as honest as the day is long. He knew that this money did not belong to him, he would not have touched a penny of it. But he wished to make people think it was his—for just a little while—and thus enhance his reputation for being a successful business man.

"Think of those boobs up at Mrs. Bryant's staring at me when they see this!" he thought with a smile of anticipation. "I might even flash the roll when I take Minnie to the Gildmore after the show to-night. Even if I pay the check with one of these hundreds, that won't mean using any of it, because I'll have my salary, and I can deposit my own money to make up the difference in the broken hundred."

It seemed like a glorious opportunity. This was Friday, and Mr. Lyon would not return until Tuesday. He could carry the seven hundred about until Monday and then slip it in the bank. In that time there would be countless opportunities to display it, and James fairly reveled in the situation. So he carefully put the bank book away in the drawer of his typewriter desk and, with the seven hundred in his pocket, went out to luncheon. He had his pay envelope, too, and carefully wrapped the twenty-five dollars inside the roll of seven hundreds.

At the theater-ticket window he extracted the entire bundle of money.

"Box seats?" inquired the ticket man, as he caught sight of the topmost hundred.

James was a bit surprised, but he liked the sensation. Why not buy a box? But then, he remembered that only the twenty-five dollars was his and shook his head. But the chance to pose was too good to be lost. He hesitated, and appeared to consider while the line behind him grew impatient.

"No, I guess first row in the balcony will be better," he finally announced. "I can never see from a box." And he purchased the tickets with his own ten-dollar bill, pausing in the lobby to carefully count his change and replace it in the larger roll, and taking particular pains to do so in full sight of the other ticket seekers.

At the restaurant, to which he went at noon, he rejoiced over the expression of incredulity that came over the cashier's face when he paid his bill with a dollar taken from his wad. "Been

robbin' a bank?" was her comment, and James smiled loftily.

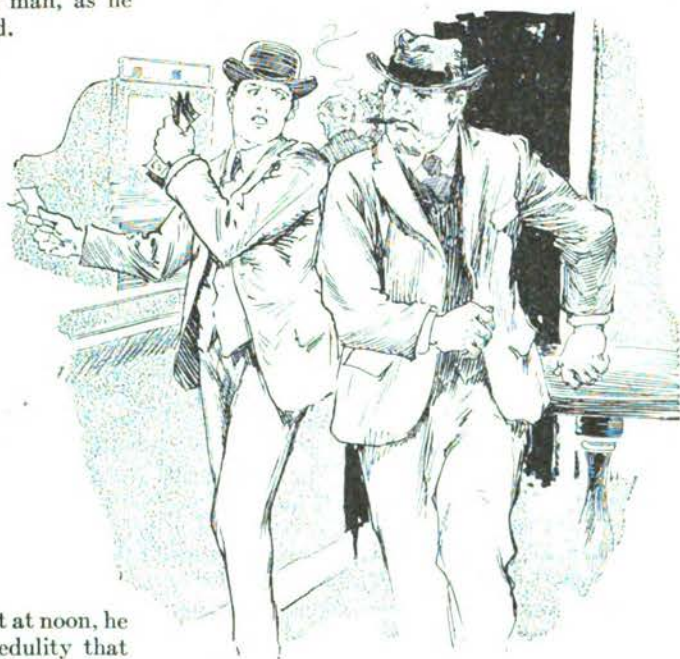
"Nope," he said, "just got a little dividend this morning. Soft as velvet—easy picking."

All afternoon he was thinking of the hundred-dollar bills, impatient for the evening and the delight it would bring. In fact, he almost forgot his usual eagerness to be by Minnie's side in the darkened theater, and his thoughts were solely upon the impression of affluence he would create.

The Bryant boarders were gathered in the parlor, awaiting the supper bell, when he returned. James stopped to greet them, alert for an opening which would give him a chance to display his pocketbook. No need to hold on to his board money to-night, he thought. He would have more than enough to display without it, and to pay Mrs. Bryant before the assembled guests was just the opportunity he sought.

So, after a few moments chatter, he announced his intention of dressing for the theater. Then, as he was about to leave the room he paused, with apparent afterthought. "Oh, Mrs. Bryant," he said, casually, "I may as well settle with you now, as I'm going out early in the morning. Big chief's away, and I've some important things to look after at the office."

He took out the wallet, intentionally lost hold of it, and dropped it to the floor. Its contents scattered over the parlor carpet. James's heart



A man jostled him. James turned on him in anger, the thing seemed so unnecessary

gave a bound when he saw the expressions on the faces about him—incrédulity—question—suspicion—and on Minnie's pretty features, a look of pleased satisfaction.

Stooping down, he gathered up the theater tickets and the currency, making extremely sure that those in the room were given opportunity to see the denomination of every bill and just how many there were. Then he carelessly extracted ten dollars from the packet, handed it to the landlady, and shoved the rest into his pocket.

"You should not carry so much money with you, Jimmy," Minnie said reproachfully. "And to stuff it into your pocket like that is only courting its loss."

James shrugged his shoulders as if the loss of such a sum did not trouble him in the least. "I didn't have time to get to the bank this afternoon, and I thought it better to carry it with me than to leave it in the office safe. There have been quite a few burglaries of late."

He hastened upstairs to don his beloved evening clothes and to glory in the recollection of the scene just enacted. It was great fun, and his ears fairly burned from the conversation he knew must be taking place among the boarders downstairs.

When he finally appeared, looking like "ready money," in his immaculate evening clothes, he was the butt of several good-natured jokes. Young Judson teased him about being a "tight wad" in the past, and presumed that since James had apparently struck it rich, he would give a dinner or a theater party for the whole household. Old Blackburne, who had toiled as a bookkeeper for over forty years, looked upon the youth in evening dress with sour visage. He even muttered under his breath something about a "fool and his money."

But, varied as were the remarks, James enjoyed them all. He liked having the center of the stage, and liked still more the ill-concealed envy with which some of his fellow boarders seemed to regard him. However, best of all, he liked the light of pride and happiness that shone in the eyes of pretty Minnie Halsey, who looked unusually charming in her simple, becoming frock. She absorbed every word, and James was a bit more extravagant in his boasting than usual. His strategic position and the evident

success of his bluff—backed by the seven hundred-dollar bills—led him to deliver an unsolicited lecture on the opportunities that awaited the successful young business man of the day.

His talk sounded like a guide book to fortune, and more than one of his auditors listened with bulging eyes. Old Blackburne, however, looked at him in a curious way and again muttered something to himself. James put it down to failure and envy, but Blackburne, who remembered when he had been just such a boastful youth, shook his head sagely, and, deep in his kind but disappointed old heart, hoped that James would not prove to be the same sort of a failure which he now knew himself to be.

James suddenly looked at his watch and decided that it was high time to start for the theater. He said as much to Minnie.

"Why the hurry?" questioned little Miss Dobbs, pertly. She had always envied Minnie, and was correspondingly sarcastic with James. "A taxi will take you to the theater in ten minutes."

James flushed. He hadn't figured on that phase of his little bluff. If he were to continue displaying so much currency, naturally he would be expected to spend money in proportion, and he looked anxiously in Minnie's direction before replying.

MINNIE saved him the necessity of an answer. "We're not going to waste money on taxis when we can walk there readily enough, and if it's late the street car will take us right to the door."

James inwardly thanked her for that remark. Although he didn't need any undue encouragement to want to kiss Minnie under any circumstances. And with a laugh of assumed carelessness and a shrug of his shoulders, he followed Minnie out of the dining room.

Old Blackburne chuckled. "That girl's going to marry that boy," he announced. "They don't encourage them not to spend money until it gets to the serious state. Well, from what I've seen of her, she's real woman enough to make something of him—despite his foolishness."

Minnie was ready in a few minutes, still more charming in her inexpensive, though attractive evening cape. Together they sauntered into the



Old Blackburne looked at him in a curious way and again muttered something to himself

spring night, with high spirits. "Let's walk, if there's time," she said to James. "And there is something I want to say to you. Just because you have some money is no reason you should be spending it foolishly. We don't need a taxi-cab, and that remark of Miss Dobbs was simply 'catty!' Some day you may want your money, Jim."

James loved her more than ever for that remark. Had the money really been his, he would have asked her to marry him at once. But, realizing only too keenly, the false position in which he had placed himself, he kept silent, and Minnie wondered, just a little, if she had offended him.

THROUGH the performance at the theater, James was conscious of a feeling of greater closeness between Minnie and himself than he had ever experienced before. Once or twice his hand touched hers, and his touch was returned by a gentle pressure. He knew it wasn't a fact that Minnie had seen him display money that made her act so. He knew, too, that it was her pride in him, her gratification over his success, and the feeling on her part that he would soon "pop the question" which, she was aware, he could not pop before, for financial reasons.

These thoughts kept his mind off the action on the stage, and once or twice when Minnie laughed and asked if he did not think the performance good, he nodded absently, without any real knowledge of what had been going on. He was thinking that he wished the money in his pocket was really his so that he might live the life he let others believe he was living. But he knew that he could not ask Minnie to marry him on seven hundred dollars that did not belong to him. And he likewise knew, that after taking her to the Gildmore for supper, after the show, he would be reduced to the usual week-end circumstances which forced him to lunch at the beans-and-coffee emporium just around the corner from the office, instead of the various clubs and exclusive hotels of which he was so fond of boasting.

At length the show ended and that which appealed more to James's nature was about to begin. As he saw the other theater goers in evening dress stepping

into taxi-cabs and motor-cars, he wished that he, too, might follow their example and drive Minnie to the Gildmore in style. But, to his credit, he never once thought of taking even a penny of the money in his pocket. That it belonged to Lyon, he did not forget for a moment. Yet the possession of a "flash roll" that he could not spend weighed upon his happiness and rather spoiled the possession—temporary as it was—of the seven hundred-dollar bills.

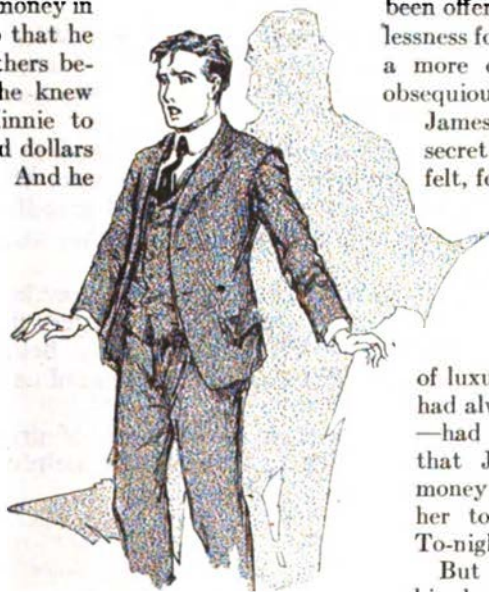
However, the gentle pressure of Minnie's hand upon his arm, warned him that she had read at least part of his thoughts, and told him that she had no intention of letting him fulfill his all too evident desire to ride in a taxi-cab to the hotel.

INSIDE the hostelry, James again assumed the nonchalant air of a young man about town. The head waiter who had grown to know him through his occasional visits, and the modest size of his meal checks, conducted then to an out-of-the-way table, far from the music and behind a pillar. But James was conscious that pretty Minnie had attracted the attention of those at the various tables, and he swelled with pride as they lingered over the simple repast that Minnie ordered.

Then, came his greatest triumph. When the check was brought, the roll of seven one-hundred dollar bills was produced. The waiter, keenly observant, realized that the captain had made a mistake in placing this couple. He was somewhat surprised at the nature of the food that had been offered and blamed his own carelessness for not having sold his patrons a more expensive supper. But his obsequious bow more than delighted James, and there seemed to be a secret joy in Minnie's eyes. She felt, for the first time since they had been coming to the Gildmore, that James could well afford the entertainment he was providing. She liked the place immensely—its atmosphere of luxury and refinement—but she had always felt a certain misgiving—had been possessed of the idea that James was spending more money than he should, in taking her to such an expensive hotel. To-night, however, it was different.

But when James had pocketed his change and the two were at the entrance of the hotel, she again came to his rescue and would not

(Continued on page 124)



The word fell on James's ears with crashing force. It seemed to crush him

I AM—

I LIVE in the sunshine.

I bring out the best in people, because I always see the best and expect the best from them.

I keep up the courage of men when they are hard pressed by discouraging conditions.

I encourage the inventor when he is driven to desperation by poverty, and the criticism and unkindness of even his own family.

I am a prophet who sees beyond the obstacles, beyond the difficulties, a vision of success and achievement.

I see the beautiful lily in the dried up bulb, the luxurious summer garden in the winter's frozen ground. I see a big flourishing business in a little beginning, a thriving community in a small town.

When a man chooses me for his companion, he never talks of hard times or carries a picture of poverty or want in his mind.

I keep the sufferer from giving up to pain or despair when under the surgeon's knife or laid low by disease.

I am the enemy of the pessimist, who sees nothing but disaster, failure, gloom, sickness and evil everywhere.

I am always predicting good times, for I can see brightness and joy, sunshine, gladness and hope where the pessimist sees only their opposites.

I visualized and made possible a railroad across the American desert where many men saw only sagebrush and alkali plains.

I have spanned rivers, tunneled mountains, erected skyscrapers, and conquered the air.

I am one of man's greatest benefactors. With me as his friend, he has never given up to despair, even when starvation has stared him in the face and all mankind has seemed against him.

No one can discourage me with black pictures of the future by suggesting that we are going to have a panic, that business storms are brewing, that snags are ahead and dreadful things are coming to a country which could feed, clothe, and house the world.

It is useless to tell me that you fear the bolsheviki will yet get America, that every business concern and every household is already feeling their influence. If everybody believed in the future of America, believed in good times ahead of us, as I do, we would have them.

I am a producer of health, of good cheer, of prosperity, the friend of all that is encouraging, stimulating, helpful, inspiring.

I AM OPTIMISM.

—O. S. M.

Helping the "Misfit" to Find His Right Place

Dr. J. G. Clutterbuck Has Already Taken 20,000 Human Square Pegs Out of Round Holes and Started Them on the Road to Success

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

EDITORS' NOTE

J. G. CLUTTERBUCK, Ph. D., is a native of Canada. He came to the United States in 1894 and completed his education at Northwestern University and Colgate. He obtained his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the latter institution. After graduating, he met a very noted character analyst who showed him that his preparation for life had been along wrong lines. The importance of vocational direction to men impressed him so

deeply that he took up the study of character in a scientific way, and has made a profession of character analysis. He teaches independent classes and sales organizations how to read human nature, and coöperates with industrial concerns in choosing high-salaried executives. He has made a special study of misfits, and the incidents cited in this article will help and inspire any man or woman who may feel that they have not been properly placed.

"YES, I realize that I am a misfit and a failure," admitted the younger man moodily, as he met the kindly gaze of the middle-aged man sitting at the desk. "That is why I am here. I need help, and I don't know which way to turn to get it."

"You say that you have been selling insurance?"

"Yes, for six years."

"Do you like it?"

"No, I hate it."

"Why not try something else?"

"Because I am married and dare not make a change. If I did so, I would be obliged to take smaller pay at the start. I cannot afford to do that."

"And yet you are working against the grain all the time, with no hope for the future. Sort of a treadmill existence, isn't it?"

"That is exactly the way I feel."

The interview lasted for some time, during which the younger man was asked a great many very personal and searching questions. At length the elderly man spoke:

"I have summed up your case, and find that you are a born mechanical engineer. If you had started out in that line you would not be here to-day asking for my advice. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are; for my inclinations are in that direction."

"It is out of the question for you to become an

engineer now, so we will have to find a way to help you succeed in your present line. Now, don't look so downcast. There is such a thing as specializing in your business. I propose to make an insurance specialist out of you, just as real-estate men specialize in residence and business property. You will break down if you keep on selling thousand-dollar policies. You will hereafter sell policies of ten thousand dollars and up—"

"But, how can I do that? I have tried many times and failed?"

"Wait a minute, and I will show you. Your mentality is what I call the slow-fuse type. You know a great deal about insurance, but your mental faculties are so geared that they will not act quickly in dealing with the quicker minds of men who buy thousand-dollar policies for protection. Quick wit and a quick tongue are imperative in doing that class of business. There is another kind, however, that you are well-qualified to handle—investment insurance. Men who put money into policies for their estates are more deliberate. They like to ask questions. They take more time and are not so quick on the trigger. They are less inclined to quibble, and glad to get information and reasons. You will succeed if you select that class of prospects, for you will then be able to utilize your fund of knowledge, which is your principal asset, and not be compelled to engage in a verbal fencing match

with men who do not care much about the facts you offer."

A new light came into the eyes of the younger man.

"I believe you are right," he said. "It is all very clear to me now."

Within a year the young man was doing a fine business selling insurance to men who bought for investment. He did not stop with ten-thousand-dollar policies, but wrote them for \$100,000. Work is no longer a treadmill for him. Life is full of zest and his heart thrills with delightful anticipations about the future.

Has Handled 20,000 Misfits

THUS it is that Dr. J. G. Clutterbuck, practical psychologist and character analyst, makes "fits" out of "misfits." He has handled twenty thousand men and women misfits and helped many of them on the way to successful living. In Cleveland, where he lives, he serves as confidential adviser to employers who call on him for aid in finding ten-thousand dollar men for responsible positions.

When the head of a new garage company asked the doctor to locate a ten-thousand-dollar man to manage the business, he replied: "Give me a mental blue-print of what you want, and I'll find him."

Here is the blue-print.

"He must be about thirty-five years of age, and understand the mechanics of a motor-car; but he need not be an expert. He must be able to get results from his men, and know how to handle patrons tactfully. Last of all, but not least, he should have a large circle of friends in the city and be free from injurious habits."

Note that the specifications place the emphasis on his ability to handle people—employees and patrons—and the extent of his friendships. If you are looking for a ten-thousand-dollar job learn to manage people and develop a large acquaintance. Both are big assets.

Dr. Clutterbuck recommended a tire salesman who met these requirements and was given the position. He is making good in a large way.

Failures Not Willing to Give Up

IN discussing his experiences Dr. Clutterbuck said many interesting things about the people who seek his advice.

"They come to me," he began, "because they have lost their money, lost their ambition, or lost their grip generally, and don't know how to locate the trouble. They have fought, desperately, perhaps, and failed; but, somehow, they are not quite willing to give up. My task is to measure their mental forces and prescribe scientific methods for the development of their greatest efficiency. My first step is to win confidence. This I do in a friendly, sympathetic manner, drawing a man out until I get his entire story. Then for the first time in his life, perhaps, I give the man a good square look at himself. After I have shown him his weak spots, I arouse new hopes by telling him how to overcome them. It is very hurtful merely to point out a man's defects. A practical constructive plan by which he can master himself must be proposed in order to get results. He wants help and not mere fault-finding."

"Misfits, as we commonly call them, are men and women who, through circumstances, have been compelled to work at something for which they are not fitted, or who started with inadequate preparations. Every person born into the world is equipped by nature for some particular kind of work. He simply cannot achieve his greatest success until he finds the place where he belongs. Once in a while a misfit discovers himself and makes a new start; but most of them go on year after year, wearing out their lives in a sort of galley-slave existence. You find them everywhere. Hundreds, somehow, have taken the wrong trail, and keep on going, for they feel that it is too late for them to change. They don't complain. They do not blame anybody. Their hearts are gripped by a sort of dumb despair. They wonder why they have been so unfortunate. Generally there is a kink in the make-up of a misfit that he has failed to recognize, but which can be eliminated. For twenty-five years, I have been putting my finger on those mental kinks, and showing people thus affected how to eliminate them."

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Could Make Millions for His Firm, or Wreck It

FOR example, there was the case of Jones. Jones was a type of American business man who will either make millions for his concern or wreck it, according to the talent of the men by whom he is surrounded. Jones had put his concern into the bankruptcy court, and sold his home and personal property in order to get money to square up with his creditors. Then he consulted the character expert.

"What is the matter with me!" he exclaimed. "I have brains enough. Why have I failed?"

"You need about two 'moppers up,'" replied the doctor. "What I mean is this: A man of your mentality should have associates who are there to concentrate on details—a thing you can never do. If you had a partner of that type, you would make a great team."

"I thought I had such a man."



"But he was not the right kind. He was too near like you."

In telling about Jones, Dr. Clutterbuck explained:

"Jones had a highly developed, creative mind. He could see the salient points quickly and block out a magnificent plan for doing business, but he simply could not attend to small affairs. Creative power, insight, grasp, and the ability that wins cooperation, are of supreme value in a business; but all those splendid qualities may be completely nullified by failure to look after the little things so called—accounts, records, etc. If the man of genius at the head of the concern fails to appreciate the value of such matters, he will keep on going until the crash comes. So there is a place for two distinct types of mentality in every business—the creative and the detail type. Later, I was able to bring about a combination of talent that enabled Jones to resume business. The concern is making money rapidly. Jones is happy and so are the rest, for he is now surrounded by men of the right mental type to keep everything nicely mopped up after Jones has had a creative spasm."

This Bookkeeper Was a Salesman

SMITH was a bookkeeper employed by a big machinery concern at \$125 a month. He was not satisfied with his job, but did not know how to better himself. He sought the advice of Dr. Clutterbuck, who said to him:

"You are a mechanic by nature, and ought to be handling machinery, either as a salesmanager or a sales representative. My advice is for you to go to South America and represent American industries as a general salesagent."

Smith acted on the doctor's plan, obtained the agency for several Cleveland concerns, arranged for a partner who spoke Spanish, and established himself in business. After he had been away for a year, he returned home to arrange credits with the banks, and was offered a position with his old concern. When informed that the salary would be about \$5,000 a year, he declined saying that he was making five times that amount.

This was a most interesting case, because of the radical change involved and the shift to a new country. Smith was a man of forty with a wife and three children, yet he did not shrink from the hazard when told which way to head if he wished to make more money and find satisfaction.

"Each instance seems almost to be in a class by itself," continued Dr. Clutterbuck. "Brown came to me after he had run through with thirty thousand dollars. He was broken down nervously, mentally, and physically. In his effort to recoup his fortune, he had worked night and day, neglecting exercise and relaxation of all kinds. His appetite was upset and he could not sleep. My first move was to help him regain his health, which I did by telling him to get more sleep, exercise in the open air, and eat regularly. After he had become toned up a bit, I began to search for the real seat of his trouble. I found that he did not care much for money, but that he did think a great deal of the pride of being the head of a great concern. Position was everything to him. His pride drove him until he was almost a wreck. His commercial instinct had been killed by his enlarged ego. Little by little, I induced him to see the folly of his ambition for prominence,



J. G. CLUTTERBUCK, Ph. D.

"Once in a while a misfit discovers himself and makes a new start; but most of them go on year after year, wearing out their lives in a sort of galley-slave existence"

and showed him that real satisfaction did not depend on either money or place. After I had convinced him of the utter folly of his former course, the rest was easy. He found a new objective, and is now doing well. It matters little to him now whether he is on the front seat of the band wagon or not."

This Millionaire's Son Was Prenatally Affected

DAVIS, the millionaire, called on the doctor to get some advice about a son of twenty who had been born mentally defective. As usual the expert began probing. Finally he dug out the curious circumstance that a year or two prior to the time the boy was born, the father was passing through a great mental disturbance.

"What was the cause of your trouble?" inquired the doctor.

"I was trying to be an architect when nature intended me for a structural engineer," said Davis. "It was a bitter fight. I was in agony much of the time, and actually went hungry because I could not get along. Finally I broke away and became an engineer."

"You are quite right in your self-analysis," assented the character expert. "You lack the creative imagination of an architect, but you have just the right qualities to enable you to carry out the plans of another. Has it ever occurred to you that your mental disturbance had something to do with the defective mentality of your son?"

"No, I have never thought of it in that way."

"Your boy came into the world with a warped mind because of your mental struggle over being a misfit."

"Is it possible?"

"That is the only explanation."

"Can anything be done to help him now?"

"Nothing, except to give him the best of care."

"And that he shall have to the end of his days."

In spite of the tragic nature of the case, and the inevitable shadow that it had cast over his home, Davis was elated with what Dr. Clutterbuck told him. It was such a satisfaction for him to know just why his son was defective.

Sykes Took Himself too Seriously

SYKES was a marked man in a Cleveland concern. He was obsessed with the idea that he had committed an unpardonable sin, and he was so despondent that it affected his efficiency.

Finally he was induced to consult Dr. Clutterbuck, who found that he was suffering from an abnormal development of the faculty of veneration. The expert ridiculed him by saying:

"You must think you are somebody for the Almighty to pay so much attention to you."

After a while, Sykes saw that he was taking himself too seriously. Then the doctor told him that he must not read his Bible or attend church for a year. Within that time, Sykes became normal and more efficient, and forgot all about the unpardonable sin. In the course of time he was permitted to resume teaching his Bible class without any bad effects.

Good Qualities Thwarted by Sensitive Nature

SANDERS had a whole flock of troubles. As usual, the doctor began to probe. Before he finished, he had dragged everything into the light. He knew not only the inner workings of the man's mind and heart, but he had also obtained a pretty good idea of how the

wife looked at things. In diagnosing the case he said to Sanders:

"Here are the facts. You failed in business in Kansas and came to Cleveland where your wife's parents live, and you are now working for a salary. You say you have lost the love of your wife, and that she is seeking a divorce."

"That's the situation. It's driving me crazy and I must find relief."

"Have you ever thought that it was largely your own fault?"

"Perhaps I have not used the best of judgment—"

"That is not what I mean. You are a capable business man, honest in all your dealings, generous and faithful to your wife and family, and have no bad habits. But—all of these good qualities are more than offset by your sensitive nature."

Sanders moved uneasily, but did not reply.

"Ah, there I have it. You were born with what we call a shrinking disposition and you have had to battle against it all your life. It was the cause of your business failure, because you could not hold friends. You were quick to take offense, and imagined all sorts of things that were not so. You were petty and mean. You became sulky and would go off in a corner and pout like a big baby—"

"Yes, yes, doctor," exclaimed Sanders, throwing up his hands. "That feeling has been the curse of my life. I'd give anything to get rid of it."

"Very well, let's go a little deeper. Your sensitiveness is the result of an enlarged ego—of super selfishness. You think of yourself too much. You are so selfish that you are unwilling to sacrifice your feelings, desires and convenience for the sake of your wife and family. Is that the case?"

"You are right. I have never thought of it in that light before."

"Good. Now there is some hope for you. To root out your self-centered thoughts, you must cultivate self-forgetfulness. You lack an objective that is strong enough to enlist all your interest and enthusiasm. On a salary you have too much time in which to brood. Get into business again for yourself. That will enable you to forget yourself. Your wife has ceased to love you because of your peevishness. She knows your capabilities and is not willing to make allowance for your inherited sensitiveness. The way to win her love back is to prove that you are a real man, not an overgrown child. Tell her all about it and make a new start. I'll venture a guess that she will meet you more than half way."

With his head up and a new hope burning in

heart, Sanders hurried from the doctor's office to see his wife. A day or two afterward he told the doctor that his wife had stopped the divorce proceedings and he was arranging to start in business.

After the husband had seen Dr. Clutterbuck, the wife called and the doctor "gave her the third degree."

In discussing the matter from her point of view the doctor said that her feeling against her husband had been caused by the loss of congeniality due to his peevishness, indignation because he did not make more money, and fear that the children would suffer.

"She was a mother before she was a wife," he went on, "but not enough of a mother to humor a grown man who, in her estimation, was playing the baby act. She had a strong sense of duty, fine ability to handle money, a keen sense of values, a genius for thrift, and an ambition to get along and be somebody in the right sense of that term. Because of these qualities she found it difficult to be patient with her husband's weakness. To use a common expression, she 'boiled inside' so much that she almost broke down with a nervous collapse. I told her that it would have been better for her health if she had let off steam by throwing something at him, in place of trying to suppress her feelings. In our talk, I advised her to be lenient and patient and get a position with light work where she would be obliged to get out among people. She needed something like that to get her mind off her trouble. While she has not acted on the suggestion to secure a position for herself, she is in a much better frame of mind, and the problem is gradually working toward a happy solution."

Treating the "Can't Do Its"

A QUESTION formed in my mind which I put to the doctor in this fashion:

"Do you ever have callers who are held back by the negative suggestions or advice of friends or relatives? I mean ambitious people who are told that they 'can't do it,' that there is 'no use in trying.'"

"Hundreds of them. Right now I recall an instance where a really capable man is restrained by the fears of his wife. He wants to make a venture, and she is opposing him. It is a severe test, and I do not know yet how it will come out.

"Next to positive opposition is lack of approval. If this attitude is held by some person whom we love dearly, it is very hard to overcome. One cause of estrangement between married people is lack of coöperation in matters involving risk or a venture. If the man is positive and eager to

get ahead, and the wife is negative and fault-finding, the man often will act on his own initiative and find consolation and encouragement elsewhere. If a wife is conscious that she has lost the confidence of her husband, she will do well to examine herself at that point. He may be reticent just to escape the baleful effects of her negative attitude of mind.

"In contrast, I know of an instance where an ambitious go-ahead woman is literally breaking down in her vain effort to arouse a husband of the negative type, one who always sees weeds where she sees flowers. Parents who maintain a negative attitude toward their children are thereby provoking them to run away. It is the greatest art in the world to guide the thought-development of a growing child. A parent should be extremely careful about saying to an eager ambitious boy or girl, 'You can't do it, you don't know enough.' They may leave home just to show you that they can."

"I wish you would explain how you induce people to do what you tell them to do," was my next request. "Is it magnetism, hypnotism, personality—or what, that gives you such an influence?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort," was the laughing reply. "Just plain common sense. In the first place, people do not come to me until they about have reached the end of their own resources. They generally know of some definite person who has been helped by my advice, and that gives them confidence. So when they appeal to me, they have practically surrendered the case. They have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Anything that I might require of them could not possibly be worse than their present fate. So they do what I say on a venture. Generally, after I have laid bare the real secret of their trouble, and they admit that I have made a correct diagnosis of their mental condition, I have little difficulty in obtaining obedience. Really, all I do is to point the way and they do the rest."

"Yes, but how do you do it? How do you make the diagnosis? Can anybody learn to look into a human soul and locate secret troubles as you are doing?"

"Not so fast. One question at a time. Character analysis is a science, and is based on the fact that the inner nature is revealed by the shape of the head, features, and general make-up. But this must be supplemented by a knowledge of things that have taken place in the past. All this data is treated as a whole—summed up—as a basis for deductions. For example, it is quite common for people to look for courage and

(Continued on page 129)





How Our Precious Energy

Have You Valued Your Life-Power?

AT an early stage of the World War, Garrett P. Serviss said: "Consider the waste of mere physical energy that this contest involves—energy which, properly applied, would transform the face of the civilized world, reclaim all the waste places on the planet, increase the productivity of the whole earth, and almost rival the gigantic engineering feats that imaginative astronomers have ascribed to the inhabitants of the planet Mars."

Even in times of peace there is nothing else so criminally wasted as human energy. The very prodigality with which people all about us fling away vitality, mental and physical force which should be made to tell in their life-work, makes us shudder.

A young man starts out in life with a super-abundant force of energy and vitality stored in his brain, nerves, and muscles. He believes he will do wonders with this energy; will transmute most of it into light. In the buoyancy of youth he believes there is practically no limit to his ability to generate energy, and he begins to dissipate his store with reckless prodigality. He burns it up here in a cigarette or a pipe, there in whisky or wine; here he drains it off in heavy suppers and late hours, there in vicious living, idleness, shiftlessness, and botched work, until he finally comes to himself with a shock, appalled to find that with all of his abounding energy and vitality he has produced scarcely enough light to illumine his own way, and has nothing left for the world. This young man who had boasted of his strength and felt confident of producing a light that would dazzle the world, stumbles along himself in semi-darkness. The energy which should have been transmuted into achievement has been recklessly if not criminally dissipated.

But it is not always what is classed as "dissipation" that robs us of

energy. There is a deplorable waste in all sorts of ways which might be converted into things worth while.

Whenever you are angry, whenever you grumble or find fault with things, whenever you are gloomy, fretful, or morose, instead of sending it over the wheel to drive the machinery, you run off your energy, your vitality, through the sluiceways or the leaks in your mental reservoir. Whenever you spend your energy in any abnormal way, you lessen your ability to perform effective work of any kind.

MANY an employer, and many an employee, spends more energy during the day in fretting and grumbling and faultfinding, in little frictions, than he expends in doing his necessary work. Many a mother fritters away more precious energy in petty, unnecessary anxieties, in useless worries and fears for her children, than she does in doing her housework. She wonders why she is so exhausted at the close of the day, and never dreams that the greater part of her force has leaked away in harmful emotions. Should any one tell her that if she had only given out the energy actually needed for her real work, night would have found her almost as fresh as when she started in the morning, she would not believe it.

Many of us so completely exhaust our strength not only in useless worry and fretting about things that probably will never happen, but in dreading our tasks—doing our work over and over again, mentally, before we begin—that we have no force left for the actual work when we come to it. We are like a fire engine that should let off all its steam on the way to the fire, and should arrive with no power left to throw water on the flames.

How many people exhaust themselves by constant nervous movements

NINETY-NINE per cent of the energy stored in a ton of coal is lost on its way to the electric bulb, so that we get only a hundredth part of the possible light it contains. In other words, ninety-nine parts are dissipated in heat, and used up in friction in the electric apparatus, and never become light. Just as great a waste of energy goes on in a man's use of his own powers. Instead of one hundred per cent of his energy appearing in results that are worth while, often a very small per cent of it gets into his real work, the rest being dissipated in foolish and harmful ways.



Is Wasted Through Leaks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

which mean nothing and are entirely unnecessary. It seems impossible for them to keep still for a single minute. Their energy leaks out in nervous twitchings of the body, twirling of the fingers, constant hitching about, jumping up and sitting down again, fumbling with something in their hands, beating a tattoo with their feet, feeling of different parts of their face, toying with their watch chains or their pencil. All such unnecessary motions not only waste precious energy, but they destroy poise and make one look awkward and ill at ease.

MULTITUDES of men who are bitterly disappointed because what they are doing is commonplace and insignificant compared with what they had expected to do, do not realize that much of their failure is due to the numerous little leaks of energy which have played havoc with their life-capital. They would be surprised at the enormous total of energy dissipated by these little leaks, which have really handicapped and belittled their lives.

What are you doing with your energy? Are you using it to produce light, or are you losing it in useless or harmful ways? Be honest with yourself and find out where it is going. You may be very honest in your dealings with others, but very dishonest in your dealings with yourself. You may be ignorantly or carelessly squandering your life-power. Remember that there are a thousand little enemies trying to get the upper hand of you, to keep you from doing the thing you have set your heart on, and, if you allow them to sap your physical and mental forces, you cannot expect to accomplish anything very great.

IF someone offered to purchase a large percentage of your life-power you would not think of selling it, even for a fabulous sum. This is what

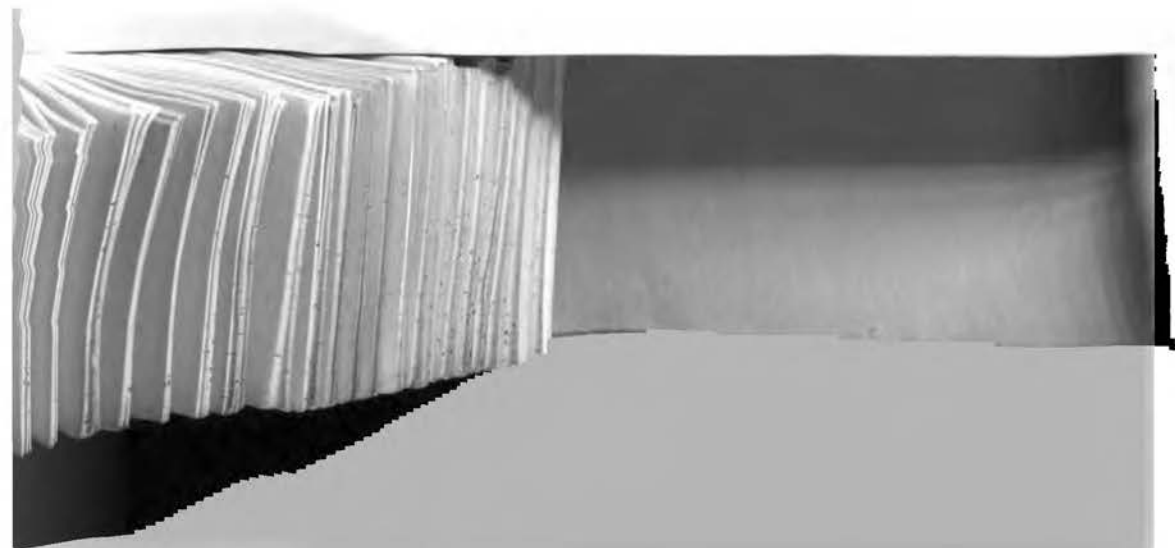
gives you your chance to make good, to make your life a masterpiece, and, naturally, you would not part with it. You would say you could not afford to sell your birthright of power in which is wrapped up your whole destiny—your enthusiasm, your zest, your career, your ambition. But do you realize that you are practically doing the same thing when you allow your most precious success-asset to run away in all sorts of leaks, in vicious habits, in idleness, in time wasting, in dissipation, in superficial, silly pleasures; or, worse, in pleasures which kill your self-respect and make you hate yourself the next day? If you would succeed in a worthy way, shut off all waste pipes, repair every leak in your mental system, and then, instead of wondering why you accomplish so little, you will be surprised that you do so much.

THE premature breaking down of thousands of business and professional men because of enormous leaks of precious energy should be an object lesson to the ambitious youth. There are on all sides men in middle life whose hands shake so that they can scarcely sign a check, or write anything that is legible; and their heads shake as if palsy had gotten hold of them. Most cases of nervous prostration show that an

enormous waste of nervous force has been going on for years. This waste is often very insidious, in some instances people are unconscious of it, and before they realize that anything is wrong, they have become devitalized, fidgety, touchy, mentally unstable.

More failures and more suffering are due to criminal or careless waste of energy than to any other cause. Fully one-half of the human race seem to be suffering from devitalization due to excesses of some kind—working under strain, dissipating in some way, not taking proper care of our health.

A GREAT deal of energy is being constantly dissipated in putting more force than is necessary into the doing of certain things. A noted physician says that most people expend ten times the energy really necessary in almost everything they do. Many grasp a pen as if it were a crowbar, keep the muscles of the arm tense when they write, and pour out as much vital force in signing their names as an athlete would in throwing a heavy weight a great distance. Not one person in a hundred, he says, knows how to make proper use of his muscles or to relax perfectly when at rest.



WHEN EVERYTHING GOES DEAD WRONG

"**W**HAT a splendid contest we had to-day," said Jones to Brown, as they walked home from a football game. Brown who was on the losing side could see no fun, no interest in it. He was quite downhearted and disgruntled because his side had lost the game.

There are a great many people like Brown. They can't stand up under defeat. Victory is the only thing that makes them pleasant and cheerful, or even tolerable. But victory is not the acid test of character. Any one can be pleasant and cheerful when things are going his way. It is how one acts when everything is going against him that gives the key to a man's character.

The man who loses his property, his position, or his standing, and loses his courage, his heart, with it, is a very ordinary sort of man. But the man who stands erect, faces forward, and looks the whole world in the eye without flinching, without a quiver of nerve, without wavering in his cheerful resolution to fight on, when all his property has been swept away from him, when he has lost his standing in the world, even with those he loved, when the very foundations of his life seem to be crumbling beneath his feet—this is no common man. There is no ordinary material here; no false note in such a make-up. He is every inch a king. He is a man among men—a great man.

What you can live through and still smile and fight on is the test of the stuff of which you are made.

ON the second day of the great battle of the Marne, up to which time the French had been steadily driven back, General Foch sent to his superior officer, Commander Joffre, this message: "My center gives way; my right recedes. The situation is excellent—I shall attack." The result of this attack was the defeat of the German army, which was turned back from the very gates of Paris. Now, if you can't see in your darkest hour of defeat that "the situation is excellent" for a new attack, as Foch did at the Marne, you are not made of the right stuff. There is a base alloy in your metal.

IF, no matter how many times you have been knocked down, you can get up and start again with a smile; if you can smile at your misfortunes, at your humiliating mistakes, at your failures, at your losses; if you can smile at the cruel things fate has done to you, you are greater than fate, for you are your own fate—you are the captain of your soul—you are a *great* man.



Mr. Harding invariably paid the salaries in person, in new silver dollars, with the remark, "Here's your weekly insult; I wish it were twice that much"

When "W. G.," Was My Boss on the Marion Star

How President Harding Appeared to a Fellow Worker Who Knew Him as a Newspaper Editor

By **ARTHUR F. PORTER**

Formerly Cartoonist of the *Marion Star*

Cartoons by the Author

NEARLY a quarter of a century has passed since I was sketch artist and cartoonist for the *Marion Star*, but I find in searching through memory's storehouse that many incidents and scenes intimately connected with President Warren G. Harding have been strengthened and visualized with the passing of time. It seems but yesterday that he pointed with pride to his "flat-bed" press and joyfully said, "We don't like to brag, but, I venture to say, that's about the best press for its size in the country. Boy, its a hummer."

To those who have come into close personal contact with "W. G.," as he is known to the workers on the *Star* and to the citizens of Marion, Ohio, *sincerity* seems to be the link connecting his thoughts and actions.

President Harding is broad-minded, unassuming—a kindly human being whom nature has endowed with a magnetic personality and sincerity of purpose that is most impressive. During the years 1896 and 1897, when I was sketching for the *Star*, I had ample opportunity to study and analyze "W. G.," and, without hesitation, I can say that he was the most modest, considerate man I have ever met in newspaper work.

He was progressive, and, in enterprise, about fifty years in advance of the average small-town editor. A score or more years ago, it was a daring, revolutionary, and expensive innovation for a newspaper like the *Marion Star* to publish local cartoons and sketches; but it was only one of the numerous ways in which "W. G.," led his competitors in the newspaper field.





There were days when corn, potatoes or any other farm commodity was taken for a subscription

On the occasion of my first visit to the *Star* office I found Mr. Harding cordial, frank, and enthusiastic about everything and everybody connected with his newspaper and his municipality. After he had introduced me to the staff he handed me a card on which was printed the creed of the *Star*, which, he proudly informed me, he had written himself.

Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong. Be decent. Be fair. Be generous. Never be vindictive. Boost. Don't knock. There is good in everybody. Bring out the good. Never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting political gatherings give the facts. Tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there is any politics to be played, we will handle it in our editorial columns. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent woman or child in telling of the misdeeds of a relative. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without asking. And, above all, be clean. Never let a dirty or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

As I finished reading, Mr. Harding said, "The boys on the paper follow the creed as closely as possible, and I judge you will find

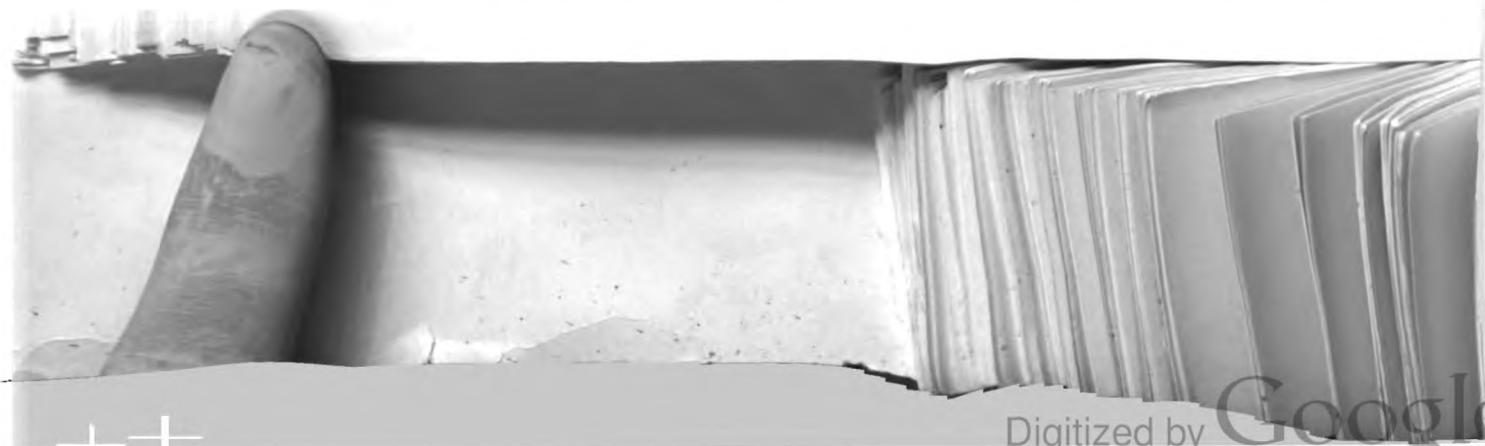
great satisfaction in doing likewise." As I became better acquainted with "W. G.," I discovered that what he preached he practiced, and if ever a man tried, so far as possible, to live his life according to the Golden Rule it was Warren G. Harding. I don't wish to imply that he was one of those goody-goody, wishy-washy, namby-pamby men who are self-appointed custodians of public morals. He was a clean-living, generous man, who would rather lose money any time than unjustly offend or cause grief to any one through the columns of the *Star*, or otherwise.

Of the time I am writing, Mr. Harding was in the early thirties

and a "live wire" in every sense. He was tall, broad-shouldered and weighed much less than he does to-day. No matter what went wrong, he had perfect self-control. It was his untiring capacity for work, enterprise, resourcefulness and the encouragement of Mrs. Harding that enabled him to achieve success with the *Star* as well as in political life. Mr. and Mrs. Harding were "on the job" early each morning and had a cheerful greeting for every worker. Under the guiding hand of Mrs. Harding, the circulation of the *Star* had a steady growth, and her clear-headed advice helped the paper over many rough places in its early years.

THE fine example of industry and perseverance of Mr. and Mrs. Harding was an inspiration not only to the workers on the *Star*, but to their numerous friends who were frequent callers at the office. Sincerity was stamped indelibly on the personality of Warren G. Harding. It was evident in his relations with his co-workers.

When I began sketching for the *Star*, I was a stranger in Marion and subjects for illustration did not seem numerous. About the first thing "W. G.," suggested to me was a strip of small drawings across the front page each week, with the caption—"Weekly Events in Marion as Seen in the Mind's Eye of the *Star's* Artist."



Mr. Harding was resourceful, and, when I seemed barren of ideas, I had only to tell him I was against a blank wall and he would suggest more subjects in ten minutes than I could sketch in a week. While to some, President Harding appears to be a slow thinker, as a matter of fact, when occasion requires, his mind acts with the rapidity of a machine gun. He wrote his editorials in a strong clear hand and seldom made corrections.

TO give an illustration of his broad-mindedness, I am compelled to make this confession: In 1896, I was a follower of William J. Bryan and, with Kelly Mount, the *Star's* humorist, I tried to convert "W. G.," and the rest of the staff to the 16-to-1 panacea. Kelly and I espoused the Bryan ideals early and often. After we had exhausted our supply of arguments, "W. G.," would smile and say, "It takes all kinds of opinions to make a world, but, some day, you boys will look back and realize how foolish you are." He seemed to enjoy hearing us rant about something we knew so little about, and many times after the paper had gone to press, he would say, "Let's hear from the Democratic side of the house." He was content to let us ramble along, and seldom took part in the discussion but he was a good listener.

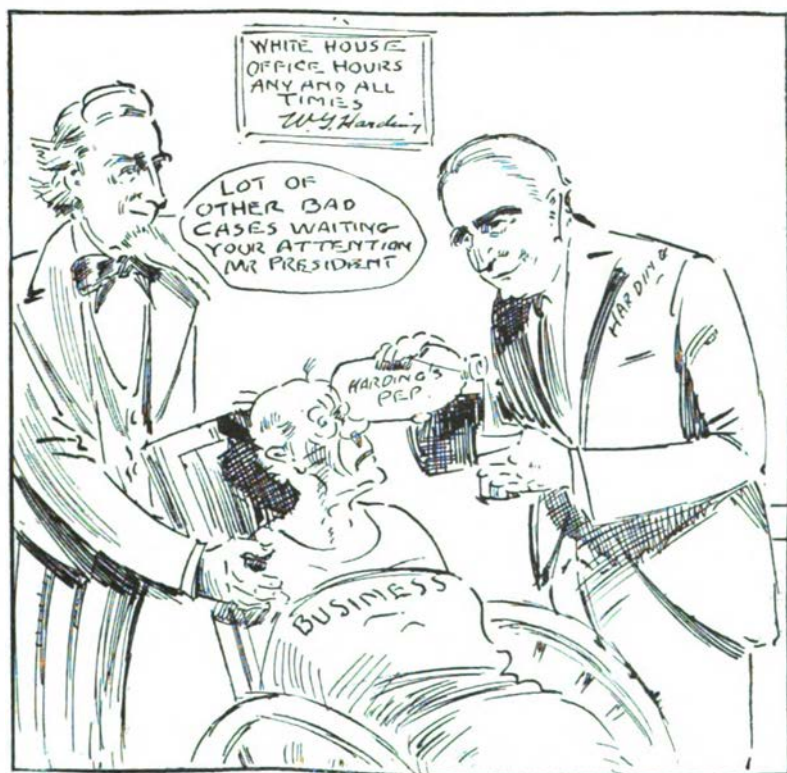
There were no bosses on the *Star*. It was an unwritten law in the shop that everybody was equal. "W. G.," impressed upon us all that he was only a worker and that the best results could be obtained by all working in harmony. He was as liberal in the matter of wages as in other things. He believed in unions for workers and demonstrated, on many occasions, that he was the friend of labor unions.

Before Mr. Harding had political ambitions, an official of the Marion Printers' Union absconded with the funds and the members voted to give up the union charter and become an open shop. Mr. Harding, hearing of the decision,

called the men to his office, and, in a convincing manner, told them they should not throw away their union cards because one man went wrong. He promised them if they would remain loyal union men he would make good the stolen amount and pay any outstanding debts. The men took his advice. He paid the bills, and, further, told them to call on him any time financial help was needed. With his great vision and kindly heart, Mr. Harding knew the peculiarities of the average newspaper worker and overlooked many things that, in the eyes of most editors, would have meant instant discharge. He was kindness personified, and if one of us did something not just according to his dictates, "W. G.," would call the offender into his little private office, talk to him like a devoted father, and, with his infectious smile, pass a cigar to the repentant culprit with the admonition to "forget the mistakes of the past and try not to do it again."

He was never too busy or tired to listen to his men—and there were many—who came to him for advice, consolation or financial help.

In the old days, itinerant printers were numerous, and almost every day one or more would "hit" the editor of the *Star* for a "lift." None left the office empty handed. It seemed to me



Mr. Porter's idea of what the Harding administration will do to business



that "W. G." took more pleasure in giving away money than he did in receiving it. When I was on the *Star*, Mr. Harding invariably paid the salaries in person, in new silver dollars, with the remark, "Here's your weekly insult: I wish it were twice that much."

George Van Fleet, who has been managing editor of the *Star* since Mr. Harding entered the Senate, was one of the bright reporters on the paper in my day. One day "W. G.," said to me, "Port, has George recited any Shakespeare to you yet?" I answered in the negative, and Mr. Harding continued, "Don't get him started. Some one told him he looked like Edwin Booth, and he has memorized most every great speech Shakespeare ever wrote, and is now the greatest histrionic exponent of the bard who isn't acting."

"W. G.," liked to exchange pleasantries with the workers on the *Star*. He had the rare gift of keeping the force in good humor and contented while all were toiling to produce the best daily paper of its size in the State.

In those days the *Star's* office was a sort of a rendezvous for Marion's notables, and the variety of the daily callers was a good criterion of the esteem in which "W. G." was held by his fellow townsmen. A certain Methodist minister was a constant visitor, and it was a treat to listen to the exchange of repartee that passed between the minister and Mr. Harding. Rarely a day passed but a Catholic priest, a Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian minister would drop in the *Star* office for a friendly chat with the amiable editor.

Mr. Harding knew every angle of the newspaper game. He would write, daily, several columns of bristling editorials on various subjects, solicit advertisements; help "Billy" Bull "make up" the paper, operate a linotype machine, set up a few display advertisements when "Charlie" Cramer was rushed, and, if the press broke down, he would help repair it.

One day I said, "'W. G., 'I have been on the *Star* several months and have not, as yet, seen a farmer pay for his subscription with vegetables of some sort. Something must be wrong with my early conception of a small-town newspaper office.'"

With deep feeling Mr. Harding replied, "Up to a very short time ago, we were glad to receive a cord of wood or anything useful in exchange for six months' or a year's subscription; but, thank heaven, we are past that stage of the journey now, and, with the *Star's* loyal workers, we are winning success. While money is useful and necessary, I value more the goodwill and confidence of my associates and fellow citizens than success measured only by gold."

In the summer of 1896, Mr. Harding sent two

of his young compositors to a linotype school in New York City for a few months' instruction. He paid all their expenses, and when they returned to the *Star* they found two new linotype machines ready for them. At odd moments, "W. G.," would practice on the machines, and it was not long before he was the best operator in the place.

It's a big jump from a country editor's chair to the Presidency of the United States, but it did not cause Warren G. Harding to forget any of his old friends and associates on the *Star*. To better illustrate the lasting quality and human side of the new President, I will record here, for the first time, the return of Aylmer Rhoads. Years ago, when I was inflicting my sketches on the *Star's* subscribers, Aylmer Rhoads was a reporter on the paper. Aylmer was not very strong on the literary end of the game, but as a newsgatherer he was a wonder. Always on the go, he dug up items all over Marion. "W. G.," held him in high esteem.

FATE turned the cards, and I left Marion to return to New York in 1897. From that time up to August, 1916, I had not seen Mr. Harding, although I had received letters from him at long intervals. Senator Harding was chairman of the committee which notified Charles E. Hughes, at Carnegie Hall, in August, 1916. At the reception at the Hotel Astor, following the notification, I met Mr. Harding after a lapse of nineteen years.

We recalled the old times on the *Star*, and when I asked him about Aylmer Rhoads, the Senator's voice broke with emotion as he said, "Aylmer disappeared from Marion many years ago, and I have never been able to locate him or solve the mystery of his disappearance. I would give a great deal to find Aylmer and get him back on the *Star*."

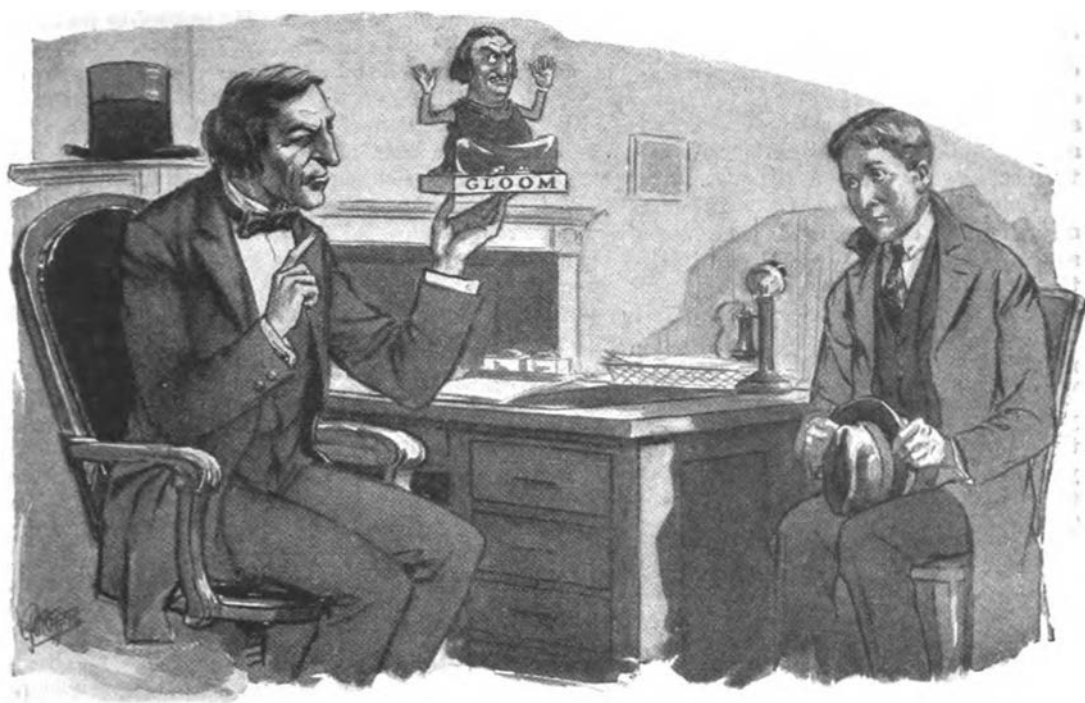
The scene changes to 1920. Warren G. Harding had been nominated for President. Jack Warwick, who was city editor of the *Star* in early days, was commissioned by a newspaper syndicate to write a biographical sketch of Senator Harding, from the time when he and "W. G.," played together in the Marion band up to the nomination at the Chicago convention. In relating a meeting with "W. G.," about a year ago, Jack wrote in his article:

"'W. G.," said to me, 'Jack, if you ever run across Aylmer Rhoads, send him back to me.'"

It seems a little thing to the casual reader, but to Mr. Harding and Aylmer Rhoads it meant a big thing. Here was a United States Senator

(Continued on page 135)





"How different is such an image from the unspeakable doll of the golden wig, the painted cheeks, and the smile of a vampire," Professor Ponderbunk explained

Is Happiness a Curse?

Professor Augustus Ponderbunk and The "Success" Interviewer
Hold an Important if Imaginary Conversation About
Some New and Old Blue Laws

By *THE "SUCCESS" INTERVIEWER*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALTON E. PORTER

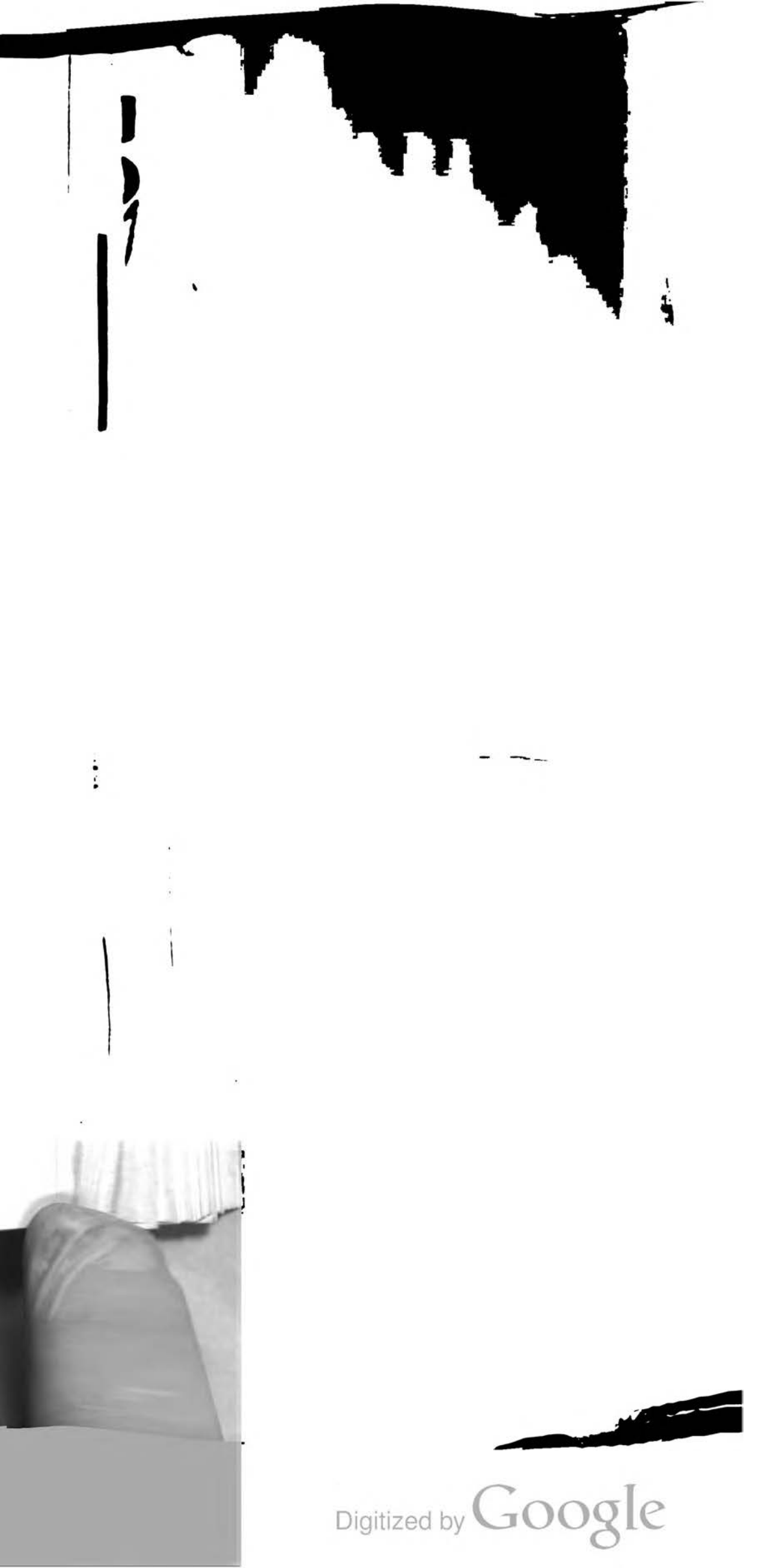
A PRIM, grim-looking secretary, wearing horn-rimmed spectacles—her hair brushed severely back from her forehead—ushered me into the forbidding presence of Professor Augustus Ponderbunk, Secretary for the Society for the Suppression of Children's Toys.

Maurice Maeterlink immortalized the Blue Bird as the symbol of happiness; but it remained for Professor Ponderbunk to make Blue Laws a synonym for gloom. "Gloom—deep and impenetrable," says Professor Ponderbunk, "is essential for the spiritual welfare of all mankind. How can a world be happy steeped in sin, frivolity, and irreverence? We mean to correct it, no matter how much humanity suffers."

But I am getting ahead of my interview. Professor Ponderbunk is the greatest little corrector who ever trod this wicked earth. Mirth, laughter, pleasure—all these things are to be tabooed. Professor Ponderbunk promises that he will make this his lifework.

On his desk reposed a small plaster cast of gray, bluish hue—a fanciful likeness of the Great God Gloom. Professor Ponderbunk fashioned the doleful thing with his own hands. He says that one should be in every home.

"Is it true that you are really advocating the prohibition of playthings for little boys and girls?" I found the courage to ask.



"Most certainly," the professor assured me. "The pernicious habit of playing with toys induces a spirit of levity and shiftlessness in childish minds. Toys tend to train young ambition along frivolous lines and interfere with a proper reflection on the seriousness of life and the necessity for decorous deportment."

"Only the other day, I was horrified to observe a small urchin coasting down hill on a sled! My soul revolted at the idea! Instantly I set upon the young scamp and administered to him a stinging rebuke—destroying his sled as I spoke. That such horrifying wickedness should be permitted in this enlightened age is inconceivable. Why, young man," the professor went on, "do you realize that, notwithstanding propaganda to the contrary, issued by this society, thousands—yes, even millions of persons actually permit their children to play with dolls? Think of it! This in face of the scriptural ban against graven images."

I glanced somewhat apprehensively at the statue of the Great God Gloom and wondered whether the good professor was not erring himself in having the



"Please, Mr. Officer, I didn't know it was wrong to take my dolly out for an airin'. I ain't old enough to read the laws yet."

thing in his possession. He seemed to read my thoughts and reassured me.

"A symbolic bit of sculpture, designed to direct men's thoughts to serious considerations and a contemplation of our sins and shortcomings, is quite another matter," Professor Ponderbunk explained, holding up the statuette to emphasize his remarks. "How different is such an image from the unspeakable doll of the golden wig, the painted cheeks, and the smile of a vampire!"

"**B**UT the practice shall cease!" he comforted me. "The children of America shall be saved from their wickedness and the wickedness thrust upon them by the vicious doll-baby ring, whether they wish to be saved or not. If their parents will not coöperate with us, then suitable legislation must be enacted and appropriate penalties provided to punish those trafficking in dolls. I tell you, young man, that I and my associates in this grand and glorious movement, will wipe out the curse of children's toys from this broad land, if we have to fill our jails to accomplish it!"

"Consider the thing in all its evil. The hard-working father receives his scanty pay envelope at the end of the week's toil. On his way home he encounters a toy-store window vulgarly overloaded with half-clad dolls whose eyes smirk at him from beneath their painted lashes. Instead of carrying his weekly wage home to his good wife, he pauses, is lured by the trifle, and pays a round sum to take a doll home to his child! Does not the horror of the situation overwhelm you? Think of the number of heathen who might be converted and prevented from trading valuable treasures of the earth for liquor made illegal by the Eighteenth Amendment, if this wicked expenditure for dolls could only be stemmed and finally stopped! Think of the tears, the unhappiness, the want and misery that results from the sale of dolls. Consider the unholy glee on the part of the infant receiving such painted baubles!"

The Professor seemed overcome. He wiped his eyes with a black-rimmed handkerchief and looked reverently at his tall stovepipe hat with its mourning band, sedately perched on the filing cabinet at his elbow. Somehow the antiquated headgear reminded me of a funeral, but I made no comment until I had summoned up sufficient courage to ask: "Are baby's rattles to be included in the proposed ban?"

"Of course!" exclaimed the professor. "Mirth and happiness must be strangled at its inception. If

allowed to take root, it is fatal to virtue. We believe in taking hold of children when they are very young."

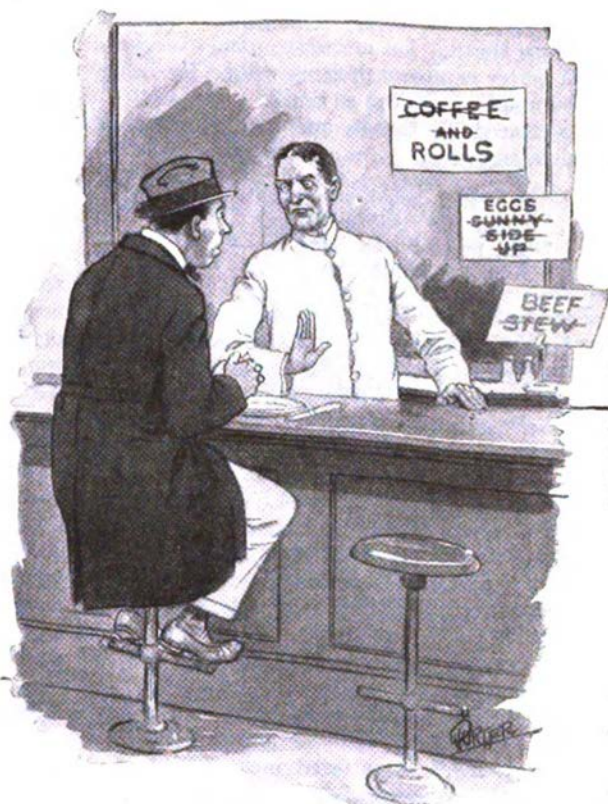
"And treating 'em rough?" I asked.

The professor's face clouded over. He saw no mirth in my remark. "Of course we shall treat them rough," he said. "It is not fit that babies should pollute the dignified silence of the air with the hideous din of pagan rattles. A child that is permitted to dilly dally with a contraption of sin in the days of its youth cannot be expected, by any human possibility, to grow up into a law-abiding, religious citizen. Yes, sir, I reiterate: rattles must go!"

THE great reformer paused and gazed at me severely. I squirmed in my chair uneasily, and he seemed pleased. That is, the sour look on his vile visage sweetened about one half of one per cent. He appeared gratified that he was making me uncomfortable. He positively took a delight in it. The making of people uncomfortable was his one aim in life—his mission on earth—as he finally confessed to me with pious satisfaction.

"Of course," he went on, "our task will not be accomplished by any means when we have succeeded in suppressing toys. With this great stride of progress attained, we shall turn our attention to juvenile literature. Children's books, as now published and openly read, are a disgrace—a sin and a shame. Under the guise of 'fairy stories' the most malicious untruths are foisted on innocent minds too young to perceive the great and wicked deception being practiced upon them. But we shall come to the rescue of these helpless little ones. No longer shall they be tormented and deceived by monstrous tales of dragons, gnomes, and hobgoblins; of ridiculous animals saying and doing impossible things. Take, for instance, the widely circulated narrative concerning a child named Cinderella, usefully employed at domestic labor, and lured by a witch to attend a ball, to indulge in dancing and see the vanities and frivolities of the world—including a slipper so small as to be wicked in its vain lines! I tell you, sir, that neither my associates nor myself will rest until this vile, contaminating literature shall be forever destroyed.

"In place of such harmful tales," he continued blandly, "we will circulate the history of the early martyrs, the lives of the saints and a history of the Inquisition. Can you not picture the re-



"Can't I even get a cup of coffee?" "No! Nothin' served here but perfectly respectable food. Nothin' that stimulates."

generation of a decadent juvenile race when the day dawns when only serious, worthy books are placed in chubby hands? I, myself, am preparing a number of thoughtful precepts to be incorporated in a little volume, illustrated with portraits of the various gentlemen who support this great movement. It is my fond hope that this beautiful work will find its way into every American home where children dwell. The cost of the book will place it within the means of all."

IT seemed to me that at this moment, the statue of the Great God Gloom winked at me; but it must have been hallucination, for I cannot even conceive of a statue presuming to wink in the sanctimonious presence of Professor Ponderbunk. But the good man was warming up to his subject now, and with dignified enthusiasm, proceeded to enlighten me as to his further plans for the salvaging of a wicked and scrapped civilization. He reached into the drawer of his desk and drew forth a typewritten manuscript.

"Of course, my dear sir," he proceeded, "you are not to blame because you were taught the

foolish, frivolous nursery rhymes of the days of your own youth. Let me ask you, however, how much better your own progeny will be for being reared upon verses such as this."

He cleared his throat, and read to me in a sepulchral tone:—

"Salvation should our thoughts engage,
Amid our youthful bloom.
'Twill fit us for declining age—
And also for the tomb."

I sat spellbound at the sweetness of the sentiment—of the delight such poetry must inspire in the heart of a child.

"There are those," Professor Ponderbunk continued, "who claim that because they do not share our religious views they are opposed to a restful Sabbath. Such assertions, sir, are stuff and nonsense. Every one must bow to our rules—Christian, Jew, Confucian, Hindu—what not. I weep to ponder upon the sinful, wayward condition of the world. But we will correct all this. We *must* enforce the Blue Laws on the designated Sabbath."

"But how about those who do not agree with you?" I asked.

"Woe betide them!" said Professor Ponderbunk.

"Woe is me," I muttered inwardly. I was pondering over the joy of eating a Sunday morning breakfast of cold griddle cakes, cold scrambled eggs and cold coffee prepared the night before. I thought, too, of my cooing infant being kept warm with a bottle of chilled milk.

"You will resort to force if need be?" I asked, tremblingly.

"Certainly we will resort to force!" declared the professor militantly. "Did not the Puritans place offenders in the stocks? Did they not fine them, burn them, duck them in icy water, bore holes through their ears and tongues? Such methods were crude—the well-meant but clumsy efforts of an earlier age. We shall be more skilful—but just as effective—with our advanced knowledge in the punishments we mean to inflict."

ENFORCEMENT officials will be armed with weapons as well as authority. The refusal to live rightly, soberly, and somberly, may be punished by denying the offender the right to live at all. Whether or not it wishes to be—the world *shall* be good.

"It's a great life!" I murmured half aloud.

"It is in sober preparation for the greater life beyond!" commented Professor Ponderbunk.

"Tell me, professor," I said eagerly, "how far is this movement to go? Surely you will never

advocate the abolition of junket! The dish is so innocent that I feel as if I were robbing a child's bank every time I taste it. Yet, my dear professor, it would be a trial to me to have to give it up."

With a sinister expression on his face, Professor Ponderbunk took up a pencil and solemnly wrote upon a memorandum pad, the fatal letters—"J-u-n-k-e-t."

"Whatever gives too great pleasure to the world—whatever is an obsession with men and women—even with children—is wicked. Self-denial is essential. Whatever the world most wants, we shall take away from it. Happiness is a baneful thing. People should be—and must be—calm, dignified, and without any tempting elements that lead to jocularity. This sort of pastime only leads one into the roadway that ends in hades."

"Then you believe in hell?" professor.

"I am not sure, but I am taking no chances," he replied gravely. "It is meet that mankind should suffer punishment. In the event that there is no purgatory, hereafter, we will make sure by establishing one on earth."

BUT, sir," I asked, "do you believe that the best interests of religion are served by forcing its precepts upon the world? Is not religion a thing of beauty that should be embraced freely and eagerly because we find comfort and happiness in its teachings?"

"No, sir! it is not!" the professor answered positively. "Religion is a solemn, a terrible thing, that people must take cognizance of to the exclusion of all worldly thoughts. We mean to rule with an iron hand in order to banish amusement from the earth. Baseball, golf, motion-pictures, dancing, singing, the wearing of bright-hued frocks—all will be forbidden; not only on the Sabbath, but every day. To indulge in games and diversions is to play into the hands of Satan. A game of checkers is as wicked as the playing of roulette and other such terrible games."

"I understand that all manner of work is to be prohibited on the Sabbath—even the delivery of fresh milk, the sale of medicine, the calls of the physician and the ambulance surgeon," I remarked further.

"Certainly. These are but sacrifices the world must gladly make. If men are ill it is because of their own folly. Let them bear with their misery until the coming of Monday morning. It will teach them a great moral lesson. If persons are injured on Sunday, it will be because they did not remain quietly indoors. If forced to remain with their wounds where the injury was

incurred, they will learn to be more careful in the future. The non-movement of trains, street cars, and automobiles will make accidents extremely unlikely in any event, and as the world will be resting from its labors and giving its solemn thought to its spiritual welfare, men's needs should amount to nothing."

"What is this rumor forbidding parents to fondle their children, to kiss their loved ones on the Sabbath?" I inquired.

The professor's look was terrible. "Of all crimes, these last are the worst. How can a child be brought up in the fear of the new life if it is to be petted and loved on the Sabbath. What great deep meaning can the day have for a child who is pampered and caressed during these twenty-four hours. Naturally, we shall take steps to prevent such practices."

"But don't you think that those who are forced to labor all the week are entitled to wholesome recreation on the Sabbath?" I ventured further.

"Certainly not!" snapped the professor. "The cultivation of the spirit is more important than the cultivation of the body. In a word, we will not permit any violations of the day. Shaving will be a crime; newspapers will cease to exist; meals may be eaten, but not prepared; and, in time, we hope to bring about absolute fasting during the day. If by word or deed, any one indicates that his or her thoughts are not wholly given over to the sacredness of the day, that erring person shall be—flayed unmercifully!" The professor uttered the last two words with considerable gusto.

"Will funerals be permitted?" I asked. "It seems to me that they would add to the tranquility and enjoyment of the day?"

"Do not attempt to be facetious, young man!" Professor Ponderbunk warned sternly. "Funerals would mean the labor on the part of many, and a diverting of the thoughts of the bereaved ones. The family will be required to remain in mourning throughout the day, taking solemn thought on the transitory state in which we live and of the tomb which awaits us all. Rather than engage in funeral ceremonies, it is more fitting that relatives and friends should contemplate the life of the departed and ask themselves whether or not their own lives have been well-ordered, or if the tortures of a horrible hereafter are not in store for them."

"Seriously," I queried, "do you imagine that such legislation can ever be enacted—that a majority of the people of this country would favor or submit to it?"

Professor Ponderbunk's brow clouded and his mien became terrible. "The majority has nothing to do with it!" he thundered. "Those who do not agree with us are accursed. They must be made to recognize our demand whether they see the light or not! We shall secure the passage of the necessary bills by hook or by crook, and remember we will enforce observance of the letter of the law. Not until sobriety and gloom displace frivolity and lightheartedness can the world be made aware of its sins. We are going to take the sun out of Sunday and make the whole world spend the day in sanctimonious misery."

"Oh, death," I murmured, "where is thy sting?"

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Signing on the Dotted Line

It's dredful ezy to be a phool. A
man kan be one and not know it

—JOSH BILLINGS.

By *ORISON SWETT MARDEN*

JOSH BILLINGS is right: "It is dredful ezy to be a phool. A man kan be one and not know it."

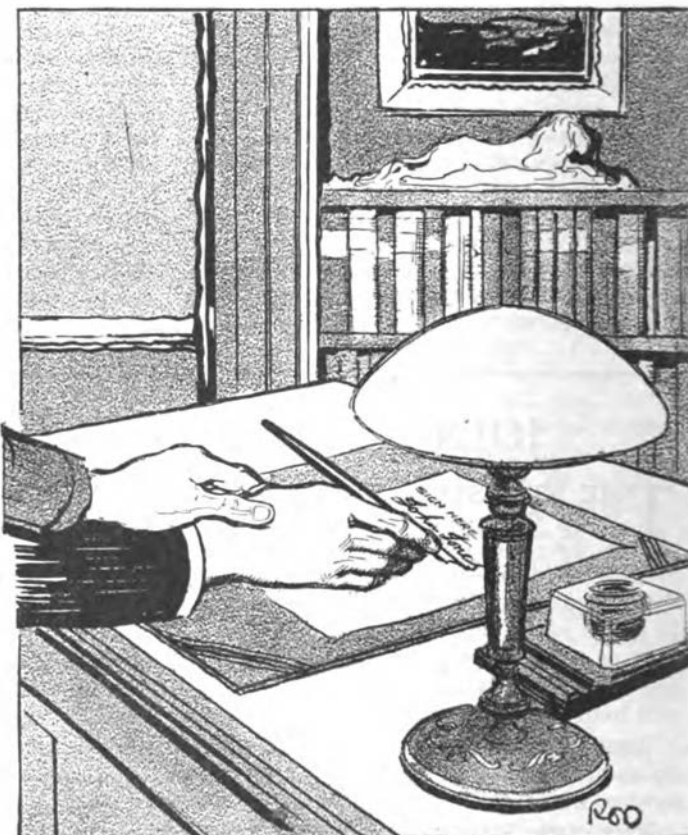
People were amused by the newspaper story of a "simple-minded citizen" who, a few years ago, in all good faith, bought from a couple of sharpers the statue of General John A. Logan, which stands on the lake front in Chicago. These sharpers met the "simple-minded citizen" on his arrival in the Windy City, introduced themselves as artists, took him to see the Logan statue, which they claimed was theirs, but since they didn't need it, would sell it to him at a very low price. The "simple-minded" one believed the rogues and paid them \$480 in bills for the statue, which he planned to move to his home town. When, however, he attempted to claim it, he found that, in spite of the perfectly businesslike receipt for his money given him by the two "artists," the statue wasn't his!

IT doesn't seem possible that an adult could be so foolish, does it? Yet numbers of people who laugh at such simplicity, every day are doing even more foolish things. They will "fall" for any fool proposition that is plausibly presented, obediently "sign on the dotted line," part with their good money, and wake up to find that they have been buncoed.

The bunco men, financial jugglers, and scheming advertisers, thrive on the simplicity, the gullibility of their fellows. They know that a shrewd advertisement, a cunningly worded circular, a hypnotic appeal, will bring the hard earnings of millions of people out of their hiding places,

perhaps out of safe investments, into their own coffers. In this way, vast fortunes are being built up on the ignorance of the masses in regard to sound business methods. The schemers bank on the fact that it is easy to swindle people who do not know how to protect their property.

IT is said that over four thousand oil companies were organized in this country in a single year. Of course, comparatively few of these



A CARTOON YOU SHOULD NEVER FORGET

Thousands of men and women have been brought to utter misery and ruin by simply signing their names to fake contracts and spurious agreements

have produced any oil. Hypnotic salesmanship was used to a criminal degree in promoting these companies. Glowing circulars and advertising matter, showing what some of the honestly established oil companies have produced, comparing them by inference with their own, were scattered broadcast. Multitudes of investors have been swindled by such fake companies, and by many others organized

with more enthusiasm than good sense. The 4000 oil companies and others of a similar nature represent, to-day, the blasted hopes of hundreds of thousands of innocent investors, foolish, to be sure, but honest; people who have been trying to make something more than a safe percentage on their little investments, and are now paying the price for their foolishness.

It is pitiful to see people who have worked hard and made sacrifices for every dollar they have saved, permitting their savings to slip through their fingers in the most foolish investments with scarcely any investigation, often sending their money thousands of miles away to people they have never seen, and about whom they know nothing, except through an advertisement which has attracted their attention, or through the wiles of some smooth, unprincipled promoter.

THE weakness of so many men and women which leaves them at the mercy of stronger wills is responsible for multitudes of ruined lives and financial failures. I recall, a classmate, at Harvard, who, in a few years after his graduation from the medical college, became a noted physician, with a very large practice and was absolutely killed by it. He was a brilliant fellow in other respects; but, without doubt, he was first ruined and afterward died from the effects of his weakness or gullibility. He lived near Boston and had a wealthy class of patients. He not only invested in all sorts of wildcat schemes himself, but induced a number of his wealthy patients to go in with him. Then when the glittering financial bubbles finally burst, they went back on him because they did not think he was square. It was this suspicion of his honesty, the stain on his reputation, more than his financial ruin that broke his heart. I know

WE should more fully appreciate our opportunities could we realize what a blind person with a love of the beautiful would give for just a glimpse of the marvelous world, which is all shut out from him and free to us. What would he not give if he could just have his eyes opened for a few months and be allowed to travel over this beautiful earth and drink in the world's beauties? Just to be able to see the flower, to get one glimpse of the landscape which we see so often that it makes almost no impression upon us, what would it not mean to him?

morning." If there were a dozen men to see him during the week, it would be the same to all of them, whether they were people he knew or long-headed promoters of whom he knew nothing. Consequently he was always tied up in something or other, and, in spite of his lucrative practice, always in need of money, so that when the final crash came he hadn't a cent to meet his liabilities.

MEN and women in every part of the world have lost fortunes because they didn't have enough business sense to protect their own interests, or because they were marks for designing rascals who had no trouble in getting them to sign "on the dotted line."

One of those unfortunates, a lady who lost her property because of her child-like ignorance of business methods, told me that when her husband died and left her a large property, it was her custom to sign any paper or document her lawyer or agents presented to her, usually without reading. These men taking advantage of her ignorance, finally got away from her everything she had, and she had nothing left to conduct a legal fight for the recovery of her property.

Thousands of people who, like this woman, were once in easy circumstances are now living in poverty because they failed to do business in a business way. Others who once had prosperous concerns of their own, are working for others as clerks, just because they risked and lost everything in some venture about which they knew practically nothing.

It is an old and true saying: "A fool and his money are soon parted," but the man or woman who obediently signs on the dotted line, or invests in some wildcat scheme without trying to find out something about it, is the silliest of all fools.

positively that there was not a more honest man than he. He was simply gullible. He knew nothing about business and could not read human nature at all. If you should talk with him about an investment, instead of inquiring into its nature or trying to find out something about its chances of success, he would say, "Well, how little could you use?" or, "How much shall I put in?" "Come again in the

DO YOU FOLLOW YOUR INTUITION?

IF I had only followed my first impression; if I had only listened to my intuition, instead of arguing myself into doing something else, I might have gotten somewhere," said a man recently in telling of some of the unfortunate results of acting contrary to his inner convictions or intuitions.

How often we hear similar expressions from men who have failed to listen to the inner voice that said to them: "If I only had done as I first thought of doing!" Or, "If I had only listened to my wife! She told me not to have anything to do with that man; that he had a yellow streak in him; that he wasn't straight, and would turn out badly."

THAT inner something, which whispers a protest or a warning, tells us to do this or not to do that, is something infinitely higher and finer than any reasoning power we know of. Our inner promptings are more trustworthy than our reasoning faculties, which often bring us to unfortunate conclusions. The voice that speaks to us, what we call intuition, is a sort of spiritual sense, which doesn't stop to reason but almost flies to a decision. It says a man is all right or he isn't all right. If he isn't all right the intuitive person feels it, senses it, because intuition pierces all masks, all pretenses, goes behind all effort to camouflage, to put up a good front. It's a good impression or a bad impression. It gives you the true, the correct answer to your question without going through the reasoning process.

This is where women have a tremendous advantage over men. They have a much stronger intuition, or spiritual sense, which does not stop to reason, but flies straight to its mark. Men trust more to their reason, and are far oftener mistaken in their estimate of people than women. Several times I have taken people to my home, men I have thought of allying myself with in different ways, to see what my wife thought of them, and when she told me to have nothing to do with this one or with that, that it would turn out badly, and I have acted against her intuition I made a mistake every time.

EMERSON says, "I believe in the still small voice, and that voice is the Christ within me." It doesn't matter what we call it—sixth sense, spiritual sense, instinct, or what not—that inner prompting is the Christ, the divinity, the God in us. If we lived as much as possible in the consciousness of God in our daily lives, in all our affairs, the inner voice would become an unerring guide, which we could follow implicitly.

—O. S. M.



The Up-to-Date Salesman

How Advertising, Analytical Laboratories, Trade-Marked Products, Business Reputation, and Honest Merchandise Have Created a Profession for Him

By MEREDITH UNDERHILL

Will a Buyer Raise His Eyebrows when Interested?

NOW, that seems a silly sort of a question! But would you believe that it was the basis on which a large business was built?

Would you believe that such a question actually sold thousands of dollars worth of merchandise?

Yes, it's true. And a dozen other questions that seem just as silly have enabled big organizations to sell to the public more readily.

Mr. Underhill explains *why* in this article.—THE EDITORS.

IN a commercial transaction, the burden of proof is always on the seller. It is his duty to prove that the merchandise he is selling is up to the established standards in every possible way. The greater proof he is able to offer, the larger his sales will be.

Years ago a story was told of a New England farmer, who, being interviewed, stated that he "hadn't an enemy in the place, unless it were the editor of the *Town Bugle*."

The inevitable "Why?" brought forth the fact that he had "sold the editor a horse some time back." The editor, meeting him on the street several days later, said, "Say, Rube, didn't you know that horse you sold me the other day had the heaves?"

"Yes," said Rube, "I know'd it."

"Then why did you sell me a horse that had the heaves, and not speak about it, eh?" said the editor.

"Well," said Rube, "the feller that sold it ter me, didn't say nuthin' about it, and I thought it was a secret."

This story, like *caveat emptor* ("Let the purchaser beware,") tells of a thing of the past, for there are not so many secrets in business to-day. With specialized advertising, trade-analytical laboratories, business conferences, the maintaining of standards of merchandise, the perfecting of trade-marked products, and the upholding of business reputations, secrets are kept only when they have to do with formulas and methods of production.

It has been said that success in selling depends chiefly on different states of mind. First, the state of mind of the manufacturer; then that of the salesmanager; then the salesman; then the buyer, and, finally, the ultimate consumer. The manufacturer makes what he thinks the public needs or desires. The salesmanager orders what he feels he can, through his selling organization, dispose of to the particular kind of trade he has to sell, and so on down the line. The article to be sold must be one that the manufacturer can produce easily and at a profit; that the salesmanager can distribute through his company in keeping with the market price for that commodity and in sufficient quantity to show a profit in his favor at the end of the year; great enough to pay for the organization and the keeping up of its standards of production.

Queer Questions the Foundation of Six Enterprises

NO matter how fine in quality a given kind of article may be, it will remain an elephant on the hands of the manufacturer unless, through a proper organization and its salesmen, he can find an outlet for it, quickly, satisfactorily, and in quantities, to the ultimate consumer. The merchant or salesmanager, cannot himself go to the four corners of the globe in search of trade for his commodities. His time is too much taken up with organizing and financing his business, formulating and building up his merchandise and establishing his goodwill and business reputation.

He has to depend entirely on his salesmen to do their part in distributing, in every possible way, the products which he stands back of. The former head of a great steel industry once said that if his plant was blown to atoms, he could in a very short space of time, reorganize business if only his salesmen were left.

Good salesmen are the mainstay of every business; they are the pillars upon which the whole structure of merchandising rests or falls.

Three important words which are constantly associated with selling policies of magnitude: Psychology, Efficiency, Suggestion. So great a power is the mind and so easily is it affected through its various organs, and respective senses, that the study of psychology in selling is becoming a vital and far-reaching one. In all parts of the country, scientific engineers are constantly comparing, analyzing, deducing, and experimenting along lines which, to the layman, seem trivial.

Do women buy more readily from blond salesmen than brunettes? Will a greater number of people pass on a sunny side of a street in a day than on the shady side? Do more people buy an article costing one coin, say five or ten cents, than one costing several, four or nine cents? Will a buyer raise his eyebrows when interested? Do men or women sell the most phonographs, and why? Are more goods sold on Saturday than on Monday and Tuesday combined? Why have the most successful men light-colored eyes? What effect has the Sunday news advertisements on the mind of the general public? Why does red attract more attention than any other color? As more people congregate on corners than in block centers, are corner stores liable to be more popular than those which are situated in the middle of the block?

Strange as it may seem, these queer and simple questions are the foundation of six of the largest business enterprises in the world to-day. Many more complex ones are turned over day after day by skilled engineers for the purpose of discovering some point, some cause or effect which, in the end, will enable an organization to dispose of its output more readily.

Efficiency and Suggestion in Salesmanship

EFFICIENCY is being applied to each branch and phase of industry and every field of endeavor. Many people would be surprised if they knew the elaborate systems which have been established by several of the well-known trade-marked houses for the marketing of their wares. Every detail, concerning weather, climate, credit, population, race personality, railroad time tables, trolley, subway trains, etc., has been reduced to an exact science.

The efficient salesman is he who knows the details connected with the line of goods he has to sell; the nature of its raw materials; the fundamental principles of its construction and the good and bad points which are liable to be advanced, for or against its sale. He does not assume an authority higher than that for which he has been employed, or alter in any form the terms, prices, deliveries, customs, or policies established by his firm. He keeps his samples neat and up to date in every way, regarding price, changes in stock and deliveries.

Suggestion plays so important a part in our daily lives and in almost everything we do, that it is but natural to consider it in more ways than one. Just a hint, an idea, or a word, dropped at the psychological moment, has been the turning-point of many of the biggest deals

If you are doing things which in some way benefit the race, contribute to its highest welfare, then your career is in tune with the Infinite plan. You are coöperating with the Creator in the team work of the race. You are a success. But if you are doing something which runs counter to God's world plan, to this great coöperative team work of the race, you are a failure, and you cannot really be happy.

which, otherwise, would never have been consummated. There are thousands of buyers throughout the country who, during the year, purchase enormous quantities of goods; yet when they are approached by the salesman during the buying season, there is erected between them a nervous barrier and all business is nil. Is it nervousness, prejudice, doubt or what?

Now, if the salesman will take the precaution, before interviewing this particular kind of buyer, of leaving all evidence of his line or trade downstairs or around the corner, things may be entirely different. Start a straight-from-the-shoulder talk on anything else but his line, no matter what it may be. Unconsciously, the buyer seeing no visible signs of merchandise, begins to be a little more human and attentive to what the salesman has to say. Then a word carefully brought in to the effect of the unusualness of the line the salesman represents, or

a sample or replica of some particularly good thing, brought suddenly to his attention, will prove an opening lever to an order or an appointment when an order may be secured.

Selling Things Has Become a Profession

ANOTHER kind of customer will go through a line of merchandise with lightning-like rapidity and then complain at the end of the operation of the entire lack of novelty or newness it contained. Few salesmen have the nerve to tell such a buyer that it would require the greatest expert in the world, to find anything good, bad, or indifferent in any line, while traveling at such a rate of speed. Therefore, a vital word as to some particularly valuable point which the line possesses, will stop him in his rapid itinerary. He then has time enough to see the merit that has been suggested and becomes interested at once.

The possibilities of suggestion as to new departures in merchandise, various uses to which the article may be put, new improvements which have been made, are some of the many forms of direct influence that are frequently used successfully.

The selling of things has become so broad in its scope and endeavor, that it should be classed as a profession. The salesman of to-day is a man of the world. The old term, "drummer," has been relegated to the background. How may a good salesman be defined, what qualities must he have, and what methods should he pursue in order to bring the greatest possible amount of success to his firm, his trade, and himself? These are the problems which confront the salesmanager in every line of business, there being no hard-and-fast standard by which men may be compared.

In selecting salesmen it is difficult to rate them mentally by their physical characteristics; but general character, personality, neatness, determinedness, ability, past record are some of the main points on which an impression can be formed.

It has been admitted by many of the leading salesmanagers throughout the country that it is more or less of a gamble. A really good salesman, though, sells his ability to sell more readily than a poor one.

Be Friendly, but not Familiar

MANY an "average" salesman is better than a so-called "star" who, frequently, basking in the sunshine of past performances, upsets, by his indifference, many of the standards he once adhered to so closely. The successful salesman is he who endeavors to maintain the

policies established by his house; to further in every way the proper sale and distribution of its product and to bend every energy to broadening and developing the business with which he is associated. He should be a student of his particular commodity; of his trade; of the causes and effects which go to building them up successfully; of a multitude of things both locally and at large, which have a general tendency and bearing on raw materials and economic conditions throughout the world.

He should have absolute confidence in his firm, in his line of goods and in his trade. This becoming a fixed habit in time, the customer begins to have the same confidence in him, in his merchandise, and the firm he represents.

A good salesman should be friendly with his trade but not familiar; truthful without exaggeration, and forceful but not aggressive.

IN selling, the principal points are the interview or appointment, the showing and closing of the sale, and the final placing of the order.

While making the appointment, leave in the buyer's mind some strong point in favor of the line to be shown.

During the selling, state the vital and important points of the line, then let the buyer do the talking and questioning. Too many salesmen are apt to say so much that the salient features are lost in the shuffle of words.

The strongest and most important selling points in any line, should be condensed into the simplest form for the benefit of the buyer, whether they be style, quality, serviceability, construction or price, or anything else. Considering the ever-changing phases of the human mind and the many constant upheavals which are taking place throughout the commercial world, no one can know too much about the business he is in.

Almost every day the name of some captain of industry may be found in the obituary columns of the newspapers. Many of them past the age of fifty, their feet on the running-board of business activity, and their hands on the levers of production, died straining every nerve and energy to perfect the business with which they were associated.

We are never too old to learn one of the truths of existence: that everything in life must be bought and sold. Whether it be religion, health, service, pleasure, protection, food, clothing, or peace of mind, it is all the same. The best salesman, in the end, is he who has developed the most sides of his nature and understands the more readily the complexity of the human equation.

THE CALL OF SPRING

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

WHEN storm winds call and the blizzards brawl,
I'm content with the city's gray.
But the wand of spring is the wizard thing
That will never let me stay.

I long for the fields with their plush of green,
The valleys spangled with flowery sheen,
Mountains that hang from the blue serene
And the road to the Far Away.

I HUNGER to roam where the fountains foam
And the leafing forests bloom;
Through snowy bowers of apple flowers
And slopes where the redwoods loom.
Over plain and hill I would wander free
As the bounding hare or the dancing bee;
I thrill to the world's new ecstasy,
I laugh at the winter's doom!

FOR now the earth has another birth,
And its whitened age has flown.
By some magic art it is young of heart,
And is filled with life alone.
And a spirit in mountain and stream and sky
Is calling to me, and I must reply,
Must go where the golden meadows lie
On the road to the Far Unknown!

How Commerce Is Eclipsing Romance in the South Sea Islands

By *THOMAS J. McMAHON, F.R.G.S.*



A type of native seldom seen to-day in the islands of the South Pacific Ocean

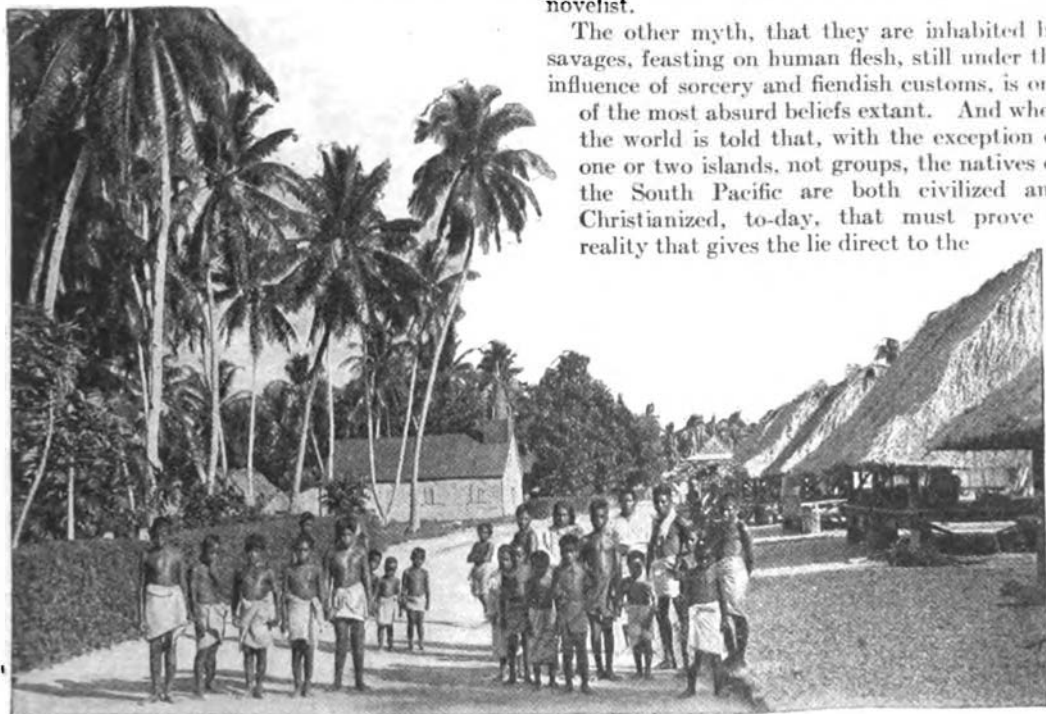
THE South Seas have been the happy hunting ground of the novelist. Take up any of the popular-fiction magazines and you are bound to come across a very highly flavored "South Sea romance." The romance is there all right, and it must be admitted that the background is very enticing. But it must be noted that Robert Louis Stevenson twenty-five years ago, and, more recently, Jack London, while making the best of South Sea romance have laid stress on the fact of the great commercial value of the South Pacific Islands. These authors pictured the possibility of the South Pacific becoming the zone of a remarkable trade activity

and one in which America would be keenly interested.

What is the real truth then about the South Seas? Is it all a myth, a necessary stock in trade of the romantic-story writer, or are the novelists right in depicting "Isles of the blessed," so different from the humdrum lands of civilization?

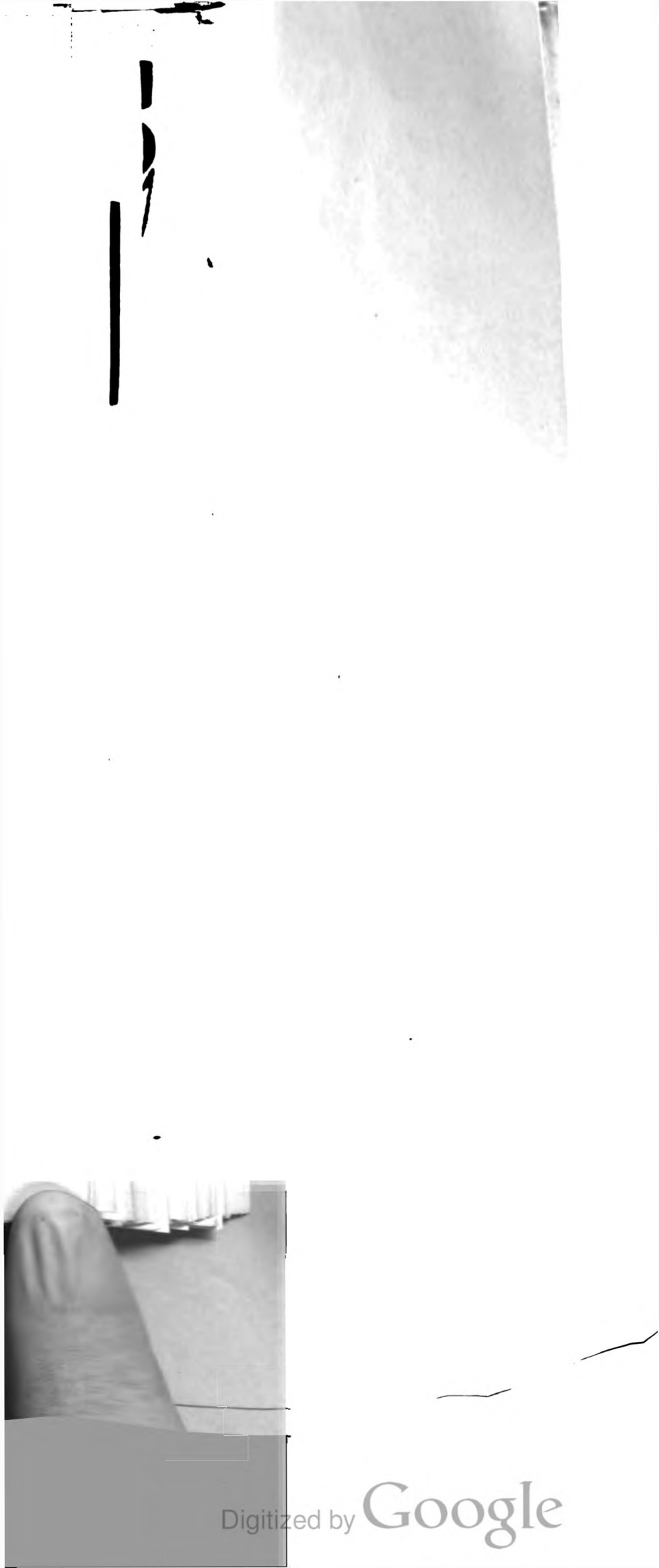
That the islands of the South Pacific are places of tropical luxuriance, bathed by a warm sun—not fierce—from bright skies, is true enough. Those most partial to the islands must, however, admit that the beauty of the female inhabitants is liable to be exaggerated by the enterprising novelist.

The other myth, that they are inhabited by savages, feasting on human flesh, still under the influence of sorcery and fiendish customs, is one of the most absurd beliefs extant. And when the world is told that, with the exception of one or two islands, not groups, the natives of the South Pacific are both civilized and Christianized, to-day, that must prove a reality that gives the lie direct to the



Main thoroughfare of Little Makin, one of the Gilbert Islands. The once warlike natives are now orderly and produce \$250,000 in copra and other products every year





romance writer or the film artist who would have us believe that these islands are areas of romance peopled by leaping, yelling, dancing, cannibal savages. It is only willfully ignorant people who, nowadays believe such trash.

In recent years the rich resources of the widely scattered islands of the South Pacific Ocean have attracted the attention of both settlers and capitalists from many nations. The British led in recognizing the vast potential wealth of this

claims to the New Hebrides group, other than French, will be warmly disputed. The Dutch are exceedingly prosperous in all their islands, with the exception of New Guinea, but Dutch New Guinea is no longer to remain idle; its rich acres are being put to use, and the Dutch have the advantage of being able to receive from Java an adequate supply of cheap labor. The Japanese have begun development of the atolls of the Marshall Islands which will make that group, in five years' time, one of the most thriving in the



The "operating room" of a Japanese dentist in the Marshall Islands. Notice that the natives dress in modern clothes

region, and millions of dollars are invested in tropical development. France, Holland, America, and now, Japan have entered upon large enterprises, in every instance, with considerable success. Since the World War these nations have, as it were, reawakened to the value and possibilities of their South Sea possessions. Trade is keener, and the energy of the Japanese is particularly apparent.

The Germans developed their New Guinea territory with a thoroughness that cannot fail to arrest attention. It is to be hoped that the same active development will be maintained under the powers of the mandate granted to the Commonwealth of Australia. The French have taken a firmer grip of their islands and development is being speeded up, an indication that any

whole Pacific. It will be populated by thousands of Japanese settlers. Americans, formerly indifferent to the opportunities of the South Pacific, are, to-day, eager for Pacific trade and they are the largest buyers of the islands' tropical produce. A number of prominent American firms are eagerly searching for trade in the Pacific. On the Pacific Coast, factories for the production of oil from copra are springing into existence.

The islands governed by the United States are conspicuously progressive, and American management of native peoples is as successful in its noble ideals of kindness and methods of encouraging the ways of civilization as those of the British. Australia and New Zealand long since saw the great prospects of the islands, and



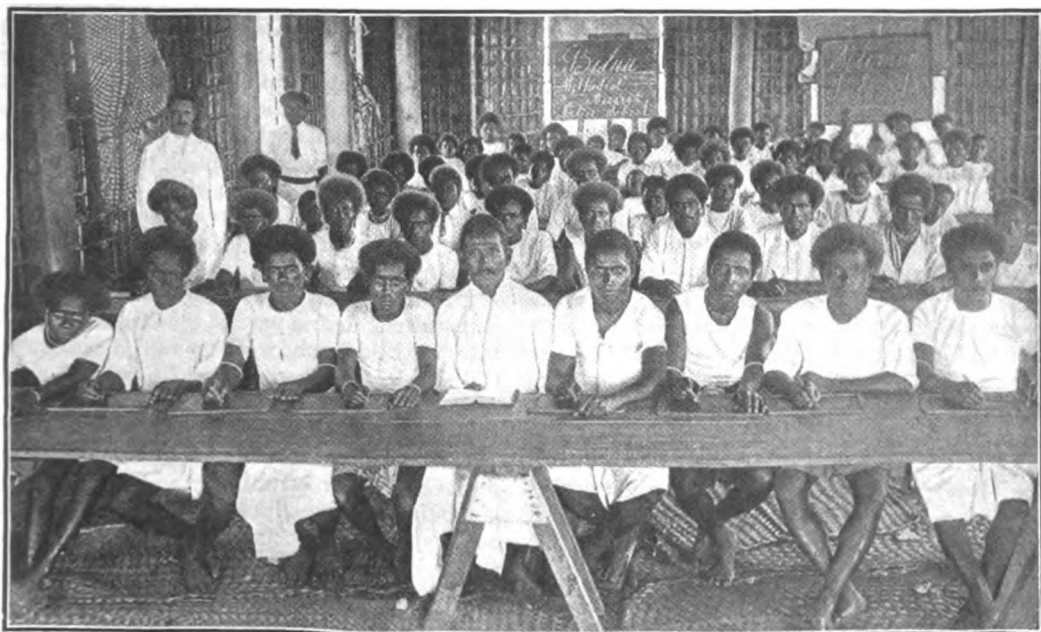


The man who traveled the South Sea Islands twenty years ago never dreamed of the armed native police force of to-day

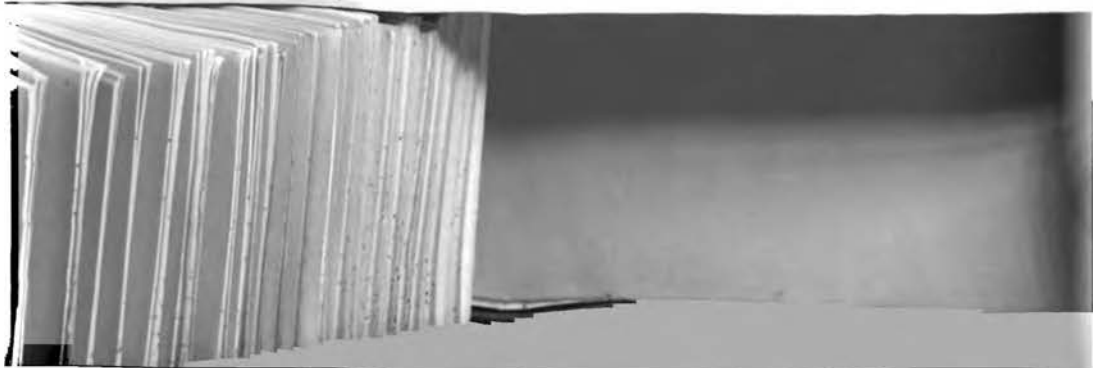
Germany would have easily overrun the whole of the South Pacific had it not been for the competition of the Commonwealth and New Zealand. At present, New Zealand is forging ahead, but Australia is being held back by the impossible tactics of the labor unions, the hold up of shipping for months at a time being a practice that has already lost much trade to Japan.

In the South Pacific, a quarter of a century

ago, plantations and cultivations were few and far between; to-day there are thousands of acres under development by scientific businesslike methods, which mean ample profits. Despite the interruption of progress caused by the baneful influence of the World War, the trade of the South Pacific is now worth \$60,000,000 a year. With progressive administration, when the present development is brought to maturity and



A school in the British Solomon Islands. A warlike people twenty years ago, to-day they are progressive, peaceful, and are seeking advancement



profit in another decade, the trade of the South Pacific will easily be worth \$500,000,000 a year.

Twenty-five years ago, there were only a few hundred white settlers in all the islands: there are now many thousands. White women and children, almost unknown in the islands twenty-five years back, then considered an impossible sphere for them, are there, to-day, in hundreds. The white woman has been the chief factor in instituting sensible living-conditions and white children show no physical deterioration whatever. Up to recent days, settlements were comparatively few; there are now several budding towns having all the conveniences of modern life. Development is spreading and would do so rapidly were it not for the shortage of labor. There are insistent demands for railways, for more shipping, for banking conveniences, for the greater facilities of trade. Communities are restless for representative government and for administration with forward policies.

THE question of labor is one of the most serious in the islands, for there is a rapid decline of native population. To check this decline is one of the first aims of island advancement. But if the commercial welfare of the islands is to be considered, and it is worth all consideration, the supply of native labor must be adequate and assured. That the development of the islands is to the distinct good of the natives is proved on every hand. It brings to them the benefits and privileges of civilization, and they are eager to attain these. Exploitation of native labor is now impossible. It pays rather to foster and protect it in every way, the more the better. It is admitted by men of all opinions that the natives, housed, fed, and working, are better beings, morally, mentally, and physically, than the poor creatures of former days, accepting government doles. South Sea natives, despite the decline in their numbers, are still sufficiently numerous to be won from savage or indolent ways, and their labor devoted to their lands can insure prosperity for years to come, in the meantime building up more vigorous populations.

OF all the tropical and subtropical products in the islands, copra (dried cocoanut) is king. It stands in the front rank of commodities. The uses of the cocoanut are innumerable. Margarine, so generally used these days, is now made mostly from the cocoanut. It supplied the Allies during the World War with one of the most effective ingredients for making munition. Americans are preparing for a vast trade to supply with cocoanut fats the millions of India, a people whose religion won't allow them to eat animal

fats, possibly tainted by disease. Thus it may be seen what tremendous possibilities lie in the cultivation of the cocoanut. The ramifications of the copra trade are, perhaps, the most interesting of any industry in the world. The average person who eats margarine, uses soap, or other commodities made from cocoanut oil, little comprehends or appreciates the efforts and intricacies in producing and buying the wonderful cocoanut. Rubber, cocoa, and sisal hemp are being grown for the world's markets in encouraging quantities. Sugar from the plantations of the Fiji Islands is sent to every part of the globe. Tea, rice, cotton, and tobacco can be grown with profit, and only await experienced investors. Maize, coffee, arrowroot, nutmegs, kapok, and temperate-clime fruits even now are found profitable as mere catch crops; but under extensive cultivation the results would be highly remunerative. Forests of excellent timber are to be found in the Solomons, Papua, and Fiji. Petroleum has been discovered in Papua and German New Guinea, and many of the big oil companies of the world are offering to work the fields.

RECENTLY an Anglo-American expedition left Australia to map out the definite boundaries of the oil belt of the territories. Marine products such as pearls, trochus shells, *bêche de mer* are at present commanding high values. Trochus shells, two years ago, worth \$40 a ton are now \$600 a ton. *Bêche de mer*, sold to China once, profitably, at \$150 a ton, has certain rare qualities, recently discovered, which have brought it up to \$3000 a ton. Phosphate and guano are practically unlimited in supply. The phosphate industry on Ocean and Nauru Islands is an admitted triumph of British enterprise. By the magnitude of its operations this enterprise has given a peculiar importance to the Central Pacific.

Nauru, once German, is a treasure island which Australia claimed, New Zealand wanted, and Japan demanded as part of the Marshalls. The mandate held for the working and administration of this island is now divided between England, Australia, and New Zealand, and will be a venturesome arrangement, in regard to the divergent views held in these three countries concerning wages and labor conditions, and, also, bearing in mind that the product of the island has always been supplied to consumers at a low and reasonable price.

Not many people will credit that, in the vastness of the Central Pacific, two modern towns have been reared, having every convenience and
(Continued on page 135)



United States Must Be Leader of World

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH
SIR PHILIP GIBBS

Famous British War Correspondent and International Authority

By SAMUEL H. HILL

EDITORS' NOTE

SIR PHILIP GIBBS took a commanding place among the correspondents during the World War. A forceful writer, a keen observer, a student of international affairs, he is recognized the world over as an authority on subjects of vital interest to all mankind. It is unusual for Sir Philip Gibbs to grant such an interview as this, for there is a big demand for what he says or

writes. "Europe," he tells THE NEW SUCCESS interviewer, "without America, is like a man handcuffed." In other words, it is like a business firm without a head. Sir Philip Gibbs takes the stand that the United States must lead the world. The world looks to America for direction. It is the logical sequence of the World War, and must come to pass.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS leaned forward in the soft-cushioned chair in a New York club and prepared to answer the questions I put him for THE NEW SUCCESS. A smile played about his thin mouth; there was a glitter of interest in his alert gray eyes; his whole appearance was one of incisive keenness and intelligence.

"There is nothing in particular to be said about myself," he stated, in answer to my first question. "I was in the World War, as you know—I saw it from beginning to end; I am a wanderer and an observer—I am one who likes to enter the home of the common man and there feel the pulse of the world. I am a believer in the doctrine that what is thought and done in the cottage is more significant than what happens in the palace; that the beliefs of the man on the street have more real importance than the most learned treatise of the most sophisticated and impractical professor. And it is on the basis of such views that I have molded my opinions on international affairs."

Mr. Gibbs evidently was reluctant to talk about himself. An innate modesty restrained him; it was apparent that he preferred to discuss more general topics. Accordingly, I thought it best to bring him at once to the central subject of this interview. I asked:

"What place do you think the United States will take in world affairs? Do you or do you not believe that we are to maintain a position of leadership?"

"THE United States is the land to which the nations of Europe must turn in their hour of need," he answered. "The United States must sustain and uplift the war-shattered and tottering countries of the Old World. It must give them aid and courage, and help them to recover from the staggering blow they have been dealt. By this, I do not mean that it must lend financial support. That is a thing we do not want; a thing we may resent. It is a thing as futile as it is inadequate; it is a mere sprinkling of rose water on the difficulty, merely clipping off the tips of the grass while the roots remain untouched. In England, at least, we feel perfectly capable and desirous of paying our debts, and do not care to have the United States or any other country shoulder part of the burden. But what we do need is moral support. We need hope, we need coöperation in spirit, we need the assurance that you in America are willing actively to aid toward the prevention of another world catastrophe."

"Do you consider it impossible for Europe to attain that end without our aid?"

"EUROPE, without America, is like a man handcuffed. It is fatally handicapped; its efforts are futile and ineffective. Or, to use another illustration, it is like a business firm of which the head is absent. The other members may argue to their hearts' content, but until the

head returns they can decide no essential question of policy. Europe without America may accomplish much debating; it can achieve little important action. The non-participation of America would alone be sufficient to make the present League of Nations a failure; international fraternity and permanent peace are mere chimeras when America does not lend an aiding hand."

"Then what do you believe should be America's position?"

"**A**MERICA should assume that leadership into which the logic of international affairs has compelled it. The world looks to America for directions, and America should not shirk the responsibility; it is a duty as well as a privilege. It is for America to open the way to lasting peace and to a new world-order that will build a rock foundation of security above the present quicksand of international peril.

"Outside of America there is not a single nation that can take even the initial step toward the reorganization of international society. The countries of Europe are so entangled in a mesh of hatred, jealousy, and suspicion that their hands are tied; and much though they may desire to act, they one and all find action impossible. England can do nothing, for anything she might undertake even in the best of faith would be construed as an attempt at world domination; France is powerless, for she is so restrained by her antagonism to Germany that any suggestion on her part might be ascribed to sinister motives; Italy is incapable of aiding, because her activities on the Adriatic have in many quarters brought her into disfavor and suspicion. Alone of all the nations, America is immune from the charge of ulterior objects or secret designs; alone of all the nations.

"America is in a position to be trusted; what she does will be accepted by the people of the world at its face value, and none will accuse her of contemplating world conquest or of harboring plans for the subjugation of her sister nations. The United States must act because no other country can do so, and because upon action at the present time depends the future welfare of mankind."

"Our duty seems to be more important than we generally realize. Do you not believe that the problems before the incoming administration will be among the most momentous this country has ever faced?"

"**N**O doubt," said Mr. Gibbs. "With what success they will be met, of course, remains to be seen. But I believe that the Harding

administration will have a supreme opportunity, which I hope it will be capable of grasping. It is a change which, many maintain, will terminate the present aloofness of the United States in world politics, and mark its acceptance of that leadership which is not only desirable but necessary. This is largely dependent, of course, upon whether or not President Harding succeeds in carrying out the international projects he has thus far outlined; but the very possibility that he will carry them out has infused a new spirit of hope into the world."

"As time goes on, is not the rôle of the United States in world affairs likely to become constantly more prominent?"

"**U**NDoubtedly," he said, with the assurance of one who states an established fact. "The very economic position of the United States makes its political supremacy in the world certain. It is well known that many of the nations of Europe cannot support themselves; the congestion of their population is such that they have to turn elsewhere for food supplies. In the years to come, this is likely to be increasingly true, and more and more the United States will become the granary of the world. And as your country becomes economically more essential to Europe, it will become politically more powerful, so that it is likely to attain a position of perpetual supremacy in the counsels of the nations. You are a new country, it is true—" At this point, Mr. Gibbs paused just long enough to glance appraisingly about the room. "But you have done very well, indeed; very well, indeed."

Mr. Gibbs paused again, and pointed first to the upholstered furniture, and then to the paintings that adorned the walls and to the statuettes that stood in niches about the room. "The things you have done compare favorably with what has been accomplished in the Old World," he said, smiling. "And what you do in future, I am sure, will be not less favorable."

"What do you regard as the chief issue now confronting the world? In what direction may the United States have the greatest influence?"

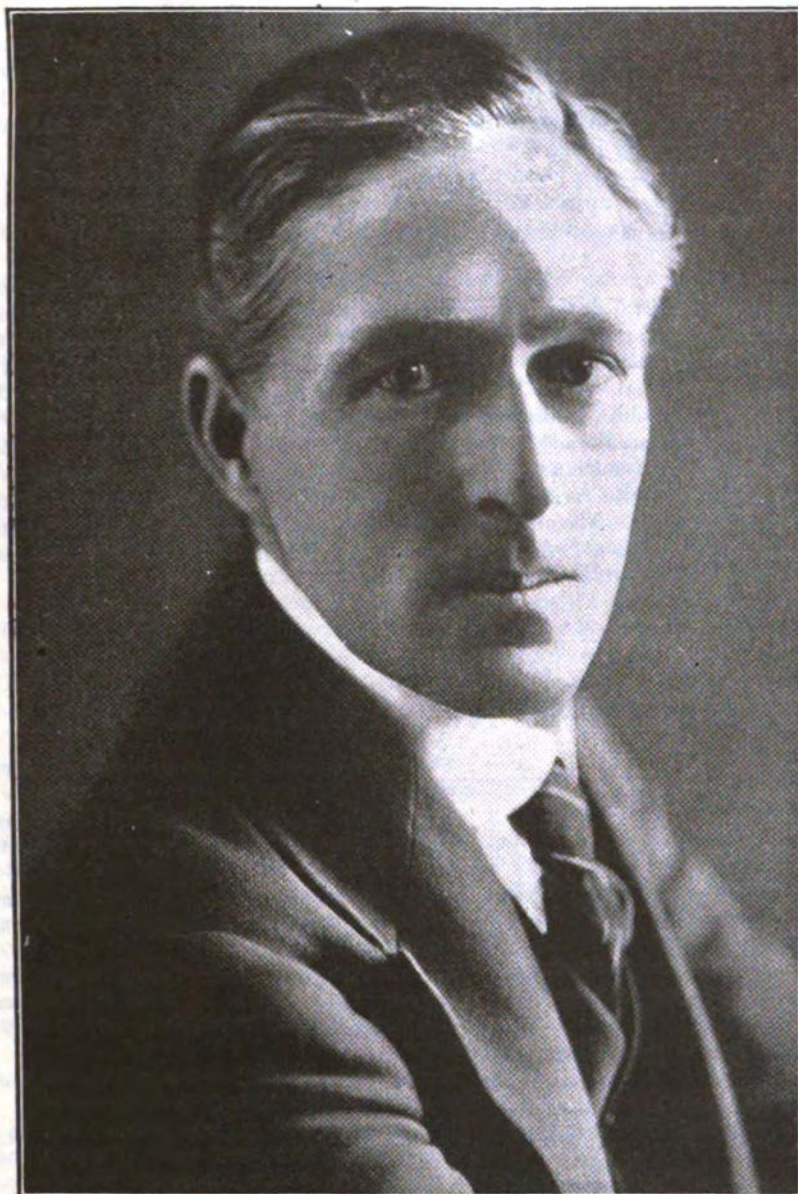
"**A**T present there is, perhaps, no issue more momentous than that of disarmament," answered Mr. Gibbs. "Enter the home of the average European, and you will observe this strikingly manifested. He is utterly weary of war and fighting; he is weary of armaments and everything that reminds him of fighting. The taxes he must pay to support new armies and navies are a depressing burden—a moral as well

as a physical burden, since it takes away hope and deprives him of courage.

"His only prayer is that the ordeal through which he has passed may not be repeated; that he may be left to go his way in peace; that his

goes his way listlessly, disheartened, a beaten man. Give him a chance, and he will recover; but that chance cannot come without the assurance that he is working for something more than future warfare.

"A large part of Europe is in a condition of



"America is in a position to be trusted."

"On America depends the future of mankind."

"At present there is no issue more momentous than that of disarmament."

SIR
PHILIP
GIBBS

children may not suffer as he has done. Yet everywhere about him he sees new armies and new navies cropping up, and for those armies and navies he must pay with the very marrow of his life. And so he is despondent and pessimistic; he has no brighter outlook, no broader horizons. He

virtual decay; it cannot recuperate without hope, without a helping hand from without, and that hand can be extended only by America. It is to America that the world must look for the reduction of armaments and the prevention of another world catastrophe.

"The very burden of armaments is vastly greater than before the war. In England, prior to 1914, for example, the total annual expenses of government, including the upkeep of the army and navy, was a hundred and twenty million pounds; at present the military and naval expenses alone are something like two hundred and seventy million pounds. This is not because British armaments are more extensive than before the war; it is because the cost of their maintenance is ten times as great. How crushing is this burden upon the people, you may judge for yourself. The price of armaments was never so great before, their danger never so apparent. It is imminently necessary that something be done."

"Do you believe that civilization itself is threatened? Might not armaments and the consequent warfare lead to the decay of the white race?"

"PRECISELY," affirmed Mr. Gibbs, looking very grave. "That decay seems already to have begun in Europe. And if wars continue to break forth, the disintegration of white civilization may progress at an appalling rate. The only present solution seems to be disarmament. And that is where America may play her part."

"Then you believe that America can better afford than most other countries to begin the movement toward disarmament? You believe we are better protected, not only by natural barriers but by our vast resources?"

"BEYOND question. If you desired, you could raise the largest army in the world. Actually, you have need for one of the smallest armies in the world. You are not entangled in suspicion and jealousy as are the nations of Europe; you are menaced by no vast and overweening neighbor; you are not in danger of foreign conquest, and you are looked upon by the other countries as a leader, so that what you do they will readily follow."

"Therefore it is for America to set the example—for America to pilot the world to disarmament. It is for that reason that the eyes of all nations are fixed upon the Harding administration, fervently hoping that its plans for international coöperation may be consummated, and that it may open the door to a general and lasting peace. It is no small task with which you are confronted; it involves the future welfare of mankind. But the world looks to you hopefully, confident that you will not betray the great trust that is reposed in your hands."

WHY SHE IS NOT POPULAR

SHE gossips.

SHE lacks tact.

HE is not genuine.

She is lacking in education and refinement.

She is pessimistic, she always looks on the dark side of things.

She is too independent and self-assertive.

She is jealous and envious of others' good fortune.

She is a snob, and pretends to a superiority she does not possess.

She has a bitter tongue and is always making caustic, cruel remarks.

She is too quick to tell other girls how ill they are looking, and to point out any little defects in their dress.

Her truthfulness of word and her honesty of purpose are unquestioned, but her good-breeding is like a garment moth-eaten and full of holes.

She spoils her most generous deeds by the ungracious manner in which she performs them.

Her prickly harshness of speech and uncompromising bluntness of manner cause her to be constantly misunderstood and undervalued.

She is forever on the watch for slights, her super-sensitiveness presenting an exposed surface readily stabbed or scratched.

She has allowed her womanly grace and reserve to disappear in her contact with the business world, and is too bold and mannish in appearance and manner.

She is always fretting and worrying about something, always anticipating the disagreeable.

She is selfish and unsympathetic. She is constantly talking of herself and her affairs, and is never interested in the joys or sorrows of others.

She is always talking of her aches and pains, and fretting or worrying about something.

Character Is the Poor Man's Capital.



"Charge it to Experience!"

Old Jeremiah Harrington, of The Harrington Industrial Corporation, Explains Why Losses Are Sometimes Profits

By FRANK WINSLOW

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, there is often more profit in a loss than in a gain," said old Jeremiah Harrington of the Harrington Industrial Corporation. "The man who never made any mistakes is mighty unfortunate and has a lot to learn. The only persons who do not make mistakes are the timid ones who haven't the courage to try something new and different. They're afraid they'll go wrong and haven't the stamina of which pioneers are made. I have no use for them. Give me the man with plenty of mistakes to his credit, and I'll bank on him every time. Roosevelt said, 'Show me the man who never made a mistake and I'll show you the man who has done nothing.'"

"Mistakes to his credit?" I asked in surprise, wondering if I had rightly understood him.

"That's exactly what I said—and meant," Harrington assured me. "By credit, I mean the knowledge of what *not* to do again that comes to every man with each error he makes. When things go along smoothly and everything we touch turns out just right, with a neat profit, we are apt to get careless and overconfident. We think that the world is our oyster, that we are certain of success, that failure has been wiped out of our lexicon. Of course, failure is a good word to eliminate, but it can't be done with an eraser or the scratch of a pen. Failure is only eliminated by learning the right way to do things—and more important still—learning the wrong way to do them."

Says Jeremiah Harrington:

THERE is often more profit in a loss than in a gain.

We can profit by trouble if we charge it to experience.

The more bitter the lesson, the more profitable the asset.

Experience consists of two things: Knowing how to do it, and knowing better.

Hard knocks never hurt any man. Sometimes it seems as if an all-wise Providence deliberately passes them out to needy citizens.

Many a man has seen thousands of dollars go up in fool schemes. The wise man says, "Charge it to experience." The fool tries to get it back.

"I know that 'experience is the best teacher,'" I agreed; "but do you think most humans profit by experience?"

"There are a lot of fools who don't," Harrington said, "that is why they are fools. But the man who has committed a serious fault in judgment, and writes it down in the profit column has turned a loss into a valuable asset. Hundreds of men are doing it every day. Most people have small use for advice, except when it confirms their own judgment. But ex-

perience has advice backed off the boards if it is handled in the right spirit."

"That reminds me of the experience that caused me to make sure matches are out before I throw them away," said Harrington with a reminiscent smile. "When I first started out in business, for myself, I used to throw the matches with which I lighted my cigars, in the general direction of the waste-basket. Usually they went out. But one day, a match didn't. It set fire to the basket after I had left the room. Before I could get back, the rug was ablaze and a lot of important papers and plans were merrily burning on my desk. That fire—the direct result of my own carelessness—cost me \$10,000. But I don't regret it. To-day a fire in one of the Harrington plants is virtually an impossibility, because experience has taught me the value of heeding every possible safeguard against a conflagration. It was a costly lesson, but cheap in its results; and I've paid more for less valuable experience on several occasions."

"Experience and I have been great little pals, and I can recommend the old boy as a safe mentor for any young man growing up with ambition and determination. Hard knocks never hurt any man. Sometimes it seems as if an all-wise Providence deliberately passes them out to needy citizens. I don't know any cure for a swelled head so efficacious as a few hard knocks. If a man has the right stuff in him he should welcome trouble for it affords him the satisfaction of overcoming it. If he can't do that he might as well learn it early in the game for he won't get very far."

"I suppose," I mused, "that your theory is that a burned child dreads the fire."

"More than that," Harrington told me. "The burned child has learned what fire will do to him, but he has also learned, if it didn't utterly consume him, what he can do to fire. Fire is a curious thing. It has its good and its evil sides, just like most other things in life. Properly used, kept under control, and intelligently applied, it is a wonderful force for good. Given free reign, neglected, or played with without restraint, it becomes an all-consuming demon."

"IN that respect fire is just play, food, and countless things that go to make up our daily lives. Men who play too much are as bad as those who play too little. Experience ought to teach us just how much work and how much play make the proper recipe for health, happiness, and prosperity. If it doesn't we're lacking in judgment. Experience likewise tells us what foods are best for us, what diet we'd best follow. The boy who overindulges in green apples acquires some valuable experience. So does the young woman who tries to mix terrapin and ice cream with green pickles and soda water."

"But do you believe that employers should sit back and let their employees learn through bitter disappointment?" I asked. "By that, I mean, do you feel that experience is the only really satisfactory teacher?"

"Certainly not," said Harrington. "It is an employer's duty to give his assistants the benefit of his own knowledge of methods and things to avoid, but no one's experience is as vital in its effect upon us as our own. I can point out the disaster that befell Jim Smith because he did or did not do thus and so; but young Brown will shrug his shoulders and say the trouble was that Smith's judgment was faulty. Brown knows he could have accomplished what Smith failed to do. He only learns better when he tries it himself and gets a nasty fall."

"Take gambling. Whether it be at the card table, the race track, or in the stock market, the

average human being believes he will be lucky and win—until he tries it. It isn't that I'm advising to deliberately indulge in these things, with the purpose of learning why they don't pay. There are plenty of vivid object lessons for every one to heed. But there is no one more opposed to gambling in any form than one who has gone through the mill. Such a man *knows* why it doesn't pay—knows the heartaches that lie in the wake of get-rich-quick schemes and games of chance. I've a lot more respect for, and confidence in, a reformed gambler, than I have in a youth who has never indulged and is constantly wondering whether he wouldn't be one in a million to come out winner on a hundred-to-one shot. No, sir! Personal experience is directly chargeable to the profit account, and only a hopeless weakling and incompetent fails to derive benefit from every beating he gets in the course of his life."

"I CAN remember one beating I received at school," I remarked. "I thought I could whip the school bully, but I found that I was wrong, and nursed two black eyes for a week."

"Well, wasn't the knowledge you gained worth it?" Harrington asked. "You wouldn't have been satisfied or happy until you'd tried. Most of us believe we can do a lot more than is possible. It's only when we honestly try and find that the job's too big for us that we get down and train and work until we are able to do the thing we have in mind. And having failed in our first effort, and learned our weaknesses, we are able to put it over in time if we only stick to it long enough."

"That's true," I agreed. "I did whip that bully eventually. I did it by going out in the yard in the late afternoons and chopping wood until my muscles ached—by exercising morning and night—filling my lungs full of fresh air and getting early to bed."

"AND I'll bet the other chap congratulated you when you knocked him down," Harrington said.

"You're right. We're the best of friends today, but you never saw any one so surprised as he was when he found I could master him!"

"That's half the joy of making good after failure," Harrington reminded me. "The opinion of our fellow men, the folks who say, 'I always knew he had it in him!' and the personal satisfaction of overcoming incompetence, or wrong theories or methods, is worth all the effort involved. We're all vain, whether we admit it or not. A man may try to tell himself he doesn't value praise; but if he does he is deceiving him-

self. Honest praise because of honest endeavor is the reward we all appreciate."

The door opened, and a bright looking young man in overalls entered, a sheaf of order forms in his hand. Harrington nodded to him, and made an apologetic gesture in my direction. "It seems to me, Mr. Harrington," he said crisply, "that Bronson Brothers are buying more of those XXX Lathes than they should. I know there's been a big demand for them lately; but the need has been pretty well supplied, and I don't believe they'll be able to sell fifty of them in two years."

"Right," said Harrington. "Ship them twenty-five and say we're holding the balance on order for prompt shipment when they call for them."

THE young man made a pencil notation on the sheet and went out. "There's an example for you," Harrington said. "That chap used to be on the road for me. He was looking for sales records and big commissions and he was a slick talker.

In six months he had every customer on his list hopelessly overstocked. Demand slacked off and prices dropped, and there was a howl from his territory. The road-man laughed and said something about letting the buyer worry. But I didn't like such practice, so I fired him. It's just as much our duty to advise a good customer against overbuying as it is to warn a good friend about overeating.

"Well, he was inclined to be pretty snippy about his dismissal, and I learned, a few weeks later, that he was going about among his old trade complaining of the raw deal I'd given him. That trip did him a world of good and resulted in the making of the best order overseer I ever hope to get. He learned the true situation—found out what various firms could sell and ought to buy—and he found out how sore a merchant gets when a smart salesman slips one over on him. He charged his experience to profit, ate a whole humble pie, and came back and told me how ashamed he felt of himself. I hired him again. To-day he's making more money turning down excessive orders than

he ever made soliciting them on the road."

"But is it usual to turn down orders—because you feel the merchant may not move the goods reasonably soon?" I inquired.

"I won't say it's usual, but it's sound business. The manufacturer who watches conditions knows about the quantity of goods a retailer of a given size in a given locality can dispose of during a fixed period. Sometimes the manufacturer gets rattled because of the flood of inquiries that come in and imagines business is better than it is. For instance, I remember, a few years ago, when we began to get inquiries from all over the country

for a type of saw we hadn't been making for a long time. We saw visions of the article going big again and I issued rush-production orders with instructions to keep the saw department going day and night.

"We got out our first shipments and kept on cutting our eye-teeth in saws. Suddenly the inquiries ceased and cancellations began to come in. I profited by that experience. I found that the springing up of a new industry had resulted in a few scat-

tered inquiries for those saws. Because the retailers hadn't been carrying them in stock, they weren't to be had. Result: the men who desired the saws shopped around from one store to another, until the retailers began to believe that every one in the world was looking for those saws. Well they weren't. The inquiries were duplications. We had turned out more saws than could be used in twenty years and I've still got a lot of them on inventory."

"**T**HAT'S not an unusual experience," I reminded him, "and it would tend to disprove your theory. A lot of manufacturers found themselves in that condition as a result of the war."

"Which is another calamity that must be charged to experience—if the world is to be any better for it's having been fought!" Harrington shot at me. "The aftermath of the World War shows one case of incompetency after another—errors in judgment, gross carelessness, lack of foresight. These things couldn't be foreseen

A SMILE

By Nan Terrell Reed

NO, it can not buy a dinner,
And it can not clothe the poor,
And it can not work in sickness
As an everlasting cure.

IT can change a bitter feeling;
It can brighten up a day,
And it has a way of driving
Mr. Worryman away.

SO try it on your features,
For it doesn't hurt a bit;
On any kind of people
It's guaranteed to fit.

and couldn't have been guarded against, especially under the stress of war's necessities. Only experience could point them out to us. And it's the same in our everyday lives. Most human beings won't learn in any other way.

"I WAS down in New York City, the other day, watching the new traffic system on Fifth Avenue. They halt the north bound and south bound vehicles every few seconds to allow the passage of crosstown traffic, and the pedestrians are supposed to wait and travel with the automobiles and wagons. It's a good idea. If people would observe it there would be mighty few accidents. But you can't make a fool-proof regulation. Every once and a while some chauffeur or driver tries to cheat and sneak through while the stream is flowing the other way. Then there's an accident. I was meditating on this condition, when I remembered that I was late for an appointment at a hotel on the other side of the avenue. I darted through the traffic, impatient for the flow of machines to stop. I saw no reason why I shouldn't navigate it safely. But a taxi-cab chauffeur, who was also cheating, dashed around with a left-hand turn, and I went to the hospital."

"You?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes," laughed Harrington. "You see there's no fool like an old fool. Whether he's a youth or a grandfather, the man who thinks he knows it all is bound to ride for a fall. But I charged that to experience, and I'll warrant you that whenever I'm in New York I'll not disregard traffic regulations."

"But were you badly hurt?" I inquired.

"No," Harrington replied, "but a man doesn't need to be badly hurt to profit by experience if he has ordinary common sense."

"I WAS a mess and the suit was ruined. Of course, I had to have another. At that time, I could not spare the money. I sought out a dingy little shop in a side street in the window of which 'all wool' suits were displayed at prices that seemed incredible. I bought me one, but the price was not nearly so incredible as the suit. The first time it rained, I learned the fallacy of 'economizing' by bargain hunting. That was another thing I charged to experience. We seldom get anything worth while in life unless we pay full price for it, and we usually pay full price in the end, when we try to get something for nothing."

"But experience doesn't seem to avert failures and panics," I reminded him, largely with the view of drawing him out.

"Of course not," said Harrington, "because,

as I said, there are always those who lose their heads and try to beat the game. But it is usually the man who has never suffered personal experience and laughs at the experiences of others who goes under or finds himself unprepared when the crash comes. The wise man, who has been through the mill, has his plans all laid. He has prepared during the years of plenty for the lean years to come.

"During the last few years, and especially during the period of riotous spending that followed the armistice, a lot of raw business firms sprang up in every line of endeavor. Prices were high, profits were long, and it was a 'seller's market'. Salesmen degenerated into mere order takers—and haughty ones at that—and they sat up nights trying to get rid of their money. They succeeded.

"Then came the slump. Merchants found themselves loaded up with high-priced stocks and the bottom dropped out of the market. Manufacturers stopped getting orders and the wheels of industry stopped turning. Labor found itself idle. Every one began blaming every one else for everything under the sun. The big party was over. It was time to pay the musicians and the caterer.

"A few men who had been through the mill before, profited by their experience. They decided to take their loss, reprice their stocks at actual replacement value, help get business back to normal and stimulate needful buying. The man who hadn't had previous experience bewailed his fate and held back. In the end he has taken or will take his loss anyway. It is a good time to tack up on the wall the little old motto, 'CHARGE IT TO EXPERIENCE' and begin all over again."

"But that course will leave some pretty nasty scars," I mused.

"Naturally," Harrington continued. "But they will be scars that business men may well be proud of and, later, exhibit as 'service stripes'.

"Experience consists of two major things: Knowing how to do it, and knowing better. You can teach a man how to do a given task, but it is difficult to teach him how not to make mistakes. He must learn those for himself and charge the cost of his errors to experience."

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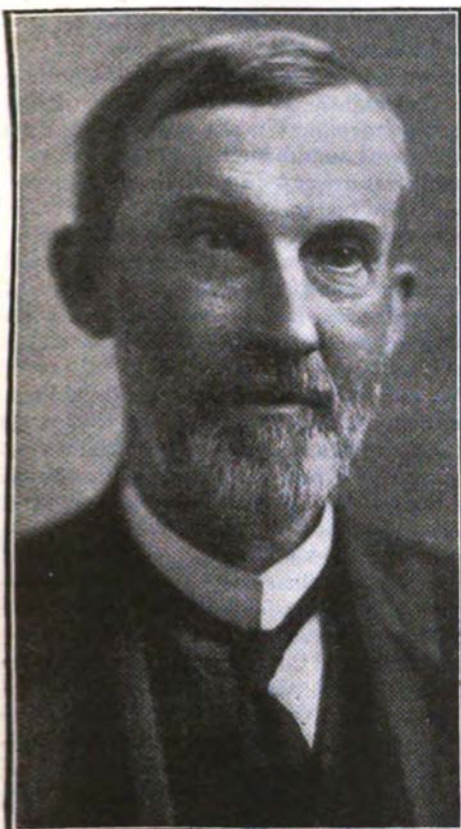
What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

◆ ◆ ◆

A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.—Bovee.

◆ ◆ ◆

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?—Browning.



Reverend James A. Bryan, known to the people of Birmingham, Alabama, as "Brother" Bryan who won the first annual prize of the *Birmingham News*, in a contest that might be adopted by other communities

Birmingham News \$500 Prize Goes to "Brother" Bryan for Human Kindness

How He Performed Greatest Service to a Populace of 185,000
During the Year

By GARRARD HARRIS

the president of the Birmingham City Commission.

In the fall of 1919, these organizations designated the members of the board—men of the highest type and of the broadest understanding—and sessions began late in the month of December.

Great things had been accomplished in Birmingham—third city of the South, with her 185,000 people. Many men and women had performed notable services. Captains of industry and trade had seemed actuated by a wish to vie with one another in rendering service to the community. The list was a large one to choose from, and many and diverse were the views as to who would be designated as first among the benefactors of Birmingham.

On Sunday morning, January 9, 1920, the award, unanimously reached the day before, was made public for the first time. The loving cup had been awarded to "Brother" Bryan, and all Birmingham rejoiced!

Brother Bryan is personally known to nearly everybody in Birmingham—certainly to everybody who is poor, humble, distressed, or in trouble. That is why the people call him "Brother" Bryan, and they say it with a respectful and a loving accent. And to illustrate why:

One bitter morning, Brother Bryan was telephoned for to come and pray for somebody who was dying, someone who wanted to hold his hand as the darkness fell. He turned out, as he always does. A cruel biting gale was sweeping down from the Northwest. At the A. G. S. railway crossing stood a flagman—a white man Brother Bryan knew to be in poor circumstances and with a large family. Somebody had given Brother Bryan a fine overcoat, a few days before. Going up to the pinched and shivering man, he shucked that coat and put it on him.

"You need it a whole lot more than I do, brother!" he said. With a friendly slap on the

At the beginning of the year 1919, Victor H. Hanson, publisher of the *Birmingham, Alabama, News*, announced that for 1919, and annually thereafter, \$500 of the newspaper's funds would be set aside for the purchase of a solid-silver loving cup to be—well, this is as it was printed in the *News*.

"Awarded to that person who, during the year, has performed the greatest service in Birmingham. Service is the keynote of the day, and the noblest form of service lies in unselfish devotion to the welfare of one's city and fellows. What individual has done most during the year, 1919, to enrich and ennoble the lives of the citizens of Birmingham? That will be the question for the Board to decide."

The award was to be made by a board composed of a member elected, for the purpose, from the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce, the Civic Association, the Community Club, the Kiwanis Club, the Civitan Club, and

back and a "God bless you!" he was on his way before the half-frozen lips of the flagman could frame a protest.

Somebody told of it—the flagman, perhaps—but, at any rate, one of the big merchants of Birmingham, a Jew, called Mrs. Bryan on the telephone and wanted to know what size overcoat Brother Bryan wore, as he was going to send him another at once.

"It won't do a bit of good!" said Mrs. Bryan. "He'll give it away to the next person he sees, who needs it more than he does."

"All right, let him do it and notify me, and I'll send him another one and another one yet!" blurted this big-hearted merchant. That's the way they think of Brother Bryan. He is the same to all of them. He knows no denomination in his work of humanity.

HERE is another story about Brother Bryan—and it is the truth. Mrs. Bryan returned, one afternoon, to find a dray backed up in front of the house and Brother Bryan and the colored drayman lifting her refrigerator into the vehicle.

"Why, Mr. Bryan! What on earth are you doing?" she asked.

"Well, dear; you know, I found a family of mighty poor folks—three little children and the mother all down sick—and they can't eat anything but milk, and they have no way of keeping that milk this hot weather, so I thought they needed this contraption a heap worse than we did."

And he scrambled up and drove off with the family refrigerator!

THEN there is this story: He went home to forage for clothes for a poor family he had unearthed in some purlieu, and took nearly all of Mrs. Bryan's dresses and his only extra pair of trousers, and the only extra suit belonging to one of his boys! He never has but one suit of clothes—gives any others away. He has sent folks into his cellar and they have taken the last bit of coal there, save a scuttleful. He has often rushed in and grabbed up a meal ready to be served, and toted it off to some hungry people.

AND there was that incident of the horse and buggy. Brother Bryan, a number of years ago, had an old flea-bitten horse and a ramshackle buggy, and both were about played out, going early and late, serving distressed humanity.

There was a card game at one of the hotels, one night, and one of the participants remarked that something should be done to secure Brother Bryan a new outfit. It was agreed to finance the

proposition by taking a certain percentage of the money won in the game.

At the table were three Jews, two Catholics, and four Protestants. It was a long game, with a lot of money moving. When it ended, there was a fund of several hundred dollars, and one of the participants was delegated to buy Brother Bryan a new horse and buggy.

He purchased a milk-white horse that was a beauty, a new set of harness, and the best buggy in Birmingham. Then came the difficulty of explaining to Brother Bryan, and the man who made the purchase, being a politician, just had to say that it was a present from him!

Brother Bryan was overjoyed, and used that outfit for many years. The other men who were parties to the purchase were perfectly content to remain in the background. This is the first time the real truth about Brother Bryan's fine white horse and buggy has ever been in print.

IF any humble folk come to Birmingham—foreigners, country folks or what not—and Brother Bryan hears of it, he welcomes them and lets them understand that if they are in trouble or need a friend, to let him know. And he never fails them, either.

And if any one is in real serious trouble or sorrow and wants real sympathy, help, or prayers that sound like a personal request to a loving and compassionate Father, they send for Brother Bryan. If there is a wayward girl—he can bring her to a realization of her folly if anybody on this earth can. If there is a young man going to the dogs, Brother Bryan can come nearer to straightening him out than any other force. And if there is a heart bowed down and the way ahead seems dark, Brother Bryan seems to be able to shoulder the load and point the way to the sunlit paths again.

The sorrows of others are as real to him as if they were his own. There is not a grain of pretense in his make-up. He actually loves everybody—he simply cannot help it. No one ever appealed to him in vain. The humblest negro in trouble can get his sympathy and a prayer just as quick as anybody else. He serves humanity.

If he finds a case of dire poverty he hustles around to some coal dealer and secures some fuel. Then two or three grocerymen will be visited, and food obtained. And some good women will find clothes, and some doctor will go at Brother Bryan's bidding. And some business man will furnish employment. He believes in direct action, does Brother Bryan, and he can cover more ground in a day than a deer with the dogs after it. He is a marvel of energy.

BROTHER BRYAN rises at five o'clock every morning—and goes to bed when he can. He starts out visiting the sick and the suffering. At noon he dives into the nearest manufacturing-plant or some other place where there are a number of people, and delivers a short address. They all know him, respect him, and listen to him.

One rather precise fellow who recently joined the forces at the car barns of the Birmingham Railway, Light, and Power Company approached Brother Bryan one day, after his little sermon, and, in a North Alabama twang, asked as if it was the most important matter in the world:

"And what persuasion mout you belong to, brother?"

"Law, man, I jined 'em all thirty-one years ago!" replied Brother Bryan, in the vernacular.

As a matter of fact, Reverend James A. Bryan, pastor of the Third Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Birmingham, is a graduate of the University of North Carolina. He attended a summer school for the study of Hebrew at the University of Virginia, and is a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary.

He was born on a farm near Williamsburg, South Carolina, March 20, 1863, lived and worked on the farm until he was fourteen, when his father took him to the old "Lovejoy Academy" at Raleigh. Then he went to the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill. He was going to study law, but the serious illness of his father, and the wish that he study for the ministry, changed him. His father died, and he taught school one year at Gastonia, South Carolina. Then he attended the Hebrew school at the University of Virginia that summer. He was awarded a scholarship valued at \$150 at Princeton, a cousin, W. T. Condon, agreeing to take his place on the farm and help Mrs. Bryan. That scholarship was his only asset.

"I boarded in what was called 'The Southern Club,'" he said. "Paid three dollars a week. Didn't have any clothes, hardly, and like to have froze. One of the boys, Charles A. Hyland, of Yokena, Mississippi, got a box of clothes from home, with a lot of warm underwear. He gave me some, and it kept me from freezing. Then some good-hearted person in Philadelphia sent

me an overcoat. Then when it looked like I just couldn't get enough funds to finish on, the good ladies of the Second Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Charleston, South Carolina, got up a scholarship of two hundred dollars and that enabled me to finish.

"I came down to Birmingham to stay a month, doing mission work on the South Side. The Third Avenue Presbyterian Church was organized and I was asked to become its pastor. I preached my first sermon to thirty-five people—and, last Sunday, to mighty near a thousand. I've often wondered why my church hasn't 'fired' me. I devote about two hours a week to it—and the rest outside."

THE loving cup was presented to him at a great public meeting in Birmingham, Sunday, January 23, 1921. State and civic dignitaries, notable men and women, people from the humble walks of life, sat on the platform and in the audience. Hundreds could not get in the building.

A man on the platform leaned over and whispered to a friend sitting next to him: "I'll bet you a hat that before the year is out Brother Bryan pawns that five-hundred-dollar loving cup to relieve some urgent case of distress!"

"Won't take you—he's liable to do that very thing!" replied the other.

Brother Bryan had no idea he was going to win the prize. It was my privilege to talk to him soon after he had heard the news.

"I had never thought that I would be called 'a public benefactor,'" he said. "I look upon this merely as a call from God to be more faithful. I feel mighty grateful—and mighty humble. I know it is not me, but the work I have tried to do.

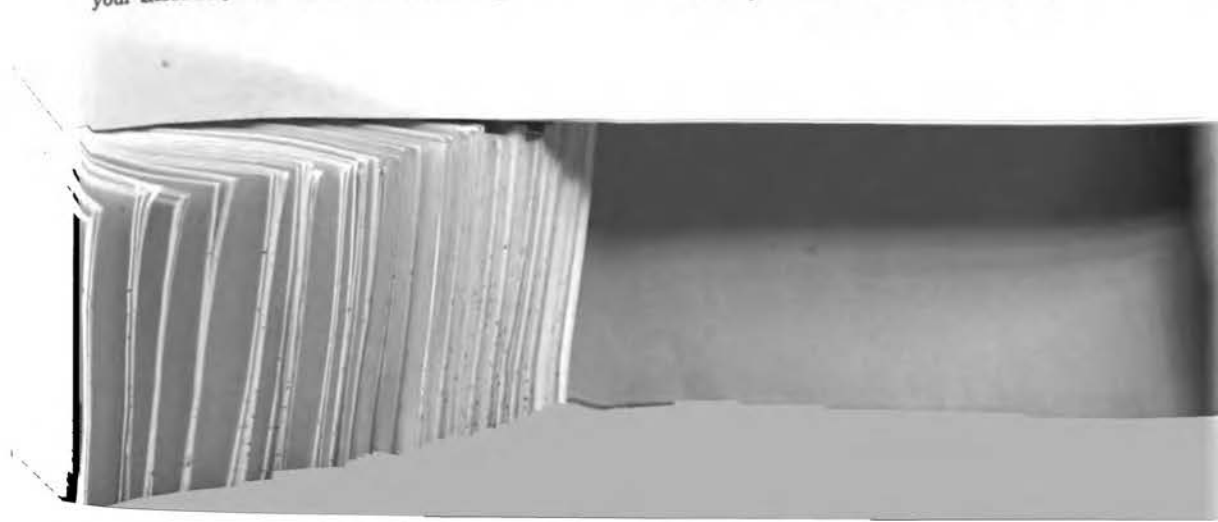
"I fear this award. I fear that it may put pride in my heart. I pray to God that it may not do anything to divert me from the main issue—that of humanity and its sufferings and wanderings seeking the light and the way. I know it is not myself—not a personal matter—but my work that brought this designation. I don't think I have done any more than my duty, and what I love to do, and I have not done those things as fully as I should. But, I reckon, I have done the best I could."

◆ ◆ ◆
We believe in a man in proportion to his immovableness from principle, the fixity of his faith in his mission.

◆ ◆ ◆
I would rather be a nobody and be loved than a world-famous figure whom everybody hated.—Uncle Jerry.

◆ ◆ ◆
An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

◆ ◆ ◆
Salt your food with humor, pepper it with wit, and sprinkle over it the charm of good fellowship. Never poison it with the cares of life.



Have I a Right to Spend My Money as I Please?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

NOTHING is more common than to hear people say, "I have a right to do as I please with my own." But have we? When the thing you please to do with your own works to the injury, the demoralization, the discomfort, or the unhappiness of others, even though you may be within the law, do you think you have a right to do it?

Has a man a right to spend his money as he pleases, regardless of how it affects his neighbors, his employees, or others? Simply because he has a lot of money, which, perhaps, someone left him, has a man the right to buy up the water-front and build high walls for a mile or more, shutting out the landscape and the sea view from his neighbors?

For example, I know of an instance where a whole neighborhood was recently cut off from its view of the beach and the sea by a ten-foot solid wall. Not one of the poorer neighbors who had always previously enjoyed this beautiful view can now get a glimpse of the water without climbing a tree or climbing on top of the wall. And if they do this, they are liable to be ordered off as trespassers! There are other places in this land—which boasts of its democracy—where many families never get a glimpse of the sunset because of miles of high fences or walls constantly saying to them, "You can't see the sunset or the water or the skyline again. They belong to me. I've bought the right to them!" In many instances, these barriers have been put up by men who have made their money largely through the labor of the very people whose view they have shut off—men and women, and even children, who are working in their factories, their shops, their mines, and have made their palatial homes possible.

IS this the practice of the Golden Rule? Is this doing as you would be done by? How would you like it, if *your* children, if *your*

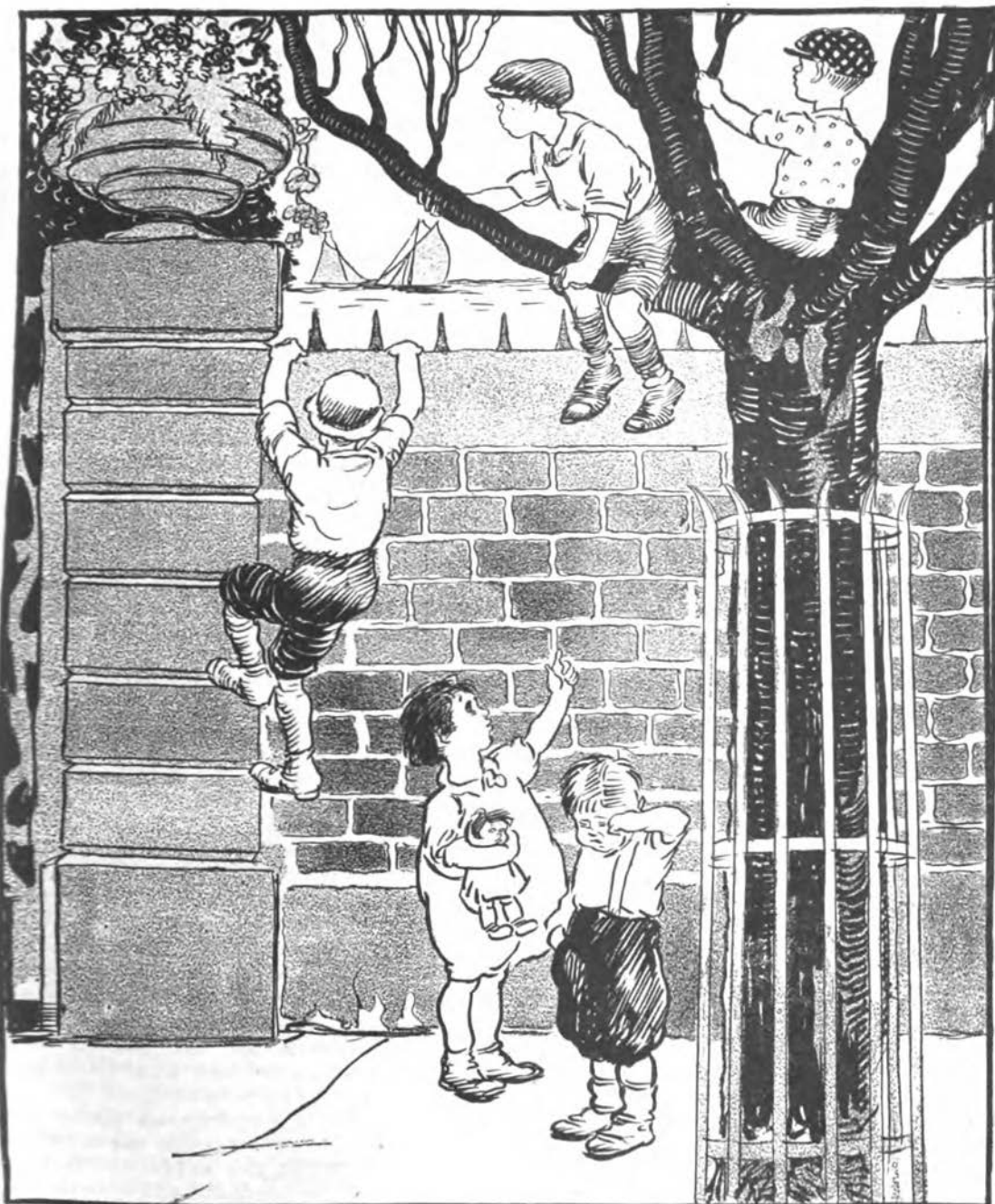
brothers and sisters, if *your* father and mother, had to face, every day, a wall that shut them out from a glimpse of God's beauties, the things He has given, as an inalienable right, to every human being? Is it human, is it just, to shut off whole families, an entire neighborhood from the sources of health and happiness? You know it is not. If you would only try to imagine yourself in the position of these poor people, you would realize that your selfishness is a crime against humanity.

No man has a right to spend his money as he pleases when it deprives his poorer neighbors of that which God has given to every human being indiscriminately as his right—the beauties of nature. Poor people have just as much right to God's beautiful sunset or sunrise as you have, Mr. Millionaire. Your title deed does not give you title to the sky, to the horizon, to the water view. Your rights cease when they cut off or interfere with the rights of your neighbor, no matter how poor he may be or how rich you may be.

One of the most damnable traits of some of the very rich in this country is their selfishness, their greed, their utter disregard of the rights of the less fortunate. They boast of their "Americanism," of their democracy even, while they are slavish imitators of the most selfish and undemocratic classes of the Old World. They hold themselves above those who have been less successful in amassing material things, who, perhaps, have not had the long head, the long arm, the shrewdness, the cunning to exploit others as they have had. Not only will they not asso-

ciate with them, but, like their Old World models, they build high walls, high fences of some kind, around their beautiful homes and grounds, so that the poor people in their vicinity, whose lives are none too bright, cannot get a glimpse of their beauties.

DON'T be selfish just because you have been a little more fortunate than your neighbors. Show them that though you have money, you are still a man, that you want to be friendly with them.



Tear down your high walls, your tight fences, Mr. Rich Man, and let your neighbors, let the children, enjoy God's beautiful scenery

NOW, we are all brothers and sisters, because we all came from the same Source. We are children of the same Father. This is the fundamental principle of democracy, and until we recognize it in our living, in our conduct toward others, we have no right to prate of our

Americanism or our democracy. Before you wealthy snobs dare to speak of democracy, let democracy, let human brotherhood, let even common decency, open up your minds and your hearts to the wrong you are doing your brother when, by the selfish use of your money, you



deprive him of what God made for the enjoyment of all His children! Before you try to make him believe in your democracy, fraternize with him. Instead of robbing him of his rights, share your privileges with him. Tear down your high sea-walls: Do not be a hog and continue to shut off the glorious sea view from your poorer neighbors who cannot buy up the shore front. You ought to feel mean—if you are normal you will despise yourself—every time you see poor children climbing trees or scaling high walls to get a glimpse of the ocean, the lake or the river, the God-given views of land or sea, of which you have robbed them. If you would be democratic, then, tear down your high walls and your tight fences, Mr. Rich Man, and let your neighbors, let the kids, enjoy God's beautiful scenery, the sky, and water, and sunset. Don't cut them off from the beautiful beaches, the bathing privileges just because you happen to own the title deed to the shore front. Let them enjoy your beautiful grounds, trees, shrubbery and flowers; the architecture of your beautiful home. It won't hurt you and it will be a great privilege to them. In fact it will be an education to them to see these beautiful things.

The time will come, when you will look back upon your life and regret your selfish acts, your exclusiveness. You don't want these neighbors you have shut out from their rights to point you out as a man who has money—a fortune, but no man back of it. Treat them so they will admire you, look up to you because you are human, because you are kindly, because you are sympathetic. They won't admire or love you for selfishness. Everybody hates greed—hates a grasping, greedy disposition. Everybody hates exclusiveness and snobbery. It doesn't go with the American people.

THE appalling selfishness of the wealthy in just such instances as I have cited, and their wanton extravagance in spending enormous sums to gratify their every whim and desire, to satisfy their vanity and love of ostentatious display, is one of the things that creates class hatred. Piling up wealth in the hands of non-productive spenders, men and women who do not work, is feeding Bolshevism. The idle rich are the real menace to our democracy, to our American ideals. They are creating an irresistible demand among the laboring classes for fair play, a tremendous protest against the injustice of a privileged class being allowed to consume all the good things in our civilization, without putting anything back in return, without earning one cent to compensate for all they have taken—the fruits of others' toil.

Only a short time ago, one of these drones, a rich New York woman, testified in open court that she could not dress properly on less than sixty thousand dollars a year! This was only one item in the personal expenditure of this woman, who, perhaps, never did a useful thing in her life. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are often spent in the decoration of a ballroom in a private residence in our great cities. Not long ago a half-million-dollar contract was made for the decoration of a ballroom in a New York residence.

Fifty thousand dollar fur coats, ten and twenty thousand dollar automobiles, balls and dinners and costly entertainments of all sorts, on which hundreds of thousands of dollars are lavished, personal indulgence and gross dissipation—this is all that money with its great responsibilities means to thousands of rich idlers.

"But," people often say, "the spending of the rich puts money in circulation, benefits trade, and gives a lot of people employment. If this woman does spend thousands of dollars on dresses; or if that rich man does spend fifty thousand dollars for a dinner, why dressmakers, milliners, florists, market men and many other workers get the money."

Yes, but what about the demoralization of such wicked waste? What about destroying the standards of right living? What about the effect upon the character of the people who waste the money, and the influence of their example upon the people who work for them?

THERE is no truth in this theory, plausible as it may sound. The woman whose conscience pricks her for her extravagance, may console herself by thinking that she is giving the poor women who ruin their eyesight making her fine laces and rich gowns needed employment. But giving people employment in worse than useless work, in making things that cater to one's weakness, that really injure one, does not help any one. It is not a useful service and does not add anything to the world's wealth.

You can't justify wasteful extravagance by saying that you are giving people employment. If you are not putting your surplus wealth into enterprises that give people a chance to do useful work, something that will educate and develop them, something that will improve them, that will make their lives better and sweeter, more worth while, something that will be of some value to the world, you are not helping any one. You are only catering to your own vanity and selfishness. The street cleaner or the hod carrier is doing more to help the world along than you are.

(Continued on page 137)

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 II

DICK DEWENT was standing in the lobby of the hotel in Buffalo, late that evening, chatting amiably with the telegraph operator at the mahogany booth in a corner near the telephone. He had arrived late, rather weary from his long train ride and had taken a taxi-cab to the hotel, though it was a few blocks away.

For the fraction of an instant, he told himself that he really should telephone to Cummings of the National Hardware Company and explain why he had failed to reach Buffalo on the morning train—which he had deliberately missed in order to take Tessie Tilden to the Mohician Club dance. But, on second consideration, he decided to put off all business until the following morning and then explain to Cummings in an easy, offhand manner how he had been detained. So he registered and engaged an expensive outside room with a luxurious bath, and leisurely went upstairs to dress for dinner.



There was only one thing to do. He would have to invent a story and wire for funds

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In the palm room of the hotel he looked about with a curious interest, wondering whether or not any novel diversion would suggest itself for the evening. The meal proved uneventful and barren of suggestions, however, and, in desperation, Dewent took his smartly dressed person into the lobby and there spied the telegraph operator.

She proved quite willing to chat with him and he felt in a mood to impress the good-looking young woman. This he promptly proceeded to do with all sorts of ridiculous stories about his own importance in the social and business life of his home city, of his important trip of inspection and of his intimacy with Cummings of the National Hardware.

The girl pricked up her ears at the mention of the prominent Buffalo citizen's name, and, a moment later, turned her ear from Dewent's fascinating conversation to the ticking of her instrument. "Isn't this a scream?" she asked, looking up at Dewent as her pencil flew rapidly over her pad, taking

down the incoming message. "It's a wire for you."

Dewent was more than surprised when the girl handed him Tessie Tilden's belated telegram. He noticed a little look of curious interest in the operator's eyes as she watched him read it. For a moment, a feeling of discomfort and uncertainty came into his own heart. But his overwhelming egotism and his uncontrollable desire to pose overcame his misgivings, and he laughed with convincing lightness. "From my secretary," he explained to the girl. "It's not at all important, although it probably seemed so to her."

But as he sauntered along the lobby, some ten minutes later, he began turning over the situation in his mind. "He, Colver, might, by some fool chance, stumble over something that hasn't been handled just exactly right, and I suppose the idiot will run straight to the big chief with it," he mused. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "What of it? The chances are that lightweight will make old Burnham appreciate me all the more when I get back. And if they do fire me—what of it? I can *always* land a job."

While he was pondering over the matter, a well-dressed, pleasant-looking chap approached him and greeted Dewent with an apologetic air. "There are a few of us in the hotel trying to find some way to kill the evening," he explained. "We're wondering whether to go to a show or play cards for a little while." His manner was engaging. Dewent instinctively took to the stranger as he did to the friends to whom he was shortly introduced. Three o'clock in the morning found him in a smoke-filled ill-ventilated hotel room, red eyed and sleepy, still playing hand after hand and conscious of the fact that he was the loser by more than two hundred dollars.

And when morning came and the call he had left at the hotel desk sounded in his ears, he wearily answered it and turned over for another nap. So it was nearly noon when he arrived at the National Hardware Company's plant and asked for Mr. Cummings. Even then he showed evidence of loss of sleep and of a sullen regret at having lost so much of his already depleted roll of expense money.

CUMMINGS, a bright, snappy executive, sized him up sharply and shrewdly suspected the truth, but he refrained from comment. Instead, he suggested that Dewent go to luncheon with him and return to the office after the noon-day meal. Dewent assented readily, and once more his sense of bluster came to the fore. Cummings could hardly get a word in edgewise, and had it not been for his rather intimate knowledge of the organization of the Burnham firm, he would

have gained the impression that young Dewent was in line for the next vice-presidency of the corporation, to say the least.

"The trouble is that it's so hard to get good executives these days, especially in the younger ranks," Dewent was saying airily at the end of the meal.

IT seemed to Cummings that this youngster, with his boasting, needed taking down a peg or two; but he wondered, as he spoke, whether his words would sink through his tough hide of egotism. "I've noticed that," Cummings replied. "And the great trouble is that so many young men, to-day, imagine that they have executive ability when the only thing they have ever done is hold executive positions in an emergency crisis. I had a young man apply to me for a position only a few weeks ago. He said he had proved himself an executive in the World War by the way he handled his men."

"I laughed in his face. 'Any man can be a good executive and get results,' I told him, when he has the whole power of the United States government behind him and can put his subordinates in the guard house if they don't obey his orders. Real leadership means the ability to influence men to do the things they don't really have to do—to be able to right wrongs and enthruse—not merely a boss."

"I agree with you," Dewent said. "But one great sympathy I have with the young man of to-day, in a great organization, is his having to cope with antiquated systems and narrow-minded methods."

"Oh, I don't know," said Cummings. "We've a lot of antiquated customs in this little old world, such as marriage and churches and respect for our parents and superiors, yet they're pretty good ideas notwithstanding modern theories. The big trouble with a lot of ambitious youths is that they want to get rich too quickly. They'd be far better off if they'd earn more than they spend instead of spending more than they earn. They're not really on the level with themselves. That's one reason why so many gray-beards sit on accounting stools while younger, shrewder men sit at the mahogany table behind the beveled-glass door."

"You're quite right," Dewent said with enthusiasm, but even as he spoke Cummings' words stabbed his conscience sharply.

"Shall we go back and look over the works?" Cummings finally asked. Dewent glanced at his watch. "I believe that's what Mr. Burnham wished you to do."

"I don't believe I'll have time this afternoon, Mr. Cummings," he replied, not thinking for a

moment that the luncheon had been merely a prelude to such an inspection, and not taking into consideration the fact that he had already taken up two hours of a busy man's time. In fact he was sleepy and wished to return to the hotel for a nap. That evening he wanted to be fresh and chipper so that he could again join the card game and recoup his losses of the previous session. Besides he did not wish Cummings to think that he was a slave to the wishes of old Burnham. There was plenty of time to look over the stupid old plant as he would be in Buffalo several days, and he felt that, on his particular afternoon, a plant tour would drive him frantic, so shaky were his nerves.

Cummings frowned, refrained from comment, and bade Dewent a hasty if cordial farewell. He did not mention Dewent's coming out again, and Dewent was somewhat relieved that he did not. Of course, he really should drop in before he left town, but he told himself that he had a very accurate mental picture of the company's works without actually going through them, and the noise and dirt of a machine shop had always been galling to him.

"Stingy goat!" he commented as he left the hotel after Cummings' departure. "He might at least have offered me his car to take me back to town." But he sighed in relief that business would not annoy him further that day, took a taxicab to his hotel, and, in the privacy of his room, began an answer to Tessie Tilden's telegram.

"Don't worry about young Collver," he told her airily. "He can't hold my job and will only rattle around in it. It will be a lesson to old Burnham, and will take some of the snippiness out of the youngster. Let me know how things go, however," he added cautiously, "and the first week end I get a chance I'll run back home to see you. I'll arrange it so I can get in Saturday afternoon and we'll have supper at some little roadhouse where I won't run into any of the firm. Be good—and don't let the business go to rack and ruin while I am away."

THIS was the letter that the wind blew from Tessie Tilden's desk while she was powdering her nose in the rest room late the following afternoon. The mischievous breeze wafted the paper without its envelope through the open door of Burnham's sanctum and dropped it at the feet of the executive's chair. But fortunately, Burnham was not in his office. A moment later, however, Dickerson, the vice-president, thrust his head through the door, looking for his partner. He saw the letter. Supposing it had fallen from Burnham's desk, he picked it up and laid it there. But, as he did so, he noticed the heading of the

Buffalo hotel. Assuming it to be a report from Dewent, he scanned its contents.

His expression hardened as he noticed the easy salutation of the missive—its tone and its signature. How the letter had been carried to Burnham's office was a mystery, but the nature of its contents was as plain as day. If Burnham had picked it up, Dewent would have been discharged by wire. Dickerson felt like doing just that himself, but somehow he had faith in Dewent. He believed there was good in the man, and he thought it was his duty as well as a test of his executive ability to bring it out.

SO he wandered back to his own office, tore the letter into bits, and dropped them into the waste-basket. Then he wrote on a telegraph blank for several seconds and went in person to the telegraph office. That evening Dewent was handed another message by the attractive little operator in the hotel lobby. He glanced at the signature. It was from Dickerson. "Note from the vice-president," he said boastfully to the girl; but even before he began to read, the twinkle of amusement in her eyes reminded him that she was already aware of the wire's contents. Dickerson had wired:

A little more concentration and less conversation is desirable. A firm's representative should attract more commendation than comment. It's far better to fall down than to lay down. No man ever takes a header who doesn't try to climb.

"Seems to be sore about something," snickered the operator.

Dewent's cheeks flushed, but a ready answer came to his tongue. "Oh, no! On the contrary. This is a code message. We always use such phrases to cover up important deals."

"Oh, excuse me," said the abashed girl, duly impressed. "I'm sorry if I was fresh."

"You are fresh as a fine spring morning," laughed Dewent good naturedly.

He strolled off to the smoking-room to see who would compose the card game that evening. He had made one or two calls during the day and had dictated a lengthy report to the public stenographer late in the afternoon. It contained a variety of funny phrases and personal comment on irrelevant things—a number of promises of accomplishments he meant to make while away. But in its entirety, it was a communique that a more level-headed youth would have characterized as "stuff and nonsense."

But his report was signed and mailed and it was high time he was recouping his losses for his expense money was now alarmingly low. He knew that he could stay at the hotel for the





The experience had not taught Dewent anything, but Tessie did not know that. She did know, however, that she had been in wrong, and began to startle the office force by arriving early and leaving late

entire period of his visit without asking for his bill; but it would have to be paid in the end and the money he had gambled away could not be made up out of the salary checks he would receive during that period. Therefore, he reasoned, there was but one thing to do—keep at it until his luck changed and he won back what he had lost.

His luck did not change that night. He awoke in the morning with a few one-dollar bills in his pocket. Sitting on the edge of the bed he thought it over. There was only one thing to do. He would have to invent some story of having lost his pocket-book and wire the house for more funds. But, meanwhile, he would need ready cash. Then an idea came to him. He would call up Cummings and make an appointment to look over the plant. When the inspection was over, he would tell Cummings the same story and borrow a hundred dollars. There was no question that Cummings wouldn't accommodate him.

So he did just that, and, all the while Cummings was escorting him through the various shops with restrained irritation and outward courtesy, Dewent's mind was not on what he saw or should have seen. He was thinking only of the hundred dollars for which he meant to ask at the close of the inspection.

At a propitious moment he broached the matter nervously and not very convincingly. "Certainly," Cummings responded instantly. He knew the house of Burnham was good for a hundred—even if Dewent were not. But Cummings could not resist a shrewd smile, promoted by Dewent's faltering explanation of his loss. "Where did you lose it?" he asked. "In the shops, do you think?"

Dewent did not wish to have his falsehood suggest that one of the workers might have picked up his wallet or even have picked his pocket. "Oh, no," he said hastily, "I lost it last night somehow—"

"Pool or poker?" asked Cummings with a grin. Dewent turned pale, aware that his ruse was discovered. He began a hasty denial that was far less convincing than the story he had invented.

Almost simultaneously the cashier at the Burnham offices received Dewent's wired request for funds to make up his loss. It had been haughtily worded so that the message might not be misunderstood; or, rather, that the truth would not be suspected by the telegraph operator. It read: "Lost wallet, wire three hundred and charge my account."

"CHARGE it to his account!" chortled the cashier of the Burnham Manufacturing Company. "Why, he overdraws his salary every week. Guess I'd better speak to the treasurer before complying with this demand." So he went over to Dickerson's office, for Dickerson handled the finances of the company.

The treasurer stared at the telegram thoughtfully for a moment and then frowned.

"Send him the money," he directed, "and leave the message here with me. I want to write him."

"My dear Dewent," Dickerson did not dictate this letter. Instead he wrote it slowly by hand. "I wired you yesterday, and I guess you got my meaning although you have not answered. Evidently what I wanted to get over doesn't seem to have sunk in. You're not on a pleasure jaunt; you're on a business trip. I was a young idiot once, and had my fling. I had no more brains then than you have now; but I used them to better advantage and saw the folly of my ways. A man who makes no mistakes and commits no indiscretions, isn't much good; but he'd be no good at all if the experience did not profit him."

"I take it that you've been gambling. That's silly as well as wrong. You can't win in the end, and if you do win for a while the influence on your expenditures and your sane view of things is bad. There's another thing I want to say to you: With the salary you're making, you should have a bank account with a balance that won't cause the bank cashier to write you once a month that they don't care for your business. You can't expect a firm to think a great deal of a man who can't save his own money. It's a cinch he isn't likely to save the firm any. I'm sending you the three hundred, but take my advice and hang on to it. Don't get up earlier than five-thirty and don't work after ten o'clock at night on this trip. We don't expect it of you. Try to remember why you are on the pay roll. Good luck."

Even as Dickerson mailed the letter, Tessie Tilden was dispatching another—rather worried note—to Dewent. "I can't imagine what happened to your letter," she confessed miserably.

"It was right here on my desk, and when I came back it was gone. I've half a mind to believe Collver took it and, maybe, showed it to the boss for spite."

Dewent received Dickerson's communication and Tessie's wail at the same time, and both afforded food for thought. Instead of taking Dickerson's advice in the spirit in which it was intended, it only angered him. Tessie's note, on the other hand, angered him in a different way. He blamed himself for having written her such a note, and blamed her bitterly for letting it out of her possession for a single instant. "If Collver did take it and dare to show it to old Burnham, I'll skin him alive when I get back!" he promised himself.

Possessed of three hundred dollars which he had just been paid by the telegraph company, Dewent looked up his fellow card-players. That night he went to bed elated. Luck had turned and he had won—heavily. Before undressing, he destroyed both Dickerson's and Tessie's notes.

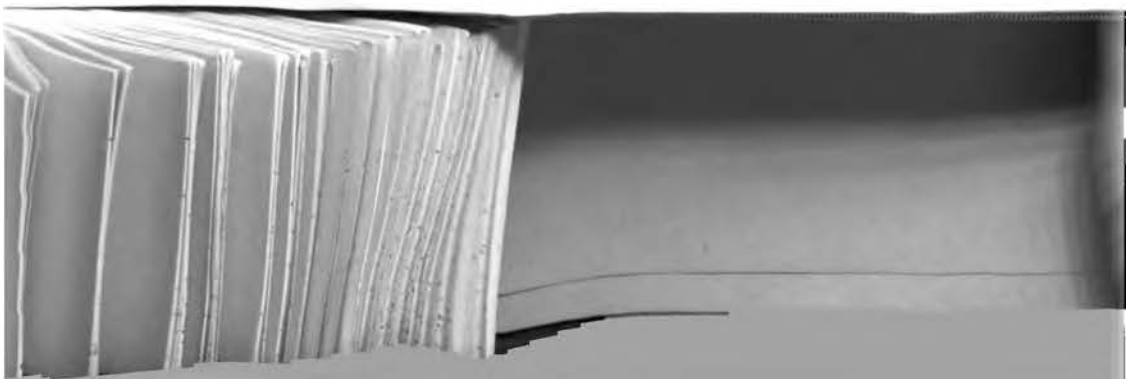
"What's the use of living if a fellow can't have a little fun once in a while?" he asked himself, flushed with the satisfaction of the temporary gain of quite a substantial sum of money. "Guess I'll move out of this burg to-morrow and beat it west, to Detroit. I may have a lot of fun there. Robertson, one of the Morse Company, and Jacobs, of the International, are both live wires. They'll entertain me royally."

WITH this spirit uppermost in his mind, Dewent departed next morning, scorning to take a sleeper and thus save a day's journey. He could never sleep comfortably in a Pullman, he told himself; and, in any event, on a three month's tour, what did a day now and then amount to anyway?

The week in Detroit proved to be as merry as Dewent had anticipated. Both Robertson and Jacobs were engaging men. They worked hard and they played hard. Both belonged to the best clubs and frequented the best restaurants. They were hosts, and Dewent found himself unable to spend any money, over which he secretly rejoiced, although he made frequent braggadocio of his finances. It seemed to him that he was getting along famously. On several occasions Robertson had said, "I wish we had you out here in this live-wire town. You'd soon make a clean up!"

Dewent had smiled appreciatively, but with a careless wave of his hand had replied, "Oh, I couldn't think of leaving the Burnham crowd. I'm in right there. There is a big future in it for me."

(Continued on page 140)



"MEASURE UP!"

"MEASURE up, my boy! Measure up!"

This was the advice a father frequently gave his son who was inclined to weaken when confronted by any tough problem or unusual situation.

"Measure up, my boy! Measure up!" There are times when even the strongest need the advice. The words have a fine, courageous ring, and would make a good maxim for a business man. Frame them and put them up on the wall of your office, or place of business, where they will constantly remind you that you must measure up to the situation that confronts you, whatever it is.

When you do this—when you answer the call and bring all your courage and resourcefulness to your aid, no matter how difficult your problem, you are likely to come through all right. There is no situation that can freeze a man when he measures up and meets it like a man.

The trouble with most of us is that we do not measure up in a supreme crisis. When great responsibilities confront us, when unusual difficulties oppose us, instead of measuring up we are apt to measure down; our backbones weaken; we slump miserably.

WHEN we realize that mind has power over all things, is greater than all obstacles, and that man is the master of mind, we find nothing singular in this. Man was made to conquer things, not to be conquered by them. There is something within you, bigger than anything else on this planet. It is bigger than any circumstances, any luck, any accident of fortune, any situation or emergency that confronts you. And the more you use this thing within you, the more you exercise and develop it, the stronger you become.

If we had no problems to grapple with, no difficulties to overcome, we would all be weaklings. Perpetual fair weather and smooth seas never make good sailors. It is battling with the elements, sailing on through storm and tempest, undauntedly facing hurricanes and rough seas, that develop in the mariner his sterling qualities.

GREAT emergencies, tremendous responsibilities, hard times, tight money, commercial crises, focusing the mind on the solving of tough problems, adjusting means to ends, calling out all of one's ingenuity and resourcefulness to meet unusual conditions—these are the things that make great business men. It is battling with, and overcoming, difficulties that make great leaders, great men in every walk of life.

Who's Who in the Affairs of the Nation

Some National Figures, Seldom Heard of, Who Are Doing Big Things

By **ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN**

Author of "How Presidents Are Made."

Ruth Hanna McCormick, a Successful Political Worker



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MRS. MEDILL McCORMICK
A Success in National Politics

WHEN the history of the accomplishment of woman suffrage is written, it will not be entirely correct unless it gives credit to a band of women in Illinois for a very prominent part in advancing the movement. One of these women is Ruth Hanna McCormick.

Nation-wide woman suffrage was still a dream in 1913. Women had been granted the franchise only in a few sparsely settled Western States. Little progress had been made in the East. In Congress there was no thought that a constitutional amendment would ever be passed and submitted to the States.

In the year 1913, the Illinois legislature was in session. There was no possibility of getting a suffrage amendment through that body, and it was almost certain that it would have been voted down by the people. But good lawyers informed suffrage leaders that the legislature could prescribe the qualification of voters who elected officers created by acts of the legislature.

The woman suffragists of Illinois decided to secure this right of limited suffrage. A bill was introduced for this purpose and a committee of women appointed to urge its passage. Mrs. Medill McCormick was a member of this com-

mittee. The committee went to Springfield, the State capital, and remained nearly the entire session. At first it seemed a well-nigh hopeless undertaking. There were strong opponents of the measure; there were a few supporters and there were a lot of legislators who treated it as a joke. The suffrage committee perfected a strong and efficient organization. The work was systematic. Every man in the legislature was card indexed and the women were in possession of facts which enabled them to know what would influence each member. All this influence was brought to bear, and, as time went on, man after man was pledged to vote for the bill. Some were won to the support of the measure because the limited suffrage, which it granted, seemed trivial. Only a comparatively few officers were created by the legislature. The governor, legislators, and most of the political positions were of constitutional creation. Senators and congressmen were national officers and not under control of the legislature. For that reason there was less opposition to the bill than might otherwise have been developed. In fact, if the far-reaching effect of this Illinois bill had been known, it is almost certain that it would have been defeated. The committee was willing that the measure should be so considered. What they wanted was to secure its enactment. Much to the surprise of its opponents, who did not know how well the campaign for it had been managed, it was passed and signed by the governor.

Not long after this limited franchise had been granted to women, the announcement was made that the women of Illinois would vote for President and Vice-President at the ensuing election. Great was the surprise. "We had no thought of any such thing," was the comment of those who had but passively opposed it. They thought they had been giving a little sop to the women and here these women were claiming it gave them

the right to vote for the two most important officers in the land. And why? Because the Constitution of the United States provides that Presidential electors shall be chosen in such manner as the legislators of the different States shall prescribe. The legislature had determined how Presidential electors should be chosen, and, therefore, these electors were officers created by the legislature. There was no getting around it, and, in 1916, the women of Illinois voted for President.

Other States followed the example of Illinois. In many States where woman suffrage was hopeless by State constitutional enactment or by the voters of the State, the legislature provided that women should vote, as in Illinois; and in many States women would have voted for President in 1920, even if the Nineteenth Amendment had not been ratified.

No single act did so much to give universal woman suffrage such an impetus as the limited suffrage act of the Illinois legislature. So many States were going to vote for President in 1920,

under the Illinois plan, that it became apparent that equality in the Union demanded that in all States women should vote. It had a tremendous effect in Congress. Senators and representatives changed their attitude, and the Susan B. Anthony amendment was submitted to the States legislatures, and, in an almost incredibly short time, was ratified in three-fourths of the States.

Mrs. McCormick, who was a member of that celebrated committee of women in 1913, is the daughter of the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna, of Ohio, and the wife of Senator Medill McCormick, of Illinois. It was while she was a resident of Washington, during her father's service in the Senate, and Mr. McCormick was Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, that they met and, in time, were married. The daughter of a successful politician and wife of a successful politician, it is not at all strange that Ruth Hanna McCormick is a successful politician and can point to a record of great achievement.

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He Knows U. S. Post Office Better than Any Other Man



© Harris & Ewing

JOHN C. KOONS

Who Knows the United States
Post Office from A to Z

people would be the gainer. Sometimes it is possible that the head of the post-office department will not be selected on account of what he has done for the President who appoints him or the party in control, but that he will be a wide-awake, keen business man who will make it his duty to learn what the post-office

THE post-office department of the United States is the largest business institution in the world. It comes in intimate touch with all the people of the country and is the one institution which reaches all the people and affects them all. If the post-office department could be run directly on a business basis instead of a political adjunct of the party in power, it could be improved very materially

department stands for and what it can do for the people of the country.

Meanwhile, during the time that a politician holds the position of Postmaster-General, there must be some man connected with the institution who knows the real business of that department. For many years past that man has been John C. Koons, for several decades connected with the Post-Office Department, and during the last part of Mr. Wilson's Administration the First Assistant Postmaster-General. It has taken him many years to learn what he knows. He has gained the information by careful attention to the business of the department and because he has been peculiarly fitted to acquire information as well as to make use of it.

When a committee of Congress wants to know what is going on in the post-office department it sends for Mr. Koons. The name of Koons figures in more congressional hearings relating to post-office affairs than any half-dozen officials of the department. If Koons does not have at hand the facts and figures requested of him, he knows where to get them and his statements always appear complete.

It is doubtful whether members of Congress know or care as to what political party Koons may belong. He became a railway mail-clerk back in 1895, and has been connected with the post-office department in one capacity or another ever since, all the time acquiring information and

finally reaching his present position, one promotion following another.

Naturally a man in a subordinate position must follow the policies of his superior. That is one of the inevitable facts connected with official as well as business life. It is quite probable that Koons has several times appeared in support of policies connected with the department which he does not wholly approve, but which were favored by his chief, and he feels it his duty to make the best presentation of his chief's policies that he can. It is not as an advocate of policies and

beliefs of the department that Koons has made himself so valuable, but in his acquired knowledge of all phases of the post-office business.

A sturdy, stocky figure, of intelligence, with an easy flow of language, unperturbed in a storm of inquiries and oftentimes criticism, John Koons always is master of himself and is able to take care of himself even in the most stormy session of a congressional hearing. He always leaves the committee room with the respect of all the members and with the high regard of most of them.

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Won Though Militant Suffragists Opposed Him



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GEORGE H. MOSES

The "Irreconcilable" Senator from New Hampshire

GEORGE H. MOSES is unlike the man who first bore that name—the man who was found in the bulrushes. He is neither meek nor does he have some other characteristics of the most illustrious Moses, but he has a lot more fun. George H. Moses is a Senator from New Hampshire, a State that has more politics to the square mile than any other place in the country. Mr. Moses is a politician and

likes the game of politics. He is more like the famous William E. Chandler, once a Senator from New Hampshire, than any other man who ever came from that State. Chandler was constantly stirring up rows, starting something. George Moses may not quite so frequently start something, but he is always there when the wheels begin to turn.

Mr. Moses never avoids a fight—political, I mean—and always is ready to give and take when there is a contest. He is rather positive when his mind is once made up. Take the woman-suffrage question. He could not support suffrage. The women wanted to know why. They pointed out to him that certain defeat was in store for him if he did not see the light, and change. But Moses was not moved by feminine appeals or militant threats. He was a candidate

for reelection and went into the campaign with his usual vigor. He won first in the Republican primary, then in the general election; all the time with militant suffragists waging a vigorous campaign against him—the women having the privilege of the ballot in both primary and general election.

Mr. Moses is a senator who furnishes "copy" for the newspapermen. He is often seen in the corridor of the Senate, surrounded by a group of newspapermen to whom he speaks freely and to the point. You never hear him say: "Don't quote me, boys."

It was Senator Moses who frankly described the affliction which incapacitated President Wilson, and the President afterwards referred to the New Hampshire senator as "Dr. Moses."

Senator Moses was one of the "irreconcilables" during the long fight on the League of Nations; that is, he was one of the senators who was against any league and no reservation strong or mild would induce him to support it.

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Senator Borah Has No Presidential Illusions

WILLIAM E. BORAH, Senator from Idaho, has frequently been considered—or, perhaps, it would be better to say mentioned—for President of the United States. Mr. Borah has never had any illusions on this subject. He has never let the buzzing of the Presidential bee interfere with the course he has marked out for himself; therefore, he has been independent in thought and action. Mr. Borah knows that a man from a State with four electoral votes, west of the Rocky Mountains, is not going to be nominated for President.

Borah's independence early in his senatorial career "put him in bad" with the "elder states-

men," as the senators long in service and who have become leaders, are sometimes called. It was rather extraordinary that a young man from a new State just entering the Senate should show independence. He did not seek counsel and advice regarding his conduct and procedure, but acted on his own responsibility and against the advice of party leaders, such advice amounting to a command when there is good party discipline. That was what Borah did in the beginning and has continued to do throughout his senatorial career.

Mr. Borah had a corporation-law practice before he became senator, and when the "elder statesmen" looked up his record it was pronounced O. K. He was given an important committee assignment, on judiciary, and almost the first important vote he cast as a member of the committee was for a progressive measure, such as in those days was looked upon with horror by the conservative senators. This action of Mr. Borah's caused Senator Eugene Hale, a real hidebound conservative, to remark, "We traded for Borah and got cheated."

Consequently, Mr. Borah has never been a leader; never been on the steering committee;

and never regarded as reliable when it comes to a test of party loyalty. Borah opposed Taft's renomination, supporting Roosevelt in the convention of 1912. He did not bolt with Roosevelt, and his party standing is unquestioned, but his independence of leadership dictation is understood. He has not hesitated to say that he would join another party in certain contingencies and has often made it plain that he placed principles above party.

An example of Senator Borah's independence was shown in his position in regard to the Susan B. Anthony amendment for woman suffrage. He was a woman suffragist and women voted in his State; but he would not vote for the amendment because he believed that the voting franchise was a subject of State control and the federal government should not force woman suffrage on States which did not want it. Since voting against woman suffrage, his State has re-elected him.

Strong in health and intellect; a comparatively young man; an orator of the kind that speaks earnestly and logically, this Idaho senator, now serving his third term in the Senate, is likely to go far on the road of statesmanship.

Why Underwood Was Not Elected President



© Harris & Ewing
OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD
United States Senator from
Alabama

man, Mr. Underwood made his way slowly in the early stages of his congressional career. If his State had been addicted to the idea of rotation in office, a successor would have been chosen and he could not have obtained the opportunity

NOBODY supposed away back in 1895, nor for a long time afterwards, that Oscar W. Underwood of Birmingham, Alabama, would become the leader of his party in both houses of Congress. It was in 1895 that he was first seen in the House of Representatives. He has achieved these honors because he possessed that peculiar characteristic which makes one man a leader of many men. A quiet, unassuming

to display this talent which later distinguished him and his State.

It must have been something like twenty years ago that Mr. Underwood showed the characteristics of leadership, for he was chosen as assistant to Minority Leader Richardson, and then began taking an active part in the proceedings of Congress. He came into his own when the Democrats regained control of Congress after sixteen years in the minority, and, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and the leader of his party, Mr. Underwood wrote his name so high on the scroll of fame that he was brought forward as a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1912. Had he been a resident of a State north of instead of south of Mason and Dixon's line, he would have been President of the United States.

As soon as opportunity afforded, Alabama advanced her distinguished son from the House to the Senate, and, after a few years service in that body, Mr. Underwood was chosen as a leader of his party although twenty-seven Democratic senators were senior to him in length of service.

What makes Oscar Underwood a leader is the fact that he has common sense. He is neither a flighty orator nor a versatile genius; but he knows more about what is good, sound, political

sense than most men in his party. Those Democrats who were so successful for several terms in the House of Representatives often said, "You cannot go far wrong if you follow Oscar Underwood." It was because he knew what was best to do at the particular time something was to be done that his party thrived under his leadership. Of course, there are greater opportunities for the majority leader than for the minority leader. Consequently it cannot be expected that Mr. Underwood can duplicate in the Senate the success he made in the House, but already the Democrats of the Senate have shown the effects of commonsense leadership since Underwood took control.

Wouldn't Permit Defeat to "Lay Him Out"



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SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER

Who successfully combines
publishing and politics

a senator from Kansas. Away back in 1892, when Benjamin Harrison was closing his term as President, when Grover Cleveland was to take the Presidency for a second term, a slim, boyish figure was frequently seen in the press gallery, but more often scurrying around the corridors interviewing senators and representatives, gathering news for the papers he represented. This was Arthur Capper. While he liked Washington newspaper life, he had a greater vision, or a greater ambition than many men who have become Washington correspondents, for he hied himself back to the plains of

Kansas and acquired a newspaper of his own. Now, he owns eight or ten profitable newspaper ventures.

When he had acquired a State-wide reputation, he went into politics. He was defeated when he first became a candidate for governor. But he did not allow one defeat to "lay him out," as often happens with many men. He was nominated a second time and elected. Then he was elected senator, and, from his seat on the floor of the greatest legislative body in the world, he occasionally glances upward to the gallery he once occupied and where he wrote stories about senators.

Mr. Capper has still a slim figure; he has neither the rotundity of the cartooned politician, nor the stately carriage of the statesman; but he is a "live wire." He never knows what it is to be tired, but keeps going all the time. He particularly interests himself in behalf of the agricultural interests of the country and he has a firm conviction that the prosperity and success of the farm means a similar condition throughout the country.

Secretary of the World's Greatest Bureau of Science



© Harris & Ewing

CHARLES D. WALCOTT Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute

inventor of the flying machine. In fact, one of the many treasures of the museum which is connected with the Smithsonian Institution, is the original Langley aeroplane, the first machine that was ever built that could navigate the air without the aid of lifting substances.

CHARLES D. WALCOTT is secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the greatest scientific organization in the United States government. There is a board of regents for this institution, but the practical management devolves upon the secretary, and a great many prominent men have been predecessors of Mr. Walcott; none greater than his immediate predecessor, Professor Samuel D. Langley, the in-

Mr. Walcott for a long time was director of the United States Geological Survey. It was while occupying this position that he attracted the attention of Theodore Roosevelt who discovered in him not only an eminent scientist but a kindred spirit, and when Mr. Langley died Mr. Roosevelt chose Walcott as his successor.

Mr. Walcott has received many degrees, and has been attached to many different scientific organizations. Although he has passed the three-score-and-ten milestone, he is still keenly alive to everything pertaining to science. He spends much time every summer in the wonderlands of the West, always bringing back new material of interest for the scientific world.

A few facts in regard to the Smithsonian Institution would not be out of place in connection with this sketch. It takes its name from John Smithson, an illegitimate son of that duke of Northumberland who was so particularly active against the colonies of America during the Revolutionary War. Smithson, who became very wealthy in his later life, in order to make some reparation for the antagonism of his father and his country against the American colonies, bequeathed a large portion of his fortune for the purpose of founding an institution of science and research in the United States. That was the beginning of what has become one of the great world institutions.

HE LOST HIS CHANCE—

IN dissipation.

In not being prepared.

In idling, or in trifling amusement.

In a disagreeable, repelling personality.

In lacking self-confidence and initiative.

In allowing false pride to stand in his way.

In not making the most of a small position.

In not adapting himself to varying conditions.

In whining and complaining because he had no luck.

In gambling, patronizing pool-rooms and the races.

In not making himself indispensable to his employer.

In cheating and trying to take a mean advantage of others.

In not taking a personal interest in his work and bettering his best.

In failing to control a hot temper, to keep his poise under provocation.

In allowing himself to be crippled by the "blues," and mastered by his moods.

In lying abed in the morning, and always considering his personal comfort first.

In dreaming of faraway opportunities in New York or in the Far West but not on the farm or the nearby town.

In not asserting himself enough and holding his own, but allowing others to crowd him out and push him aside.

In sacrificing his better judgment to sentiment and remaining too long at the old stand, or in the old position which he had outgrown.

KEEPING right after your ideals, nursing your visions, cultivating your dreams, visualizing the thing you long for vividly, intensely, and striving with all your might to match it with reality—this is what makes life count.

IF we work marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds and instil into them just principles, we are then engraving that upon tablets which no time will efface, but will brighten and brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*



THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

"Dear Me," By LUTHER REED AND HALE HAMILTON

Reviewed by Selma H. Lowenberg

*"No star was ever lost that once was seen,
We still all may be what we might have been."*

ON this very touching truism, Hale Hamilton, an actor, and Luther Reed, an author, have based their very effective comedy, "Dear Me." It is another, wholesome, inspirational play which the New York public finds much to its liking. It is a play of success, of right thinking, and worth-while philosophy. It contains no preachment, but it drives home a mighty big lesson—drives it home so it sticks.

The play opens in the dining-room of the Amos Prentice Home for Artistic Failures. This institution was founded by a deceased millionaire, whose name it bears. It is a monument to the millionaire's only son, who had failed miserably to get a lasting grip of that elusive will-o'-the-wisp—playwrighting. Amos Prentice endowed it as a place where men who had tried vainly to accomplish something worthy in certain artistic callings, could end their days in peace. A huge oil painting of Mr. Prentice adorns the wall, and before it the "failures" pay due homage whenever occasion demands.



Photographs by Ira D. Schwarz

The failures have assembled for supper. They are Manny Bean, a theatrical manager who has attempted to launch an artistic "Little Theater;" Herbert Lawton, an erstwhile architect; Robert Jackson, a sculptor; Gordon Peck, a novelist; Anthony Turner, a painter; and Wilbur Oglevie, a poet, whose greatest failure, however, was his marriage. He avers that he married a rich woman for her money and didn't get a cent! They are a pretty disagreeable bunch of crabbed old failures, snapping at one another and venting their sarcasm on the last man to

come to the table, Joseph Renard, whose ambition to regain his lost position as a famous violinist still flickers. It is evident that the peace the founder of the home intended should be theirs is none too apparent.

The "guests," as they call themselves, follow the tradition of charitable institutions by finding fault with their food and accommodations; but they are quickly silenced by Mrs. Carney, the formidable superintendent of the Home. The supper discussion turns on Edgar Craig (played by Hale Hamilton), a new arrival, and leads to the entrance of April Blair (played by Grace La Rue), the maid-of-all-work, who, like Mrs. Carney, incites the adverse criticisms of the guests.

April entered the Home, when a small child, with her father, a dreamer and philosopher, who died there, leaving her with the realization that she must contribute in some way, to pay for his last days as an inmate. April is Kind-



Grace LaRue as "April Blair," and Hale Hamilton, as "Edgar Craig," when they meet in the Home for Failures

ness, Hope, and Ambition personified, and has a unique way of administering the doctrine of self-help. Whenever she does anything that does not seem just right she writes herself a letter, the superscription being "Dear Me." In these letters she forcibly admonishes herself for her faults and praises herself for her good deeds. It might be followed in real life to good advantage. From the superscription of April's letters the play takes its name.

Mr. Craig demands more than the other guests. He wants his meals served in his room, and when April enters with a tray of food for the newly arrived failure, she is sharply stopped by Mrs. Carney's abrupt, "What's that?"

"Mr. Craig's dinner," April answers quietly.

"Mr. Craig's dinner! Put that tray down and go upstairs and tell Mr. Craig he had better hurry down if he expects to get anything to eat!" exclaims the adamant Mrs. Carney, much to the amusement of the men at the table. "Then clean his room—get the dishes off the table and wash them up. And while you are in the kitchen look at the stove—it needs polishing." Turning to the men at the table and hardly stopping for breath, Mrs. Carney continues: "And I hope, gentlemen, that having failed at everything else you will try to succeed at being polite and considerate to our new guest."

EDGAR CRAIG comes downstairs at the call of April and is formally received by Mrs. Carney and the guests—so formally, in fact, that he inquires if he has a number.

He learns the history of each of his fellow failures, and, as is the rule regarding all new members, reads aloud the dedication plaque under the oil painting of Amos Prentice.

Edgar soon realizes that there is more in April than the limited elements of an ordinary slavery, and when the grumbling failures scold her because she is slow and the coffee cold, he deftly defends her. When finally she is alone with Edgar, he notices that she takes particular pains

to water some geraniums in a window-box. She brings the flowers to the attention of Edgar, who has been watching her to the neglect of his coffee.

"Look, Mr. Craig," she says, pointing to the geraniums, "they were failures when I brought them here."

"Well, they certainly look successful now."

"Do you know why? Because I've worked over them—watered them and dug around them with my fingers. They've had someone to watch over them—just the same as Joe Renard's hand." The violinist was suffering an injury that made it almost impossible for him to play.

"Well, I confess I don't see the connection between Joe's hand and your geraniums."

"I've worked with one just as hard as I have with the other," answers April, and she takes Craig's hand and begins to move the fingers back and forth, while, mystified, he watches her. "And it won't be long before he's the great Joseph Renard again. And he will always think of me and thank me—'cause he told me he would. That'll be my reward. Why, when he showed me he could move his little finger to-night—"

"What is it, paralysis?" interrupts Craig.

"Didn't they tell you—at the table?"

"He wouldn't let them."

"He's proud but he wouldn't mind if I told you. I'm tired," April says, as she takes a chair apologetically, then continues.

"Joe was born and brought up to play the violin—he couldn't do anything else. Why when he

was only twelve years old he played before all the kings and things in Europe. When he was twenty, he had played every place but in America. And he's told me what success in America would have meant to him. It was his dream to play in New York—at the Carnegie Library—"

"You mean Carnegie Hall?" interrupts Craig.

"I guess so. The night before he was to appear, some friends gave him a dinner. They stood him on the table to drink to his success. Then something happened. The table wasn't very strong. When they picked up Joe from all



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

EDGAR—"What's your fee, Dr. Blair? I like your prescription. It's made me happy!"

APRIL (With enthusiasm)—"Then that is my fee."



the broken glass on the floor—his wrist—Mr. Craig—all the tendons were cut, and the greatest violinist that ever came to America was ruined.”

“What a terrible tragedy! I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry for him, Mr. Craig! It isn’t sympathy he wants—but friendship. Try to like him, won’t you? He’s real.”

“Like him! I did the moment I saw him.”

“That’s fine! You like Joe and I like Joe, and I like you and Joe likes me. So, we’re sort of a—you know—where three people all like each other—”

“A trinity.”

“Do you understand all that I said?” questions April.

“Yes.”

“Then it’s a trinity.”

“Hadn’t we better consult Joe? You’ve been kind enough to say you like me, but are you sure Joe will?”

“Sure! Who I like, Joe likes. What I like, Joe likes. You see, before you came, we were a two-nity.”

“A what?”

“Well, if three is a trinity, then I figured two must be a two-nity. And we’ve had to stick together, Mr. Craig, because it’s hard sometimes, mighty hard. Especially when he gets blue and discouraged and thinks he may never get a chance to go back again.”

“Sometimes, when he gets that way, April, just tell him—”

“No star was ever lost that once was seen,
We still all may be what we might have been.”

Of course, April wants to know why Craig is a failure. Craig confesses that he had tried to be a playwright. He pictures the lure of his ambition, the bitterness of his defeat, and his skulking away to avoid the shame of it all. April declares that she has thought out the problems of life while washing dishes. Craig asks her advice, and there, in the home dining-room, she playfully opens the office of Dr. April Blair. Craig is her first patient.

APRIL assuming a professional air and staring coldly at Craig, asks, “Well, did you wish to consult me?”

“Yes, I’m a failure.”

“Do you wish to be cured?”

“I failed because—”

“I can’t waste time with patients who glory in



EDGAR (as Mrs. Carney is about to strike April)—“Don’t do that, Mrs. Carney, you will only tire yourself out”

their shame,” she interrupts. “Do you wish to be cured?”

“Yes.”

“Mr. Craig, did you ever give anything toward the support of any poor orphans? Did you ever, just out of the kindness of your heart, send some flowers to a children’s hospital for the poorest, loneliest, little child there?”

“Why, no; I don’t believe—”

“Now, tell me. Did you ever do something for somebody else, just because you wanted to do something for somebody else? Did you ever help some poor creature and never let anybody on earth know about it?”

“Well, I can’t exactly remember—”

“That’s it! It’s a very common case. You’re selfish, Mr. Craig. Selfish!”

The patient is very uncomfortable because April has hit the mark. But he asks, “Well, doctor, what remedy do you prescribe?”

“Men sometimes fail in things they are not qualified to do. But everybody is qualified to find happiness. But they have to earn it—some have to work harder than others. My advice to you, Mr. Craig, is to go out into the world again and work. Work harder for happiness, but for the happiness of somebody else. I don’t care who he or she is; but when you have made him happy, you will find that you have been cured. You’ll be a success at happiness when you make somebody else happy. That’s my religion.”

“What’s your fee, Dr. Blair? I like your prescription. It’s made me happy!”

“Then that is my fee.”

Joe’s violin is heard. And, as he enters the room, playing, April sings to the melody. Much

to the astonishment of Craig, she displays a voice of fine quality, and he tells her so. She refuses to sing again, explaining that it is one of Joe's compositions and apologizes for his poor playing because of his injury. Renard, with much ceremony, hands April a letter which he has brought from the post office. It proves to be one that she has written to herself. Edgar Craig is deeply interested in April's method of writing to herself. Finally April consents to let him hear the epistle which has just been delivered:

DEAR ME:

I take my pen in hand to tell you I do not like the way you lost your temper with Mrs. Carney yesterday. It didn't do anybody any good. Mrs. Carney is just the same, but you are worse off.

I walked down the road the other day and saw a garden. It was full of flowers. Now you have a garden—it isn't in somebody's back yard—but in your mind. The flowers in it are the things you think and the weeds are the mean, nasty little things you do. And, Dear Me, your garden is full of weeds to-day.

Now it is time to go to bed. But, before I go, let me give you some advice. If you hoe carefully among your thoughts (just as you do among the geraniums) maybe somebody will see a flower and want one. But who wants weeds?

Now, I hope I don't have to write to you again on this subject. With kindest regards to dear, dear Mrs. Carney and all the nice old gentlemen, I close,

Hopefully yours,
MYSELF.

P.S. I hope you notice I pulled out two weeds by saying such lovely things about the old inmates and their keeper.

The trinity is interrupted by the return of the other "guests" who continue complaining about the management of the Home and everything else in general. April stands it so long as she can; then she turns on them and calls them all cheats. "You've cheated God! You've cheated the old man who founded this home! You've cheated the world; but worst of all, you've cheated yourselves!" she bursts out.

BUT Mrs. Carney quells them with a look. She orders the failures to their rooms and begins to abuse April because she hasn't finished

her work. April restrains herself until her mistress becomes personally abusive and sneers at her father's failure; then she declares her independence. Mrs. Carney discharges her on the spot. When April recovers from her surprise, she is overjoyed and tries to make Renard and Craig understand how happy she is to be free.

"Don't you see—can't you understand?" she asks excitedly. "I'm free, and there isn't a thing between me and that great, big world! Joe, you promised you'd go with me when the time came! Well—"

"The time has come!" the violinist answers.

"Oh, Joe, I knew you wouldn't fail me!"

"April what are you going to do?" asks Craig.

"What have I left to do?"

"I know one thing you'd better do: Listen to somebody who's had a bit of experience. Go to bed. You're tired and nervous. To-morrow—"

"To-morrow!" April interrupts. "My life has been nothing but waiting for to-morrow. What counts with me is *Now*. I've always wanted to know when I was born, but nobody could ever tell me. Well, I know now! I never was born

until to-night. Oh, what a wonderful feeling to look my God in the face and say: I'm ready to begin!"

Craig doubts the wisdom of their sudden determination to depart, but offers to take care of the geraniums. April is grateful and hurries away to pack, fearing something will prevent her departure. The room is illuminated only by the moonlight. A dark figure comes down the stairs, strikes a match in front of the portrait of Amos Prentice, gazes fixedly at it, then crosses over to the geranium box.

April and Renard enter quietly from the kitchen and April bumps into the dark figure. It is Craig. April thinks that he wants to prevent her going, and says: "Mr. Craig, it wasn't any use your coming down. If I don't go now, I may never go. Please don't take this chance away from me. Please don't try to stop me."

"I'm not trying to stop you, April. I'm going with you. I want to try to make someone happy."

"You have!" cries April. "Isn't that a wonderful beginning."



Photo by White

"Couldn't you tell Dr. Blair what you've missed?" asks April

And Edgar Craig departs with them—with his meager belongings—and the box of geraniums.

The trinity begin fighting for success in New York. Edgar Craig, it is revealed, is really Edgar Prentice, the son of the founder of the Home for Failures. He had disappeared—and was supposed to have died in Paris, but turned up in time to claim his father's fortune. He visited the Home incognito, on a tour of inspection, to discover how his father's plans were being carried out. Yet, as a playwright he had been a failure. Now, inspired by April's sound philosophy, he has laid plans not only for her happiness but for the happiness of the failures at the Home, as well. Pleading a small private income, he has established modest quarters with Joe and provided a small room for April across the hall, although unknown to them he maintains a costly apartment on Riverside Drive. The trinity spend their time happily in work and study: Joe with his music composition, April with her singing lessons, and Craig pounding out a libretto on his typewriter, fitting April with the leading rôle, though carefully hiding this fact from her.

Manny Bean, he persuades to leave the Home and start again as a theatrical manager. Purchasing an old theater, he has set the architect to work remodeling it, the painter to redecorating it and Joe to composing the score for his libretto. He plans to open his new theater with April as the star attraction. All this he contrives without April's knowledge and she is transported with joy when Bean phones her and offers her the engagement.

April meets with great success on the preliminary tour. When she returns from New York, her success has changed her and she moves away from her former humble quarters to a large hotel, in order, as she explains, to keep up appearances. She is also pursued by Dudley Quail, a wealthy young snob, who has fallen in love with her.

Craig now finds himself in a quandary. But he determines not to reveal his identity to April until she comes to him of her own free will and tells him that she loves him as Edgar Craig, the failure. The opening night arrives. April has given Craig a sealed envelope and requested that he open it after she leaves his studio. Much to his amusement, April has given him a fifty-dollar bill so he could purchase a dress suit, and the only ticket she has been able to buy for the opening performance. It is numbered C-14, and Craig becomes almost hysterical with mirth when he realizes that it is behind a post in the balcony—and in his own theater, too!

DURING the first act, April looks in vain for the occupant of C-14 and returns to her dressing-room demanding that the manager find Craig, and refusing to resume her rôle until she has seen him. Renard, in desperation, says that Craig has returned to the Home for Failures.

April then displays her true self. She orders her maid to get her street clothes, and declares she cares nothing for the play, that she is going after the man she loves and who befriended her. Joe dashes out into the auditorium to get Edgar, in order to save the situation. April quiets down immediately when she sees him. She tells him the author of the play is to give a supper party in her honor after the performance, but that she cares nothing about him and wants Craig to take her to a humble restaurant. Edgar demurs and explains that he knows the author and is also invited.

"I've never told you," he says, "but he's one of my friends! A clever chap, and I'm very fond of him!"

"All right," says April, "I'll go to the party on one condition. You must take me."

But Edgar has other plans before revealing himself to April as the son of Amos Prentice, and insists that April stick to her promise that Joe shall be her escort. April confesses that she has not been happy over her success and shows Edgar the following letter which she wrote herself:

DEAR ME:

Of course, I wish you every success to-night. But I ask you, as me to myself, do you deserve it? You're selfish, April Blair, selfish. He travels fastest who travels alone. But I don't want to travel—alone. I'm not in a hurry.

MYSELF.

April realizes that Edgar, too, has not been happy. She goes to him and lifts his face earnestly:

"You aren't happy."

"Oh, yes I am, April, in a way. The way of a million others. You see them in the streets, or in their automobiles, or the subway. They have everything the other fellow has, but they have just missed something."

"Couldn't you tell Dr. Blair what you've missed?"

She is standing beside him, her hand on his shoulder. Without a word he takes her hand and kisses it. And then, as she realizes what he means, she draws it sharply away.

Edgar, thinking erroneously, slumps down. This is the last blow. But April grasps him firmly by the shoulders and cries:

"Stand up like a man, Edgar Craig! The woman who loves you is going to kiss you."

He rises electrified as he sees in her eyes that she loves him.

APRIL is taken to the author's party without the slightest suspicion that Edgar Craig and young Prentice are identical. It is only when Renard leaves her alone for a few moments and retires to an adjoining room where the other guests await their cue to burst upon her, that she looks about, spies the box of geraniums which Edgar has carefully preserved, notices the oil painting of Amos Prentice adorning the wall, and sees a photograph of Edgar which strikingly resembles his father, that she puts two and two together and realizes who her future husband really is.

Another surprise awaits her—the guests to the supper. They are all of the former inmates of the Home for Failures—all won away from the slough of despond, and, through the kindness of

young Prentice, transformed into useful and successful men. Even Wilbur Ogelvie has discovered success in matrimony—having married the Amazonian and imperturbable Mrs. Carney, and found that she was his twin-born mate. And, be it said to her credit, that the gentle and wholesome philosophy that started April on her way to success, had got hold of Mrs. Carney and melted her into a very charming person.

There is a touch of real sentiment in this last scene of "Dear Me"—just such a touch as only Winchell Smith, that wizard of stagecraft, who directed the production of the play, could give it. Seeing these once hopeless failures—who had decided to spend their days in an endowed institution, because they felt they were hopelessly gone—return as cheerful, successful men gives one a real thrill.

It is good to see a play like "Dear Me" on the stage. It is one of the things that will help to make a bigger and better world. It injects the sort of philosophy that is much needed to-day.

EDISON LIKED CHEMISTRY BEST

Even Though the "Grand Trunk Herald," of Which He Was the Editor, Indicated that He Had Journalistic Ability

THE thinking apparatus of Thomas A. Edison was remarkably active even in babyhood, and it has gone on working, with increasing marvelous results, since the little tot of six was found one day sitting over a nest of goose eggs, with a store of food beside him, provided for the period of incubation. He expected to bring forth a brood of goslings, in due time, as he had seen the mother goose do, and great was his disappointment when his parents, cruelly, as he thought, removed him from his dignified position.

The little fellow's sunny face and pleasing manners made him a general favorite, and, when circumstances forced him from the parent nest, into the big, bustling world, at the early age of twelve, he became the most popular train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, in Central Michigan, while his keen powers of observation, and practical turn of mind, made him the most successful. His ambition soared far beyond the selling of apples, peanuts, song books, and papers, and his ability was such that he soon had three or four boys working.

His interest in chemistry, however, had not abated, and his busy brain urged him to try new fields. He exchanged some of his papers for retorts and other simple apparatus, bought a copy of Fresenius's "Qualitative Analysis," and secured the use of an old baggage car as a laboratory. Here, surrounded by chemicals and experimenting apparatus, he spent some of the happiest hours of his life.

But even this was not a sufficient outlet for the

energies of the budding inventor. Selling papers had naturally aroused his interest in printing and editing, and, with Edison, interest always manifested itself in action. In buying papers, he had, as usual, made use of his eyes, and, with this little knowledge of printing, he determined to start a printing press and edit a paper of his own.

A quantity of old type was purchased from the Detroit *Free Press*, a printing press set up in the baggage car,—which now did duty as printing and editorial office as well as laboratory,—and the train-boy chemist felt justly proud when the first copy of *The Grand Trunk Herald* was put on sale.

Notwithstanding that the youthful editor's "Associated Press" consisted of baggagemen and brakemen, or that the literary matter contributed to *The Grand Trunk Herald* was chiefly railway gossip, the little three-cent publication became very popular. Even the great London *Times* deigned to notice it as the only journal in the world printed on a railway train.

But, successful as he was in his editorial venture, Edison's best love was given to chemistry and the study of electricity. And well it was for the world that, when the youth of sixteen gave up train and newspaper work, no poverty, no difficulties, no ridicule, no "hard luck," nor any of the trials and obstacles he had to encounter in after life, had power to chill or discourage the genius of the master inventor of the nineteenth century.



NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active and sensitive nerves, as it indicates the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T.

Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

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," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; 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; headaches; 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 instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pro-

nounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in leatherette cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 190, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you whether you have had trouble

with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Great Business!

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

By FLOYD MEREDITH

PART II

HUGH GODFREY crossed one knee over the other and regarded Andrews from beneath drawn brows. "It's the biggest order we've ever clinched with one concern," he said quietly. "That's what I wanted to speak to you about. *Why* did we get such an order?"

Andrews settled back in his chair. "Because the Good Dress Corporation knows our goods are the best on the market, to-day. Our stock is all wool and a yard wide, that's why." He answered glibly. "What's it to us *why* we got the order? We got it and that's sufficient for me." He ended his sentence as if it should certainly have been sufficient for Godfrey as well.

"When a house as big as MacPherson's goes in for a bill of goods like that," said Hugh slowly, "there must be some reason besides just the quality. He's bought some of every line we carry. There's always a method in MacPherson's business. I've sold him stuff before."

"Method!" Andrews broke in sharply. "There's method in every business. Ours seem to have brought something. We'll make nearly a quarter of a million on this deal."

"When Mr. Bennett was in charge, if we had an order placed with us for half the amount, and especially for some of every article we manufacture," Hugh rapped out, "he looked into the company we were selling and knew a little about it before he accepted—"

"They're the biggest people in merchandise to-day," Andrews interrupted. "And as for Bennett—he's old, he hasn't progressed, we do things differently around here now."

Godfrey got up. "I know why we got it." His voice was compelling. "We got it because MacPherson's firm wants to copy our patterns. We got it because his people are about to steal this business—that's *why*!" he ended sternly.

"Hush!" Andrews brought his hand down on the desk with a thud. "Someone will hear you." He walked to the door and looked out. Apparently satisfied that no one was eavesdropping, he came back. "Speak lower," he cautioned as Hugh eyed him wonderingly. "I didn't know you were one of us."

Godfrey sank limply back in his chair.

"So you're in on it, too," Andrews said softly. "MacPherson wouldn't tell me all those he had chosen."

"What do you mean?" Hugh shot the question at him like a bolt from the blue.

"Man, man!" Andrews replied fatuously, spreading out his palms. "We will have the greatest business in American history; the greatest business in the world eventually. I take it that MacPherson and you and I will be the heads."

A buzzer sounded on Andrews' desk. He heaved his great bulk out of the chair and held forth a pudgy hand. It was moist and warm. "You're a pretty slick boy to come at me in this fashion, to find out if I was in on the ground floor," the acting president continued smiling. "Yes, pretty slick; but I'm glad you did. Can't spare you any more time now but come in later in the afternoon and we'll talk it over."

HUGH went slowly back to his desk, gave his stenographer some instructions and prepared to leave the office. "I'll be back by three," he announced as he closed the door.

As he emerged into Thirty-fourth Street, he threw back his coat. It was early March and the weather was cold with a dampness that chilled to the bone, but Hugh felt like a man consumed by a fever. He longed for the open country—the buildings pressed down upon him, gray and sinister, through the fog. He was possessed of but one desire—to get away from it all, for a little while. The roar of traffic made his head ache.

Entering the Pennsylvania station, he mechanically boarded a Long Island train, and to the horror and amazement of two women who sat immediately behind him, he quickly raised the window, then settled back in his seat.

Where was Bennett? Nobody seemed to know. Was Jameson in this thing, too? What about Carter? Was it a wholesale mutiny? Then his mind reverted to Andrews.

"He's rotten! Rotten clean through!" He



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jerked out, unconscious of his own voice rising above the grind of the wheels.

The two ladies gasped, then gave up the erratic gentleman in front of them as being totally insane, and nervously resumed their tatting.

Station after station whirled by—but Godfrey sat on, conscious of nothing save his own thoughts which raced on and on. Five thousand to begin with! No! He couldn't do it! Perhaps, his boy could be sent to a good school. He shook himself. How many thousand devils comprised temptation? Five! What a ridiculous thought. The wheels purred beneath him. A maid for Thea! No! No! No! Thea must do her own work.

A little car for the summer! Ye gods, how his head ached!

"All out! Last stop!" And Hugh found himself following the crowd, dazed and uncertain.

It was a quarter after three when he entered his own building, MacPherson was just coming out of the elevator.

"Well, have you changed your mind?" the Scot questioned softly as the two passed.

For answer Godfrey clumped into the waiting lift. "Up!" he snapped to the wide-eyed operator, "and make it quick!"

Fifteen minutes later he strode into the acting president's office, and Andrews who was busy on the phone motioned him to a chair.

"Well, old man," he said as he clicked the receiver into place, "What do you know?"

"Let's compare notes." Hugh's voice was calmly metallic.

"Well, then, to begin with, MacPherson came to me with his little proposition three months

ago. Mac's Scotch blood keeps him silent most of the time, but when he sprung this I knew his think-tank worked just the same. It's not easy to put anything over on a man of my type though, and I got him at once. I've been on the Good Dress Corporation's payroll for two

months now; but couldn't get Mac to give me the names of the other men he had picked, nor the exact date when the big deal was to come off."

"The big steal, I'd call it," Hugh remarked jocularly.

ANDREWS threw back his head and laughed loudly. "Never thought you went in for the humorous stuff, Godfrey. Always figured you as one of those old faithfuls. and all that sort of thing.

you know—conscience and the rest." He paused and touched the flare of a match to his cigar. "When a man's conscience begins to trouble him," he continued suavely, "he wants to study to be something besides a business man."

"See here," Hugh looked the other straight in the eye. "You and I know MacPherson's game. We can put a crimp in it even yet. Mr. Bennett's been square with us. We ought to play straight with him. What do you say?"

"That you're a fool, Godfrey!" Andrews answered quickly. "You'd lose out staying with old Bennett. Why he's—"

"You contemptible rotter!" Hugh exclaimed, whirling to his feet. "I'm not in it, nor do I intend to be. I'll get Mr. Bennett's—"

"You bet you won't be in it!" Andrews retorted, suddenly sensing the situation. "You bet you won't! I'll see to that. MacPherson will fix you. You—"

"As I started to say," Hugh paid little heed to

MAKE WAY FOR THE HUSTLER BEHIND!

By Clarence Elmer

WHEN you're sick and disgusted—your energy's rusted
For want of some stick-to-it oil;
And you quit earnest working to pass the time shirking
And nursing a what's-the-use boil.
Don't start in a growling, incessantly howling
Your woes in the ears of mankind—
Go off in some corner and be the chief mourner—
Make way for the hustler behind!

WHEN you have decided 'tis scantily divided—
The thing that we mortals call "Luck!"
And you're through with the chasing, half-heartedly racing,
Because you are lacking the pluck!
Don't start in debating and blatantly stating,
"The favored ones win—that I find!"
For the crowd's in a hurry. Begone with your worry—
Make way for the hustler behind!

WHEN, in truth, you're a quitter, a useless misfitter,
Not worthy of being called "Man!"
A leech, and a faker, a discontent maker,
Fit tool for the bolshevist clan.
Why—there'd be something to it—if only you'd do it
The world would be thankful, you'd find.
Don't merely quit trying. Quit living for dying—
Make way for the hustler behind!

What Does Your English Tell About You?

Does your English reveal your lack of education or does it prove that you are a man or woman of culture and refinement? Are you handicapped in your speech and writing or does your command of English rise to meet every occasion and every situation? English is the one weapon you must use every day. Here is how you can improve it almost at once.

MANY people say, "Did you hear from him today?" They *should* say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some say, "I didn't get your answer yet," instead of, "I haven't got your answer yet." Some people spell calendar "*calender*" or "*calander*." Still others say "between you and I," instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many people use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. Few people know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. And very few people use any but the most common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. An unusual command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcibly, convincingly. If your English is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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For the past five years Mr. Cody has been working almost day and night on the study of the problem, "How to make correct habits in speaking and writing stick in your mind." He appealed to school superintendents, and 150 of them placed classes at his disposal for experiment. He appealed to great corporations, and they let their employees be tested so Mr. Cody would know how accurate they really were. He was amazed to discover that the average person in school or in business is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English grammar. After countless experiments Mr. Cody finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes in English which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than had previously been obtained by other pupils in two years!

Learn By Habit—Not By Rules

Mr. Cody has applied scientific principles to teaching the correct use of English. He made tens of thousands of tests of his various devices before inventing his present method. In all his tests he found that the trouble with old methods is that they do not stick in the mind. Rules are memo-

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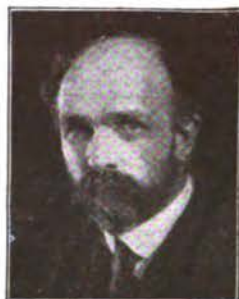
SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
104-A Searle Building, Rochester, New York

Please send me your Free Book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Name

Address

.....



SHERWIN CODY

the interruption, "I'll get Mr. Bennett's address from Jameson, and I intend to 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 and I don't care; but Mr. Bennett's going to know, and before it's too late. I'll wire—"

The door into the outer office opened quietly. Two men stood on the threshold for a moment, then advanced into the room.

Andrews got to his feet; his face flaming.

"I believe you are a little excited, Godfrey," Horace Bennett's voice was cool. "I think I heard you say you would wire me. I'll save you the trouble."

MacPherson spoke before Hugh had time to reply.

"I'm seeing you sooner than you expected—eh, Godfrey? Have you thought it over? You wouldn't answer me the last time I asked you." There was a twinkle in the Scotchman's eyes.

Bennett put his hand on Hugh's shoulder. "What's it all about, my boy? What did you want to get in touch with me for?"

"There's a rotten deal being planned for you, Mr. Bennett, that's why. MacPherson here made me a proposition to stay on with you for three months and, at the same time, draw a salary from his firm. You know what that means as well as I do. I've just found out that Andrews is in the thing too; how many more I don't know yet; but I intended to find out and give you the information. I'm glad you're back. Why, the Good Dress Corporation gave us an order—"

ANDREWS broke into the conversation abruptly. He smiled at MacPherson.

"A perfectly legitimate order, sir," he informed Horace Bennett. "Perfectly legitimate order. This young dog thinks he knows more than the law allows, sir. You know Mr. MacPherson and you know me—"

"I'm sure I do know Mr. MacPherson," Bennett said dryly, "but I'm only beginning to know you, Mr. Andrews." Then he turned to Godfrey.

"It was the Scot's doing, Hugh, to find out which of my employees were to be trusted. I wasn't half so ill, as I was sick of some of the men I had about me. Then MacPherson put the proposition up to me about combining our interests. He owns the Good Dress Corporation, and so, to be fair and square to all the men who were loyal, he went about things in his own way, while I stayed on in the West."

Andrews slunk down in his chair.

Bennett paid no heed to him. "Carter and Jameson stood up well," he went on, "they'll be with us. As for the rest—they are through!"

"It's hard to see inside a man's heart when it's a question of the cold, round dollar," MacPherson put in, "but the men Bennett trusted were white. We'll have a company the envy of the States."

"Company?" Godfrey's eyes searched MacPherson's.

Horace Bennett smiled. "Yes, and you're to be one of the firm, Hugh. You deserve it. Don't imagine that I didn't know how you've worked and waited. Beginning to-day, you draw big checks."

He turned to Andrews. "I think there are some things to be gone over," he spoke coldly. "A little matter of a few moments—your resignation, and so on."

Hugh Godfrey was too excited to be polite. "Mr. Bennett," he interrupted, "if you don't mind, I'd like to be excused."

"Want the wife to know about things, eh?" His president nodded understandingly. "Go on home." And Godfrey went.

Thea gave a little cry of delight when she saw him.

"Never again say your intuition was wrong," he said fervently, after he had told her all about his strenuous day. "And about that light you mentioned last night; it's shining radiantly, isn't it?"

She laid her hand on his arm gently and into her eyes came that I-told-you-so expression, quite common to wives.

"It doesn't surprise me," she said complacently. "I expected it for you all along."

As Godfrey swung her to him, "It's a great thing to hold the world in one's arms," he advised. "It's a great business!"

IT is the overflowing fountain, not the one that is half full or just full, that makes the valley below green and glad. It is abounding health, health that is bubbling over, superabundant energy, that counts. This is the health that makes mere living a joy.



—Big Jobs Are Waiting

Take your place among the successful men in business.

In thousands of those city offices—in factories and mills, with railroads and steamship lines—in every class of business everywhere—there is always a high salaried job for the trained executive or the man who has made himself a specialist in departmental management or administration.

Here is your opportunity. Make yourself a specialized business expert and you can pick your own job—step quickly far up the line. Without training you will stay where you are or you will advance only step by step.

Capitalize Your Brains

Making your brains worth money in business is equivalent to having a large cash capital safely invested. A \$5000 salary is equivalent to 5% on an investment of \$100,000. Higher salaries represent a corresponding increase in your brain capitalization. LaSalle training has already made brain capitalists of thousands of men who once were holding small pay jobs.

It advanced a freight checker at Seattle to the position of General Freight and Passenger Agent. It lifted one man from a bookkeeper's stool at \$18 a week to a general auditor's desk.

and \$7,500 a year. It enabled a department head to become president of a big corporation. It has done similar things for thousands of other ambitious men.

LaSalle Experts Will Train You by Mail

You can get LaSalle training while you hold your present job. A few hours a week of your outside time put in under the direction of our experts will give you the thorough, practical knowledge which wins recognition and commands the higher salaries. From 50 to 2000 LaSalle-trained men are holding responsible positions with each of practically all the largest American corporations—such as the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Co., Armour & Co., Swift & Co., American Telephone & Telegraph Co., Standard Oil Co., the Railroads, leading Automobile manufacturers, Banks, Food Product companies, Public Utility corporations, Express Companies, etc.—LaSalle training makes men capable of handling the most complicated business problems—develops their ability to originate and carry out big, successful policies. It is men like these who rise to positions of leadership.

Free Consulting Service

As a LaSalle student, you will also be entitled to the free use of our Consulting Service, which brings advice on any business problem whenever you want it.

Which Training Do You Want?

Look over the coupon below; mark with X the course which interests you, and we will send catalogs and full information about fees, terms, etc.

We will also send our famous book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," which has inspired more than 250,000 ambitious men to attain higher success in business.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

Dept. 434-R

Chicago, Ill.

Send me free "Ten Years' Promotion in One," also catalog and particulars regarding course and service in the department I have marked with an X.

☐ **HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ **LAW:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.

☐ **COMMERCIAL LAW:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.

☐ **BANKING AND FINANCE:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

☐ **EXPERT BOOKKEEPING:** Training for position of Head Bookkeeper.

☐ **BUSINESS MANAGEMENT:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.

☐ **PERSONNEL AND EMPLOYMENT MANAGEMENT:** Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.

☐ **EFFECTIVE SPEAKING:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.

☐ **BUSINESS ENGLISH:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

☐ **TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN & DOMESTIC:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.

☐ **INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY:** Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.

☐ **MODERN FOREMANSHIP:** Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.



☐ **BUSINESS LETTER WRITING:** Training for positions as Correspondent, Mail Sales Director, and executive letter-writing positions.

☐ **C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS:** Prepares for State Board and Institute Examinations.

☐ **COMMERCIAL SPANISH:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.

Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

How \$1,284,000,000 Was Spent for Advertising in 1920

By ROBERT MACKAY

HOW THE MONEY WAS DIVIDED:

Newspapers.....	\$600,000,000	Farm Papers.....	\$27,000,000
Direct Mail.....	300,000,000	Demonstrating and Sampling	24,000,000
Magazines.....	150,000,000	Window and Store Display.	20,000,000
Business Papers.....	70,000,000	Bill-Posting.....	12,000,000
Novelties.....	30,000,000	Street-Car Cards.....	11,000,000
Electric and Painted Signs.	30,000,000	Programs.....	5,000,000
Motion Pictures.....	\$5,000,000		

WE have become so used to advertising, and it works so subconsciously on the public mind, that it is accepted as a matter of fact, as part of our daily lives. Although we see advertisements everywhere, we give but little thought to the tremendous mental and physical labor of preparing them, or what advertising costs the manufacturers of every sort of product from pins to aeroplanes.

During the World War, sums running into ten figures became so usual that most folks ceased to wonder, and few realized their staggering significance. Yet, to most of us, a billion dollars is a lot of money. It may be little short of amazing to learn that, in 1920, \$1,284,000,000 was spent for all forms of advertising.

If you look at your daily paper and realize the enormous number of advertisements it contains, and when you remember that there are nearly 3000 daily and Sunday newspapers published throughout the country, it may not be surprising to realize that, last year, there was spent in this form of publicity, \$600,000,000. This is the largest individual class of advertising expenditure made, because the newspaper is more intimate in its local contact than is the magazine; and many businesses, which could not afford, or profit by, magazine advertising, make money by advertising in newspapers.

The next largest method of getting messages to the buying public is the direct-mail method. The pamphlets, catalogues, circulars, and mail novelties sent out during the twelvemonth period cost \$300,000,000, or half of what was spent in newspapers.

THEN comes another great force. Magazines—of which over 200 are published in this country—carried advertising amounting to \$150,000,000, or just half of the amount spent for matter sent by mail, and a quarter of the sum expended in the newspapers.

Trade publications come next with a volume of \$70,000,000. Pencils, paperweights, calendars, and the countless novelties issued with some firm's name imprinted on them, amounted to \$30,000,000.

The lights and painted signs which have made Broadway's "Great White Way" famous, and which blazon their message along busy thoroughfares in hundreds of other American cities, represent an expenditure of \$30,000,000.

To carry the sales message of implements, necessities, and luxuries to the farmer, \$27,000,000 was spent for advertising in publications circulating among horticulturists and agriculturists.

In the cities where demonstrators bid for attention in show windows and inside various stores, and where samples of innumerable products are distributed free, \$24,000,000 was appropriated to cover this form of salesmanship. Special window and store displays of every sort of merchandise, some simple and some most elaborate amounted to \$20,000,000.

BILL-POSTING heralding a circus, the release of a feature-film, or the sale of canned corn, took \$12,000,000 from advertisers' pockets. And in order that those sufficiently fortunate to secure seats, and that those who



Modern Business looks to Accountancy-educated men and women for the technical analysis of facts, conditions, and tendencies that will point the way to safe and progressive management. For this reason, both professional and executive accountants—if competently trained—find their services in steady demand wherever business is carried on. They have an established market value.

Daytime and evening courses in Accountancy and Business Administration are given the year round at Pace Institute, New York, Boston, and Washington—standardized, accredited, developmental courses which develop the power to think, the ability to act, the capacity to earn. Both day and evening classes are now being organized to meet the needs of forward-looking men and women who purpose to gain immediate headway toward positions of technical or executive responsibility.

\$7 MONTH'S TRIAL INSTRUCTION

Pace instruction in Accountancy is also available by Extension through the mails. Extension students are privileged to enroll for one month's trial instruction, with the charge for tuition and texts limited to \$7. There is no obligation whatsoever to continue the course. This liberal offer enables students to test to their own satisfaction Pace Institute's ability to teach them Accountancy by Extension through the mails. Pace Extension students study the same subjects as do Resident School students. They are taught and developed by Resident School Instructors. They have the privilege of transfer from Extension to Resident School instruction with credit for work done and tuition paid.

"MAKING READY"

Send for details of this \$7 trial offer, and also for a complimentary copy of "MAKING READY," a 32-page booklet which convincingly shows why Accountancy-educated men and women—value analysts—are insistently demanded by Modern Business.

Pace & Pace
Hudson Terminal
30 Church St., New York

Pace & Pace, 30 Church St., New York

Send me, without obligation, details of your \$7 Trial Extension Offer and a copy of "Making Ready."

Name

Address

Success 4-21

hang from straps in street cars may read as they ride, and learn what is best to buy, manufacturers and retail stores spent \$11,000,000 for car cards in 1920.

Theater programs carried \$5,000,000 worth of advertising. Lantern slides, and motion-picture films thrown on the screens of cinema palaces, helped to sell another \$5,000,000 of merchandise.

These figures, if anything, underestimate the

cost of the nation's publicity bill for 1921, but they give as accurate an idea of the magnitude of the advertising outlay as can be gathered from various sources. What was the money volume of sales resulting from all this publicity and what were the profits accruing to those who spent the total \$1,284,000,000, no one, save, perhaps, Uncle Sam's income-tax collector, can possibly imagine.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT OUR BILLIONS

By Carson C. Hathaway

THE appropriation bills of the United States involve sums that stagger the imagination. In 1920, Congress set aside \$6,454,596,649.56 to meet our expenses.

It would take a man earning \$10 a day, working 365 days in the year, something over 1,700,000 years to earn this amount. The interest on the principal for one year, at 6 per cent, would be over \$387,000,000. If the amount appropriated were to be converted into dollar bills, and the bills placed end to end, it would make a green ribbon stretching around the world over thirty times.

Most of our money provides for the payment of past wars and the preparation for possible future conflicts. But Uncle Sam has a large family and money must be provided for many strange purposes.

TO improve the birthplace of George Washington at Wakefield, Virginia, cost \$100; to care for the Washington Monument, \$15,000; to maintain the National Zoo, \$115,000; to repair the building where Lincoln died, \$200.

Our international importance is reflected in our contribution of \$1,045 toward meeting the expenses of

the Peace Palace at The Hague. To help repress the African slave trade cost \$125; to rent a prison for American convicts in Smyrna, Turkey, \$1,000.

The Eighteenth Amendment is not the only law that requires money to enforce. It was necessary to appropriate \$325,000 to suppress counterfeiting, and \$750,000 to restrict the sale of opium.

Our interest in science is shown in an appropriation of \$1,400 to observe an eclipse of the sun in Bolivia. Perhaps an item of \$2,000 to buy an oil portrait of Champ Clark, former speaker of the House of Representatives, shows our interest in art, some insist.

THE United States is undoubtedly in the best financial condition of any great world-power. With an estimated wealth of \$240,000,000,000, our national debt is \$24,000,000,000, or one tenth of that amount. England's national debt is said to equal over half of all her resources. It will cost France over \$2,000,000,000 yearly to pay simply the interest on her debt. A distinguished United States Senator remarked in the course of a debate, not long ago, that the world will continue to be in debt for money spent in the World War until the end of all time.

How to Tell If You Are Out of Place

YOU are out of place if your work is drudgery to you; if you don't love it, if your heart is not in it.

If you hate to think you must go to work in the morning, and watch the clock all day and long for the time to quit.

If you don't regard your job as your best friend, and see the possibilities in it for larger things.

If you are in doubt as to whether you have found your place or whether you quite fit it.

If you are ashamed of your job, and don't want people to know how you get your living.

If you find the best part of your salary in your pay envelope, and not outside of it—in your chance to make good, in your opportunity to learn the

secrets of your employer's success and be paid for doing it.

If you are not trying to be an artist instead of an artisan in your work, a professional instead of an amateur.

If you are always thinking of what you might have accomplished, if you had tried something else, or were in some other locality.

If, as the years go by, you don't feel your life growing richer, your horizon constantly broadening.

If your work does not call into play your highest faculties, your creative ability, your resourcefulness, your ingenuity.

If your job is not calling out of you the best that is in you; if every drop of blood in you and every fiber does not say "Amen" to it.

Do the Dead Live and Communicate?



THAT a Future Life has been scientifically proved is asserted by many of our leading scientists. HOW it has been proved—the ACTUAL METHODS employed—the ACTUAL RESULTS attained—are among the many astounding revelations found in

The Library of the Occult and Psychical Sciences

THE FIRST AND ONLY WORK OF ITS KIND
BY EMINENT SCIENTISTS

THRILLING—THOUGHT-PROVOKING—STIMULATING—CONSOLING

More millions of people are giving serious thought to the Life Beyond—to the Invisible World that surrounds us, than ever before in history. The accumulated wisdom of the ages in the Occult and Psychic—the most remarkable experiences in attempts to penetrate the UNKNOWN, the dim mysterious region that lies between physical and spiritual forces and energies, have been gathered in these fascinating volumes.

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE AND DEATH

are discussed in clear and understandable language: What Happens at the Moment of Death—How We Progress in the Spirit World—Messages from the Beyond—How to Develop Our Psychic Powers—Our Hidden Forces—The Sexes Hereafter—Ghosts and Haunted Houses—How Spirit Photography is Possible—How Mental Telepathy Operates—The Marvels of Materialization—Reincarnation and Hindu Philosophy—Mastering the Self—Fear and How to Banish It—The Laws of Success—Personal Magnetism—Spiritual Healing—How to Interpret Dreams; and many other important and interesting topics.

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The "Why" of the Financial Depression

AN INTERVIEW WITH
HARRY HOPKINS MERRICK

President of the Great Lakes Trust Company of Chicago

By *DELIA AUSTRIAN*

"**T**HE present depression in money began last April. It was at its height in September of last year, but is clearing away. It is one of the longest periods of depression this country ever knew."

In these words, Harry Hopkins Merrick, President of the Great Lakes Trust Company, of Chicago, sums up the financial situation that has depressed business for some time.

Mr. Merrick has been a student of finance for years. He was financial adviser for Armour & Co., both in this country and in Europe, before taking his present position. He told me that he had but a few minutes to grant this interview for *THE NEW SUCCESS*, so I began at once by asking:

"What is the reason for the depression?"

MR. MERRICK promptly replied, "There are many factors at work. The World War with its unstabilizing forces was the largest factor. It unsettled labor by drawing on the forces of the workers. Labor was so scarce that wages mounted skyward both in private and in government corporations. The high labor-costs, involving

high wages, resulted in a reduction of efficient work. There are some three million men and women out of employment at the present time, and still the output is more efficient. This means that there were many men who drew pay envelopes for little work.

"Labor was only one of the factors at work. There was such a demand for our goods both in this country and Europe that prices soared as ridiculously high as did wages. There was an unbalanced production in industry. Suddenly buying grew less, both abroad and at home, resulting in an over-supply of goods in factories and shops. This came about the same way as did the intensive break in all values, raw materials, manufactured products, and stocks."

"Was the congested transportation an important factor in this depression?"

WITHOUT much thought, he answered, "It surely was an important factor. Orders were duplicated two and three times over because grain and other supplies were not delivered in time. The slump came and forty per cent of the 1919 crops remained over in 1920. This excessive supply was due to the breakdown



HARRY HOPKINS MERRICK

Swear Off Tobacco

Tobacco Habit Banished Let Us Help You

Quick Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is often a losing fight against heavy odds, and may mean a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer** according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in a few days. Your tobacco craving will usually begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is marvelously quick, scientific and thoroughly reliable.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It helps to quiet the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of **Tobacco Redeemer** treatment for the habit.

Results Absolutely Guaranteed

A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If **Tobacco Redeemer** fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you are a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 645 St. Louis, Mo.

Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.,
Dept. 645 St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit or my money will be refunded.

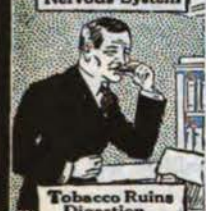
Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....



Tobacco Tells on
Nervous System



Tobacco Ruins
Digestion



Tobacco Stunts
Boy's Growth



Tobacco Robs
Man of Virility



Tobacco Steals
from You the
Pleasures, Com-
forts, Luxuries
of Life



in transportation, while grain was rotting in the barns.

"Everywhere there was sufficient food and clothes to help supply needy Europe. But with frozen credit, Europe had not paid her loans and, therefore, could not get further accommodations. Wall Street, with its drop in the price of stocks, was really the barometer expressing business conditions at home and abroad."

"Has the Federal Reserve Bank been of real assistance in this crisis?"

"YES," Mr. Merrick replied enthusiastically. "Too much credit cannot be given to the United States Federal Reserve Bank for helping us to weather hard times. But even the Federal Reserve Bank cannot stabilize the money market of Europe. Spain is the only European country whose finance is at par. The buying power of money is forty per cent of its original value in most of the countries abroad. It is up to our country to help stabilize the foreign money market by increasing credit on good collateral. Remember that the United States is the greatest financial power of the world, but her financial power is not yet capitalized. We are willing to recognize this fact theoretically but not prac-

tically. With forty per cent of the world our debtor, we must study how to make the best adjustment of this debt and a willingness to extend credit on good collateral.

"Remember that we are still at war with Austria and Germany, and cannot do business with them. Both countries bought a great deal of material from the United States before 1920. Likewise the trade blockade prevents our trading with Russia. It is more necessary for the United States to extend the credit of European countries than to be continually asking new loans. My statement may be simply illustrated by this incident: Poland used to get three million bales of cotton, and it was made into low-grade cotton cloth over there. The factories there are idle because they have no credit. It would be better to extend credit and take the factories as collateral. There are forty million people starving in China when five billion dollars worth of farm products can be used there.

"If the three million men and women now idle were at work at three dollars and fifty cents a day, they would be earning sixty-three million dollars and we would be supplying Europe with the food, clothing and other products her people need so badly."

Game Fish Swim up Stream

IT'S easy to drift as the current flows;
It's easy to move as the deep tide goes;
But the answer comes when the breakers crash
And strike the soul with a bitter lash—
When the goal ahead is endless fight
Through a sunless day and a starless night,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

The spirit wanes where it knows no load;
The soul turns soft down the Easy Road;
There's fun enough in the thrill and throb,
But Life in the main is an uphill job;

And it's better so, where the softer game
Leaves too much fat on a weakened frame,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

When the clouds bank in—and the soul turns blue—
When Fate holds fast, and you can't break through—
When trouble sweeps like a tidal wave,
And Hope is a ghost by an open grave,
You have reached the test in a frame of mind
Where only the quitters fall behind,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

—Onondaga Sportsman.

Success Ideals

"Inhumanity to brutes brutalizes humanity."

—Dr. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.

Character coupled with strength of purpose carries a power which is irresistible.

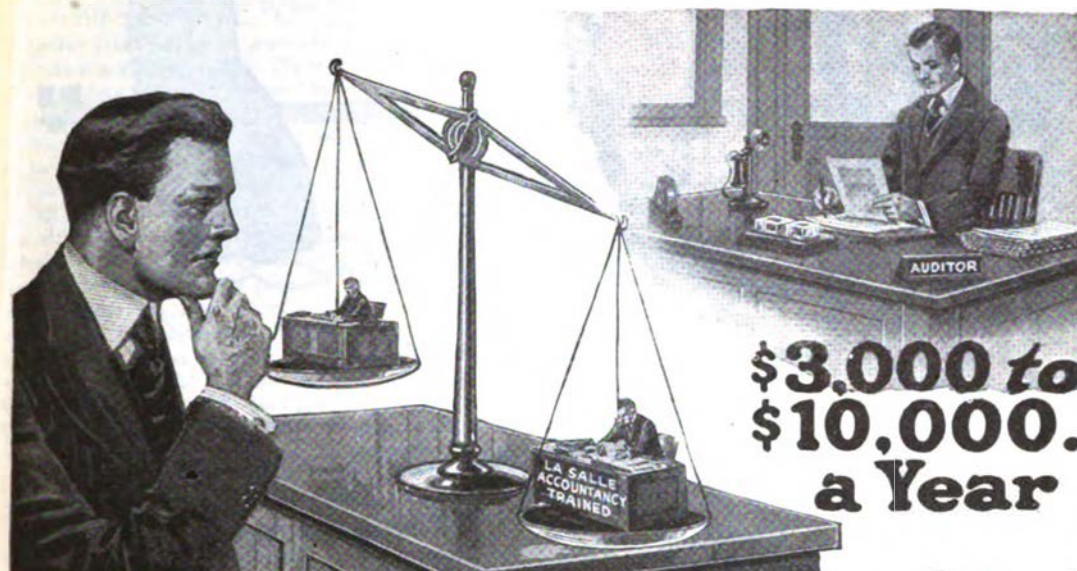
God divided man into men that they might help one another.

"The world makes way for the earnest soul who says 'I will.'"—Nixon Waterman.

The greatest ill is to die without having lived; the greatest good to live only after having died; the noblest end to fulfil one's part.

We should treat fortune as the farmer his wheelbarrow—push it from us when full, and only drag it behind us when empty.

Let a man get the idea that he is being wronged, or that everything is against him, and he cuts his earning capacity right in two.



**\$3,000 to
\$10,000.
a Year**

The Accountancy Trained Man Wins!

Every ambitious man strives for three things: First, promotion; second, increased salary; third, larger business success.

In the race for these things the man thoroly trained in Higher Accountancy has a tremendous advantage over the untrained man because the Accountancy expert is capable of improving his employer's system of bookkeeping and cost accounting. He is able to warn his firm of approaching dangers from increased costs and decreased profit. He knows every minute just where each department stands in relation to production, cost and profit.

Today business does not pick men for advancement for any other reason than that they have acquired specialized knowledge and training which fits them for important duties. And LaSalle is training nearly 50,000 ambitious men every year for bigger, better positions.

The course is under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois; Director of the Illinois Society of Certified Public Accountants, and of the National Association of Cost Accountants, assisted by a large staff of Certified Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. You will be thoroly trained in the same methods which these men use in their work.

You will be trained by the famous LaSalle "Problem Method" by which you actually work out for yourself every kind of problem entering into the duties of an Expert Accountant. In effect you are taken behind the scenes of big business and into every department. Your training in this connection is under conditions which approach as nearly as possible those which would exist were you actually at the desk and on the high-salaried Expert Accountant's job you are training to fill.

LaSalle training will give you a mastery of the underlying principles of Modern Business Analysis, Organization, Accounting, Auditing, Cost Accounting, Commercial Law, Income Tax work, etc. LaSalle accountancy training will enable you to pass C. P. A. examinations, to hold a high-salaried

executive position with a business organization, or to enter business for yourself as an Expert Consulting Accountant.

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Do You Know That—

THERE are 6,350,000 farmers in the United States.

Of all the failures recorded in 1920, 84 per cent were of firms which did not advertise.

The total vote for Harding was 16,141,629; for Cox, 9,139,866.

To feed the 7,000,000 residents of New York City for one week only, requires 266 train loads of provisions.

"Idiot" originally meant a common, ordinary person, and is a survival of the general belief, before the days of democracy, that the common people had no sense.

The prison population in New York State at the close of the first year of prohibition, showed a decrease of 1,871 from the same day of the preceding year.

Elections are the oldest form of choosing. Athenian voters cast oyster-shell ballots. To day certain African tribes select a chief by spinning a cocoanut.

Seven fifty-pound pouches of mail were carried from San Francisco to New York in $33\frac{1}{3}$ hours. The average speed made was 81 miles an hour.

The war cost Great Britain in six years \$1,500,000 more than the entire government of Great Britain had cost for the preceding 225 years.

That we drink more than fifty per cent more coffee, take four hundred per cent more patent medicines and drugs than our fathers did.

Nicotine gets its name from Nicot, yet he was not the discoverer of tobacco, but the one who introduced its use into France.

Two hundred and ninety-five million of India's three hundred and fifteen million inhabitants are totally illiterate.

During the past fifteen years the death rate from Bright's disease has increased fifteen per cent; that deaths from heart disease have increased twenty-seven per cent.

The Russian ruble, before the World War, was worth a little over fifty cents. Now it takes 5,000 rubles to buy a pound of salt pork. The moujik owning a hog that would dress at 200 pounds, is a ruble "millionaire."

There are some 146,000,000 persons in the world with savings accounts in banks, representing deposits of over \$23,000,000,000. The United States now holds more than one-fourth of the world's savings, with a total of over \$6,500,000,000.

The people of the United States used 1,439,071,000 pounds of tobacco last year. This made 7,629,000 cigars, 55,000,000 cigarettes, and 427,000,000 pounds of chewing and smoking tobacco and snuff. The growth and consumption of tobacco is increasing.

If a man's voice had the same carrying power in proportion to his weight as that of a canary, his lightest word could be heard 800 miles. Or, if he had, relative to his size, the same jumping power as a flea, he could spring from New York to China at a single leap.

The seven wonders of the world were: The walls of Babylon; the statue of Zeus by Phidias at Olympia; the hanging gardens at Babylon; the Colossus of Rhodes; the Pyramids; the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus and the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus.

The site of the White House in Washington was selected by George Washington in 1791; first occupied by President John Adams in November, 1800; and was burned by the British in 1814. It was called White House because of its construction of white freestone.

The Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, has a climate similar to New England. It is the most luxuriant flower land in all America. It is the richest country in the world for fur-bearing animals, having with little exploitation produced furs to the extent of several billions of dollars.

America is now the richest nation and the financial center of the world. She possesses one-third of the total wealth of the world. Before the war, America owed about \$4,000,000,000 abroad. To-day, the net indebtedness of Europe to America is over \$10,000,000,000.

Sound is said to move approximately thirteen miles a minute, and compared to light, it is slower than a snail. If we should hear a clap of thunder half a minute after the flash of lightning, we could calculate that the discharge of electricity was about six and a half miles off. The greatest distance that thunder has been heard is thirteen miles, but the usual distance is about nine miles.

Lloyd George Was Surprised

LORD RIDDLE, who was one of Lloyd George's chief assistants at the Peace Conference, relates this anecdote regarding former President Wilson:

In a secret conference attended only by President Wilson, Premier Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Nitti, no secretaries or stenographers being present, it became advisable to reduce to writing certain propositions agreed to, with a copy for each conferee. The necessity for strictest secrecy precluded the admission of a stenographer. The Europeans were at a loss how to proceed, but Mr. Wilson rang for an attendant and said: "Get my typewriter." A protest followed against the admission of a supposed typist. But the President sprung a surprise by having his personal writing-machine placed in front of him, and, typing out the memorandum with his own fingers, smilingly presented a neat carbon to each associate.

Pep

(The editors of THE NEW SUCCESS regret that they do not know the author of the following poem so they could print his name. The verses were sent to us by Louis H. Shulenberg and Company, Grain Brokers, Chicago, with the request that we find space for them in our columns. They were taken from a booklet published by the Hyde Park Public High School, Chicago.)

VIGOR, vitality, vim and punch—
That's pep.

The courage to act on a sudden hunch—
That's pep.

The nerve to tackle the hardest thing,
With feet that climb and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's pep.

Sand and grit in a concrete base—
That's pep.

Friendly smile on an honest face—
That's pep.

The spirit that helps when another's down
That knows how to scatter the blackest frown
That loves its neighbor and loves its town
That's pep.

To say, "I will," for you know you can—
That's pep.

To look for the best in every man—
That's pep.

To meet each thundering knock-out blow
And come back with a laugh, because you know
You'll get the best of the whole darned show—
That's pep.—Selected.

Ideas are not the product of thought; they are
flashes of light from the unknown.—Holbrook
Jackson.

"Man is the only animal that can be skinned
more than once."



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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*

Appreciation

ARE the days a bore to you? Is life a dreary, drab existence? If so, try to cultivate your observation, try to see things in nature, not only with your eyes, but with your mind. Notice the designed beauty in everything. See the flowers smiling at you, flinging out their beauty and fragrance without stint. When you eat delicious fruits and vegetables think of the origin of these things and Who gave them to you. Do you appreciate how all these things will help you to back up your chance in life, help you to make your life a masterpiece, to give you strength, health, and vigor? Have you, in fact, learned to appreciate all the blessings of life, what they mean to you?

What a wonderful thing is appreciation! What happiness it brings into the life of even the poorest and most unfortunate creatures! Contemplating the perfection of the universe, studying the marvelous things of creation, meditating upon the perfection of everything that is real because God made it, dwelling upon the perfection of ourselves in the truth of our being, the reality of us, will have a wonderful influence on life and character. On the other hand, dwelling upon the imperfection of things, the conviction that there is something the matter with the universe, something wrong with God's great scheme for the race, the habit of dwelling upon the inferiority of ourselves or of anything in the universe, the habit of finding fault with what we have and of criticizing everything about us, tends to demoralize the mind.

The unthankful, the ungrateful, the selfish get very little out of life, even though endowed with wealth and many of the things men desire. If we have only selfish thoughts, and are always thinking of our own interests, working for our own glory and advantage without a heart full of gratitude to the Great Giver, we are no better than the hogs under the apple tree greedily gorging the fruit on the ground without looking up to see from whence it comes.

Make Your Mind a Magnet

WE are realizing more and more that thought is a mighty force, and that positive thoughts are creative, while negative thoughts are destructive. The vigorously positive mentalities create currents which are just as real as the electric currents generated in the great power-houses for commercial and domestic use.

By their positive, creative mentalities, successful men make their minds powerful magnets to attract more success. They are not troubled with counter-currents caused by doubts and fears and worries, such as weak,

unsuccessful men of negative thought and mentality suffer from. The strong prosperity current is attracted by the powerful mental magnets of successful men.

Remember that, by the law of attraction, the things that you seek are seeking you. They will come to you if you make yourself a magnet for them; that is, if you continue to hold the right thought, the strong, positive, persistent belief that they are yours by divine right, that they are your birthright, and that no one and no power on earth can keep them from you. You cannot possibly lose out so long as you think vigorously, positively, along the lines of your ambition, your ideals, visualizing your dreams and doing your best in planning and working to make them realities.

The majority of people do not get what they want because of their negative mental attitude. Their doubts, their fears, their unbelief and pessimism demagnetize them, and drive away the very things they are working hard to get. For example how many people are there whose general aim is to become prosperous; yet they are constantly talking about their inability to succeed in what they are trying to do, bemoaning their hard luck, and doubting the probabilities of their ever having any sort of a worth-while position in life, of ever rising above a mediocre position and limited means. Now, the chances are, they never will, because they are headed, mentally, in the opposite direction. Their minds are negative; they are turning their backs upon prosperity and facing toward lack and want.

Holding the success ideal, believing that you are going to be a success, that the good things of the world are coming to you because they belong to you by divine right, that you have inherited them and it was intended that you should have them, that you are success-organized, made to succeed, not to fail, made to be a winner, not a loser—these are the thoughts that make the mind a magnet to attract success.

As Great as Mother Thinks Me

"MAY I be as great as my mother thinks me," is a motto I once saw somewhere. What a wonderful ideal this is, for a boy to live up to. The average mother doesn't see the faults which the neighbors see in her boy, who gets into mischief, and is a nuisance in the estimation of others. She sees her boy a splendid, useful man, a man who stands for something in the community, a hero.

I often wonder what would happen if some mothers saw all the faults of their children. How could they bear with them? How could they have patience with

FEAR

To the average person FEAR means merely timidity. But FEAR has many other forms—Anger, Worry, Hatred, Jealousy, Fretfulness, Melancholy, Lack of Self-Confidence, General Nervousness (existing where there is no GOOD physical reason), etc.

All forms of FEAR cause a chemical action to take place in the body which creates a very real and deadly poison. This statement is backed up by our Government Research Dept. at Washington. FEAR is, in fact, like a hideous octopus with long arms eager to encircle and strangle.

Your entire trouble may be caused by SOME FORM OF FEAR. Let me diagnose your case. I shall be pleased to go over it in detail, from both a mental and physical standpoint, if you will show enough interest to purchase my booklet, LEAVITT-SCIENCE. I have treated thousands of cases in the last 24 years. For the first 10 years of my practise my work was entirely along physical lines. But for the last 14 I have combined physical and MENTAL measures. I am frank to say that I consider myself perhaps better qualified to diagnose your case than any one with whom you could communicate. Long years of preparatory study here and abroad have given me a foundation possessed by few.

THERE IS A WAY OUT, IN YOUR CASE. The reason you have not gotten well is because the TRUE CAUSE of your trouble has not as yet been determined. There is a CAUSE for every ailment. This can be found and REMOVED. GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE.

On receipt of TWENTY-FOUR cents in stamps or coins I will mail you my book, LEAVITT-SCIENCE, along with a complete case-sheet for you to fill out. After carefully going over this case-sheet, I will write you in detail JUST what I find, WITHOUT CHARGE. Do you not feel that this is a REAL OPPORTUNITY?

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them? How could they help them, as mothers want to help their children, if they saw in their boy the scoundrel, the criminal, or the brute, as others sometimes see him! She cannot see the faults in her children because she is looking through a mother's eyes, a mother's glasses. Her boy may be in the penitentiary, but she cannot see him as a criminal. She sees her boy, a good citizen, a good son.

Ah! wonderful things, these mother's eyes! Through them is seen the ideal man, the one that is there to come out, the man the Creator intended to be developed. We do not blame the mother for the extravagant things she sees in her boy and expects of him. We do not blame her for the dreams of power, of purity, of influence that she hopes will be his, and which are backed all through life by her prayers. These dreams and hopes and expectations never quite forsake her, even when she sees her beloved son behind prison bars, and has evidence that what she has expected and dreamed of concerning him will never quite be realized.

It is this great mother faith in her child, her belief in him, even after he has failed or fallen, the fact that she expects great and good things of him still that tends to strengthen and hold him a little nearer his ideal, to make him struggle a little harder to measure up to it, under discouragements, so as not to disappoint her. Oftentimes when everything else has failed to bring a youth to his senses, and when he has been very near the bottom of the toboggan, this thought of what his mother believed of him and expected of him, this mother vision of her boy, has been his salvation, the turning-point in the youth's career, the very magnet that has brought the prodigal back to his own.

If we always measured up to our mother's ideal of us, and always kept that as a model to work by, what a glorious success we might make of our lives!

"May I be as great as my mother thinks me." What a beautiful motto! Paste it in your pocketbook, hang it in your room, in your office. "I will try to be as great as my mother thinks me."

◆ ◆ ◆ Don't Be "Half and Half"

TO form the habit of half doing things is to form the fatal habit of inferiority. When we get used to accepting our second best for our best, when we become familiar with poor work and with half-finished jobs, we lose our love of excellence, and after awhile we accept without protest the poor for the good, the inferior for the best. Only an ambition for superiority, for excellence, can keep us from sinking to the low level of inferiority.

It is comparatively easy to demoralize our ambition and to befuddle and cloud our ideals, and then our vision becomes less and less clean-cut, and we settle down to comparative satisfaction, with half-done work. We become so familiar with our inferiority that we finally accept it without protest, and this is fatal to all excellence. It is only by being enamored of excellence, of the best, that we will attract the best to us.

Every letter you write, without careful thought, without clearness and nicety of expression, every botched job of any kind, that you do, every bit of in-

feriority in which you indulge in your thought or your work, every bit of carelessness or indifference you show, will count mightily in your life-work, because all these things mar your ideal, and your ideal is everything.

The demoralizing effect of a sloppy way of doing things, of slovenly methods, of lack of system and order, is great. It tends to make us lose our power. We have no inclination to do things well after we have botched our jobs for awhile. We tend to deteriorate, to run down. Our ideals become dimmed, and we lose the inclination to do things right.

Everything which causes the ambition to sag is fatal to all excellence and superiority, and the trade-mark of superiority should be the aim of every aspiring soul. He who does not aspire will look down; it is the upward look, the upward climb in life that counts.

◆ ◆ ◆ A Balanced Diet

HOW few people get or enjoy, for any length of time, a balanced diet, a diet which amply nourishes but does not overnourish, a diet which does not leave a lot of excess food material for the body to get rid of! There are fifteen or more different kinds of tissues in the body to be fed, and a score of elements are needed to keep all of these tissues in a healthful and wholesome condition.

How important it is then that we should consider our diet, know what we are eating, of what our meal is composed, and why we should eat different things! Some people, it is true, go to extremes and become fad-dists on the subject, but thousands of others take no interest whatever in it. Many of us, just because of our ignorance of food values and the laws of nutrition, go through life less than half the men and women we might be; weaklings, inferior beings, when we have the natural endowment to be something infinitely higher and grander.

A refined and apparently intelligent woman, but one who proved truly ignorant of the great food question, went to a physician in New York and said, "Please inform me where those calories you talk about so much in the papers can be bought, because I am sure my boy needs them."

"Lengthening of life," said Francis Bacon, "requireth observation of diets." A well-balanced diet adds infinitely to our wellbeing, to our mental and physical activity. There are multitudes of people doing mental work who are eating the same kind of food as others doing physical work. This, of course, is all wrong. The kind and amount of food required by different people depend a great deal on the degree of rapidity with which the cell life of any particular tissue or organ is broken down by its activity. The manual laborer will digest his food much more rapidly than the man who is leading a quiet, sedentary life.

No common diet could be prescribed for everybody. Our diet should be chosen according to our individual needs, as determined by our age, our temperament, and our vocation. It should be planned to enable us to express the maximum of our ability, our efficiency, in whatever line of endeavor we are engaged, whether it involve mental or muscular effort.

He Called to Wind the Clock

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, the financier, was Lyman J. Gage's private secretary before being appointed to an assistant secretaryship in the United States Treasury. During his first few years of service in the former capacity, when he was not acquainted with many people, he paid scant attention to callers he did not personally know. One day a cabinet member went in to see Mr. Gage, and, being completely ignored, found it necessary to enter the secretary's private room unannounced. He complained to President McKinley, the president spoke of the matter to Secretary Gage, and Mr. Vanderlip was reprimanded.

The private secretary thereupon turned over a new leaf and was excessively polite to everybody. Less than a week after the call of the cabinet member who brought about the change, there entered the office a distinguished-looking man with a flowing beard and an air of great importance. Vanderlip showed him the utmost consideration, furnished him with a chair, and then, seating himself opposite the caller, smiled engagingly, and said, "And now, what can I do for you, sir?"

"For me?" was the surprised rejoinder. "Oh, nothing. I'm one of the messengers, and I just came in to wind the clocks."

◆ ◆ ◆

"Things Worth While"

(Selected)

NOT what you get,
But what you give;
Not what you say,
But how you live;
Giving the world the love it needs,
Living a life of noble deeds.
Not whence you came,
But whither bound;
Not what you have,
But whether found
Strong for the right,
The good, the true.
These are the things
Worth while to you.—Dale.

◆ ◆ ◆

He Was Done—but Did Not Stop

A LONG-WINDED member of the Massachusetts Legislature was delivering an address in the Town Hall of a village near Boston. An old Scotchman, after listening for some time, arose and left the hall. One of his countrymen, who was waiting at the door with a hack to drive the speaker to the station, asked: "Is he done yet, Sandy?" "Ay," Sandy replied, "he's done lang ago, but he will na stop."

One of the great faults of Americans is that they talk too much and think too little. Many people fear that if they do not talk they will be thought foolish or ill-mannered, so they keep jabbering away whether they say anything or not.



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Laugh with Us!

"IS your son out of danger yet?"

"No; the doctor is going to make three or four more visits."

"DO you believe in the beneficial effects of laughter?"

"I certainly do. If I can get a man laughing I can nearly always borrow \$3 from him."—*Boston Transcript*.

WIFE: Now dear, here's the doctor to see you.

MERCHANT PRINCE (*irascibly*): Send him away and fetch the undertaker! You know I never deal with middlemen!

A TEACHER was reading to her class, when she came across the word "unaware." She asked if any one knew the meaning.

One little girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition:

"Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."—*Buffalo News*.

SHE—A woman has to give up a great deal after she gets married.

HE—A man does nothing else but give up after he gets married.

"WHAT do you think of a man who marries for money?"

"He undoubtedly earns every cent he gets."

PARENT—What is your reason for wishing to marry my daughter?

YOUNG MAN—I have no reason, sir; I am in love.



IT was the week before little Willie's birthday, and he was on his knees at his bedside petitioning for presents in a very loud voice.

"Please send me," he shouted, "a bicycle, a tool-chest, a—"

"What are you praying so loud for?" his younger brother interrupted. "God ain't deaf."

"I know he ain't," said little Willie, winking toward the next room, "but grandma is."

A LITTLE boy at Sunday School being asked, what is the chief end of man, replied, "The end that's got the head on."

"HAVE you called on your new neighbors yet?"

"No, they're hardly our kind, my dear. They're the sort of people who never do anything they can't afford."—*Life*.

"I'M going to be a bigger man than George Washington ever was," announced the young hopeful, looking up from his book.

"I'm very glad to hear it; but what makes you think so?" inquired the proud but puzzled parent.

"Why, this book says he couldn't tell a lie; and I can, 'cause I've tried it!"



HUSBAND—It seems to me that you come to the office a good deal more than there is any occasion for.

WIFE—I cannot help it, dear. Your manners in the office are so much nicer than they are at home that I really enjoy the contrast.

"CITY butter is so unsatisfactory dear," said Mrs. Youngbride, "I decided to-day that we would make our own."

"Oh, did you!" said her husband.

"Yes; I bought a churn and ordered buttermilk to be left here regularly. Won't it be nice to have really fresh butter?"

UNWELCOME COLLECTOR—Dunn and Grabbit have commissioned me to collect their little account.

STONEY-BROKE—Then I congratulate you on getting a permanent job!

"WHY do so many young men want to leave the farm?"

"Haden't noticed that they do," replied Farmer Corn-tossel. "Most of 'em around here seem to have discovered that it is a heap harder to eat without workin' in the city than it is at the dear old home."—*Washington Star*.

ATTORNEYS for the prosecution and defense had been allowed, by mutual consent, fifteen minutes each to argue a certain case.

Counsel for the defense began his argument with an allusion to the old swimming pool of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing

You Have a Wonderful Power

—within you which is marvelous in its might, yet so gentle and firm that it exerts none of your strength.

It is that soul fire which lifts you above the irritating, exhausting things of every day life.

Nature's Laws are not to make you weak, ill, vindictive, depressed, oppressed or otherwise miserable.

Innocently and ignorantly you bring unhappiness upon yourself.

There's a book which can show you how to develop the greatest treasure of your whole life.

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birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water—and in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge.

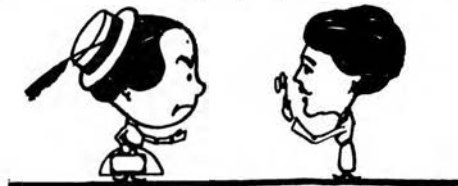
"Come out, sir," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up!"—*The Green Bag.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"I HEARD the other day of a man who lives on onions alone."

"Well, any one who lives on onions ought to live alone."

◆ ◆ ◆



MRS. TRANSIT—You'll like to work here. You'll be treated as an equal.

THE NEW COOK—You'd better keep your place, ma'am. I won't tolerate no familiarity.

◆ ◆ ◆

"HOW much are your chops?" asked the little girl. "Twenty cents," replied the butcher.

"And your steak?"

"Twenty-three cents."

"Chicken?"

"Twenty-five."

"Oh, dear, mother can't afford that," said the perplexed little girl.

"Well, what would you like?" asked the butcher kindly.

"I'd like a *limousine*, but my mother wants five cents worth of liver."

◆ ◆ ◆

A MOTHER had been reproving her small boy for telling stories. She said he exaggerated things. Johnny looked out of the window and saw a dog that had been sheared all but its neck and head. "Mamma," he said, "see that lion."

His mother looked out of the window and saw only a dog. She reprimanded him and sent him upstairs to pray God to forgive him. Pretty soon Johnny came downstairs again. His mother said, "Johnny, did God forgive you?"

"Yes," said Johnny, "but He said He didn't blame me much, for the dog had fooled Him two or three times."

◆ ◆ ◆

"TO what do you attribute your wonderful cure," asked a man of his friend who said he had had a very remarkable cure. "I don't exactly know yet," he said. "There are several patent medicine concerns I have not yet heard from."

◆ ◆ ◆

A MAN who had quite a number of unmarried daughters was telling a young man how he had made his will so as to induce his daughters to marry. He said he had willed a thousand dollars to Mary, who

was twenty-five years old, when she would marry; two thousand dollars to Sarah, who was thirty; three thousand dollars to Caroline, who was thirty-five; and five thousand to Becky, who was forty.

After thinking the thing over, the young man asked, "You haven't a daughter about fifty, have you?"

◆ ◆ ◆

"WHEN I prays to de Lawd," said an old negro, "'Sen' me a chicken,' I ha'dly ebber gets it; but when I prays, 'Oh, Lawd, sen' me to a chicken,' den I most always has a chicken foh mah Sunday dinnah."

◆ ◆ ◆

A WRITER sent a poem to an editor, who, it seems, had little use for verse. The title of the poem was, "Why Am I Alive?" The editor wrote, when he returned the poem, "Because you sent your poem by mail instead of delivering it by person."

◆ ◆ ◆

TWO Irishmen made their boat fast to a wharf and went to sleep. The boat broke away during the night and drifted far out to sea. When Mike awoke he could see nothing but water. He shook Pat and said, "Wake up, quick, Pat. We're not here at all."

Pat roused himself and looked out and replied, "No, begorra! And we're a long ways from here."

◆ ◆ ◆



THE precocious infant had just returned from his first day at school, registering intense ennui. The anxious family gathered around.

"Donald," asked his mother, "what did you learn to-day?"

"Nothing."

"What, nothing at all?"

"Nope; there was a woman there who wanted to know how to spell cat, so I told her. That's all."

◆ ◆ ◆

DURING one of his lecture trips, Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger?" asked the barber.

"Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."

"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture tonight. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh I guess so."

"Have you bought your ticket?"

"Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" Mark Twain said with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."

New York's Mighty Transit Problem

THROUGHOUT the rural sections there is a marked decrease in population, caused by the influx of former tillers of the soil to more lucrative positions in the large cities. But this will prove to be temporary. And to this cause, naturally, the big centers of the East owe their gains, their overcrowded conditions, their housing shortages and their soaring rents.

In connection with the expansion of New York's population it is interesting to consider the figures of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company which operates the elevated and subway lines of the country's first city. The first of Manhattan's network of underground railroads was opened in 1904, and despite widespread additions and additional equipment, these carriers are still inadequate to handle the population.

During the fiscal year ending June 30th, last, the combined elevated and subway lines carried more than 955,000,000 passengers, an increase of nearly fifty million over the preceding year. This means an income of \$47,800,000 which, company officials declare is not adequate to operate under present labor and material costs.

Laugh It Off

ARE you worsted in a fight?
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedy of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
Laugh it off

Does your work get into kinks?
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off.

If it's sanity you are after
There's no receipt like laughter.
Laugh it off.—*Modern Methods.*

The Stranger

A STRANGER knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made, says the *Atlanta Georgian*.

"U'm," said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days."

"Uh," said the man; "and who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Uh," said the man, "you call yourself Opportunity, but you look like Hard Work to me."

And he slammed the door.

Why is it that a man considers his wife extravagant when she spends a dollar and himself prudent when he spends five?

Light up—or light out. A well-lighted store says, "Come buy;" a dismal one says, "Go by."

Enter The Best-Paid Profession

In a single issue of one newspaper there were 58 advertisements for accountants—all at good salaries. The *Journal of Accountancy*, official organ of the American Institute of Accountants, says in an editorial: "The Accounting profession is probably the best paid profession in the world."

Prepare now to be an accountant—to be well paid, and to command an assured position. Remember that when business stress comes, it is the trained man who is retained—must be retained—in business. He is a constructive factor—the untrained man is not.

Great Corporations Choose Walton

After careful investigation, the accounting executives of large corporations from the New Jersey Zinc Company of New York to the Standard

"Business success is entirely dependent upon scientific management, which in turn, is dependent upon definite knowledge obtained through record control.—Charles M. Schwab.

Oil Company of California chose Walton courses for their employees. Walton thoroughness and scientific methods of instruction meant much to these employers. They will mean a great deal to you.

Capitalize Your Spare Time by Study

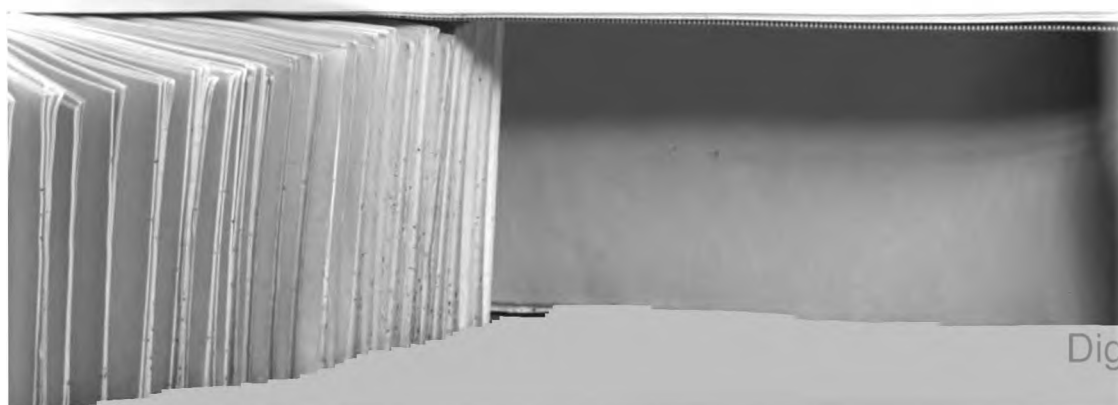
You can have Walton training in Constructive Accounting, Advanced Accounting, Cost Accounting and Business Law, without losing a minute from your present work. There is no magic about success through Walton training. It is simply a matter of application in your spare time, under our skilled guidance.

If you are satisfied to stay where you are, we can do nothing for you. If you want to advance yourself, we will train you—in spare hours—in a short time—to earn a bigger salary.

Write for "The Walton Way to a Better Day."

WALTON SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

894 to 904 Massasoit Building,
Chicago



The Waterloo of J. Napoleon Perkins

(Continued from page 37)

let him order a taxi-cab. "Let's walk home," she said. "It was warm in the restaurant. A breath of fresh air will do us good."

During that walk home, James had a complete overturn of his heart. Notwithstanding his overwhelming egoism heightened by his display of wealth, James was impressed by the girl's simplicity. He realized that Minnie was thinking of the little home she one day hoped to share with him, and that she wished him to save his money to that end. He found that he, likewise, was longing for such a home; but how could he ask Minnie to marry him when he could not even afford an engagement ring, let alone take care of her afterwards.

He began to blame himself bitterly for never having saved any money. Every cent he made had gone for things that were beyond his means—for the hollowest imitations of costly things he longed for. And now he realized that his course had not—did not pay. But, he sighed, there was no use blaming himself for the past. He meant to get to work and slave and save until he could ask Minnie the question he was so eager to ask, and which she was apparently only too eager to answer.

On the steps of the boarding house, they stood for a few moments, silent but seeming to understand each other. Minnie thanked him for the evening's pleasure as he fished for the latchkey—and then—just as he was about to insert it in the lock—he found his face very close to hers. Their lips touched, and J. Napoleon's heart beat more quickly. Neither of them spoke—there seemed nothing to say. When he opened the door a moment later, Minnie ran hastily upstairs to her room.

But when James left the office the next day, to meet his usual boon companions for Saturday evening's frolic, Minnie was out of his mind. The further chance to display his prized bank-roll filled his thoughts. He could picture the amazement of his companions—young men like himself—who frequented the corridors of hotels and posed as men about town.

To them, James confessed the truth. "We'll have some fun with it," he said. Going from place to place, spending but little of their own money and exhibiting the roll a good deal, they enjoyed themselves hugely. One game which proved particularly diverting, attracted considerable attention to them. Tom Harrison would leave the group, wait until some pretty girl was standing near them, and then hasten up to casually borrow a hundred or so of James until Monday. Silly as their play was, it gave them intense amusement. J. Napoleon reveled in the temporary glory in which he stood.

He spent Sunday with Minnie, and although he occasionally exhibited his wealth, he lost interest in the practice while she was by his side. It had its disadvantages, for he could not help feeling that Minnie was surprised, if not really hurt, that he did not speak of the love she knew he felt for her, since he seemed well able to marry.

However, she said nothing and the day passed quietly. In the evening she was too tired to go out. As James did not feel like spending the evening at home, he sauntered forth alone. None of his pals were to be found, so he strolled toward the park, thinking to listen to the band for a while. It was warm, and James was thirsty, so he dropped into a little place near the end of the car line, and ordered some ginger ale.

Quite a crowd of gaudily dressed men and women were present. At the far end was a small dance floor, where a number of couples were stepping to the strains of an impossible "orchestra." Before finishing his drink, James turned to the cashier's desk and the impulse to startle the attendant was irresistible.

As he did so a man jostled him. James turned on him in anger—the thing seemed so unnecessary. But the man apologized and turned away, so James pocketed his change and the seven hundred-dollar bills.

Outside, he walked along slowly, wondering what he might do next. He had changed his mind about listening to the band. The walk, toward which he had drifted, was dark, and practically deserted except for occasional couples on the park benches, whispering in low tones.

THAT was all James remembered until he awoke in the hospital, the next morning. His head ached terribly, but that was nothing to the terror that seized him when he thought of Mr. Lyon's seven hundred dollars.

Anxiously he asked his white-capped nurse what had happened and where his clothes were. She told him that the hospital records stated that the police had brought him in unconscious. At first, they thought he had been drinking; but, later, it was proved that he had been drugged.

J. Napoleon recovered before noon and was dismissed. As he slipped into his clothes, he was stunned by the fact that the money was gone!

What had happened, he could not fathom. He knew that he had taken nothing but the glass of ginger ale. Suddenly, he thought of the man who had jostled him, and wondered if he could have slipped a drug into his beverage. But even if such were the case—he could not prove it—nor did he know where to find the man. To go back to the place was useless, since he knew he had the money in his pocket when he left there. But, he asked himself in dismay, where should he go—what could he do?

In his state of mind he did not wish to return to the boarding house. He decided to go to the office. At his desk, possibly, some solution of the problem would occur to him—but he could think of nothing but what a fool he had been.

At least, he felt with relief, Mr. Lyon would not be back until the morrow. J. Napoleon would have one whole day in which to plan his course.

But—Lyon was there when James entered the office, and looked up savagely when he hung up his hat.

"Eleven-thirty is a nice hour to be getting down!" he snapped. "Is this the way you look after things when you think I am away?"

"No, sir," James managed to stammer, his guilty eyes staring at the pattern on the rug. "I—I was ill."

"Apparently," Lyon sneered. "I telephoned your house. Your landlady said you had been out all night!"

The heart of J. Napoleon sank. He knew what was coming. Things looked black for him. The crash came sooner than he expected. Lyon had turned his attention to a check book, and, swinging around in his chair suddenly, asked, "Did you deposit that money I left with you?"

The heart of J. Napoleon froze. He trembled in every nerve. A curious sinking sensation came over him. In a voice that sounded far off, he answered a feeble, halting, "No, sir."

"Where is it?" Lyon snapped. "I ought to fine you for this. I gave it to you because I didn't want to take a chance on its being lost or stolen and—" he paused and looked steadily at James, who was wincing under the scrutiny. "You're not going to tell me that either of those things have happened, are you?" he shot at the flustered youth.

"I'm afraid so, sir," said James timidly.

Finding his voice, somehow, he told the story—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He made no excuses, glossed over nothing, and frankly admitted his fault.

"But I had no intention of keeping any of it, Mr. Lyon," he insisted earnestly. He was fighting for his reputation and his job.

"Mr. Lyon, I've told you everything," he finished. "I'm not a thief and I did lose it. I know what I did was wrong—and I'll make the money good to you."

Lyon laughed unpleasantly. "You make good seven hundred dollars! You couldn't do it in five years, even if you cut out your spendthrift habits. You've been off on a carouse, and you haven't the money. Whether you spent it or lost it, is nothing to me. It wasn't yours and you didn't do with it what I told you to do. Get this, young man. I'm not interested in reasons. There are only two sorts of people in the world—honest and dishonest. Honest people don't go about flashing other people's money in the hope of establishing false reputations for themselves. Unless you make good that seven hundred dollars by nine o'clock to-morrow morning—you go to jail!"

Jail! The word fell upon James's ears with crashing force. It seemed to crush him.

"Mr. Lyon!" he begged desperately, "won't you listen—won't you believe me?"

"I have listened, and it makes no difference whether I believe your cock-and-bull story or not. However, I do not. You can't slip anything like that over on me. You took my money. What you did with it or what happened to it is of absolutely no interest to me. The money itself means nothing to me—you know that. But I am a man of stern ideals and strict confidence. I won't have thieves about me. In my eyes, you are a thief. If you're a fool—it is that much worse. But you'll have that money in my hands by nine o'clock to-morrow morning, or I'll turn you over to the police!"

(To be continued)

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The Ten Pay-Envelopes

EDITORS' NOTE

"THE Ten Pay-Envelopes," was the title of an unusual serial which ran through the 1920 summer and fall numbers of THE NEW SUCCESS. It told the story of a millionaire who gave ten envelopes, each containing ten thousand dollars in currency, to ten different persons met at random on the streets of New York City. The giver, Richard Penbrooke, wanted to discover

just how these ten persons would be harmed or benefited by such a windfall. When the serial closed we asked our readers to give us their ideas of such philanthropy, and offered a prize of \$25, for the best paper.

The prize has been awarded to Mr. Lem O'Flanagan, of Texas, for the following: "Give Every One a Fighting Chance."

GIVE EVERY ONE A FIGHTING CHANCE

By LEM O'FLANAGAN

NO good ever did or ever will come of giving any one anything, other than a fighting chance.

The fact that one can get a handout without giving anything in return has done more to take the backbone out of men than anything else. In my opinion this custom of giving charity instead of furnishing well-paid work, has done more to put Europe where is it to-day than any ten other causes. Instead of European royalty giving their subjects a fighting chance, by educating them and furnishing work at a good wage, they allowed a favored few to hog the lands while others were forced to labor for a bare existence. When they had reached the starving point, the Great Ladies would go around with their baskets, giving a little here, a little there, reducing the people to a state of beggary. The condition among the peasantry was and is a disgrace to civilized people and they kotow to the rich for a few crumbs instead of demanding a living wage. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

It is to be deplored that this "something" for "nothing" curse is getting into the blood of our American people and ruining their lives. Instead of being an honest worker, giving an honest day's labor for an honest day's pay, you see him with his hand out, waiting for the tip he did not earn, and instead of being a proud red-blooded citizen, able by his own efforts to care for himself and his family, he is fast becoming a mendicant, begging in order to get by, instead of winning his own way royally.

MY point is well illustrated by the story, "The Ten Pay Envelopes." The \$10,000 did not benefit Isador Lezinsky at all, only gave him a little temporary glory. The children were temporarily benefited but had their parents been given employment at a living wage they would have had the proper food flavored with the great character-building knowledge that they were not objects of charity but were self-supporting citizens.

Thomas, the butler, received no benefit, he took the money to keep others from being tempted, as he had been, by having the spending of money they did not earn and could not value correctly.

Patrolman O'Hara was enabled to give his family a few comforts without effort on his part, but lost his reputation and just missed a prison sentence. I am certain that he would have been a better officer as well as a better citizen and a prouder man if the help had come in the way of increased pay for services rendered instead of as a "handout."

Naomi Falk was down and out, due to lack of work. The money simply tided her over until she could find herself. Honest work with honest pay would have given the same results with the difference that she would have had a greater sense of personal ability had she been able to earn her way instead of being helped.

Fanny Bryce was vain, extravagant and something of a prevaricator as well, and even after her husband left her she did not mend her way until she encountered the stronger personality of Naomi Falk. The money did not benefit her, except indirectly, as it brought her accidentally in touch with this strong personality.

The Wall-Street gambler said that he received no benefits, but that his useless life was prolonged for only another twelve months. Is it worth while to prolong the life of a space filler, a parasite?

Nora O'Brien and Dennis Maley were examples of the old-world system of beggary. The money gave them temporary material comforts and put Dennis in business for himself; but there is nothing to indicate that it broadened their outlook on life or strengthened their characters, and it gave them no more than a good salary or a loan at a reasonable rate of interest would have given them. But it did put them in the charity class.

The soldier with his limp and his shattered health had served his country well. In turn, his country should serve him well by fitting him to fight the battle



of life as a red-blooded, freeborn man wants to do, regardless of handicaps he may have. A loan at a reasonable rate of interest would have given him the same chance with the additional stimulus of knowing that he was responsible to no one in fighting his life's battle. The soldier does not need a bonus—a "hand-out,"—but he does need work at a good wage; and if he came back from the war handicapped, then his government should help him remove this handicap before turning him loose on the world. The soldier boys in the World War were away from their regular work only two or three years at the most, and were fighting for themselves and their families as well as their government, so all they have a right to demand is to be put back into former places, in a position to paddle their own canoe. It hurt to have to fight that war; but it was necessary. A general bonus, or "handout," is not necessary. I know positively that it will ruin thousands of negro soldiers and will destroy the economic value of their women folks.

Kenyon Brice, a man of seventy, who was a failure because of his inability to see and grasp opportunities that came his way, due, as shown by his first conversation with Penbrooke and with himself, to his cocksureness of his own knowledge and to the fact that he could not be told anything—he knew it all—and it was only the fear of the touch of the cold water that made him go back and pick up the \$10,000 he had thrown away just as he had all of his past opportunities. His life was prolonged for a few years. Did it benefit either him or the world? There is nothing to indicate it. On the other hand, if, in his early years, he had been given employment and a just payment he might at least have been able to have lived a better life and would not have been discouraged as he now was. I cannot see where the \$10,000 did any more good here than would have been accomplished by a home for the aged, as Brice was still an object of charity. If the \$10,000 had been turned over to such an organization, several lives could have been prolonged.

Surely the dissipated man who received the fourth envelope was not benefited, as it merely permitted him to go on another orgy, the very thought of which is disgusting to a clean, self-respecting man, before he took his own life. Too yellow to stand and fight; made yellow by easy money.

WHILE it is a fact some material good was accomplished with this money, it was so little as to be almost nil. After going carefully over the facts in the case, I am sure any fair-minded person will agree with me that one is hurt rather than helped by being given money outright that he did not earn. I know this to be a fact.

Further, being badly handicapped by a physical deformity from my birth and having had few advantages educationally, I am absolutely sure that had I been an object of charity in my youth I would have become a helpless invalid, a parasite, without character or backbone, a burden on the world. As it is, while I have never known one hour free from physical pain, I have cared for myself and for others since I was eighteen and have been of some use to my fellow man. Had it been

(Continued on page 132)



I Want 500 Men Like Rowe

Earn \$50 to \$200 a Week

Are you willing to step into a position today, without training, without any investment, where you are absolutely your own boss, where you can set your own hours—work when and where you please—and earn from \$50 to \$200 a week? Then send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I want 500 men and women to call on my customers in their territories and take orders for raincoats. I offer you the same proposition I made to Rowe. This man is a baker and only uses his spare time, and yet his profit in one month was \$876. No matter where you live or what kind of a position you are now holding, I will make you an offer that will greatly increase your income if you will devote one or two hours each day to this proposition. No experience is necessary. I will furnish a complete selling outfit, will tell you what to say and how to make the money. I will see that you get your profit the same day you earn it, without waiting, without delays.

Read the Records

of a few of Our Representatives

In one month McCrary of Georgia made \$565 and J. A. Wilson \$431. Barnes' profit in one month was \$518 and W. W. Smith cleared \$364. J. R. Watts had never even attempted to sell anything, but as our representative he secured his first four orders in forty minutes. \$4.77 per hour is the record established by Lee Mills of Illinois. In his spare time A. B. Spencer made \$625 in one month, and W. F. Hearn made \$17 net for two hours' work on his first day as our representative. I now offer you the same opportunity.

No Investment Required

It is not necessary for you to invest any money. I provide you with all the materials and instructions that you will need. In addition to the big regular profits, I offer hundreds of dollars each month in bonuses, so that you have unlimited opportunities to make big profits just as soon as you get my offer.

Send No Money

Without obligation to you, I will send you complete details of this proposition. I will show you how hundreds of men and women have been wonderfully successful. I know that this is a big opportunity for you. I know that you, too, can succeed, and I am willing to prove it to you if you will just write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to me now. Remember—it will not cost you one cent. You will be under no obligation. And this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to get started on a proposition that will make you independent.

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Taught by Dr. Orison Swett Marden

What Great Men Say About Dr. Marden's Teachings

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

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

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

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

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

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

EVERY normal man and woman desires to succeed. Here is a sure and certain way of reaching your goal, of attaining your desires, of realizing your ambitions. Thousands of men and women who thought that they were incapable of succeeding have been put on the road to assured success by Dr. Marden's principles of personal efficiency.

The Marden Inspirational Library

IN these three extraordinary books and in the inimitable, inspiring articles appearing monthly in *The New Success*, Orison Swett Marden blazes the trail that leads to success. The Marden Inspirational Library is a combination of three of Dr. Marden's greatest books and a fifteen months' subscription to *The New Success*. No man or woman, who is seeking the way to success, whether it be in business or in social life, can afford to neglect the practical, stimulating, encouraging truths taught in this library. Purchased individually, the complete library would cost you over \$11.00. Use the coupon in the corner and we will send the three books and the magazine for 24 months to any address desired for \$3.00 with your order and \$3.00 per month for two months. It will prove one of the best investments you will ever have made.

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KEEPING FIT. This book is precisely what its name implies—a plain presentation of the need and methods of keeping one's mind and body in good trim in order to do one's work properly. It is the modern doctrine of efficiency applied to the individual. In a remarkable review of this book, the *Columbus Medical Journal* says: "A great text, a wonderful declaration, an inspiring exhortation."

"Keeping Fit" by the proper selection of food; "Keeping Fit" by knowing how to live so that fatigue poison may be avoided. Oh! If we all knew how to keep fit. The world would go forward with a bound; civilization would rise five hundred per cent in a day—if we could only keep fit. There would be no insane asylums, no hospitals, no almshouses, no jails, or prisons, if we could all keep fit." Handsomely bound in cloth; 331 pages; regular price \$2.10.

HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT. This book will help you to get what you want, no matter in what circumstances you are placed. No matter what you want—whether it be wealth, power, position, fame, health, friendship, or any kind of material success—it is no longer necessary for you to grope for it blindly, uncertainly, wasting your energy and brain power in an unequal struggle against circumstance and environment. "How to Get What You Want," the latest work of Dr. Marden, sums up the results of years of experience in helping others to help themselves. Over three hundred pages, handsomely bound in cloth, regularly sold at \$2.10.

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The Lowrey-Marden Corporation
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Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$3.00. Send me *The New Success* for 24 months, and *The Marden Inspirational Library*: "Selling Things," "How To Get What You Want," and "Keeping Fit." Three dollars to be paid by me each thirty days for two months until payment has been completed for special combination at \$9.00.

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Helping the "Misfit" to Find His Right Place

(Continued from page 43)

strength of character in a man with a square jaw and a large nose, and for weakness in a person with a receding chin and a small nose. And yet other features may indicate important modifications.

"If we rely on the chin or the nose alone we may make an erroneous deduction. So the only safe plan is to strike an average. To one who has made a life study of character reading, every feature, the location of the ear, the eye, the shape and habit of the lips, the movements of the mind, slow or fast, and the entire bodily structure all have a meaning. There is nothing uncanny or mysterious about it. There is no clairvoyance or second sight involved, nor is it a matter of fortune telling. In Chicago, there is a character analyst who has become so expert that he can run his eye over a hotel register, then turn around and pick out each man in the lobby who has signed the book. The handwriting indicates certain traits of character, and he looks for the man having the qualities suggested by his chirography. A novice could not do a thing of that kind. It takes years of experience and practice. I have been studying human nature for a lifetime, and I learn something every day. To some degree, most people are character readers. To become an expert one must make a specialty of the subject."

"Is it possible for a misfit to locate his own weak spot, and determine what he should do to improve his condition?"

"It is. Let him look inside and check himself up point by point with men who are successful. Select any man of your acquaintance who has made good, write out a list of his leading qualities, and test yourself by them. If you are honest with yourself you will soon find your deficiency, and once you know it you are in a position to correct it. Of course, the advantage of having an expert handle the matter is that he will not hide anything, and he has a wider range of experience and observation on which to base his suggestions for improvement. However, if a man will sit down and look himself squarely in the face, in the light of what other men have done, he will learn much that will be helpful."

◆ ◆ ◆

The crying evil of the young man who enters the business world to-day is the lack of application, preparation, thoroughness, with ambition but without the willingness to struggle to gain his desired end.—*Theodore N. Vail.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing rough work of a workaday world.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

◆ ◆ ◆

I think sculpture and painting have an effect to teach us manners and to abolish hurry.—*Emerson.*

\$365.75 ONE DAY!

Ira Shook of Flint Did That Amount of Business in One Day

making and selling popcorn Crispettes with this machine. Profits \$269.00. Mullen of East Liberty bought two outfits recently, and is ready for third. Iwata, Calif., purchased outfit Feb. 1929. Since, has bought 19 more—his profits enormous. J. B. Bert, Ala., wrote: "Only thing I ever bought equaled advertisement." J. M. Pattilo, Ocala, wrote: "Enclosed find money order to pay all my notes. Getting along fine. Crispette business all you claim and then some." John W. Culp, So. Carolina, writes: "Everything going lovely. The business section of this town covers two blocks. Crispette wrappers laying everywhere. It's a good old world after all!" Kellogg \$700 ahead end of second week. Mexiner, Baltimore, 250 in one day. Perrin, 380 in one day. Baker, 3,000 packages, one day.



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How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder of
The Alsaker Way

QUICKLY! PERMANENTLY!

Without Drugs or Medicine of any Kind

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

THE majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome—and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration. When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a **victim to pneumonia or consumption.**

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"**All who easily catch cold are in a catarrhal condition.** Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which will in turn give rise to some other serious disease—as if catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

"**Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted.** Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"**Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently.** It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-by and those creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the **cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds.** This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a commonsense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to **get well** and how to **keep well.** The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own house and **without the expenditure of an additional penny.** There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so **easy to understand** and so **simple to follow** that anyone, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

If you suffer from colds, coughs, or catarrh in any form, send only \$3. to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 425, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this valuable instruction book. Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with the results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if you are not satisfied that you have made the best \$3. investment you ever made—simply remail the book and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds **you can do so.** Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes no drugs or serums, sprays or salves. And it costs nothing to follow it, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called patent medicines that **do not cure**, soon eat a big hole in any man's income. Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.

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THOUGH you deal in liquid blacking,
Dismal bluing and such things,
When you have a sale to manage,
Do it as the robin sings.
Put some cheer-up in your business,—
Be a chipper sort of man,
And, with other lines of notions,
Peddle sunshine if you can.

There's an awful deal of meanness
In this busy world of ours;
But, mixed in with weeds the rankest,
Ofttimes grow the finest flowers.
Wear a posy on your lapel,—
It won't hurt the trade you plan,
And along with other samples,
Peddle sunshine if you can.

—Chicago Record.

♦ ♦ ♦

Not Always What They Seem

PROFESSOR and Mrs. Hadley were on a train bound for New York, where Yale's president was to speak before a national convention. He made use of the hour and twenty minutes he spent in the train by rehearsing his speech in a low voice, using his hands to emphasize certain passages.

A kindly matron who was sitting directly behind Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, and who had been watching and listening, leaned forward, and, tapping Mrs. Hadley on the shoulder, said feelingly, "You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home."

♦ ♦ ♦

How One Foreman Works

THE foreman of a western factory writes:
"I just give my men instructions with a smile and walk away. That's all. And then they make their best effort to do just as is expected, giving good results all the time. Hounding never gets you anything. All the men in my care are old-timers, each having served his time at his trade. I have no slackers—all are good fellows. They work with a smile, and I have never heard them complain. My boss treats me that way—and I follow his example."

♦ ♦ ♦

Lincoln's Advice on Health

THERE is a story, still current in Illinois, which says that an old farmer friend of President Lincoln's, who used to correspond with him, complained on one occasion of his poor health. He received the following reply, which is quoted in Illinois as "Lincoln's prescription;" "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy; but, my dear friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."



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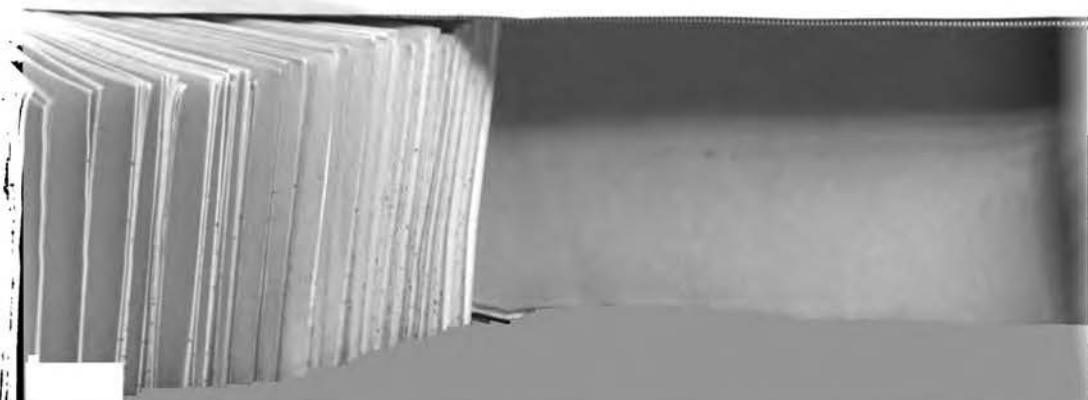
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Translating English

THE most truthful of us do not say exactly what we mean; there are phrases and idioms which must be taken in a purely symbolical sense altho we use them so often as to be unconscious of this. Thus—

"Two or three" always means three and usually "at least three" or "three and upwards." "One or two" never means one, save by accident.

"In a minute" averages anywhere from five to fifty minutes.

"O, I beg your pardon" (in case of a collision on the sidewalk) means "I am too polite to ask you to beg my pardon for getting in the way."

"That reminds me of a story" means "Now will you keep quiet while I tell my joke?"

"I hold no brief for" means "I am now going to defend—"

"While I do not wish to appear critical" means "But I am going to have my say out anyhow."

"Of course, it's no business of mine" means "But I am simply devoured with curiosity."

"My conduct calls for no apology and needs no explanation" is the usual introduction for an explanation or apology.

"No one could possibly have mistaken my meaning" is what we begin with when it is evident that someone has mistaken it.—*The Independent.*

Going to Work

GOIN' to work seems kind o' rough;
 'Pears like you ain't had rest enough,
 Get to wishin', you surely do,
 That life was loafin' the whole year through;
 An' you feel that the factory whistle shrill
 Is a kind of a ghost that won't keep still,
 But scares you before you've had sleep enough.
 I tell you, goin' to work is rough!

But after the mills shut down a while
 An' the neighbors kind o' forget to smile,
 An' the town gets quiet and grievin'-like,
 An' folks talk nothin' exceptin' strike,
 The greatest comfort a fellow knows
 Comes when that good old whistle blows
 An' he takes his tools an' he gets in line—
 I tell you, goin' to work is fine!—*Selected.*

Give Every One a Fighting Chance

(Continued from page 127)

possible for me to secure a loan in my youth, to better my education, it would have made me worth more to the world at large. And, even now, if it was possible for me to secure a loan at a reasonable rate of interest, it would enable me to help thousands of other deformed people to fit themselves to carry on. But I do not want a "handout," as the result would be spiritual, mental, and physical bankruptcy.

Give everyone a fighting chance! That is all any person has any right to ask or expect. When the world becomes educated to this fact, we will have a better world, a finer lot of men and women, with fewer deformed people and beggars.

Variations of the Golden Rule

DO as you would be done by.—*Persian*.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—*Grecian*.

What you would not wish done to yourself, do not do unto others.—*Chinese*.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.—*Buddhist*.

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—*Egyptian*.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them.—*Holy Bible*.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—*Mohammedan*.

The true rule of life is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—*Hindu*.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—*Roman*.



Success

KNOW this, my friend, that true success means more Than riches or a wide, impotent store Of goods laid up. Nay, rather, these are lures Which dull the mind, whose store alone endures.

No worlds have power to either make or mar,
What we have made of Life is what we are,
And true success comes not until the soul
Seeks God and finds in Him its highest goal.

—*Elizabeth Boreno*.



Rainy Days the Best Days

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, former United States Senator from Indiana, canvassed for books during his vacation, while a student at college. In reference to this experience, he said: "In addition to applying my plan with all the cleverness I could summon, I walked many miles a day, heedless of the weather. My purpose was too serious to permit me to be merely a sunshine canvasser, and I soon found that rainy days when I tramped up to a farm house, muddy and dripping, were apt to be the most fruitful of all because the farmers were likely to be in doors with leisure to listen to my eloquence. The results of my efforts exceeded my expectations."



The Greatest Thing?

"**WHAT** is the greatest thing in the world?" asks *Pearson's Magazine*.

Lady Astor says, Love. Mary Anderson says, Character. Conan Doyle says, Imagination. Zangwell says, Credulity. Clynes says, Ambition. Bernard Shaw says, the Life Force. Norman McKinnel says, Food.

—*Efficiency Magazine*.



Many a young man finds it easier to get married than to get the furniture.

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depends greatly on the character of your written messages to the public. It is important to say exactly what you intend. If you say more or less, your message fails—your reader is uncertain—your letter or circular does not "bring home the bacon."

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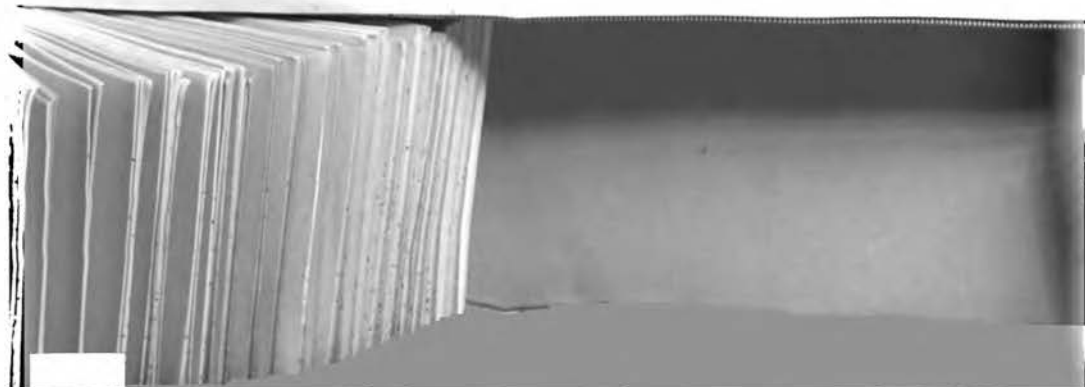
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Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eyestrain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right

from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.



NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturer guarantees it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good drug stores.

TO THE FELLOW WHO'LL TAKE MY PLACE

HERE is a toast that I want to drink
To a fellow I'll never know,
To the fellow who's going to take my place
When it's time for me to go.
I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be
And I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man,"
In a way that he'd understand.

I'd like to give him the cheering word
That I've longed at times to hear;
I'd like to give him the warm hand clasp
When never a friend seemed near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer hard work,
And I wish I could pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place
Some day when I am gone.

Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made,
And note all the battles lost?
Will he ever guess the tears they caused,
Or the heartaches which they cost?
Will he gaze through the failures and fruitless toil
To the underlying plan,
And catch a glimpse of the real intent
And the heart of the vanquished man?

I dare to hope he may pause some day,
As he toils as I have wrought,
And gain some strength for his weary task
From the battles I have fought.
But I've only the task itself to leave,
With the cares for him to face,
And never a cheering word to speak
To the fellow who'll take my place.

Then here's to your good health, old chap,
I drink as a bridegroom to his bride;
I leave an unfinished task for you,
But God knows how I've tried.
I've dreamed my dreams as all men do,
But never a one came true,
And my prayer to-day is that all my dreams
May be realized in you.

And we'll meet some day in the great unknown,
Far out in the realms of space;
You'll know my clasp when I take your hand
And gaze in your tired face.
Then all failures will be success,
In the light of the new-found dawn,
So to-day I'm drinking your health, old chap,
Who'll take my place when I'm gone.

—Author Unknown.

Would that some charitable soul after losing a great deal of time among the false books and alighting upon a few true ones, which made him happy and wise, would name those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans, into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples.—Emerson.

"There are three kinds of employees; the one who does it, the one who wishes he had done it, and the one who promises to do it."

◆ ◆ ◆

There is no inferiority or depravity about the man that God made.

When "W. G.," Was My Boss

(Continued from page 50)

wishing for the return of one of his reporters who had strangely disappeared twenty years before.

Now for the sequel: On September 18, 1920, after an absence of twenty-three years, I visited Marion with John J. Lyons, recently elected Secretary of State for New York. Hundreds of citizens of foreign birth were being greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Harding on the front porch of his home. As I was snapping some pictures, Mr. Harding suddenly called me over to where he stood. After a friendly greeting he said: "Have you seen the boys at the *Star* office? And, Arthur, Alymer Rhoads has just come back to us again.

The smile on his face spoke volumes of the joy that was his in telling me that Alymer had returned and was working on the paper again.

A little later in the day, I visited the *Star's* office. One of the first to greet me was Alymer Rhoads. He said he had been wandering around the country for years, always longing to return to Marion, but feeling ashamed to face "W. G.," and the boys of the *Star*, until early in September, when he read Warwick's story in a western paper. Then he just had to return. It would be hard to tell who was more pleased, the candidate for the Presidency or the reporter.

Any one who has worked on the Marion *Star* will tell you proudly that "W. G.," is his friend, and that he is going to be a President of the one-hundred-percent American kind.

◆ ◆ ◆

How Commerce Is Eclipsing Romance in the South Sea Islands

(Continued from page 66)

comfort of civilized life, and, day and night, throbbing with commercial activity. There is ever the crush, the clangor of workshops, the roar of furnaces, the whistling of locomotives, and the rumble of phosphate-laden trucks as they rush from the mining fields across railway bridges, bringing the rough phosphate rock to be crushed, dried, and stored in readiness for shipment to the ends of the earth.

The industries stand unparalleled in the tropic world for the care taken of the employees. They number nearly two thousand and comprise Britishers, Australians, Japanese, Chinese, and natives from the Gilbert, Ellis, Marshall and Caroline Islands.

The white folks have regular social functions kept alive by a recreation committee. The Japanese have their clubs, the Chinese their tea houses, the natives their dancing grounds. Every man, single or married, has his own house, lighted by electricity, and having a bathroom with an abundance of water; his own flower garden, and his native boy to keep his home tidy and his garden trim.

To return to the main subject of this article the climate of the Pacific Islands is no bar to their advancement. That is an old prejudice which has gone forever.

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1

How Right or Wrong Thinking Measures Your Income

Hidden within you are latent powers greater than you ever dreamed you had. Let Orison Swett Marden tell you how right or wrong thinking brings out these powers to their fullest possible extent—how to make your mind a force that will make your income and your influence all you ever wished

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Many a man who thought he possessed only mediocre abilities has discovered wonderful new powers within himself after reading Dr. Marden's suggestions. Some of the things almost seem beyond belief were it not for the positive proof in thousands of letters telling of actual experiences. Men who otherwise might have spent the rest of their lives as plodders have suddenly been transformed into veritable dynamos of energy and success.

"Dr. Marden's writings have proved the turning point in my career, enabling me to secure a fine position and an interest in a retail business doing upward of \$200,000 a year," writes Leonard A. Paris, of Muncie, Ind. This is only one of the more than 50,000 letters written to Dr. Marden in acknowledgment of his marvelous stimulation. Nearly 2,000,000 of his books have been sold—translated into some 20 foreign languages. Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Lord Northcliffe, Hudson Maxim, John Wanamaker, Luther Burbank, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and many other great people have written him letters of gratitude.

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Malaria, the bogey that frightens so many timid people, is in check, and medical science has successfully combated the vicious mosquito. The islands cannot be described in any terms but optimistic. It is only recently that they have been disclosed to the world of commerce, but it remains to be seen how their opportunities for capital and enterprise will be regarded by the nations of the world.

The end of the struggle in Europe revealed the ominous fact that there now begins a trade struggle between the white and non-white races. The zone of especial activity in that conflict is manifestly the South Pacific. World politics will gravitate more and more in this direction.

There is then a tremendous future for the South Pacific Islands and figuring largely in it is one of the most hopeful of forward investments—American enterprise. To safeguard the South Pacific and its grand commercial possibilities, the safest factor is the predominance of English-speaking peoples.

♦ ♦ ♦

Have I a Right to Spend My Money as I Please?

(Continued from page 80)

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was earning but a thousand dollars a year, he was rendering a greater service to humanity than any rich man of his day.

No matter what you think, Mr. Millionaire, you have no right to spend your money as you please. In fact, your money doesn't really belong to you. It is only given to you in trust. You are merely its steward. If you are using it in such a way as to demoralize others, or to deprive poor people of their God-given rights, you are false to your trust, you are an enemy to society, a promoter of anarchy and bolshevism.

YOU have no right to spend your money in a way which will make others more dissatisfied with life, or discontented with their own humble condition. We are all a part of the one great universal Mind; we are all bound together in one great human family just as the drops of water are bound together in the ocean. We should be helpful to one another, considerate of one another. In other words, the Golden Rule, the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, the Christ spirit, should be our guides. As we treat the least of God's creatures, so we treat Him. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

The only test of real Christianity, the brotherhood of man, the only test that your religion is of the right sort, is your attitude toward His children. "And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones"—that is, set them a bad example or cause them to become discouraged and dissatisfied with life, "it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

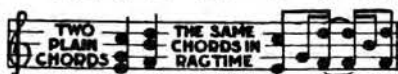
Your money does not give you a right to interfere with the rights and privileges of God's children. It doesn't give you a right to be selfish or mean or grasping. In fact the more fortunate you have been, the more incumbent it is on you to be kindly, generous, to those who have been less fortunate.

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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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Isn't It Humiliating—

TO be conscious that you are a nobody, when you might have been a somebody if you had been willing to pay the price; if you had not been indolent and lazy, not willing to make the necessary exertion?

To mingle all your life with others who have done so much bigger things in the world than you have, who have had no better opportunities, perhaps not so good, who have no more ability than you have?

To feel that you are of no account; that you don't stand for anything in particular, that you are not looked up to by the people in your community, that you are only one of the also-rans?

To feel that you are a pigmy when you might have been a giant; that you are only half the man or the woman you might have been, and that it is your own fault and nobody's else, that you have let the springtime of life go by without sowing the proper seed, and, of course, must have a mean, stingy, and sickly harvest?

To feel that you haven't laid by enough to give you a good home, to supply decent support in your old age; to enable you to meet emergencies that—should your earning power be impaired or ruined—you would not have enough to support yourself and those dependent upon you?

To lose a good position through any fault of your own—through incompetency or carelessness, or because you have not filled the job to the running-over point?

To be conscious that you are very much superior to those about you who are forging ahead faster than you are, conscious that you have very much superior ability to the superintendents or managers over you and yet not be able to rise yourself because you are too timid, because you don't dare to venture, haven't confidence regarding your own ability or because of some weakness which is holding you down?

To be conscious that you have the brain, the ability to do infinitely greater things than you are doing, and yet to be held back by lack of education, lack of training, or lack of ambition?

To see others gaining the big prizes of life while you are forced by something which you, perhaps, cannot analyze or understand, to remain in an inferior position, to plod along in mediocrity, when there is something in you which is constantly telling you that you are capable of much greater things, something which is urging you on and up, while all the time you feel as powerless to forge ahead as when in a nightmare with danger close at hand you find yourself unable to move a finger or to rescue yourself perhaps from pursuing enemies, or from falling off a cliff?

Thousands who have experienced such humiliations have put them away forever, by taking a positive stand in the affairs of life, by doing with their might what their hands find to do. If you are feeling the humiliations of a partly lived life, of a life of only partial effort, of incomplete endeavor, you can find in every issue of *THE NEW SUCCESS* a starting point from which you can rise to satisfaction and success.

How Dewent Fizzled

(Continued from page 85)

"That's true anywhere if a fellow works hard," Robertson had replied thoughtfully.

But Dewent did not spend his days laboring as did his two hosts. It was true that he dropped into the office of one or the other about luncheon hour each day; but the rest of the time he spent loafing about the hotel, going to the theaters, and looking over the city.

At length he had to move on. In the weeks that followed, he visited one city after another, conducting himself in much the same manner everywhere. His conscience had been lulled to sleep; but, one morning, in St. Louis, his balance was disturbed and his complacency given a shock by a short note from Burnham. Tessie Tilden's initials were set down in the right-hand corner opposite the chief's initials, and Dewent's cheeks burned to think that she had taken the president's dictation in this instance.

"Glad you are having a good time and making so many friends," he read. "You may need them before long. Your reports are chatty and interesting, but I wish you'd find time to drop us a few lines about business."

"The old crab!" Dewent spluttered. "I've a mind to wire in my resignation and quit on the spot!"

But the fallacy of this dawned on him, and he refrained from sending the telegram for the present. At noontime he received another jolt in the form of a letter from Tessie Tilden who reproached him for not writing to her after his first letter, and then gave him a bit of news which sent a stab of dismay to his heart and gave him a pang of uneasiness.

"Mr. Lapham resigned last Tuesday to go with Howell & Howell in a better position. Mr. Burnham was sorry to see him go, but he did not feel he could afford to meet the salary increase. They had a board meeting yesterday, and called me in to take the minutes. It was a long discussion, and ended in the appointment of Collver, to succeed Mr. Lapham, as assistant director of sales. Can you imagine it!"

Dewent could. Had he been struck by a passing vehicle, just then, he couldn't have realized it more clearly. He was Collver's senior and would have been in line for promotion. Lapham's job should have been his. The fact that he had not been advanced to the higher post hurt his vanity and wounded his pride. But the announcement also brought the fact home to him, with stunning force, that the directors had evidently considered Collver the better man—that they had not considered him worthy of promotion.

"It isn't fair—it's rank favoritism!" He tried to console and soothe himself; but he could not stifle the little voice within which whispered accusingly, "It's your own fault, Dick Dewent, and you know it."

Instead of being repentant, Dewent found himself resentful. He determined to show Burnham and the other officials that they had made a mistake, that he was a bigger man than they had imagined him to be. He was scheduled to call on Joe Parker, of the Parker Supply Company, the next morning. Here, he reasoned would be his big opportunity to make good and show

himself a man of initiative and judgment. It was true that he should have gone out to the Parker offices that morning, but with characteristic tardiness he had neglected to act on a telegram received from the shipping department, asking that he go there at once, discover the cause of complaint and make the necessary adjustment. Failing to do this, he was directed to wire a full report; or, if necessary, call up the home office and ask advice.

"Ask advice—nothing!" he exclaimed in disgruntled humor. "I'll settle the matter myself. I'll show this man Parker where he gets off! And I won't need any suggestions from the shipping department, either."

Dewent had never taken the trouble to learn that the Parker Supply Company was one of the most profitable and desirable accounts on the Burnham Company's books. Their orders had come through his own department with such regular routine that he had imagined the continuance of their business relations was assured. In any event, he meant to take the reins in his own hands and handle the matter as he saw fit.

So he went to the theater by himself—not being in a mood for companionship—devoured in lonesomeness a health-menacing after-performance supper, and took himself to bed impatient for the interview as a spirited horse strains at the bit. But Dewent did not realize that his emotion was all in the interest of Dewent himself, not based on any idea of service or fairness to the Parker concern.

He laid his plans with the artistry of a skilled stage manager. Dressed with unusual care and swinging a stick over his arm, he would take a taxi-cab to the office. He would impress Parker with the fact that his time was very valuable—that he was greatly annoyed at having to make this call to adjust a petty matter. He would listen to the complaint, put Parker in his place, and then make such adjustment as he saw fit. It would re-establish his credit with his own firm and let Parker know that he, Dewent, was a man to be reckoned with.

That was Dewent's plan; but he reckoned without Parker. He did not know Parker. He violated the first principles of industrial ambassadors in not making it his business to be aware of the hazards before attempting to overcome them.

Parker proved to be a fussy little individual of uncertain age, who had blood in his eye when the representative of the Burnham Company was announced. He came out of his unpretentious private office and stared at the fashion-plate with apparent annoyance. There are times when the man born to carry a walking-stick had better leave it behind if he wants to land an order. But Dewent added insult to injury by lighting a cigarette while waiting for Parker to appear.

"Well, what do you want?" Parker demanded sharply. "Don't smoke that thing around here! Don't you see that fire department's notice on the wall?"

"I must confess, I didn't," Dewent answered with a smile of indulgence which made Parker still more furious.



"Well, you're a good sample of the service I've been getting lately from the Burnham outfit," quoth Parker. "You don't notice things and you don't use ordinary common sense or give any thoughts to other people's interests. What I want to know is what happened to my shipment of goods ordered May eighteenth?"

Dewent lost his false courage as he suddenly recalled that particular order vividly. It had come to his desk late in the afternoon. He had been in a hurry to get away to dress for dinner, and had thrust it into a convenient corner until the morrow. It was there yet—probably—never entered, never executed, and never shipped!

"I don't like your attitude, Mr. Parker," he blustered. "You criticize without knowing the facts."

"Oh, you don't, don't you?" Parker glared at him. "Well, I don't think you know the facts either—and I've a lot to criticize. Get out of here. I won't do business with a popinjay like you, and I won't place orders with a firm that hires ninnys to represent them. Rube Burnham isn't a man of that type. He sold me the first bill of goods I ever bought from his house, and I guess I can talk it over with him better than I can with you."

Parker turned on his heel and was gone. There seemed nothing for Dewent to do but retire as gracefully as possible. He returned to the hotel to think things over and frame a scathing letter to the firm recommending that Parker be cut off their sales list. However, before he had framed that letter, he received a telegram from Tessie Tilden. It was brief but staggering: "Shipping department searched your desk for records of Parker order and found original."

The bomb had burst. Dewent's inexcusable carelessness had been discovered. The chickens had come home to roost. But before he fully realized the fact, Parker's wrathful telegram, written at length, had added to the pile of documents that Burnham and Dickerson were going over in the former's private office.

It was Tessie Tilden who answered the push button of the president and took this telegram to Dewent:

Wiring you return fare. Do not bother to report back to office. You are fired.

Dewent didn't know what to do. He had not the courage to do the only thing that might have saved him, and he had the false pride that made him do the wrong thing. He immediately sent a carefully worded wire to Robertson, at Detroit:

Dissatisfied with policies of Burnham Company. Would like opening you mentioned at commensurate salary.

That looked good to him and he let it go. Then, looking over his ready cash, he decided that he had sufficient to tide him over a pleasant two days, and figured that the money Burnham was sending would take care of him until he heard from Robertson. Robertson surely would welcome his services.

And Robertson did—with reservations. Before retiring late that night, Dewent received the reply to his message:



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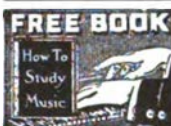
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No opening similar to your present position. Can place you at fifty a week with splendid future. Wire reply.

Dewent scowled. "Fifty a week!" he muttered. "Is he trying to fool me?" And he replied:

Couldn't think of any such arrangement. Salary you offer wouldn't buy gasoline.

He liked that little touch, although he had never owned a car.

But Robertson's reply startled him—startled him on a morning when he had just enough money to settle his hotel bill and provide for future financial needs by pawning such of the contents of his trunk as were not essential to his immediate needs. The message Robertson sent him read:

Just learned you were fired. Any man in that position who turns down a reasonable offer isn't worth his salt. Offer withdrawn.

For many weeks after she had transcribed President Burnham's telegram discharging Richard Dewent, Tessie Tilden mourned over the fact that her idol had clay feet, that Dewent had fizzled, and because she now recalled the reason why. The experience had not taught Dewent anything, but Tessie did not know that. She did know however that she had also been in the wrong. And Tessie began to startle the office force by arriving early, working hard, and leaving late.

"I wonder what ever became of Dick Dewent," Tessie Tilden said, in a sorrowful tone, one day, a year later, just after young Collver had returned from a western trip.

"Do you miss him?" asked Collver.

"Have you any idea where he is?"

"Yes," Collver admitted reluctantly. "I saw him when I was in St. Louis. He was a waiter in a restaurant."

"It's a crime!" Tessie said, with a trace of tears in her eyes. "A positive crime, with the future he had before him—the opportunity he let slip by!"

"Yes," Collver said. "He might have been sitting at my desk, or even at one higher up."

Tessie looked at Collver very seriously. "I wonder why so many magazines paint the rosy side of endeavor—why they sing the song of success," she remarked. "It seems to me—though it's far less pleasant—that the tale of the horrible example might be stronger as an appeal to industry and ambition. *It was to me.* If I could write a book, I'd call it 'The Failure,' and Dick Dewent would be the hero—if one could speak of him in such a term."

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Harte, Flo.....	12	8	90%
Cousins, John.....	16	7	30%
Ryan, Will M.....	13	8	75%
Anderson, Jeanne.....	14	9	90%
Stearns, Harry.....	15	10	85%
Fogarty, May.....	16	11	92%
Foster, Joel.....	14	11	87%
Williams, Molly.....	13	7	85%
Jepson, Jack.....	12	8	82%
Johnson, Harry.....	14	7	76%
Baxter, Lucilla.....	12	8	85%
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