July 1921

The New

25 cents

SUCCESS

den's Magazine

William Gropper

Beginning

SAM HODGE—AMERICAN

By Henry Irving Dodge

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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If you want to return it, ship it back at our expense. We even refund the out-going transportation charges. So you can't risk a single penny.

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State .....
Occupation or Business .....

The New
SUCCESS
Marden's Magazine

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Volume V. NEW YORK, July, 1921 Number 7

LEADING CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

THE NEW SUCCESS is published monthly at the St. James Building, 1133 Broadway, New York City, by THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION. Dr. Orison Swett Marden, President and Editor; J. W. D. Grant, Treasurer; Robert Mackay, Secretary; Chas. H. Desgrey, Advertising Director. Advertising Rates on Application.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.50 Per Year; Foreign, $1 Extra; 25c Per Copy.
Entered as Second-class Matter December 30, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered at Stationer's Hall and Copyright, 1920, in Great Britain.

The NEW SUCCESS
MARDEN'S MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR

VOLUME V.
NUMBER 7

NEW YORK,
JULY, 1921

He Didn't Know the Golden Rule Was Loaded

What Happened when Arthur Nash, Manufacturing Tailor, of Cincinnati, Applied the Law of Laws to His Business

By ROBERT E. HICKS
Editor, Specialty Salesman Magazine

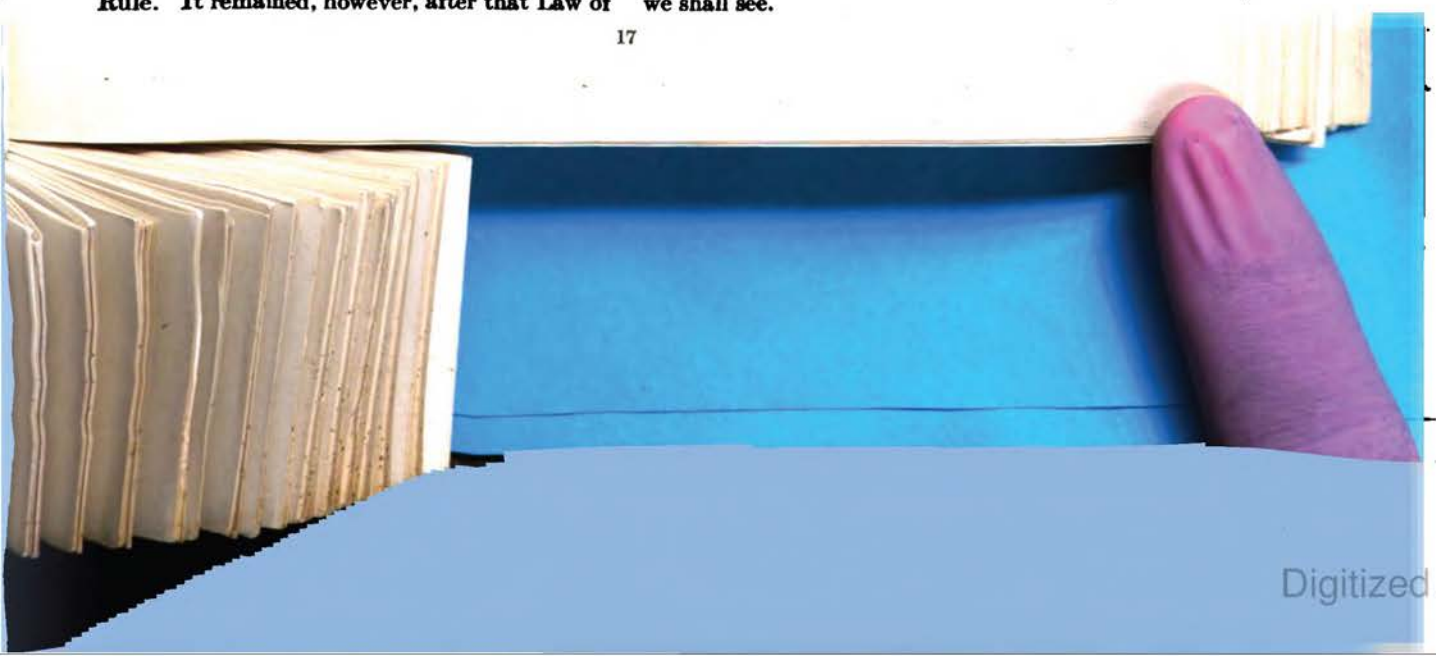
I HAVE been asked to share with the readers of THE NEW SUCCESS my personal impression of one of the trail blazers of the world's industrial future, from the standpoint of right human relations. This man is Arthur Nash, of Cincinnati, whom it is my privilege to call a friend. Arthur Nash is not only one of our foremost pathfinders in respect to industrial relations, but the greatest of them all.

This I do know: His remedy for industrial ills is the greatest of all remedies and will never lose its sovereignty. It is the one and only cure-all the world has ever known. Nash did not discover it; he has applied it, that is all. But, oh, how he has applied it! And how splendidly he has stepped aside and given his employees room to apply it for themselves.

We have heard a lot in the last two or three years about democracy in industry, employee representation, profit sharing, and so on. And, of course, the preachers have always pleaded with us to govern ourselves by the Golden Rule. It remained, however, after that Law of Laws, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," had been on the moral-statute books of humanity for nearly two thousand years, for an obscure clothing manufacturer of Cincinnati, some two or three years ago, to put that basic law definitely and completely into operation in his own plant with such success that the world of industry is halting to look and listen and search its heart.

Other manufacturers—more and more of them every day—are reading the handwriting on the wall and asking themselves, as A. F. Sheldon puts it, if the Golden Rule is not only "the law and the prophets" as the Good Book tells us, but "the law and the profits" as well.

The startling experience of the A. Nash Company compels us to answer this selfish inquiry with a ringing affirmative; but Arthur Nash wasn't even dreaming of profits when he installed the Master's unequaled efficiency system and dividend earner—far from it, as we shall see.



Arthur Nash is a tall, spare man with iron-gray hair, commanding presence, keen but very kindly face, pleasing voice, a gift of unusual natural eloquence, and the spiritual fervor of the business evangelist, the prophet of a reborn industrialism.

He was born and reared in the deeply but sternly religious atmosphere of Seventh Day Adventism. All his life, even when he had lost vital touch with the creed of his fathers and had not yet grown into his present all-embracing faith, he had tried conscientiously to apply the Golden Rule, but without any very encouraging success. In fact, when he inaugurated the policy which has transformed his plant into a great lighthouse of humane Christian industrialism, which he has proved irrefutably to be the most practical and profitable of all industrial systems, he fully believed it meant ruin. It was characteristic of this pioneer, however, that, in spite of this firm conviction, he did not compromise with his principles in the slightest. "Here I stand!" "This one thing I do." These may be said to have been his guiding impulses. He actually did not believe that he could apply the Golden Rule completely and unequivocally to his business and, at the end of six months, still have a business—but he applied the Golden Rule nevertheless, without flinching, and prepared to take the consequences.

And the consequences have lifted him and his business into the limelight of a whole world's amazed attention. He is so deluged with urgent requests to tell his dramatic story before chambers of commerce, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, ministerial and advertising associations, and other organizations of all kinds, from all over the country, that he can accept only about one-tenth of the invitations he receives. Why, an earnest request came to him recently to bring the message of his new-old industrial gospel to faraway China!

BEFORE the World War, Mr. Nash had a successful tailoring business in Cincinnati, but no plant. He took measurements but "farmed out" the garments to be made up. During the war, having two sons in the army, one of whom was wounded, he devoted much of his time to war work and gained considerable local reputation as a tireless, dependable, and unusually effective speaker on behalf of the various Liberty Loans, the War Savings campaigns, and similar matters.

After the armistice, an Austrian who subleased a part of Mr. Nash's space for a coat shop, employing some fifteen or twenty needle workers, came to Mr. Nash and told him that he was very anxious to go back to Austria as he had lost touch with his people during the war and hadn't heard from them for a long time. More out of sympathy than anything else, Mr. Nash agreed to cancel the lease and take over the coat shop. At once, however, he found himself confronted with unexpected complications.

He had found no insurmountable obstacles in applying the Golden Rule in his previous dealings with the public on the one hand and his few employees on the other, but here was a new, a different problem. Mr. Nash had paid no attention to his sub-tenant's business, had done no more than look into the room since the Austrian had taken possession. Now he was jolted into the realization that he had a veritable sweatshop on his hands.

THERE was nothing particularly flagrant about it, judged by ordinary standards in Cincinnati at that time. The city had enjoyed little or no war business in the tailoring line and, consequently, the pre-war scale still prevailed. In that particular shop, the highest paid hands, two or three pressers, received $18 a week, the forewoman enjoyed life on $15 a week, and two of the workers—one a hunchback, the other an old woman who sewed on buttons—were dreaming of riches on $4 a week apiece.

When Arthur Nash first saw that pay roll—*his* pay roll now—he was shocked to the very core of his being. He knew that he could not bring himself to pay any such beggarly wages at any time, and the very sight of the figures sickened him when he remembered what pranks the cost of living had been playing during the World War period—and was still playing. On the other hand, his wounded son and others pointed out what then seemed undeniable: that he could not pay even the least that he would permit himself to offer and still hope to compete with other local tailors under the conditions then existing.

There was his dilemma. On that ground, by no means of his own choosing, and under conditions suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon him, he had to fight his battle of principle against business expediency, of what most business men would consider long-haired, wild-eyed, crack-brained theory and idealism against hard-headed common sense.

Arthur Nash was and is a shrewd and successful business man—yet his idealism won.

He knew what his court of last resort—his God—would say, so he laid the whole case, for and against, before his court of first and immediate resort—his devoted wife.

"Here are the facts," he told her, in substance. "Here is what I must do. God help me, I can do nothing else! I have no illusions, dear. The best I dare hope for, if my scale goes into effect this week—as it will and must—is that, by beginning to liquidate the business at once, we can give employment to those people for five or six months, not more, before we wind up. I cannot meet competition and remain true to my standards, and I will not lower my standards. What are we going to do? If I cannot apply the Golden Rule and remain in business, as evidently I cannot, will you be willing to come with me and live on a farm—if I can save enough from the wreck to buy one? We should be able to live the Golden Rule there—if the world will let us live it anywhere. Will you come?"

Mrs. Nash told him that she would.

"THAT'S all the faith I had," Nash confesses ruefully. "I didn't dream that anything like this was possible. I thought I was signing my business death-warrant, turning my back on business forever. All I had was a grim determination to nail the Golden Rule to the mast and go down with my ship rather than to lower my colors."

I don't know how you readers feel about it, but it strikes me that that sort of uncompromising determination to do right in face of the strongest temptation that can possibly come to a man in business is a pretty good substitute for a more optimistic but usually much weaker faith that "Everything's going to come out right—somehow."

ARTHUR NASH

He started out, at the age of fourteen, a barefoot boy, to sell books and work his way through school. He had many a door slammed in his face and was told frequently to "get some honest work." Very often he was hungry and his pockets were empty, but—he made every obstacle a stepping-stone and his disappointments only helped to teach him the art of successful salesmanship. He enjoyed no privileges; no one pulled him up

Lots of us like to quote that comforting assurance from the Bible, "All things work together for good;" but we are prone to forget that there is a little "joker" in that familiar passage. There is a condition attached and that condition is that we must "love the Lord" before we can count on the promise being fulfilled. As I see it, my friend, Nash, satisfied that supreme requirement without realizing it. He loved the Lord so wholly and devotedly that he was willing to sacrifice his business all in order to remain true to his profound belief in what he now terms, "the divine law governing human relationships," "the only infallible, unalterable, workable, industrial and economic law in the universe." Is it any wonder that things worked "together for good" in his be-

half? I cannot think so. I must believe, on the contrary, that any other result would have been impossible, given such a firm stand for the truth; and, also, that the same result will follow with absolutely mathematical certainty whenever any of the rest of us takes a like stand, with the same unselfishness and the same inflexible resolution.

Arthur Nash went into that little coat shop the following Saturday and delivered to his new employees an extraordinary speech—a speech that, in essence, at any rate, is echoing and re-echoing through the whole industrial world to-day, and will continue to echo, with growing volume and persuasiveness, until the world of work shall have been transformed. He told them haltingly and feelingly of some of his ideals, informed them that they were working for him now, and then proceeded with the utmost directness and simplicity to bring his beloved Golden Rule to life in their midst.

HE assured his employees that he was going to try the best he knew how to treat them just as he would want to be treated by his employer if he were one of them. He turned to the old woman with the hopeless face but dog-like patience, who sewed on buttons hour after hour for I don't know how many hours a week, and he said to her: "I know that if I was doing what you are doing, mother, I wouldn't feel that I was being treated right if Arthur Nash paid me no more than you have been getting. I'd feel that I ought to be getting at least twelve dollars a week. So that is going to be your wage. There isn't going to be any less than that paid to anybody in this shop from now on."

He told the poor, dumfounded hunchback the same thing and then addressed one after another of them directly and named their new wages, ending with the pressers, whom he raised from $18 to $27. Then he got out of that room just as fast as he could. He was half ashamed of his "weakness."

The forewoman told him afterward that, after he left, it seemed five minutes before anybody said a word in that room. Then Tony, a profane young Italian, broke out: "I'll be damned if I don't believe he means it! Now let's get busy!"

"Think of that!" Nash comments. "Here was an employer merely trying to do what he conceived to be his plain, elementary duty toward his employees, to pay them a decent living-wage, and they were so stunned that they couldn't say anything for five minutes."

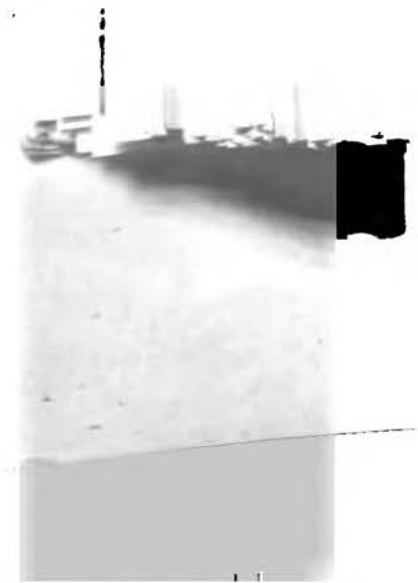
After that things happened thick and fast. They are happening yet in that plant, which now employs five hundred people instead of the twenty or so at the end of 1918. Almost unbelievable things are happening there—things that put a lump in your throat and bring tears to your eyes—things that, nevertheless, are as divinely natural as the Law which is enabling them to find expression. And such things will happen—cannot fail to happen—in your office or store or factory, or mine—just in the degree that we give the Golden Rule a chance to work its miracles for us and those who work with us.

They are not, of course, altogether unique. More or less similar occurrences, many of them, have taken place in plants where other employers have honestly sought to give more of a square deal to their working forces. You will find, however, that nowhere else has the same spirit been manifested to anything like an equal degree or with anything like the same wholehearted, touching fervor—because nowhere else has the Golden Rule been applied so directly and completely and with such a warmth of love and understanding and sympathy.

THE first thing that happened to the A. Nash Company was that that little band of workers—willing, enthusiastic, grateful workers now—increased production 300 per cent in two months without any increase whatsoever in numbers or equipment.

"I asked the forewoman how that was possible—if that poor old woman, for example, who had been getting only four dollars a week, was sewing on three times as many buttons as she had before," Arthur Nash said recently in describing the wonderful experience of which he never tires of telling. " 'No,' the forewoman replied, 'but it would do your heart good to watch her. A new light has come into her face, her back is straighter, she seems to see better, and her fingers are nimbler. She's actually doing twice as much as she did before, and the rest are making up the average.'"

On July 1, 1919, about six months after its new birth, the company took possession of a six-story-and-basement building, containing seven times the floor space it had formerly occupied, and necessitating a $50,000 loan—and this despite the fact that a general strike of clothing workers was going on in Cincinnati at that time. Nash called his help together and told them he had borrowed $50,000 to equip the new building, and that he had done so because he knew they would stand by him so long as he stood by them. He also told them that he *did* not want to run general advertisements for help to fill his new factory. He asked their



assistance in bringing in their friends. They responded with such zeal that in increasing his working force 600 per cent and his production over 1000 per cent he did not use one advertisement.

Have you ever heard of a force of workers refusing a *bona fide* offer to share the profits of the concern with them—unless they were not satisfied with the share offered them? Nash's people did it, though—because they thought he was already doing too much for them. As Tony, who was again the spokesman, put it characteristically: "What are yuh tryin' to do now, Mr. Nash—give us th' whole business?" It was not until the following year, when Nash brought up the subject again and insisted on dividing the profits with his people, that they agreed. And the reason he insisted was "Nash all over."

"When we took our inventory, at the end of 1919," he explains, "we found that, notwithstanding several increases in wages during that year—known everywhere in the industry as a year of strikes and non-production—and notwithstanding, also, the enormous expense of moving and setting up our entire plant, we had made a net profit of forty-two thousand dollars on an investment of sixty thousand dollars, and I felt I couldn't look my people squarely in the eye unless I shared with them that unjustifiable profit."

HE proposed a fifty-fifty split of the net after the federal government had received its full share and the money invested had been paid its due wage in the shape of interest and reasonable dividends. He further proposed that the division be made twice each year on the basis of the amount each employee was earning.

Here again the Golden Rule had a surprise in store for him. The employees voted this time to accept this voluntary revolution in their favor. A few days later, however, a petition was laid on Nash's desk, signed by all of the men and women who were then earning more than $60 a week, urging him to make the profit distribution "on the basis of time worked instead of on the basis of wages drawn." The reason given for this extraordinary request was: "This will give those making the smaller wage an equal dividend with those making the larger one, and we believe is not only needed by them, but is just and in keeping with the policy of our company."

"I immediately called up a preacher who had been greatly interested in our work," Mr. Nash declares. "I will never forget the look on his face when he finished reading that petition and said, 'Mr. Nash, there is more Christianity in that petition than in all the sermons preached in Cincinnati.' I said, 'Yes, and there is more joy and satisfaction in receiving that petition than in all the dividends being declared in Cincinnati.'

"Let me impress on your mind just what that petition meant," he went on. "The skilled labor, like the cutters and the off-pressers, who were making from seventy-five to ninety dollars a week, got together of their own free will and requested that the poorest paid help should receive the same dividend that they did. If the dividend had been paid as originally intended, the highly paid help would have gotten six or seven times as much as those aged women whom we keep so as to make them feel that they have a degree of independence; or as the beginners, who needed it most.

"AND there was nothing theoretical about that division, either. Every one who had put in the full six months, when the first dividend day came around, received ninety-one dollars and eighty cents, or a little over three dollars and fifty cents extra for each week's work. If you could have seen the faces of the aged women and the beginners when they received this amount—perhaps more money than some of them ever had in their lives before, at one time—you would have realized that the highly paid employees were amply rewarded for their willing sacrifice."

But how shall we account for the remarkable increase in the volume of Arthur Nash's business during this period of high prices and "buying strikes"? That cannot be explained on the strength of his treatment of his employees, of which, for the most part, the public knew nothing. For Arthur Nash is not advertising his adherence to the Golden Rule, nor labeling his clothing or factory with it. In fact, he intimates pretty plainly that any attempt to trade on that sublime idea is *prima-facie* evidence that the spirit of the Golden Rule is lacking.

He explains the phenomenal public support of his enterprise on two main grounds: The first is that his clothing is sold in the specialty way—that is, directly from the manufacturer to the wearer through just one man, a specialty salesman. Nash is an enthusiastic believer, as I am, in this modern, direct method of selling, which involves only the manufacturer's original profit and one moderate commission, as compared with the roundabout, ruinously wasteful and costly "orthodox" method of distribution,

(*Continued on page* 94)

HENRY IRVING DODGE'S

Sam Hodge,

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO MOVED A MOUNTAIN

CHAPTER I

ONE morning, Rosedale woke up to find itself and to read itself called the wickedest town in the United States. Rosedale's sin was splendidly exploited in the *Morning Clarion* and the *Evening Star* of Harmony, its neighbor and rival.

Ordinarily, to call a town with such a name wicked would have been preposterous. Rosedale! The name suggested the pastoral, the beautiful. But our Rosedale, like a Persian cat gone wrong, was rough, dirty, smoky, grimy, everything that was uninviting. Instead of velvety banks of roses, as the name suggested, there were steel and concrete, irregular buildings and sidewalks, cobblestones and mud. "Rosedale" suggested the quiet, the swan-swimming placidity of a sylvan dell. Our Rosedale was noisy, clangy, hellishly rattlety-bangy.

Notwithstanding this many-detailed indictment, the fact remained that Rosedale turned out more high-class manufacturing products and took in more gold therefor, than any other town of its size in the United States. For Rosedale, be it understood, was a small but mighty manufacturing center, a Pittsburgh in miniature.

There were a number of millionaire concerns in Rosedale, old fellows like McCumber & Company, McCandles & Johnson, Raymond & Brooks, the concrete men, and a lot more—all big fellows. Persons who had social aspirations avoided Rosedale. Nobody went there except on business. The big men, whose business was there, spent all their off-time at Atlantic City, Palm Beach, and the White Mountains. For in summer, Rosedale was very hot; and in winter very cold.

True, Rosedale was corrupt, but no more so than any other boss-ridden, gin-selling, strange-woman-infested municipality in America or anywhere else. But why should it be thus suddenly exploited as the wickedest city in all this fair land? Why should the *Harmony Clarion* have run two huge, black words, "VICE TRIUMPHANT," across its front page or why the *Evening Star* suddenly discover that "ROSEDALE HAS SUNK RESIGNEDLY, EVEN WILLINGLY, AND, THEREFORE, IRRETRIEVABLY INTO THE MIRE OF HUMAN DEPRAVITY?"

Sam Hodge—that was the answer. He'd just been elected mayor.

But why should the Harmony papers take so perniciously active an interest in the affairs of Rosedale, and of Sam Hodge in particular, the stranger would insist. A Rosedale man would answer with a shrug of his shoulders: "Walter Hichens owns 'em." And that was the answer.

Three years before, Walter Hichens, prompted by a combination of pique and principle, had pulled out of Rosedale, pulled out bag and baggage, taking with him his whole force—engineers, bookkeepers, clerks, skilled workers, and laborers, a small army, in fact—and had built the model town of Harmony, ten miles away. Hichens's reasons for doing this were stated in a talk he had with John McCumber, Rosedale's principal captain of industry. The interview was about as follows:

"I'm going to pull out of Rosedale and build a model town on that big tract of mine, Mr. McCumber. I'm going to call it Harmony. That's what the name's going to stand for. Yes," Hichens emphasized, with his forefinger, "that's what the town is going to mean—Harmony, Mr. McCumber, Harmony."

McCumber didn't appear unduly impressed. It was McCumber's business not to appear unduly impressed even when he was most impressed, for McCumber was accustomed to sitting in big games. "Just what is your scheme in detail, Walter?" he asked quietly.

Hichens at once became enthusiastic. "I'm going to give every man with a family a home of his own, five acres of land, a house, a cow, and chickens, on the easy-payment plan. It may seem fantastic to you, Mr. McCumber, but there's a sane, beneficent method to it. The cows and the chickens will help to keep down the cost of living, and vested interests in the property will discourage roaming about, which many workmen are prone to do. The amount of time they lose that way is appalling."

"Good idea, Walter," McCumber commented. "But why don't you do it here? Plenty of land round about."

Hichens's great, brown eyes dilated. "I'll

POWERFUL NEW NOVEL

American

Illustrated by
CHARLES F. JAEGER

tell you why, Mr. McCumber. "I want to be free to carry out my plans without any interference. This town is boss ridden. I couldn't plow a field without asking Sam Hodge's permission or paying him graft."

McCumber grunted disdainfully. "That's sophistry. Is that all you have against Sam?"

"It is not. My ethical sense is violated every minute I remain in this atmosphere—no offence to you, Mr. McCumber."

"No," commented McCumber. "You got your ethical sense at Harvard. I got mine here on the ground floor—among workingmen. Therefore, you'll pardon me, Walter, if I remind you that my ethical sense is a bit more practicable." He raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips, "A bit more useful in case of dire emergency, perhaps, than yours."

"Just the same, I can't stand for Sam Hodge, Mr. McCumber, and, for the life of me, I don't see how you can—never could see."

"Your father was one of the most astute, one of the most honest men I ever knew, Walter. He stood for Sam Hodge," McCumber observed quietly. "Hasn't that fact any weight with you?"

Hichens was silent.

McCumber went on: "Take me, take McCandles, take James T. Raymond, and William R. Brooks, and Hezekiah Blackford—we're men of fair-to-middlin' honesty, ain't we?"

Hichens nodded.

"And fair-to-middlin' shrewdness, don't you guess so?"

Again Hichens nodded affirmatively.

"We've all stood for him, Walter. We didn't have to. I know how you've always felt towards him. Trouble is, you never knew him as I did. Sam's all right—a case of talent gone wrong, perhaps, that's all. If I'd only caught him young enough, I'd have made the greatest business man in America out of him."

Hichens sighed. "I never could see it."

"Sam has one very marked gift, Walter, almost amounting to genius. He can tackle the knottiest kind of a human problem you ever saw and get away with it all by himself."

"I never saw him do it."

"He don't use red fire, Walter. Think back. You don't remember any big labor trouble in Rosedale, do you?"

Hichens shook his head.

"That don't mean none was ever threatened. Sam Hodge is the answer. He's been in charge of the human-element department of this town a good many years. If the secret records of Rosedale ever should come to light, Walter, they'd reveal Sam Hodge as something more than the pothouse politician you call him."

"I don't see what else he can be, Mr. McCumber," Hichens protested. "He licenses vice."

"He don't license it, Walter. The State does that. Sam can't help it, so he does the next best thing—he colonizes it."

"Same thing. He recognizes it."

McCumber laughed loud. "He ought to—by this time."

"You know what I mean, Mr. McCumber. He's got a regular organization of vice. He's got his drinking department and his gambling department and his fighting department."

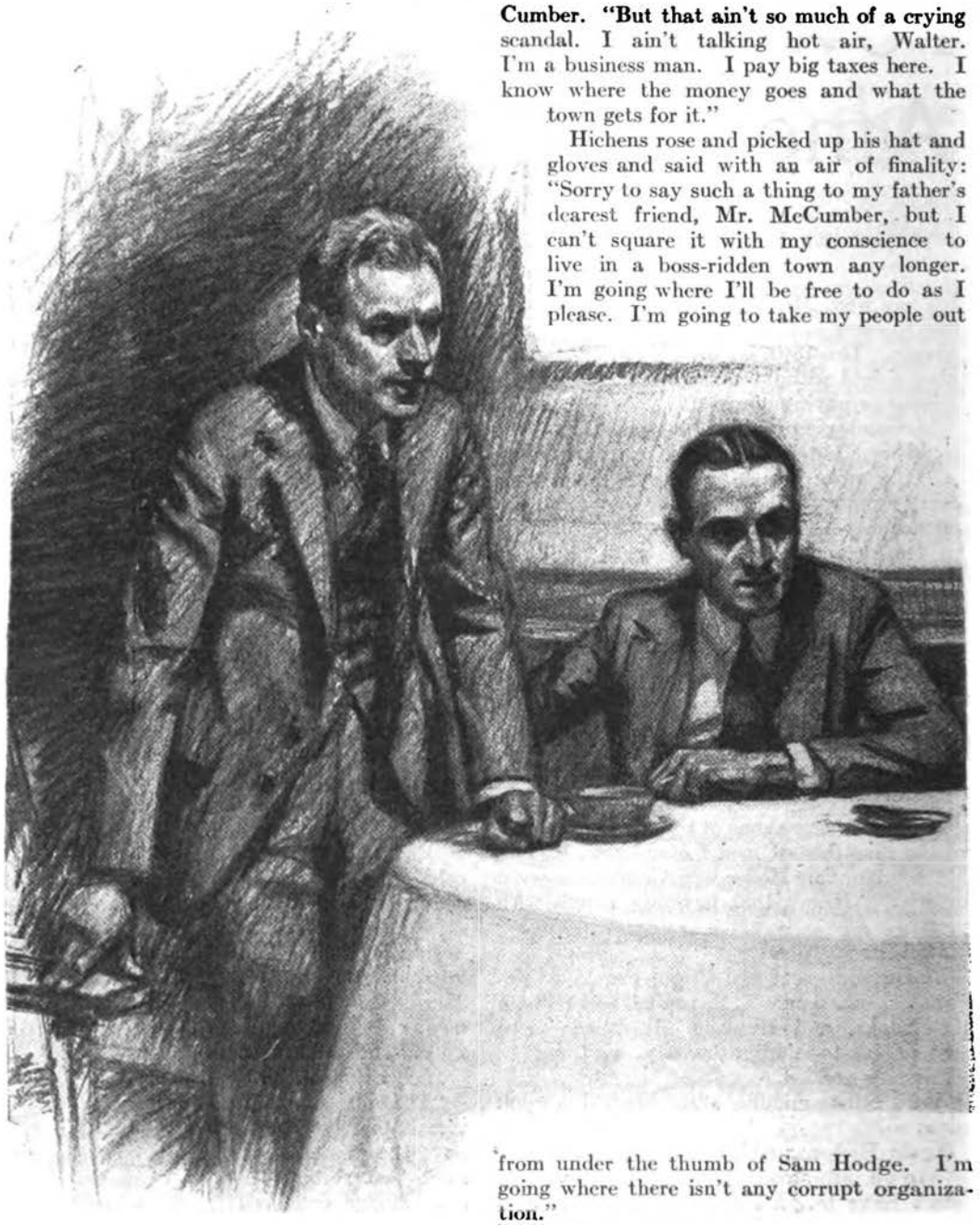
"And he's got them all under one cover down at Hell's Half Acre near the freight yards. The rest of the place is as clean as a hound's tooth—" McCumber looked out at the muddy cobblestones and the murky air—"socially speaking," he added. He reflected a moment, then: "This is a big manufacturing-town, Walter. There are lots of rough men in it—great, big boys, boisterous, but not wicked. You can't legislate that sort of thing out of men. They must have their fling. You understand."

Hichens nodded.

"The only thing to do if you can't stop open vice is to segregate it. We weren't going to have the women, and the girls, and the boys meet that sort of thing all over this town. Sam Hodge colonized it. You can't get a drink outside of Hell's Half Acre unless you've got it in your cellar, like me. You can't gamble or practice any other low-down indulgence outside of Hell's Half Acre."

"I wonder how much graft Hodge gets out of it," Hichens sneered.

"Not a dollar's worth, Walter—never did. There ain't one of 'em can hold him up and blackmail him. Sam never took dirty money."



"You know he has an interest in the contracting firm of Jordan and Forshay?"

McCumber laughed. "So does everybody else know it."

"It's a crying scandal that those fellows get the best public jobs and the best prices here in Rosedale."

"And they do the best work," snorted McCumber. "But that ain't so much of a crying scandal. I ain't talking hot air, Walter. I'm a business man. I pay big taxes here. I know where the money goes and what the town gets for it."

Hichens rose and picked up his hat and gloves and said with an air of finality: "Sorry to say such a thing to my father's dearest friend, Mr. McCumber, but I can't square it with my conscience to live in a boss-ridden town any longer. I'm going where I'll be free to do as I please. I'm going to take my people out from under the thumb of Sam Hodge. I'm going where there isn't any corrupt organization."

"You'll have to go where there ain't any humanity then, Walter." McCumber rose and straightened up his great shoulders, for McCumber had been stoop-shouldered ever since he was a lad at the forge, fifty years before. He laid his great right hand gently on the tall young man's shoulder. "Go where you like, boy, and good luck to you. But remember this: where there's no organization, corrupt or not

corrupt, there's no freedom. It's just as necessary to liberty as the sunshine, and the rain, and the earth *organized*," he accented, "are to the blossoming of the rose."

So Hichens left Rosedale, taking all his goods and chattels with him. In Harmony, he put all his preconceived plans into effect. He watered and sewered the town after the most approved modern methods. He laid out the streets with regard to their convenience, and planted trees because of the beauty they would lend. He built a large number of commodious homes—with a flower garden in every front yard—on five-acre tracts, and furnished his people with cows, pigs, chickens, and other equipment for miniature farming—the whole to be paid for on the easy-installment plan. There were no saloons, no gambling houses, no Hell's Half Acre, none of the besetting sins of its neighbor, Rosedale. In brief, Harmony was another spotless town; it had neither blot nor blemish. But there was the interurban trolley car, first aid to the victims of local option.

For three years, Hichens tried to justify himself for deserting Rosedale. So, any bit of unfavorable news he got about his former home was vastly satisfying to him. His was always an "I-told-you-so" attitude. He didn't talk out loud, however, until the election of Sam Hodge. Then the journalistic dogs of war were unleashed. An awful din of barking followed, much to the grim satisfaction of the Harmonyites, who shared Hichens's sentiments of resentment towards Rosedale because they had deserted it, and somewhat to the chagrin and to the amusement of the good people of the Commonwealth of Rosedale.

"But what is the obvious thing, Sam?" Johnston persisted.
"Ridicule."
Hodge waited a moment for some protestation from Griffiths, then went on philosophically: "These soap-box fellers spout poison gas. I'm goin' to fight it with laughing gas."

Late in the afternoon of the day following Hodge's election, that gentleman sat at his desk in his snug little office at the rear of Bardwell & Snow's hardware store. His sandy hair, prematurely gray—for Hodge was only forty—was roughed up, from a habit he had of thrusting his fingers through it. His long, thin legs were stretched under his desk, and his clean-shaven upper lip twitched, and his serious gray eyes twinkled as he more or less casually observed the Harmony *Morning*

Clarion and the Harmony *Evening Star* spread out before him.

"Danny," Hodge began, addressing Meade, his principal henchman, then paused and stroked his Uncle Sam beard, letting his fingers twist the point of the same in a caressingly lingering way, "Danny, these and the Rosedale papers have said all they can say—either for us or against us—eh?"

And Danny, being a well-regulated and proper henchman, affirmed—as he was expected to do: "Yes, Sam, they've gone the limit both ways."

Hodge smiled grimly. "There's one thing we can say to them—'We're here'."

"With both feet," Danny emphasized, then qualified, "for the present, anyhow."

Hodge shifted his cigar, permitting about a third to protrude into the open like the bowsprit of a schooner. "Danny, I'll bet you a nickel against a drink of soda water that I'll be the next mayor of this town, too"—he jerked his thumb towards the *Clarion* and the *Star*—"ragardless of our friends here."

"Pity those Harmony fellows wouldn't mind their own business, Sam."

Hodge looked surprised. "Why, Danny, men like Walter Hichens don't mind their own business."

"One satisfaction," said Danny, "it must have cost that feller a heap to pull out of here. He left a big hole in this town."

Hodge reshifted his weed, this time favoring the right hand corner of his mouth. "He had the courage of his convictions, anyhow. We'll have to hand it to him for that, Danny." Then: "Most fools have."

"Walter Hichens ain't exactly a fool, Sam, either."

"No," Hodge admitted, "he ain't. He's an able financier and an able manufacturer and an able merchant. But we all have some of the fool in us, thank heaven." Then, philosophically: "That's what redeems us, makes life worth living. People love us for the fool there is in us. Wouldn't do for a fellow to be smart and good through and through without blot or blemish, Danny. Everybody'd hate him."

"Accordin' to that, it's smart to be foolish, Sam," Danny observed.

"It's lucky anyhow, Danny." Hodge caressed his "Uncle Sam" again with the tips of his fingers. "Most of us specialize in foolishness just as we do in wisdom, Danny, when we have any wisdom. Walter Hichens's specialty is that idiotic notion of his about the rights of men; personal liberty, free and untrammeled; the rights of one man to trample on the rights of other men; letting men's consciences decide what they shall do, regardless of law and order. If he put those notions into effect, Danny, nobody'd have any rights."

"One thing Harvard didn't teach Walter Hichens to know, Sam—that's men. I mean big, husky, ignorant fellers that fight—know 'em like you and I do."

"There's just where he's going to fall down, Danny. He's never yet come up against a real big proposition that involves the kind of men you speak of. But it's comin' to him—you see. Danny, there's a big black cloud coming up above the horizon. Just wait till it strikes Walter Hichens."

"Meanin' just what Sam?"

"Danny, you never really knew why I ran for mayor, did you?"

Danny used the obvious. "To get in, of course."

Hodge's gray eyes held Danny's for a moment. "Danny, as long as I've run the politics of this town I've never had a mayor that would do just what I wanted him to do. Trouble was, as soon as I'd put any one of 'em in, he'd get ambitious to succeed himself. He'd begin to kick over the traces right at the start. You know that."

Danny reflected, chuckled, and nodded. "Joe Willetts did it an' so did Bob Henderson."

"It ain't so bad in normal times, Danny, but when a cyclone threatens a ship, it's a good thing for the skipper to be at the wheel himself."

"Meanin' just what, Sam?"

"Bolshevism." Then, deliberately and disgustedly, "That nasty afterbirth of the European war. It's in the air. It's going to raise hell with the workingman and the capitalist if we don't look out. You know what that means to the general public that always pays the freight."

Danny nodded. "I get you, Sam."

Hodge paused, then: "This ain't the time for any boy or any idealist to be at the wheel. It's a man's job—a regular man's job. The thing's got to be dealt with after the fashion of a man that knows men, dealin' with men that know he understands 'em."

"You really think bolshevism's dangerou., Sam?"

"A scratch on your little toe is dangerous if you don't get the right kind of a doctor, Danny. Mustn't neglect it. Bolshevism's workin' under the surface like blood poisonin'—can't tell where it'll break out. Here, there, everywhere."

"By gosh! it does look bad, Sam, don't it?" Danny exclaimed.

"Don't get hysterical about it, Danny. No need for that. Trust me." Hodge regarded his henchman wisely. "I've got a remedy for it here in Rosedale, an infallible remedy. It's as obvious as the nose on your face," which was saying much. Danny had a huge Roman nose.

"By gosh! Sam, you have? What is it?"

Hodge paused to give proper weight to his words. "Remember, Danny, order is the first law of heaven."

"So I've heard, Sam."

"That's my religion, Danny. I've found it a good religion 'cause it's always got me what I wanted in a decent, legitimate way—which is what religion is for, Danny."

Danny nodded, henchmanlike.

"You see, the Lord hates confusion, Danny. Confusion is music to the insane. They thrive on it. That's why they keep on being insane." Hodge chuckled. With his great forefinger he indicated the nether regions. "After a while, the least insane of those fellers down there'll get onto the secret of their trouble and he'll organize 'em. There won't be any more confusion. An' then what'll become of hell?"

Danny chuckled.

Hodge stroked his "Uncle Sam." "Danny, we've heard a lot about this pest, and wise men learn from the experience of other men. Therefore, it ain't necessary for Rosedale to experience bolshevism in order to learn what there is in it. We may be very wicked indeed; but we're also very sane—if anybody should ask you."

"How you going to keep it out, Sam?"

"Organize. That's what I'm going to do. Organize this whole bloomin' town." Hodge paused, then: "I'm goin' to begin with the churches, Danny, 'cause they're the most influential; they've got the money an' the brains." Hodge twisted his "Uncle Sam." "Yes, an' I guess they've got most of the morals, too."

"But they're already organized, Sam."

"Individually, yes. But there's a dozen of 'em, all pullin' against one another, spreadin' out their efforts thin an' foolish, like perfectly good water on a kitchen floor that ain't deep enough to drown a fly."

"You can't get Protestants and Catholics and Jews to pull together, Sam," Danny protested. "If you let Father O'Hara start something, the Methodists 'll say: 'That's a Catholic measure and we'll stay out.' If you let the Reverend John Strong start it, the Jews 'll look askance at it an' say: 'Where do we come in?' Remember, Sam, someone 'll want the credit for startin' it."

"All our good Christians—all our good Jews—are equally strong for America, strong for organization, Danny. So, you see, they'll all have the same motive in this case. Their homes and their country and their religion, no matter what it is, for bolshevism aims to destroy everything that's good, are being attacked. It won't be a Catholic, or a Protestant, or a Jewish measure, it'll be a Rosedale measure." Hodge's gray eyes twinkled. "They simply can't stay out, Danny. They can't afford to."

CHAPTER II

AT the close of the meeting of the clergymen of Rosedale, two days later, as per program arranged by Hodge, the mayor-elect shook hands with Father O'Hara, the Reverend John Strong, Rabbi Schurmann, and the others.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing all, "I congratulate you on the splendid spirit of coöperation you have shown. Your agreeing to my plan, without one dissenting voice, means nothing but the highest form of Americanism. Gentlemen, the church is an organization against which bolshevism cannot endure, once its speakers, its workers, its worshipers realize that the success of the disreputable thing means the profanation of everything they hold sacred."

When the clergymen had gone, Hodge put on his hat. "I want you to tend shop for me, Danny. I'm going over to see McCumber. And, Danny, I wish you'd call up Chief Williams and ask him to be here at four o'clock. I want to talk police business with him."

Danny laughed. "You ain't lettin' the grass grow under your feet, Sam."

"Time to trim sails, Danny, is when the storm's approachin', not when it's passed an' there ain't any sails to trim."

"I've come to talk bolshevism with you, Mr. McCumber," said Hodge to the "big feller" of Rosedale a few minutes later.

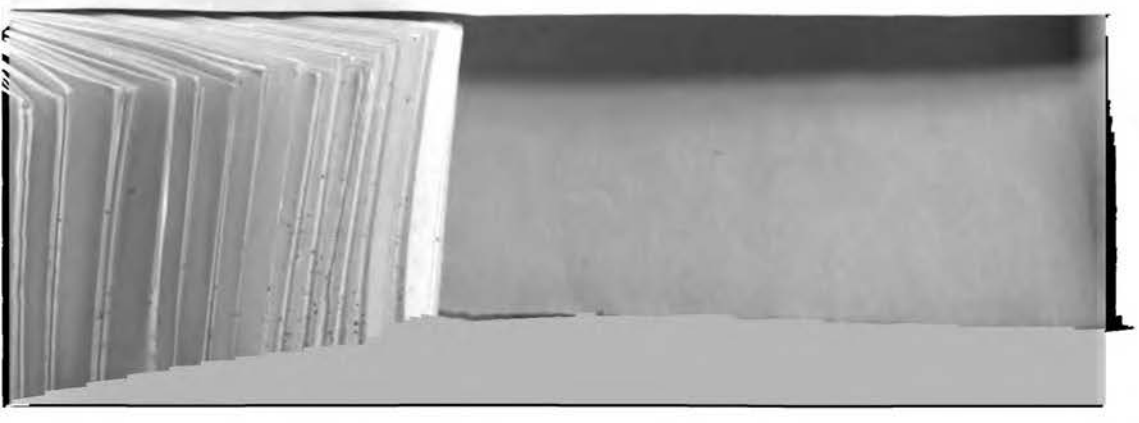
"Bad as all that, Sam?"

"My remarks 'll be brief—I promise you, Mr. McCumber."

"Make them so, Sam. I hate to talk about a nasty thing like that to a fellow that can talk philosophy. Or, better, let us gossip about our old friends. I'm weary with the troubles of the day."

"The time has come, Mr. McCumber, when a low-down, pothouse politician like me has got to coöperate with a financial king like you for the good of Rosedale."

(*Continued on page* 100)



I AM——?

A POWER for good and for evil.

I work for or against human beings according to the way they use me.

I am indispensable to civilized men and women. With my aid they can adapt themselves to any climate or environment.

When rightly used I am a wonderful help to those who are trying to get on and up in the world, because I enable them to make a good impression wherever they go.

I make a good servant, but a tyrannical master. Many women are my slaves. I am the most important thing in life to them, the aim and end of their existence.

To those who abuse or overrate me I am a demoralizer of character. While I help the sensible, the level-headed, I am a terrible temptation to the frivolous and empty-minded who wish merely to make a show in the world. I lure them on to all sorts of crimes in the gratification of their vanity.

I am used by many girls and women in a suggestive way that tends to arouse the animal in men. They thus attract to them the brutish, the viscious minded, men with low ideals who have no respect for womanhood. I have led more girls to their ruin than almost any other one thing.

My power for good is even greater than my power for harm. The man or woman who takes no account of me, who tries to economize at my expense makes a fatal mistake. Many have secured positions through my aid, while others of greater ability were turned down because they ignored me.

The actor, the orator, the clergyman, kings and queens, public men and women in all fields, the clever, the witty, the learned, the wise, the homely and the beautiful alike, owe more than they realize to me.

No philosopher has ever been able to understand the mystery of my power over human beings, but almost everyone is influenced by it. Even character and natural poise and grace are placed at a great disadvantage without my aid. One great philosopher said that, at my best, I give "a feeling of inward tranquillity that religion is powerless to bestow."

I help as nothing else can to put human beings at ease in any society, in every situation. Without my aid, people are often awkward and tongue-tied. I open up the brain, unloose the tongue and make conversation easy and natural. I multiply personal power, and increase efficiency, ability and effectiveness. I give courage and assurance to the timid, faith and confidence to the shy, the bashful. I make the plain woman good-looking, and add to the charm of the pretty woman.

I AM DRESS. —O. S. M.

Tom Masson Says:

Keep Your Backbone Straight

Some people have declared that America is already a race of supermen, but this has not yet been fully confirmed by results, and until it has been, we must go on trying to make ourselves better. But we must know our backbones

By THOMAS L. MASSON
Managing Editor, "Life"

ILLUSTRATED BY ALTON E. PORTER

THE backbone came before so many other of our body accessories, that it is worth while thinking about. It came before eyes and arms and legs and hair. So far as man is concerned, it was about the first thing there was.

That is why we secretly, without knowing why, respect the backbone so much. We generally judge a man according to how much of a one he has.

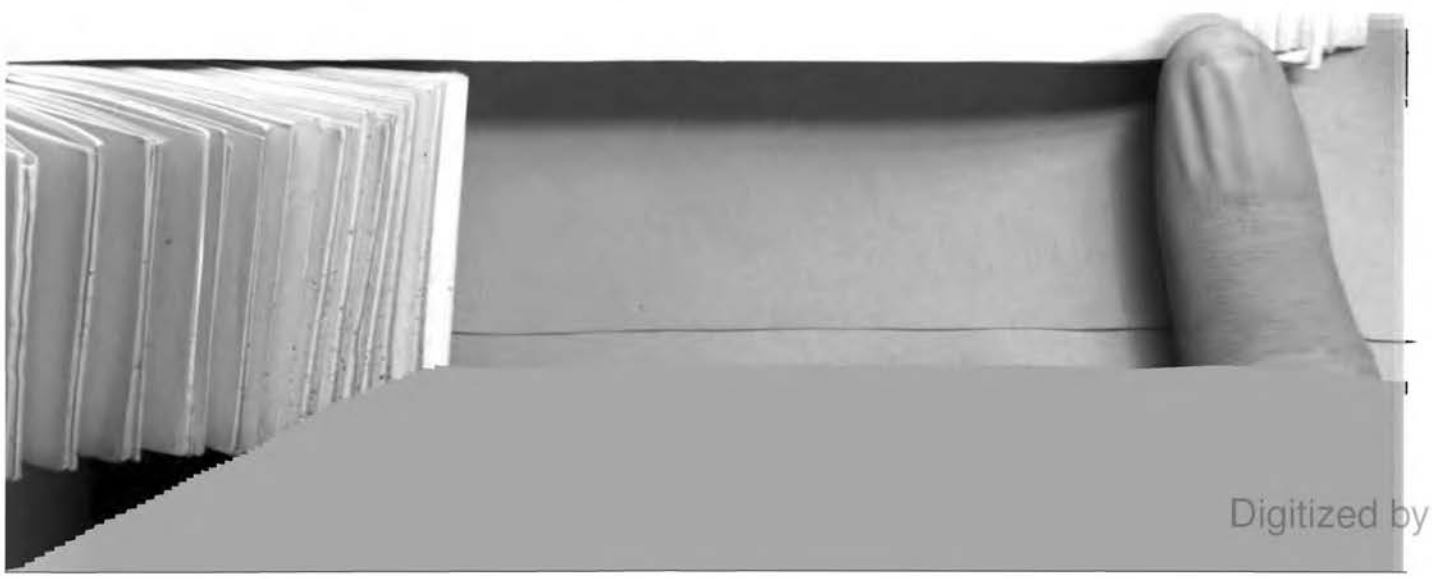
The first form of animal life consisted of a rudimentary backbone. It was something like a string of beads, only the beads were not very pronounced, and it got its first start by undulating. When it got so that it could undulate fairly well, then it began to travel: and as soon as it began to travel, it had started on an evolutionary career of which man is the result. Man consists of a backbone upon which the accessory parts are strung. Without any backbone, we would fall to the ground in a heap. We would be just a mess. Out of our backbones, at one place or another, come almost all there is of us that is worth while. When you get mad you can feel your backbone mentally grow rigid. That's about the way a cat feels when some other cat starts an argument with him.

It took a long time for the brain to grow out of the top of the backbone, but it did it at last. Now the brain thinks it is getting along by itself because it is able to do its own thinking, but without a backbone to hold it up and keep it supplied with nervous energy, the brain would languish and fade away. That's about what we mean when we say that a man must have the courage of his convictions. It doesn't do much good to have convictions unless you have the courage to back them up, and you cannot back them up without a spine.

This spine, or backbone, is not only the source of all your nervous energy, but a system of communication that extends to the remotest parts of your anatomy. You have to keep sending out tracers from headquarters along the lines all the time in order to keep them open. There was a man who tried exercising the bicep muscles first by not putting his mind on them when the exercising was going on, and then by putting his mind on them. It was thereupon discovered that when you put your mind on these muscles when exercising you can develop them much more rapidly than when you don't.

That seems to make the whole affair easy, doesn't it? All one has to do is to sit in the back of one's own head—in your mind—and concentrate on your backbone: then you can get the backbone to send out waves of energy along all the lines and this keeps the whole system keyed

The backbone came long before other parts



up to the highest efficiency.

Wonderful, isn't it? But it seems silly: it seems to come back to your mind then, plus your backbone. Whatever universe you think you know about and have come to believe in as a reality, is the creation of your own mind. And in order to understand it and appreciate it, you have to sit on your backbone. That is the reason why *Mother Goose* is one of the immortals. She symbolizes the whole process. She represents the human race. She is flying through the air, destination unknown, and the broomstick is her backbone.

Do not fail to keep it straightened out

Now, what I am getting at is this, and I hope you'll listen hard, because it's worth while: most people haven't learned how to use their backbones: either they roll them up and put them away in cotton wool, or they use them as a weapon—either of offense or defense. They like to club other people over the heads with their backbones. This is hard on any backbone which was not originally intended for that purpose.

When you see a man trying to browbeat others, blustering and crowding them into a corner, cursing and shouting, then he is using his backbone in this inefficient manner. The chances are that some day it will break on him and the pieces will all go scattering. Then everybody will exclaim that they knew he was a coward all along. They didn't dare say so before.

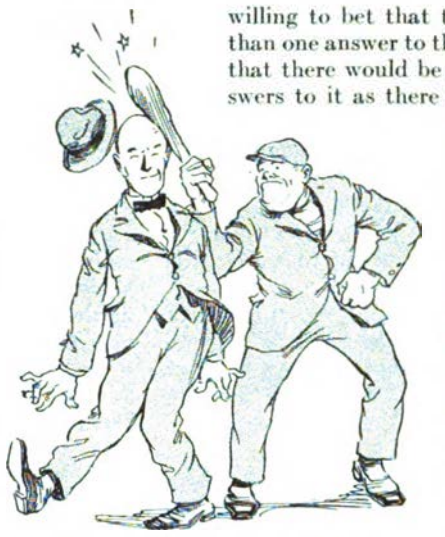
The best way to learn how to use your backbone is to keep it straight. To do this you've got to keep your head up in the air and your shoulders well back. I saw a poor chap the other day who had something the matter with the ligaments of his neck which compelled him, as he shuffled along, to keep his eyes constantly fixed on the ground. He was the saddest looking man I have ever seen. When you read your newspaper or book, your head is inclined forward and bent over. Do what a horse does when he is running around a field, throw your head up every once in a while, shake it and whinny a little if you like. A good old-fashioned whinny is not bad at all.

You worry more at some periods than at others

One of the best studies is astronomy, because it teaches men to hold up their heads. When you are looking up at the stars, it is almost as if your backbone, with your eyes on top of it, were pointing up at them. This backbone should be at right angles with the plane of the earth, as much as you can make it so. We think of a miser as bending over his gold—he has a curved backbone: his life is built on fear. A man who is "straight" has a straight backbone. This backbone, as everybody knows, consists of a number of cartilaginous or bony segments laid one on top of the other and held together by what we may call elastic bands. There are little pads or shock-absorbers between to prevent too much vibration. In each bony segment there is a hole large enough for the spinal cord to run. This cord contains the substance, whatever it is, that keeps us alive and enables us to keep ourselves going. Some people who live in the Orient tell us that at the bottom of the backbone is a little reservoir of nervous energy, much like a reserve tank of gasoline that some people carry off on auto tours,

which is not ordinarily connected with our whole system of communication. They say that if you can concentrate on the lower part of your backbone long enough, and go through certain appropriate exercises you can release this reservoir of nervous energy so it will flow in all over you so to speak and you will shortly become a superman.

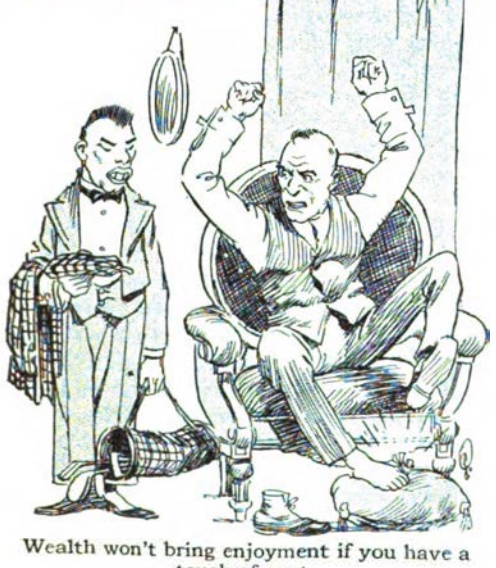
Well, maybe it is so. If it is so, then we ought to try it on our congressmen first, and if it works with them we might try it on some of our mayors and then on others. Some people have already declared that America is already a race of supermen, but this has not yet been fully confirmed by results, and until it has been, we must, I assume, go on humbly trying to make ourselves better.



Somebody might hit you on the head. But the damage would be temporary

In my opinion this can be done physically, more easily through your backbone than in any other way. But I don't believe, just now, in applying it to too many theories. I believe in taking our backbones just as they are, and making the most of them. If we put our minds on them, they will always meet us half way.

Now when you come right down to it—down to brass tacks, as they say—what is the thing you want most in the world? I would be willing to bet that there would be more than one answer to this question; indeed, that there would be almost as many answers to it as there are people, and this because, as a rule, people don't stop to think. In most cases it might be money. Yet you would be astonished, if you tried it on a group of average people how little money would actually appear in their answers. Of course, everybody wants money—that is, sufficient to get along on, but beyond this there are so many other things more important. So that among a lot of people, most of the answers to this question would vary greatly according to their particular sets of alleged troubles. I say "alleged" advisedly; for, as a rule, John Smith's troubles are not troubles at all to anybody else, and they are only what he himself *alleges* them to be.



Wealth won't bring enjoyment if you have a touch of gout

Yet I think I can provide an answer to the question I have propounded which for practical purposes will be satisfactory to the majority. And it seems to me that what most of us want in this world is just to feel good.

It is quite easy for me to get this idea home to everybody, because all of us have gone through this experience of feeling good at some time in our lives. Maybe there are some of us who "feel good" most of the time. But I am obliged to state that, so far as my observation goes, most of us do not feel good even a part of the time. We are tired, we are discouraged, we are disappointed, we are harried by regrets. These bad words and others I might mention are just barnacle words that cling to the side of the backbone that is set in its curve. To feel good is a high art that few practice because they haven't the backbone to do it with. It requires courage, determination, self-control and persistence, and, in the long run, nothing pays like the judicious application of these good words to one's backbone.

Youth feels good, but doesn't know it, because it has never felt any other way. It is only when youth begins to grow up and runs into difficulties and gets poison into its system, that it begins to stop feeling good. Of course, when

I speak of youth in this way, I speak of favored youth: I do not speak of the youth of the slums, of all the youth that is ill-nourished and prematurely stunted. Charles Dickens was like that. As a child, he probably never felt good. He suffered, and the iron of a great remorseless city entered into his soul, but Dickens had a backbone and from the deep of London he gazed into the blue vault of heaven and taught the world what power can come out of suffering, when the sufferer has courage and genius.

And you remember that it was Thackeray who said that if a man had ever so much money and a painful toe, he couldn't enjoy himself so very much after all. The philosopher is so much better a one when he has no toothache.

THAT feeling good I speak of, which you know so well—although it may pay you such infrequent visits—and which makes you glad that you are alive, when you swing along with your head up and a song in your heart, and all the world looks so beautiful. What is it? Is it physical, or mental, or spiritual?

Well, it is all of these. Our real difficulty, when we begin to think of these things, is to assume that they are separate and independent of one another. The truth is that they all go together. Instead of being separate, they are more or less interlocked and dependent. Let us, however, understand this apparently mysterious matter more simply. For instance, a man with a poor body may be highly spiritual and a man with a highly developed body, such as that of a prize fighter, may not be spiritual at all. How about that?

If you will stop to think a moment, you will see that men who have achieved a great deal mentally or spiritually have always had bodies perfectly adapted to their requirements. Kant, for example, was more or less of an invalid all his life: this made it necessary for him to exercise the greatest self-control, so he regulated his habits so carefully that the neighbors set their clocks by his daily walk, and he lived to be over eighty. It is a mistake to suppose that a body in which the muscles are highly developed is necessarily healthy. We have the internal organs to reckon with and internal organs, such as the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the heart, and the lungs, are not any more enduring because a more or less mountainous muscular system has been exercised around them. That is why athletes live shorter lives than thinkers.

The good feeling I speak of, therefore, is not all physical. It concerns the whole man. And now let me ask you if you have noticed in your own life that if you happen to have something that worries you, you will worry about it more at some periods than you will at others? The worry itself—that is, the condition out of which the worry comes—remains the same; but if you happen to wake up in the middle of the night you will feel worse about it than you will in the middle of the day.

And do you know the reason for this? There is more than one reason, of course; but the main one is that in the night your backbone is horizontal, while in the daytime it is perpendicular—that is, up and down. And so, when a man gets worried at night until he can't stand it, he will often get up and walk the floor. The moment his backbone is upright, he feels better. The upright backbone is the difference between man and the animals. The courage of an animal is inspired by his hunger and limited by his crouch. A man's courage is what we call moral because he stands erect. He can endure more than animals, has much greater powers of resistance, because of this fact. The first step toward getting rid of your worry, therefore, is to stand up and get your backbone straight. To prove this you have only to go back to those moments when you had that good feeling, and you will find that you always unconsciously did this. We are pretty apt to carry out automatically in our bodies what we feel mentally or morally or spiritually.

THE next question is: Which should we do first? Or, to put it in another way: Does the body control the mind or the mind the body?

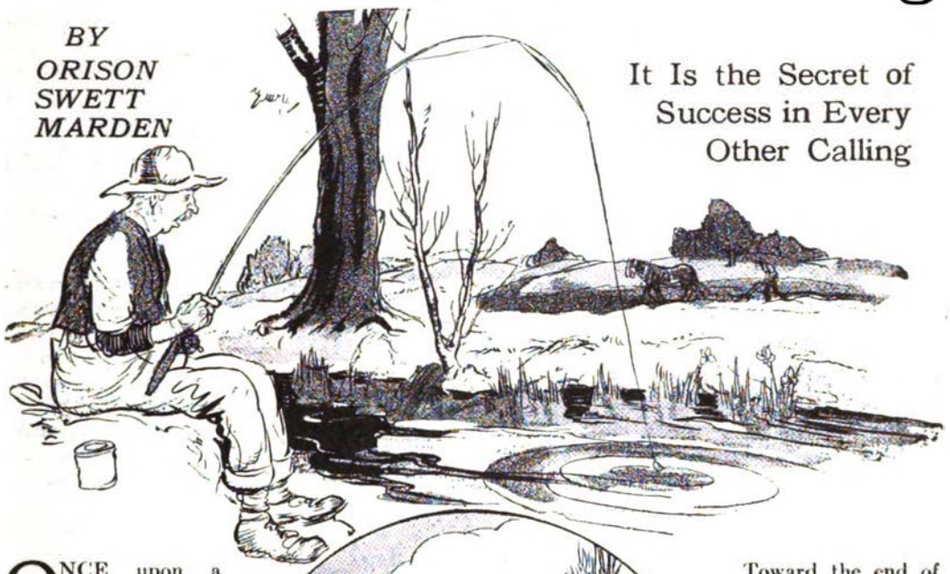
That is an interesting question, and a great many able minds have struggled with it. Personally, I don't think it can be answered, because my own belief is that the control is back of the man himself. The spirit that a man has, call it mind or whatever, undoubtedly runs out through a man's body: thus men with sensitive souls have sensitive bodies. Witness Keats and his extraordinary antipathies, or, for that matter, any first-rank poet. Witness Balzac who, if he concentrated his mind on the thought that his finger was cut, actually suffered from the pain. The fact is that for practical purposes we don't have to bother with this question at all. What we do have to bother with if we have any ambition to make the most of ourselves, is how to cultivate this art of feeling good, how to make it as permanent and enduring as possible. Feeling good is worth everything there is, for no matter how much money you have or how successful you are, you may be after all only a grouch, and unless you feel good you're only a failure.

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Secret of Good Farming

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

It Is the Secret of Success in Every Other Calling



ONCE upon a time, a farmer said to himself when the spring came: "I'm tired of spending all my time plowing, planting, and digging. I don't believe this continual drudgery-business is necessary. I have good land, and I'm sure my farm will produce sufficient to take care of me and my family, this year, without keeping my nose to the grindstone morning, noon, and night. So I'll just take a rest—and I'll have a good time, too, for once in my life."

He didn't feel nearly so tired as when he worked hard on the farm—but when autumn came—!

And, behold! The farmer, instead of plowing and planting and digging like all the other farmers in the neighborhood, loafed and took it easy He went to all the picnics and horse-races and county fairs and circus shows for miles around, and when there was nothing else in the way of amusement he went fishing. In fact, he had a jolly good time and he told himself that he didn't feel nearly so tired as when he used to work hard on the farm.

Toward the end of summer, however, he began to look a little anxious, for he couldn't see any crop for the high weeds which took the place on his farm that good corn and wheat occupied on his neighbor's. But then he had had his good time, and had no ground for complaint.

When autumn came, he went around the country a bit to see what other farmers were doing, and found them all as busy as bees, gathering in a rich harvest of grain and corn and potatoes, filling their barns with hay and their cellars with all kinds of delicious fruits and vegetables. Of course, they were working hard; but they joked and laughed, and were happy because they were producing something. Then a great feeling of envy filled the heart of the farmer; and when he realized that his barn and cellar were almost empty, that there was no harvest to refill them, he began to wail at a fate that treated him so ill and his neighbors so well.

You may say that this is only a fable—that no man outside an insane asylum would act as this farmer did. Yet there are multitudes who act just as foolishly. Everywhere we hear people who have failed through their own weakness, their shiftlessness and lack of ambition, berating fate for their hard luck and envying those who have succeeded. When they look around and see the achievements of sturdy men who have done big things, men who had no better opportunities than they had, they forget that their success traces way back through the years—perhaps half a century or more—in struggling, plowing and digging, in preparation, plodding, planning, thinking, toiling, failing and succeeding, going through a long series of ups and downs before they garnered their harvest.

I once heard a shiftless farmer, something like the one in the fable, complaining of the difference between his own lot and that of a prosperous neighbor, which, in his opinion, was all a matter of luck. "I have slaved all my life and have nothing to show for it, while Blank has made a fortune," he grumbled. "Why couldn't I have had his luck in hitting on good land instead of settling down on this poor worn-out soil? Any one could make a success of a farm like Blank's."

NOW, I happen to know just how Blank made such a wonderful success of his farm. Years ago, when he was a young man receiving only twenty-five cents a day, he resolved that he would bring the broadest culture, the most liberal education he could get, to the cultivation of the soil, and that some day he would have a show farm. He formed the habit of studying during every bit of his spare time, spending his evenings poring over scientific works, reading everything he could get hold of which related to the soil, or which could bring him power to raise the best possible crops. New possibilities in farming, new worlds of beauty and wonder opened up to him as he increased his knowledge. He could see wealth in what to the old-fashioned, uneducated farmer was a worn-out soil. Science told him how deficiencies could be supplied by fertilizing, and by alternating the crops. While experienced farmers would go on planting corn on the same piece of land for a dozen years, taking the same qualities from the soil each year until it became exhausted, he knew that an educated farmer, one who made a scientific study of farming, could get the best the land was capable of producing every year by introducing crops that would take different properties from the soil.

THE result of all this study and preparation was that, when young Blank took an old worn-out farm, supposed to be worthless, he performed what to his ignorant neighbors was a miracle. He merely applied his scientific knowledge and the fruits of years of observation and experience to his work; but to them he seemed a magician who but touched the soil and riches leaped out to him. They could not understand how he could produce such magnificent crops and take all the prizes at fairs with his superior horses, cattle, sheep, and farm products. His farm, with its beautiful buildings, its fine home with library and works of art, its laboratory for soil experiment, became the show place of the neighborhood. People interested in scientific farming came from all quarters to see it. The place seemed like an oasis in the midst of a desert. Yet the soil of this farm was of the same quality as that of hundreds of other neighboring farms.

IF you are living in the sense of limitation, the sense of lack, the results of your effort will show it. You can't carry the poor-house attitude and yet head toward prosperity in your work. What you think, what engrosses your mind will correspond with what you will express in your business or profession.

Just what made Blank's farm a success and his shiftless neighbors' a failure? Mixing brains with the soil; putting intelligence in place of ignorance; energy and ambition in place of idleness and shiftlessness. This is what makes the difference between success and failure in every kind of human effort. The secret of success in farming is the secret of success in every calling—thorough preparation for the work, added to persistence, energy and enthusiasm in its pursuit, and the ambition, backed by constant effort, to be king in your line.

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

Winchell Smith

Wizard of the Art of Modern Play Construction, He Is Known to His Craft Simply as a "Play Doctor"

He Tells Why Five of the Greatest Theatrical Successes of Recent Years—"Turn to the Right," "Lightnin'," "Three Wise Fools," "The First Year" and "Dear Me!" Are Owing to His Peculiar Knowledge of what the Public Wants

By A. F. HARLOW

A SHORT time ago, a new play appeared on Broadway, with the names of no less than seven authors on the program as having been responsible for it, more or less; but, as one critic remarked, humorously, "Much to the surprise of everyone, Winchell Smith's was not among them."

The inference is that Winchell Smith's is one of the names we have with us so continuously, that we have come to expect it to be branded on a goodly percentage of the new plays that are put forth—particularly if they are good ones. For example—just to mention a few of his recent successes—"Lightnin'" and "The First Year" are two of the greatest "hits" New York ever saw; "Dear Me," which he staged for the authors, has been delighting crowded houses for several months; "Three Wise Fools" and "Turn to the Right" are still going strong after several seasons of metropolitan prosperity. Sometimes Winchell Smith is the author; sometimes collaborator; sometimes he has dramatized a novel; sometimes he has merely taken another writer's play and given it just the few touches and a twist that it lacked to make it a success. In practically every case, it is necessary for him to direct the staging of the play to make it a "sure-fire hit." In this he is unique—one might say, a wizard. Such a combination of author and director is rare.

It was my pleasure to talk to Mr. Smith for THE NEW SUCCESS, about his work and his career, while his newest play, "The Wheel," was just coming into being. It is to have its first presentation at Atlantic City—just a try-out, of course—for only the Great Mystery that dominates the theater knows whether or not it will be a success. Mr. Smith says that this element of uncertainty is one of the chief fascinations of the drama.

It is a homely and engaging personality that one finds in this master of stagecraft. You are attracted at once by the rather deeply lined but friendly, humorous face, with eyes that twinkle expectantly through big spectacles. Winchell Smith is apt to wear an easy-fitting suit of rough tweeds, a soft, colored collar and comfortable tan shoes. An approachable, everyday sort of regular fellow without frills—and a good story-teller, too, by the way.

ONE thing that stands out prominently in Winchell Smith's career is singleness of purpose. He doesn't realize this himself, but it is true. There was never any doubt in his mind as to the profession he wanted to adopt; and, once in it, he wanted to reach the top. Just which of the three pinnacles of the Temple of Thespis—writing, producing, or acting—he wished to attain, was not for a time entirely clear; but there was a definite and persistent striving towards the heights.

"I was born in Hartford, Connecticut," he said, as he lay back in an easy-chair in his room at the Astor Hotel, one evening after a hard day of rehearsals, "and was stage-struck from the start. After I had managed to get through high school without disgrace, my parents sadly and reluctantly abandoned further educational plans for me, and father endeavored to save what he could of the wreck by taking me into the grain business with him. But it was soon evident that I was miscast in that part, and so, at the age of twenty, I finally gained his consent to engage in a dramatic career. I came down to New York and studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, incidentally getting my first job in the theater, a sort of property assistant—moving furniture on and off the stage at fifty cents a

night. Since that time, I have done practically everything that there is to do about a theater except play soubrette parts. The variety of my experience has been of incalculable value to me. I fancy that thorough acquaintance with the various jobs in any other business, from the bottom up, is equally desirable as a factor of success in each particular line.

"Well, I got into acting and played parts for fourteen years. Part of the time, I was stage-managing—with or without a speaking part. But I was always unsatisfied. I wasn't getting anywhere. I may not have had the makings of a great actor in me—anyhow, I seemed to be useful chiefly for character parts—sometimes merely 'bits,' as we call small parts on the stage—which, somehow, didn't increase my fame. I could play an old man this week, go into 'blackface' next week, and play a comic Dutchman or a hobo the week after; but something — perhaps it was because I was cursed with the name of Smith—was standing between me and those heavenly twins, Fame and Fortune.

REGARDING Success—some men merely grow, but others only swell

"Cudgeling my wits for ideas, I realized that one might find a good market in digging up good plays from the wilderness of obscurity and selling them to big producers, claiming commissions from both the producer and the playwright. With this idea sizzling, I began reading the unripe efforts of unknown authors. I suppose I must have read a thousand manuscripts, more or less.

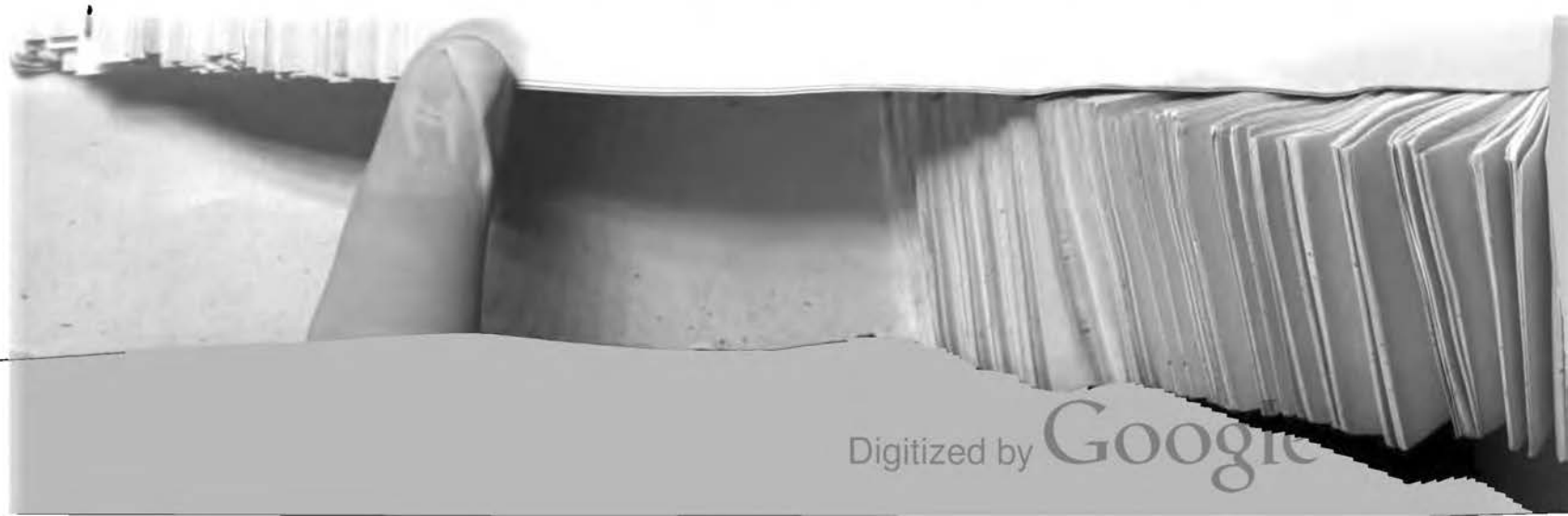
"Finally, I ran across Henry M. Blossom, a young author, now dead, who had a play called 'Checkers.' That play made a hit with me instantly. I thought I saw a big success in it, and I decided to bring it to Charles Frohman's attention, if possible. I had never seen Mr. Frohman, though I had been playing in his companies for five years. But William Gillette was a good friend of mine—I had played with him in 'Secret Service'—and he gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Frohman. The great producer didn't trouble himself to read my manuscript, but said, 'Take it back and let Gillette read it. If he says I ought to produce it, I'll produce it.'

"Much elated, I hurried the script back to Gillette. My hope was that, when it was produced, I might handle the leading part. So I was utterly prostrated when Gillette informed me, a few days later, that he couldn't recommend it as a good play. I should have known that it wasn't the sort of thing that would appeal to him. He knew nothing about racing or modern slang, and that dialogue in the patois of the multitude was Greek to him. Some time afterwards, when the play had been produced through the agency of another man and was simply coining money, Gillette declared that he was absolutely appalled by its success. He feared that he had blighted my career. 'But,' he added, 'there is one consolation left us—you would have been a dismal failure in the leading rôle!' "

It is evident that Winchell Smith had a pretty keen sense of dramatic values, even in the days before he realized that he could write; for out of the multitudes of unknown manuscripts that he read, he picked, with quick instinct, a play that, although condemned by older heads than his, made one of the phenomenal successes of the American stage.

"That incident rather put a crimp in my aspirations as a play broker," Mr. Smith went on. "But presently I got into the business of staging plays for various producers who were not willing or not able to pay top prices for the work. Fred Thompson, he who built the Hippodrome, had acquired the dramatic rights to George B. McCutcheon's novel, 'Brewster's Millions,' and had engaged Edward Abeles to play the lead. He asked Mr. Abeles who would be a good man to direct the production, and Abeles told him that he knew of a fellow named Smith who could be had for about half price and wasn't bad, at that. Thompson sent for me, and I agreed to begin rehearsals on July first, as he wanted the play ready to open the first of August. But when I went to him on the first of July, he told me that his writer had failed to deliver the manuscript—in fact, there wasn't a line of it written; and the only helpful suggestion he could make was that I write the script myself!

"Well, I had never written a line of a play in my life, and I hadn't full confidence in my ability to handle dialogue, so I got a fellow who was something of a writer to help me, intending to block out the story into acts and



scenes myself, and let the other man write the lines. But I soon discovered that he was too flowery to write a snappy story like 'Brewster's Millions,' so I finally did practically the whole thing myself; and there I was—a playwright.

"Thompson had informed me that the royalty on the play would be five per cent, half of which would go to the author of the book and half to me. As I had agreed to give half of my share to my collaborator, I had only one and a quarter per cent left; but, let me tell you, one and a quarter per cent on, say $10,000 a week isn't to be sniffed at by a man who had been earning only sufficient for a very ordinary living.

"That Brewster affair gave me confidence in myself, and I was ready to tackle anything. Next, Thompson got me to make 'Polly of the Circus' into a play for Mabel Taliaferro; then I doctored up another play, and then I wrote my first entirely original script, 'The Fortune Hunter,' which was a success."

GENIUS has a twin Brother by the name of Persevere

Since that time, Mr. Smith has staged numberless plays—he, himself, doesn't know how many—most of which he dramatized from stories or remodeled or "doctored." He is best known as a "play doctor"—a man who can take a feeble, driveling hulk of a play and inject into it an elixir of his own compounding that will inspirit it, make it amuse you, thrill you, or inspire you. To vary the metaphor a bit, scores of writers have come to him with more or less crude bits of mechanism and said, "Here, Smith, fix this so it will run." And Smith can generally tell at a glance what little gear wheel has been left out. If he can't repair the thing, nobody can. Sometimes when he gets through with it, the resulting play is so different from the original idea that its own father doesn't know it; but it's a good play, and the public goes to see it, and that's what counts.

Of all the plays that he has staged, his new one, "The Wheel," is only his third entirely original manuscript.

"Lightnin' " was written by him with a play, "The House Divided," by Frank Bacon, as a starting point. Smith produced the play because he promised Bacon that he would; but he hadn't much confidence in its success.

"On the night of its *première* in New York," says Winchell Smith, "I was behind the scenes, and the prologue and the first act seemed to me to drag terribly. At the end of the first act, the house manager came back and said, 'Well, I'm afraid it's a fluke. Audience don't seem enthusiastic—critics don't like it.' I was afraid so, too, but the courtroom scene in the next act completely reversed both public and critical opinion, and the success of the piece was assured."

That was on August 26, 1918. As this is being written, "Lightnin' " has long since passed 1100 performances at the Gayety Theater, Manhattan. It has been running without an intermission for nearly three solid years—a run without a parallel in dramatic history. Eight performances are given every week. Indications are that it could continue in New York City for three years more, or even longer. During its first few months, the producers had no idea that it would last longer than a year, so they arranged to move it to Chicago the following fall. But seats continued to sell weeks in advance, and they managed to get a cancellation of the Chicago engagement. Then they said, "Two years will certainly be the limit," and they agreed again to go to Chicago in the fall of 1920. But last year, the play was still going strong, and once more they induced the Chicago people to cancel the contract; but still looking to the future, as must be done in the theatrical business, they entered into another contract to open in Chicago on Labor Day of this year. Now they would give anything they possess to have that contract abrogated; but Chicago wants to see Bacon, and shows no disposition to let them off. Otherwise, perchance, he might play "Lightnin' " at the Gayety for the rest of his life.

Mr. Smith says that, from a dramatist's standpoint, the play is full of faults; but the public likes it, so what are you to do?

As to "The First Year," that marvelously human comedy of a young wedded couple's beginnings, reviewed in THE NEW SUCCESS for June, which has been running since last October, and which continues to be sold out weeks in advance, Mr. Smith says that his principal task with it was one of elimination. Frank

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WINCHELL SMITH

Because of his keen knowledge of human nature he has made glittering successes of hopeless plays

Craven, who stars in the piece, wrote the original script, and it was good; but there was a little too much of it. Winchell Smith and John Golden, the producer, were a little lukewarm as to its value, but thought they would at least break even on it. Smith slashed it vigorously, made a few changes here and there, and then wove the peculiar magic of his direction into it. His work on the first act is an interesting example of the sureness of his touch. His artistry in creating a situation is the marvel of modern dramaturgy.

"We cut out at least fifty per cent of the lines," he says. "The first and third acts take place in the living room of a country-town home in the evening, and at such a time and place very little happens, as a rule. The characters sit about, exchanging a word now and then, but the *realism* of the scene is due largely to the long pauses. I almost had to use a baton on the players to get them to slow down to the desired tempo. Now that they have the swing of it, you could hardly get them to play it rapidly if you tried. To show you how much silence there is in the play, after we had cut out fully half the lines and established the tempo, it took us two minutes longer to play the act than it had taken us in its original form."

I ATTENDED some rehearsals of Mr. Smith's new play, "The Wheel," and although the scene was the bare, cluttered stage of the Gayety, with the scenery of "Lightnin'" stacked apparently helter-skelter against the real wall, although the players all wore street attire, and though the scenes were played in fragmentary, disjointed style, yet I thought I could see a strong, gripping story showing through the chaos. The story paints a vivid picture of the horrors of the gambling mania, and establishes a great moral lesson. There is a rich auxiliary vein of comedy carried through it, too.

When directing, Mr. Smith is the same calm, easy-going, good fellow that he is elsewhere. His patience and good humor are unlimited, and the players seem to respond with an eagerness to satisfy him. There is no lack of firmness, however. He insists upon a line being spoken just as it should be spoken, and if the actor does not get the proper inflection at first, he kindly and patiently repeats it again and again until it is given just as he wants it. When he finally says, "That's fine!" or "That's bully!" sometimes accompanying the remark with a clap on the shoulder, the approbation is so hearty that it is like a decoration.

One of the acts in "The Wheel" shows a stirring scene in a gambling house, with roulette wheels going full blast. That scene is giving its creator what he says is the most difficult task in his experience. Among other perplexities, the lines have been written to synchronize with the spinning of the ball on the wheel. In other words, the ball must stop rolling and drop into its pocket just at the proper point in the dialogue. Any one who thinks this is easy to arrange is welcome to try it. But Winchell Smith gloats over such difficulties. Because it is the hardest task of his career, he says it is the most fascinating.

He never writes his last act until he is well along with the rehearsals of those which go before. Things nearly always develop during those earlier acts which change the concluding lines somewhat from his first concept of them. I saw the players when, for the first time, they read the last act of "The Wheel." After a rehearsal of previous scenes, Mr. Smith passed around the parts for the last act, and the players sat about him, in a semicircle and read the act through, each actor then reading his own part. I had never supposed that actors would so heartily enjoy the written humor in a manuscript. They laughed uproariously at the comedy lines of *Sam* and *Nora*. If the play gets as many laughs from the audience as it did from the actors that day, there should be much good cheer in the box-office. But Smith says, "You can't tell! It may fall flat."

"THERE is no more fascinating mystery in the world than that of the box-office," he went on. "Why do people go to see a certain play and refuse to accept another that, by all tests, is a better one? I wish I knew! Psychologists have made exhaustive studies of human beings, and have figured out largely what they will do under many given conditions, but not one of these exper s could read a play or see its dress rehearsal, and tell with any degree of accuracy whether or not the people are going to like it.

"Another fellow and I once figured out a formula for a successful play. I don't remember the figures, but we had a certain percentage of importance for plot, another for dialogue, and so on. The figures don't matter, as they probably weren't strictly accurate, anyhow; but we felt pretty certain that—on a basis of one hundred per cent as perfection—if a play could muster sufficient merit of plot, dialogue, scenery, or character, to score sixty per cent, it would be a money-maker; if sixty-five or seventy, it would be a great success.

(*Continued on page* 116)

MARY SINGER'S NEW STORY

"Yea, bo! I've lost my job"

Have you lost your job? Then throw up your arms and yell, "Three cheers!" Many a man's eyes are opened to his true ability only when he does lose his job. David Pritchard's surely were

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

FIRED! Dismissed after twenty years of faithful service! Discharged with a scant two weeks' pay to serve in lieu of notice.

David Pritchard stared hard at the pink slip that so summarily severed his connections with the Winthrop Hardware Works. He couldn't quite comprehend it. Surely, there must be a mistake. It couldn't be! Someone had blundered somewhere. Why, old man Winthrop would rise from his grave if he knew—

Ah! But he didn't know. That was the rub. He didn't know that his two young sons had hardly waited for the ground to close above him, before they literally tore down the great system he had labored twenty years to erect. They had ruthlessly dismissed men who had given the best part of their lives to the growth of the factory, and had installed in their places a lot of new men and women who bustled around all day, disturbing one's peace of mind. There were new machines, new devices in the furnace rooms, new contraptions in the bookkeeping department—new things that clattered and made too much noise for all their record of efficiency.

David Pritchard had watched all these changes; but, somehow, he had never thought of them as affecting him. That he should be discharged! When one has worked in a place twenty years and has seen it grow from a one-room affair to a ten-story factory, with similar buildings in three other cities, the thought of dismissal is very strange.

He had come to John Winthrop, senior, as a young man of twenty-five, just married and just starting out in a life's work. Why, he remembered the times when this very same John Winthrop, junior, who now ruled so high-handedly in his father's place, had toddled into the old factory and begged to be carried on his back. He had made his first sled for him—hammered it together out of boards used for crating, and then taken half of his lunch hour to ride him about the snow-covered streets.

He had grown up with the works, had David Pritchard. They were part of him. He knew every detail of the great organization, from the buying of the raw materials to the shipping. At a moment's notice, he could jump in and fill any man's place. And the last seven or eight years had been particularly peaceful ones. He had found his niche as a sort of supervisory bookkeeper. It was an easy post, quiet, methodical, and it brought him fifty dollars weekly. Strikes never affected him; he had under him men who were rather like old friends than coworkers; there was nothing to throw him out of his usual routine; he performed his duties leisurely, regularly, like an old habit.

And now—now he was fired! And the only thing he had to show for twenty years of labor was a paltry two weeks' salary. No spoken good-by, no explanations, not even a written word of regret. Just dismissed.

MECHANICALLY, his mind filled with brooding thoughts at the injustice of a callous world, David Pritchard took his usual way homeward and turned in at his own gate. In the hall, he hung his hat on its accustomed peg and started toward the kitchen at the back.

"That you, Dave?"

"Yes."

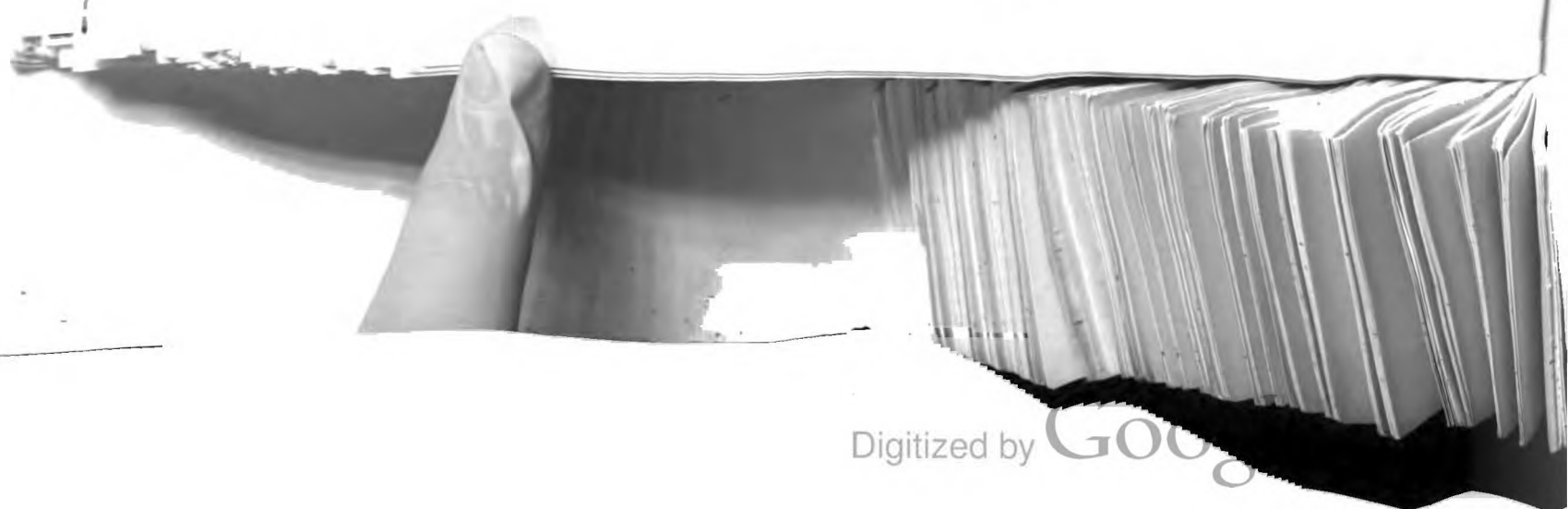
"Oh! Come in, quick! I've got my hands in this dough and can't budge. Dave!" as he appeared in the doorway and met the flushed face that was turned eagerly toward him, "You'll never guess what has happened! The most wonderful thing!"

David Pritchard approached his wife quietly and placed a gentle kiss on her lips.

"Dav—id! Look out! You'll get all messed up with this flour! Aren't you even anxious to know?"

"Sure. What's happened?"

"It's Helen! She's engaged to Rob Gilmore! Isn't that wonderful? To think that he'd choose our little girl of all the smart girls he knows!



He's a fine boy, Dave, young, strong, full of ambition. Just think! He's hardly twenty-seven and he has his own car, a big bank-account, a fine job, and he's so good to his mother! Everyone remarks on the way he treats her. David, I never thought such wonderful luck would come to our Helen. Don't you think—"

"Yes, yes!" agreed David Pritchard, but there was no enthusiasm behind his words. His wife chattered happily on:

"HE was here just a while ago. They went down town for something. And he wants Helen to stop work right now. He offered to pay her board and food until she marries. But I told him right off we were well able to take care of her ourselves. Helen's so happy, she can hardly stand still a minute. They're coming back here to supper, so you better go upstairs and change."

The unreasoning dislike which David Pritchard had always felt for Robert Gilmore, now crystallized itself into a definite grievance. He was one of those new hustlers—bustling, energetic, mad to get to the goal in one breathless rush, stepping ruthlessly over obstacles, crushing everything that rose to say them nay—even the men who had once carried them on their backs and taught them to spin their first tops. He had no sentiment, no heart. Typical of the new generation, he was cold and calculating. He took what he wanted and forgot whom he took it from.

Now he wanted Helen, and, characteristically, he was taking her by every power known to man, buying her affection with gifts and promises. But he couldn't make her happy. Such men never could. They married, not out of love, but out of the desire to fill a need. They were selfishly motivated. They couldn't make the fine sacrifices; they couldn't be as considerate, as patient, as forbearing, as the older generation who took their women out

Most men, at his time of life, were busy reaping the profits of a useful business career

of love and labored in a thousand ways to make them happy. He would have a long talk with Helen. He would put the whole thing clearly—

And on the heels of his thought, the front door snapped shut. Faintly, he heard excited talking downstairs; then footsteps pattered toward him with a click-clack that announced high French heels.

"Da—ad! Dad!"

"Coming," he answered.

But before he had time to go to the door, a radiant vision in summery white flew into the room and almost strangled him in an embrace of soft, warm arms.

"Oh, daddy! I'm the happiest girl in all the world! Look!"

IN spite of himself, David Pritchard was drawn into an exclamation at sight of the great, sparkling diamond she proudly exhibited. It certainly was big enough and brilliant. Such a ring must have cost—. His eyes traveled to his daughter's round, smooth face and were held by her own glorious eyes that glowed with a new light. Their radiance fairly dazzled him and quite obliterated his previously formed intention to have a long talk, to explain matters, to point out the foolishness of marrying a man like Robert Gilmore. Instead, he took his very young, very pretty daughter in his arms and kissed her.

"Are you sure you love him, Helen?"

"Dad! What a question! He's wonderful! He says—oh—the nicest things! And everybody else thinks so much of him. You ought to see how every one down at the bank shook hands with him and congratulated him. The president told me I ought to be a very happy woman with such a man. Why don't you like him?"

"Wha—what? Why—why I *do* like him, Helen."

"Oh, daddy, that's a whopper! You know you don't. And you can't fool me. I felt it all along."

"Nonsense. It's your imagination. I've got nothing against the young man. Moreover, if he makes you happy— Come now! There's mother calling. We'd better go down stairs."

Somehow, David Pritchard managed to get through that day and the Sunday that followed. Numberless thoughts seethed through his mind; grievances poisonously brooded in his soul; and silent revolts at the irony of fate tore at his consciousness. Wasn't it just like the very contrariness of things for him to lose his job just when he needed it most?

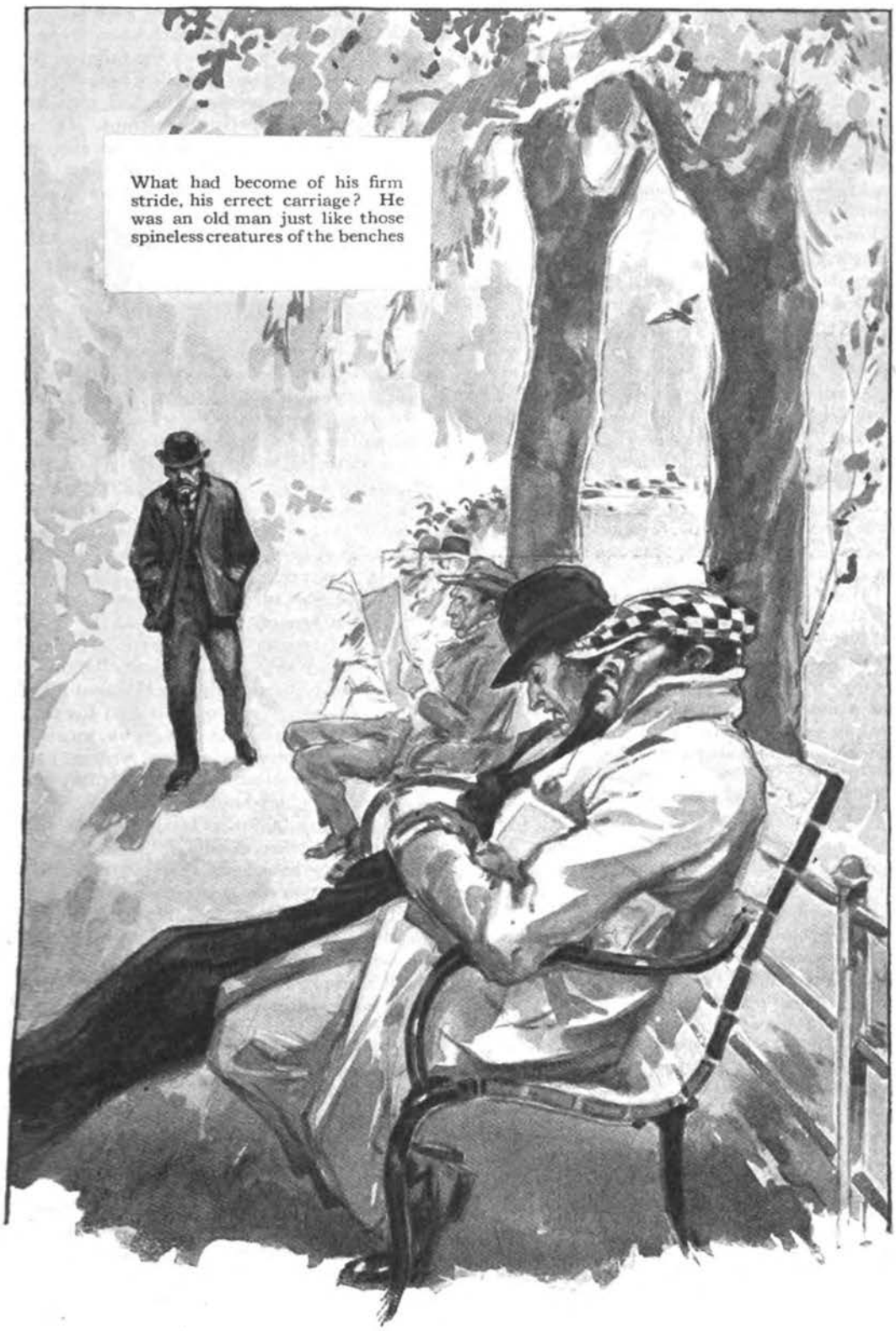
What was he to do now? Where was there a place for a man approaching middle age? Most men, at his time of life, were busy reaping the profits of a useful business career. They weren't rushing about trying to find new jobs. How could he hope to compete with the energetic youngsters who were everywhere bucking the game? He was used up. He was old. He ought to be sitting in a rocker on his front porch, living on the interest of his savings. Where could he turn first?

Monday morning came, and sheer force of habit drew him from his bed at seven o'clock. He had not yet told Evie, his wife, that he had been dismissed; so when he came downstairs, his breakfast was, as usual, ready for him. Silently he ate, then rose, kissed Evie, and departed. With his accustomed precision, he snapped the front gate and started down the street at the same regular stride that brought him, within three-quarters of an hour, to the Winthrop Hardware Works. And so perfectly, so automatically, did habit perform its function, that he had almost turned in at the door when he checked himself with a start and realized that he no longer belonged here.

He crossed the street and sat on the steps of a brownstone house, lifting his eyes to the great, white factory. How tall a building it was! How many windows it had! Never before had he realized what an imposing structure was this place where he had spent the better part of his years. Up to now it had been but a large door through which he had passed twice a day. He had never stood off and viewed it. He had lost his perspective. He was like the forester who is so engrossed in clearing the small road before him, that he fails to grasp the beauty of the great woods that surround him.

WHAT were those words above the door? *Industria et Progressia*. That meant industry and progress. Funny that he had never noted them before. Dully, he wondered whether the other workers had ever thought of their meaning. As he stared at those words, a shade went up in the building and the blonde head of Miss Newcomb, the secretary, appeared at the window for an instant.

What an enigma she was! In his day no one ever saw women like her in such positions. She dressed like a fashion plate, with a subdued elegance that befitted women of high station. Her nails were always glisteningly polished, her face carefully powdered to present at all times an appearance of freshness, and her hair smooth, sleek, and artistically coifed. Yet she worked with the efficiency and smoothness of a well-oiled machine.



And the men—the new men in the works—were just like her. When David Pritchard had been a young workingman, he went off in the morning in a third-best suit with his luncheon in a parcel under his arm. But these workers—these bumptious, new hustlers—when you saw them starting off to work, you thought they were bank presidents. And when they came back, they were just as immaculate. What a world—what a world this was!

For a whole week, David Pritchard sat off and regarded the factory that had been his aim every day for twenty years. In that week he learned a good many things about the Winthrop Hardware Works that he hadn't known before. In that week he learned, too, what it is to go about with a heavy heart that grew heavier with each passing day. He learned what it is to smile, to rejoice in Helen's good fortune, to feign enthusiasm before his wife, when all the time he was inwardly sick with too much gnawing.

Another Monday morning came around, and as he made his way to the brownstone house, he was surprised to find someone else sitting in his accustomed place.

"Well—why—Holden! You too?"

"Me too."

"When?"

"Saturday. Just found a slip of paper telling me my services were no longer required. There was a note, however, which suggested that I work in some other factory for a while and return here in about six months."

"H-M," grunted David Pritchard. "Kind suggestion. More than I got. *I* was just told to get! Ah, Holden, if old man Winthrop knew what was going on. That's always the way. A man works all his life to build something big for his sons, and when he dies, they run it promptly to ruin."

"You said something then, Pritchard! But all the same I didn't expect such a raw deal from Junior. I can't help thinking that he always was sort of decent about things."

"Decent?" David Pritchard almost shrieked the word. "Do you call it decent to fire men who have worked for you a lifetime? Do you call it decent to throw a man out after he's given his best years to make you rich? That's what *he's* done. *I* can't see anything decent in that!"

And so, with a renewed recital of grievances, the second week of David Pritchard's inactivity began to wear away. And then, one night, just as he had recalled with a sort of pang that he wouldn't be able to give Evie fifty dollars this Saturday, he took a different path home—a path that lay through the park where congregated all the work-worn men, the failures, the shiftless, the cynics, and the railers against fate.

Only two weeks previous, he had regarded these idlers with impatient contempt. Often, as their querulous plaints reached his ears, he had a wild desire to grab hold of them and shake them into activity. He had wanted to yell at them, "Stop bemoaning your fate! Get up and work! Make the world give you what you want!"

YET now, as he caught snatches of conversation, it came to him with driving force that he was just like these men. For almost two weeks he too, had lived in a realm of past accomplishments. Day in and day out, he had let a grievance get the better of him, had let it sap the ambition from him and make of him a sour, mean thing.

He looked down at his feet and noted how he ambled along, almost aimlessly. What had become of his firm stride, of his erect carriage, of the poise of his head, of his clear gaze? In less than two weeks he had aged years. At forty-five he was an old man—just like these spineless creatures of the benches.

How could he ever have let himself believe such a thing? Why he, himself, knew dozens of men who were just accomplishing things at fifty! At fifty, old man Winthrop had seen his first big factory take form. At fifty—why, most of the really big statesmen, builders, writers, had achieved their greatest triumphs at fifty. It was an age of victory—not of failures!

Would he be a failure at forty-five? Would he fail Helen at her wedding? Would he be tortured by the knowledge that his only child must look back on the greatest moment of her life with a pang of hurt? Would he give that self-assured Robert a chance to reproach her with the fact that her father had let her go without a proper outfit, without a big wedding, without sufficient money to prove that she had not come to her husband quite penniless?

And Evie? Would he have to subject her to hardships all over again? Now, when she was all worn out with years of worrying, of saving, of pinching to pay for the house, would he have to make her start all over again? Perhaps they would have to mortgage the house and take in a roomer or two—

He couldn't! He couldn't. It wasn't right. He wouldn't have it so. There must be a way out. He'd find a way out! If he had to battle against a whole world; if he had to get things by sheer force; if he had to step over everything

that stood in his way; he would get what he wanted! He would wring it out by every effort known to man. He'd show that upstart Winthrop! He'd show him whether he could put him out by just—firing him.

There flashed across his mind a picture of himself at thirteen—fighting with the leader of an opposing gang. He could hear himself gasping for breath, delivering blows that grew weaker and weaker while his assailant gained in strength. And then he saw the other members of his opponent's gang coming toward him, and out of sheer frenzy he delivered a blow that all but killed in its fury.

He was up against the wall then. He was up against it now. Well—by Heaven!—

David Pritchard did not go back the next day to sit with Pat Holden and talk about the old days. Instead, he went to the bank and drew two hundred dollars.

"Evie," he said to his wife, "Here's some money. The firm's sending me to Buffalo for a few months. I'll send you more from there."

"You've broken all records in the short time you've been here. Nothing would please me more than to give you the position. But - - - I can't."

David Pritchard drew himself erect.

"But—but Dave. What about Helen? You know they are planning to be married in just about two months."

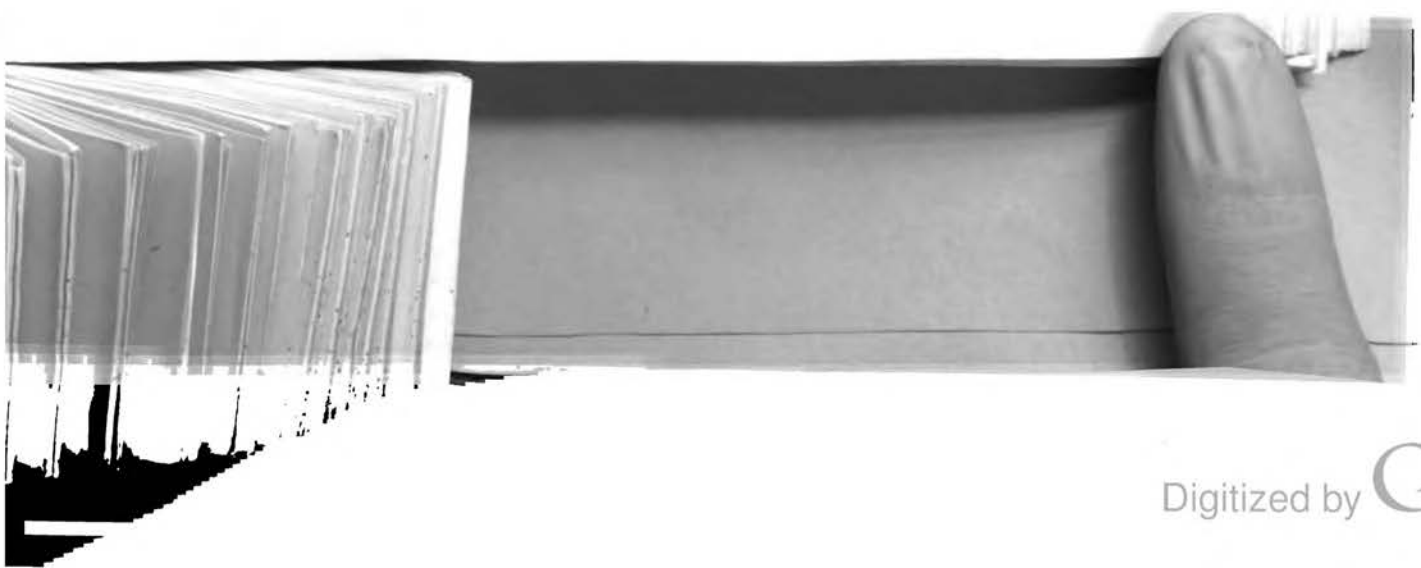
"I'll be back. Don't you worry. Our Helen won't go to the altar without me. I'll send her some money to buy things, too. Now—"

"Dave, do you know you've never been away from home in twenty—"

"I know. I know. But it can't be helped. Now be a good scout, old lady. Don't make it too hard for me to go."

Arrived in Buffalo, he made his way to the Winthrop Hardware Works No. 3, and nosed about for an opening. He knew that he could not apply for a position where too much would be asked about his previous experience. He must start where the pinch for help was most acute, where a ready arm would be welcomed

(*Continued on page* 112)



Stamina from the Country

A GREAT Roman prefect who was banished from the Imperial City by Vespasian and spent the remainder of his life, seven years, in the country, said: "I have passed sixty and ten years upon this earth, but I have lived only seven of them."

When Myron T. Herrick, the United States Ambassador to France, was asked the secret of his success, he replied: "First and foremost, I would say that the good health I got on the farm was the foundation of the equipment for my activities and whatever measure of success I have been able to achieve. The open-air life in the field and forest which instilled life and energy in me should have their just recognition as coming before all else."

HENRY WARD BEECHER, who reverenced nature because it revealed to him the unseen God, gave us in his "Star Papers" and "Eyes and Ears" unforgetable proofs of his love for her and his belief in Mother Earth as the unfailing source of our health and happiness.

The majority of the men who have made American history, who have put America in the forefront in every line of achievement, have been country bred. Do not forget, you successful men who have come from the country, that the secret of your staying-power came out of the soil, out of the healthful outdoor exercise, out of the sunshine, the pure air, the freedom from restraint in your play; that the very chores you were obliged to do in your boyhood, which you looked upon as terrible drawbacks to your happiness, contributed something to your present success; that your handiness with tools, the very muscle and initiative you developed in being compelled to make your own sleds, go-carts, toys and other things which are supplied ready made to the city boy, have had much to do with your all-around ability, your quickness of eye, your resourcefulness in planning and conducting your great business to-day.

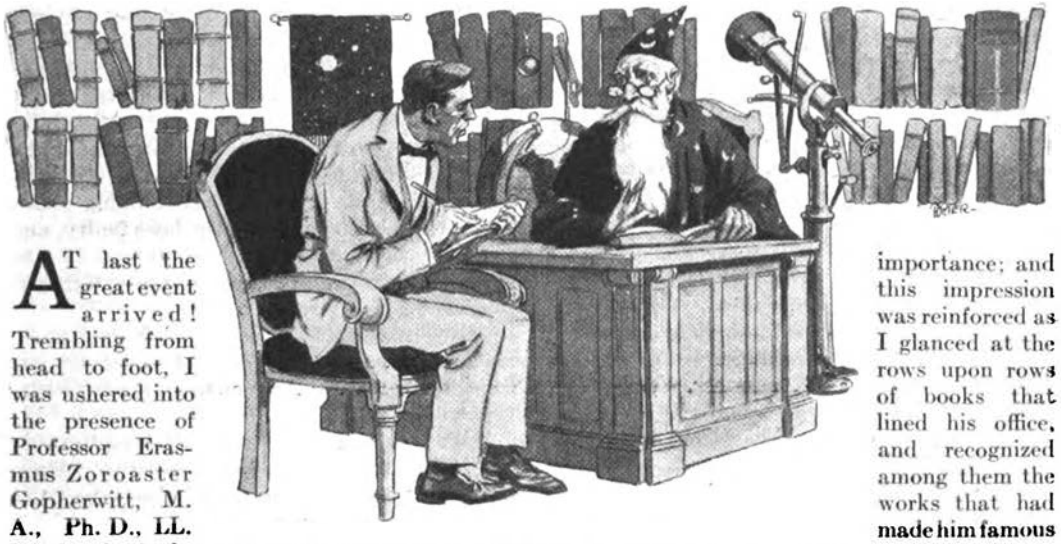
THE country not only furnishes stability, power, stamina, virility, but it is a great cure for morbidity, for all sorts of human ailments. It has a wonderful healing and rectifying influence on the whole nature. In the country we breathe in beauty, peace, health, masterfulness, at every pore. It is the laboratory in which nature makes men. It is the workshop in which she not only generates native force, but in which she conducts a vast system of human repairs and rejuvenation.

Have you planned your vacation yet?

What We Are Coming To

According to Professor E. Z. Gopherwitt of the University of Southern Afghanistan

By THE "SUCCESS" INTERVIEWER



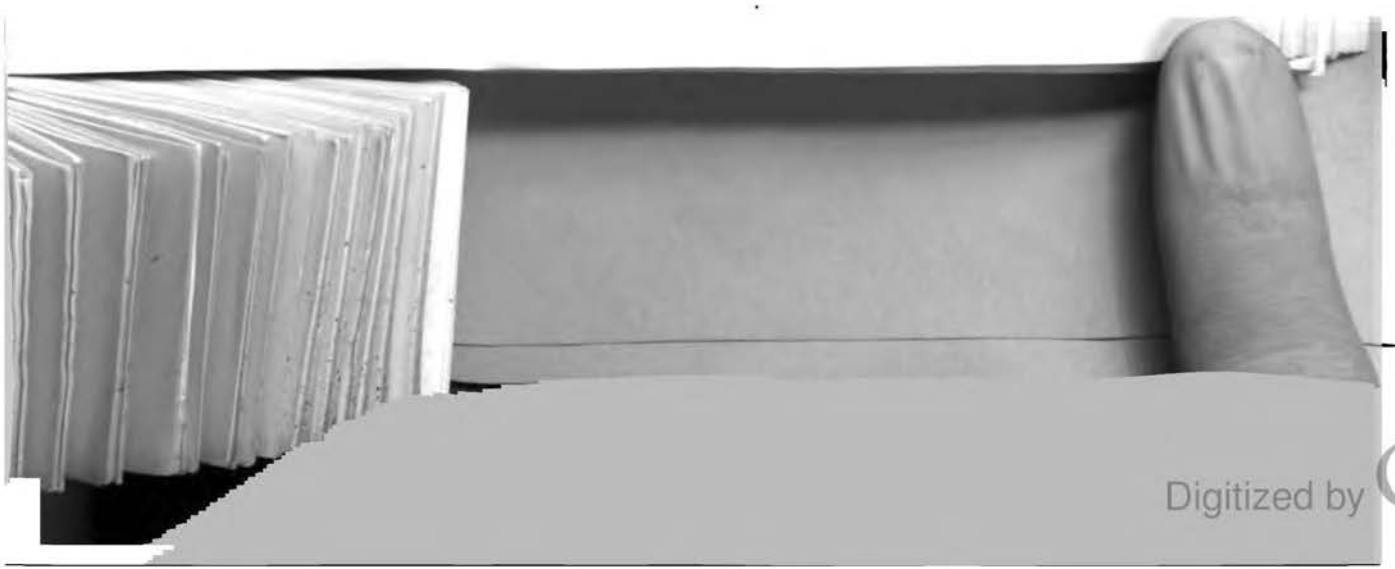
THINKING Machines, Standardized Happiness, Abolition of Sleep, Artificial Laughter, and "Business Over All" as the Motto of Every Nation.

AT last the great event arrived! Trembling from head to foot, I was ushered into the presence of Professor Erasmus Zoroaster Gopherwitt, M. A., Ph. D., LL. D., head of the Department of Lost Arts of the University of Southern Afghanistan. As might have been expected of such a celebrity, the Professor stared at me as if I did not exist, shook my hand automatically, and favored me with a smile that did not interrupt in the least the preoccupied expression of his long, thin face. "Just a minute, and I'll be with you," he said; and he returned to his volume on "The Relativity of the Irrelevant," devouring its contents ravenously through his great tortoise shell spectacles, and bending over it till he brushed the pages with his flowing white beard.

I had good reason to be agitated, for I had come all the way from America for an interview with Professor Gopherwitt, the world's greatest prophet and philosopher; and he had agreed to give me exclusive information regarding the trend of the times and the future of the human race. Such information from Professor Gopherwitt, I reflected, could not fail to be of universal importance; and this impression was reinforced as I glanced at the rows upon rows of books that lined his office, and recognized among them the works that had made him famous "The Homogeneity of the Heterogenous, or Simple Talks to Children;" "The Varieties of the Vacuous, or Inanities Not Commonly Understood," in eleven volumes; and "A History of the Future, from the Present Time Till the End," in thirty-six volumes.

"WELL, young man, what is it you want to know?" thundered the professor, depositing his book on the desk with a sudden bang.

For a moment I was too embarrassed to reply. Here was the great Gopherwitt actually talking to me. Was I able to rise to the occasion? I opened my mouth, but no words were forthcoming; but as the professor stared at me without a smile, I finally managed to stammer, "Professor Gopherwitt, you are known—you are known as the greatest living authority on the future. Now most of us are interested in the future, even if we haven't your knowledge



of it; and what I'd like to find out is what the world is coming to."

"What the world is coming to," repeated the professor, stroking his beard reflectively. "Ah, that is, indeed, a great question! Young man, if I were to tell you what the world is coming to, how do I know you wouldn't die of shock?"

"I'll take the chance," said I, feeling that I would die of shock if he didn't tell me.

"If you insist," agreed Gopherwitt, reluctantly, "I will let you into the secret. In the first place, the progress that you now observe in the world will continue indefinitely. At present, for example, we are making tremendous scientific advances; but compared to the inventions yet to be made, the phonograph and the wireless telephone are as nothing. One of the greatest conveniences of the future will be a thinking machine."

"A thinking machine!" I exclaimed. "But that isn't possible!"

"Your notions are antiquated, young man," the professor assured me, obviously amused. "Pretty soon thinking machines will be as common as straw hats in summer. Why, I'm working on one myself, and have it almost perfected. All a man will have to do will be to wear it around his neck in place of a collar, and it will do his thinking for him. Just consider what a boon that will be for poor suffering humanity! Consider what a blessing when for a few dollars any man may be supplied with artificial brains! The main trouble with the world, to-day, is that people have to think for themselves; and either they are respectable, and refuse to do so, or else they are reckless, and make an effort at reflection, with the result that they are regarded as cranks. Now all that will be changed by my invention. Individual thinking will come to be considered old-fashioned, if not positively immoral; there will be laws compelling every one to think artificially, by the aid of machines."

"BUT if every one thinks through a machine, won't we all think alike?" I objected.

"That's just the point!" exclaimed the professor, a gleam of pleasure in his eye. "The object is to make every one think alike! One of the gravest of present-day evils is that people think differently; social and political disturbances are due to the fact that the particular clique of thinkers which chances to be in power tries to force its beliefs on all other cliques; and whether we call the dominating group heroic or fanatical depends on which side of the fence we happen to belong. If, however, every one were to think what every one else is thinking, there would be no more strife or disagreement; as one man did, so all men would do; and the world would get along with machinelike smoothness."

"In that case, wouldn't it be better if no one thought at all?" I argued, believing I was launching a fatal blow at Gopherwitt's position.

"Oh, yes, that would be much better," he agreed, with an alacrity that surprised me. "Of course, we cannot hope for such a happy result as yet, although, ultimately, it will certainly come. For we know that, from a biological point of view, thinking is wrongful; it conflicts with natural laws, which never meant man to be a reflective creature; the back-to-nature movement necessarily demands the abolition of thought. Furthermore, the welfare of the State requires that thinking cease; for he who thinks may find the laws faulty, and therefore oppose them. The arrival of the Golden Age accordingly awaits the extermination of thinking men."

"How wonderful is science!" I exclaimed, realizing at last why Professor Gopherwitt was considered great. "Are you planning any other inventions?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," affirmed Gopherwitt, resting his chin reflectively on his palm. "Have you ever noticed, young man, that in spite of the scientific efficiency of the age, the methods of people in seeking happiness are crude, almost primitive? The public education in this direction has been sadly neglected; we go looking for happiness in a merely haphazard way; we seek to find it in love, or in wealth, power, position, or any one of a thousand pursuits; but do we ever think of applying the scientific knowledge of the times? Not at all, young man, not at all! Henceforth, true happiness will be of the scientific type; we will step on a machine, drop in a coin, and press a lever; and out will come patent happiness of a specified amount and of a certain value. This, you see, will be a logical development from the present tendency to seek happiness through money."

"MARVELOUS!" said I, wishing that the good days of marketable happiness had already arrived.

"There will even be ways of having a standardized happiness pumped to your home," continued the professor, warming to his subject. "You understand, it will all be a question of money and machinery, even as it is now. Likewise, we shall reduce such commodities as ambition, honesty and love to purely scientific terms; whoever wishes to be in love, for example, will be injected with a certain serum

which I am now preparing; whoever wishes to recover from it, will be injected with an anti-serum. The price, I am afraid, will be rather high, but he who desires luxuries should be willing to pay for them. The only danger is that there will be strikes among the workers engaged in making happiness-machines, thinking-engines, and love-serums, and that, accordingly, happiness, thought, and love will temporarily cease. But such minor risks must be taken when a great cause is at stake."

Professor Gopherwitt leaned far back in his chair, with a smile of deep satisfaction, as if contemplating the wonders of the future. Eager to learn more of impending advances, I inquired, "Do you think that most of the tendencies of present-day civilization will be furthered in future?"

"Assuredly," said Gopherwitt, without hesitation. "For example, the tendencies of modern cities, which represent civilization at its highest point. One of the greatest things invented thus far is the skyscraper; but compared to the edifices of the future, the Woolworth Building is a mere pygmy. By this, I do not mean that we will have skyscrapers much higher than at present; they will merely be much deeper. For why should we be content with building far up? why not also build far down? In future a skyscraper reaching forty stories above ground will extend at least sixty stories below, and so the proprietor will be enabled to get the full benefit of his property. Thus, you observe, we will remedy the present fearful waste of underground space!"

"But with the prevalent popularity of subways," said I, "I should have thought that was already remedied."

"Not at all!" the Professor declared. "The era of the underground has only begun. The time is coming when even our transcontinental railroads will be subterranean; in this way, there will be a great saving of land, as well as of perishable property, for cows will no longer collide with locomotives. But in the cities, subways will give place to automatic tubes, in which coffinlike cases, each containing one man, will be shot at the speed of a hundred miles an hour from the business district to the suburbs, sixty or seventy miles away."

"BUT wouldn't it be rather inconvenient to be stuffed in such a case?"

"Oh, slightly, perhaps," said Gopherwitt, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But it shouldn't seriously disturb a man skilled in jamming his way into the present subways. Moreover, what is mere inconvenience when the saving of time is at issue? The chief aim of present-day city dwellers, you must admit, is to save time, although one cannot always understand what they are saving it for. Now the laws of future cities will provide a fine for the loss of a minute; and the waste of two minutes will be punishable by a jail sentence. For three minutes—" here the professor paused unaccountably— "but let us change the subject; it is unpleasant to discuss the graver forms of crime."

"Tell me more about cities of the future," I requested. "Will business continue to play so important a part as at present?"

"I should rather think so!" asserted Gopherwitt, emphatically. "The time will come when every nation will adopt as its motto, 'Business over all!' Every man will then be compelled by law to reserve part of his time for business; devotion to poetry, art, or music will be prohibited, unless a business motive can be shown; and the most distinguished man in the country will be the Financier Laureate, an honorary official appointed because of unusual success in banking. The duties of the Financier Laureate will consist in hiring men as cheaply as possible to write odes and sonnets to business; and we may then expect poems beginning, 'O business, heavenly muse divine,' or 'Business is truth; truth, business; that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know'."

"WHAT a divine sentiment!" I cried. "Truly, a thing of business is a joy forever!"

"I am glad to see, young man," said the professor, beaming on me graciously, "that you have the proper spirit. With that as your ideal, you should get on well in life."

"I suppose that, in future, every one will receive a business education?" I inquired.

"Of course. Children will be taught business along with the alphabet. The principles of finance will be part of the curriculum of all primary schools; and on graduation from the grammar grades, every child will be expected to know the elements of banking, salesmanship and commercial law. Grammar-school graduates showing special promise will be allowed to take courses in higher finance; but the others will at once be compelled to enter business, so as not to waste time. Laborers, of course, will still be needed, but they will be recruited from the failures at business; and there will then be two classes of citizens, the business men and the lower classes; but of these only the former will be eligible to office or even be permitted to vote."

"But will business occupy the people ex-

clusively?" I inquired. "Will there be no time for relaxation or diversion?"

"There would not be, were it not for the greatest of modern inventions. Fortunately, there will henceforth be plenty of opportunity both for business and for pleasure, for the world is soon to see the abolition of the greatest of evils, an evil as old as the human race, an evil hitherto regarded as necessary—the evil, namely, of sleep. A capsule shortly to be placed on the market will eliminate the demand for slumber; a person need but take one after each meal, and he may stay awake permanently; and so, for the first time in the world's history, the night hours will come into their own."

"I should have thought they had already come pretty much into their own in modern cities," was my comment.

"Not at all! Though well designed, the attempts to change night into day have thus far been only partly successful. They have been too limited and casual; they have been insufficient to overcome the prejudice against the early morning hours. But soon all this will be changed. With sleep no longer necessary, the nights will be used for recreation; and the time for fashionable entertainments will be from two till seven in the morning. Of course, there may be some backward people who still choose to sleep, in the primitive, old-fashioned way; and there may be others who cannot afford the waking tablets, and so must waste a third of their time in bed; but, on the whole, the new custom will work very well, and no really respectable citizen will ever go to sleep."

THE professor paused, and stared at the wall meditatively. As it was apparent that something important was on his mind, I remained silent; and in a moment I was rewarded by hearing him continue, "Even the abolition of sleep is not so remarkable as other imminent reforms. For example, in select society in future, artificial laughter and manufactured conversation—to be procured at all the best stores—will be in vogue; and a person who employs any other kind will not be considered exactly proper. The artificial laughter may be turned on at any time by pressing a button, and will have nothing to do with the real feelings of the person concerned; and as for the manufactured conversation, it will consist of a dozen or so standard phrases, provided with an automatic polish that will give its possessor immediate social standing."

"I see," said I. "By these extraordinary inventions, we will complete an advance that we have long been aiming toward, but never quite accomplished."

"Exactly," agreed Gopherwitt. "Moreover, many other present tendencies will be brought to fruition. For one thing, men as well as women will paint their faces; an unpainted face will be considered immodest, if not scandalous. Smoking, of course, will continue to be stylish among women as well as among men; and she who does not consume at least a package of cigarettes during an evening will not be regarded as a lady. Drinking, on the other hand, will be confined to ice water, the only beverage left following the abolition of chocolate; but probably there will be a movement on foot to prohibit the ice in the ice water."

"Oh, Wisdom, how manifold are thy wonders!" I cried.

But our conversation was interrupted by Professor Gopherwitt's secretary, who appeared to announce that a delegation of scientists from Sumatra were waiting below to get Gopherwitt's opinion of the relation of celestial mechanics to the home-run record of "Babe" Ruth.

GIVE me the man who can hold on when others let go; who pushes ahead when others turn back; who stiffens up when others weaken; who advances when others retreat; who knows no such word as "can't" or "give up"; and I will show you a man who will win in the end, no matter who opposes him, no matter what obstacles confront him.

THE tonic of soul sunshine which makes the eyes sparkle and sends the health bounding through the system, which lights up the face with hope, is one of the most beneficent forces that was ever given to mankind. It is a great producer. It is to the individual what the sun is to the earth. It adds wonderfully to one's active ability, and increases mental and physical power.

Can We Americanize the Alien?

The Biggest Problem Facing the United States

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

IF drastic measures are not adopted to Americanize the alien, it is not improbable that Americans will be outnumbered and outvoted in their own country within the next two hundred years. The startling salvaging of races in the United States, will undoubtedly result in the American continent being finally dominated by the Southern European nationalities, especially as the older American stock is rapidly dying without issue, whereas the foreigner has noticeably large families.

IMMIGRATION is one of the gravest problems confronting the American people to-day. With the forthcoming passage of the new Immigration Bill restricting the number of entrants to three per cent of the population, according to the 1914 census, we are still faced by the arrival of 255,000 aliens in one year, and a wisely formulated national attitude toward these incoming foreigners will do much to safeguard for the future the principles of our government.

One of the splendid provisions of the World War was a cessation of the tide of immigration. The American people stood united, one hundred million strong, behind the flag. Disturbers were dealt with drastically and the common aim of our nation united it as never before. But this period is a thing of the past. The portal to immigrants is again thrown open, and, monthly, we are receiving into our midst thirty or forty thousand aliens, while eight million Germans, it is reported, are awaiting transportation. America is facing the greatest influx of Europeans in its history; and if, according to the majority wishes of the people, they are to be admitted in vast numbers, the supreme question confronting our people is: How are we to cope with the multitudes and assimilate them most advantageously? As future citizens of our country, should we not approach them with some constructive action, in order to awaken in them the deepest sense of national pride, responsibility and respect for our government?

Accustomed to enforced military service in their own country, aliens are loosed in our midst without any serious realization of their duty to the new flag of their adoption, and they often assume citizenship without comprehending the institutions of our government. The material benefits of our country stand ready to receive them; but have we not, as a nation, perhaps, neglected to provide them with a more spiritual enlightenment—a closer understanding of national affairs which would arouse their interest and coöperation? Have we made obligatory a knowledge of our aims and national

ideals? Have we instituted adequate means for education in stable citizenship?

Let us examine the psychology of the newly arrived alien. Alone in a strange land, a prey to varied influences, mystified by the unfamiliar scenes of the great metropolis, unable to speak the language, he is submerged in the great tide of humanity. An isolated group of his own countrymen surround him, and in some dark and squalid corner he finds himself partaking of the ideas of his associates—usually as ignorant as himself of the currents of thought and action of the United States. Remote from this comprehension is the real America—the Eldorado of his dreams. What welcome has been extended to him? What understanding of the country of liberty, in his little sphere, is he able to obtain? Drifting in the dark of ignorance, no helping hand has been outstretched to meet him—no guiding intelligence has informed him of the institutions of the New World. Thus he is a ready victim of the radical ideas of his associates, and of the foreign-language press, the hostility of which, to American affairs, is often thinly disguised. Radical propaganda surrounds him. He begins to feel a dull and unaccountable resentment toward this new world of opulence and liberty, which has not shared with him its golden store. The open arms of opportunity have not received him, and radicalism threatens to engulf him. He gradually becomes part of the great movement of insurgence and revolt—the great labor element which fires him with its secret antipathies. He is the prey of vicarious influences and distorted views. Sagacious employers underpay his labor, and a slow, dull revolt grows within him, until we find him becoming a member of some revolutionary league plotting to overthrow the government. Visions of fraternity and equality have faded from him, and before many years he is beyond the possibility of good citizenship.

DID he fall because some hand was not extended to him? Had the New World given him an understanding of its institutions in his earlier receptive stage, when he arrived hungry for knowledge, might not he have attained an acceptable citizenship? Yet how are we to impress upon these incoming foreigners a knowledge and veneration for our country's principles?

The only adequate means of molding the thought of the incoming alien, is through the establishment of government-sustained municipal centers for the distribution of knowledge of American affairs. Instruction in these schools would be obligatory for every alien, also acquisition of the English language, within six months after landing. These centers would be presided over by economic experts and educationalists, who would tabulate and visit every incoming foreigner. They would be a clearing house for labor, and indicate the industrial needs of the country, advising gratuitously the foreigner in occupation, thus facilitating industry. They would contain cinemas of instructive type, reading and lecture rooms where papers explanatory of our principles of government and public affairs would be read and circulated. Health and educational needs would be recorded and the foreigner would feel himself drawn into contact with the real currents of American life. The inculcating of true American ideals would begin from the outset of residence, and illiteracy and poverty would be diminished. Recreation and instructive amusements would make these centers enjoyable as well as compulsory, where an intelligent supervision for a certain period of every alien would be conducive to better labor conditions and better citizenship.

THE several organizations existing throughout the country, that aim to promote Americanism and good citizenship, are splendid in purpose but limited by lack of finances and national scope. Legislation effected to appropriate a large sum for the establishment of alien instruction centers would have unlimited possibilities in shaping future citizens. The foreigner would feel a cordial sympathy and welcome extended to him on his arrival, all of which would promote good feeling toward his new country. For amusements, information, advice, and literature on Americanism would keep him in genial and friendly contact with American affairs, and develop an interest and coöperation, otherwise inevitably lacking. Compulsory assimilation of the country's principles would assume a pleasurable aspect, an understanding of our institutions, and a sharing of the country's ideals.

Nations owe their strength to racial unity. The leading countries of the world have been dominated by a veneration for law and national responsibility. These are the salient factors of good citizenship. Cross-currents of race hybridize national purposes and ideals, and the existing unrest in America is largely traceable to the presence of mixed races. In affirmation of this, we ask if a Eugene V. Debs would have received the support of three million voters after the forging of the statutes of 1776?

Since America, then, is to be the object of a constant invasion by European races, we must

take steps to share, if we desire equable relations with these future citizens, the responsibilities of the nation. As a people we readily adapt ourselves to new conditions, and it behooves us to a constructive handling of the incoming millions at our portals, to safeguard the future of our country. Good citizens are the backbone of a nation, and no people can attain solidarity without a thorough amalgamation of the foreign element in their midst. If our future generations are to consist largely of the offspring of European races, profound attention should be given the Americanizing of aliens, and means to harmoniously assimilate them are the only means of preserving national ideals. Neglecting this, the insidious influence of large uncontrolled groups may lay siege to a country's security. Disintegration often begins from within, and smouldering fires frequently beget great conflagrations. The American people must be admonished to the necessity of legislation which will enforce Americanization.

THE American Legion recently sent a committee to Washington to seek legislation to enforce the teaching of Americanization in the schools. It was found that many public-school classes were conducted entirely in foreign languages, by those of un-American tendencies—whereas the children of immigrants should prove the best possible channel for the exposition of patriotic ideas. Also, in Ellis Island there have been instituted moving pictures to instruct children of immigrants in America's history and ideals. The Daughters of the Revolution, likewise, recently adopted resolutions demanding the distribution of English-written pamphlets amongst immigrants, explanatory of Americanism. These papers would automatically instruct the foreigner in the right manner, if properly put in circulation. Other organizations which aim to promote good citizenship are the League for the Foreign Born, the City History Club, and the National Immigration League.

Oposition to the compulsory instruction of aliens would doubtless be made by many foreigners inasmuch as the other countries of the world do not insist on such a course. But it must be realized that the situation of America, geographically and economically, is quite unique. No other country in the world—where liberty and free expression of ideas exist—is receiving into its midst so large a number of mixed races. No other country in the world is composed of such a vast heterogeneous multitude of peoples. A country containing also the wealth of America naturally attracts a large number of undesirables. As pointed out by Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, in his recent report, there are thousands of renegade Europeans awaiting transportation to the United States. Since the more stable citizens do not as often emigrate, and several foreign nations are effecting legislation to retain their skilled classes, it would seem that, with hunger and disease rampant in Europe, America is in greater dange. than ever before of invasion by large numbers of undesirable aliens.

Neglect to reach these incoming foreigners at their suggestible stage will lead to loss of material for good citizenship and other dangers, and it is the duty of the country to establish means of shaping these potential Americans. Wisely exercised education and sympathetic interest extended on arrival would do much to counteract any revolutionary tendencies the alien might possess, and labor distribution would be facilitated through instruction centers and radical propaganda diminished. Such an effective scheme of molding the destinies of formative millions would do much to unite our country in a deeper patriotism and end much of the existing unrest. The unifying of the foreign with the real American element would be formidable progress in the upbuilding of our nation.

If drastic measures are not adopted to Americanize the alien, it is not improbable that Americans will be outnumbered and outvoted in their own country within the next two

PLAYMATES

By Carolyn Shaw Rice

I WAS afraid of you, Life,
So daring and bold you seemed—
While others joined in the game
I stood on the edge—and dreamed.

I heard you frolic and shout,
I saw you leap in the fray,
While I stood timidly by,
Too shy to share in the play.

But, ah! to-day Love came
And drew me into the ring;
And now, with you, O Life,
I leap and frolic and sing!

hundred years. The startling salvaging of races which has been occurring in the United States, will undoubtedly result in the American continent being finally dominated by the Southern European nationalities, especially as the older American stock is rapidly dying without issue, whereas the foreigner has noticeably large families. Thus the splendid Anglo-Saxon type would be a thing of the past, and the precious ideals for which our forefathers fought would be trampled under alien feet.

WITH the increase of unassimilated aliens, it is natural that new attitudes will supplant those of the past, and our old traditions be threatened with extinction. Even the recent amendments to the Constitution exemplify a growing intolerance with the old statutes of the Constitution, and it is well at this time to recall the immortal words of Lincoln: "My oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability, imposed upon me the duty of preserving by every possible means that government and the nation, of which the Constitution was the organic whole."

Washington exhorted the American people, in one of his last letters, to preserve above all the "personality" of the nation; and although the United States was formed to receive all free peoples, it must be remembered that our population has greatly altered in character and content since its original settlement. And although good law-abiding citizens are always counted desirable, we must seek protective measures against those revolutionaries who sow seeds of dissension in our midst. No country in the world embodies such high principles of freedom and democracy as America, and it is for the preservation of these ideals that we must strive. Let us not tarry until our serenity be despoiled, and the sacred heritage of our institutions be threatened with invasion.

If feeble-minded, diseased, degenerate, illiterate or revolutionary aliens are not to be refused admission to our country, we must rally to meet the problem of their control as future citizens. If we cannot stem the tide, measures must be taken to cleanse it, to sift it to refinement, so that the future of our nation may remain secure.

It is to be hoped that every American will awaken to the danger of unassimilated aliens, and seek legislation to establish their education and control. Thus only can our forthcoming generations be forged of that true patriotic material which will make the United States one of the greatest in the powers of the world.

The 14 Points of Good Citizenship

From a pamphlet written by Professors Hamilton and Knight, of the University of North Carolina, for educational work in the United States Army during the World War.

1.—To *Act Loyally*. Loyalty is the cohesive force of society. Unless we are true to our family, business associates and fellow-citizens, the State falls to pieces.

2.—To *Cooperate*. Team play is the only way to group efficiency. It should be cultivated in our games as well as our work.

3.—To *Act Honestly*. Honesty is the foundation of business, and the bigger the business the more essential is honesty. No man can lie fast enough to keep an extensive concern prosperous on dishonesty.

4.—To *Act Justly*. Which means to be guided by his reason and not his desires.

5.—To *Work Honestly*. Without a disposition to work and earn his wage he becomes a burden on the community.

6.—To *Live Thriftily*. Thrift means simply not wasting, so that in future you shall not want. Money is necessary to civilization, and everyone should have a little of his own in reserve.

7.—To *Act Tolerantly*. Unless men temper their convictions with courtesy and learn to control their hot egotisms there is no cooperation possible.

8.—To *Live Reverently*. There are certain objects all decent men agree to respect, as women, children, the aged, the law, religion, honest sentiment and wholesome traditions.

9.—To *Act Responsibly*. The feeling of personal responsibility is the test of citizenship.

10.—To *Act Independently*. Good citizenship in a democracy implies initiative and resourcefulness, not slavishly following others or habits of thinking.

11.—To *Act with Self-Control*. Normal life is a balance between forces of desire and the regulating intelligence. Without self-control is choas.

12.—To *Act Kindly*, which needs no explanation.

13.—To *Act Creatively*, and not to assume only a critical and obstructive attitude toward the State and the community.

14.—To *Live Courageously*. For always the prime and determining factor in any race is its courage.—

Experience teaches education to be practical.

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Teaching politeness in a street car, at the Professional Children's School

Educating Children for the Dramatic Stage

At the Professional Children's School They Are Instructed Whether "At Home" or "On the Road"

By BERNARD SOBEL

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, some thirty years ago, wrote a short story, "The Little Violinist," about a stage child. It was a charming work; but somewhat fallacious, as it gave the impression that children of the stage are neglected. Oddly enough, the same impression persists to-day, and the mystery of the stage-child's life has to be dispelled annually.

This year, in particular, there is much curiosity about stage children because so many of them are appearing in the new plays, their artistic achievements being often remarkable and sometimes amazing.

"Poor little thing!" says the sentimental lady as she watches the play from a high-priced seat. "I know that poor child is cruelly forced to work and that he is, perhaps, sick and may even die!"

But the sentimental lady is mistaken. The stage child is a healthy child, a happy child. He works because he likes to work, for it is almost axiomatic that unless a child acts willingly, he cannot act at all. As a matter of fact, the one thing which the stage child needs the most is a little practical neglect because the popular tendency is to spoil him. Everyone insists on showering him with attentions, attentions which range from the indiscriminate giving of candy to the bestowal of pretentions and, often, valuable gifts. Associate players and stars, in particular, fondle and indulge him; playwrights and even producers give him elaborate presents and frequent treats. But, most extravagant in its demonstrations of affection is the general public, which is usually emotional or fatuous; quite indifferent to consequences.

Wherever the child player goes, he is the object of such open curiosity and admiration it is quite natural that he eventually begins to consider himself a superior being.

THE parents of stage children frequently spoil them by boasting of their talents and foisting them on the public—a harmful habit, but one which is inexplicably a part of the commercial side of the stage. Fortunately, however, parents must be careful about one matter: health, because health is the first requisite for a successful stage-career. They must see to it that the child has the proper amount of sleep, wholesome food, and sensible recreation.

Victor Studio

The Quinn brothers—three of the cleverest boys on the stage

Attention to such matters is imperative, and if the parent slights them he will come into conflict with that well-known guardian of stage children—the Gerry Society.

The spiritual welfare of the stage child is provided for almost automatically. Even though he lives in what many consider a worldly atmosphere, he is protected vigorously from any harmful influence. The adult players in the same cast, always strive to present a standard of living as wholesome as that of the child's. The young player is really a powerful influence in a company, cheering its members when business is bad or traveling arduous. Sometimes, it is said, he is engaged for a road show when not wholly necessary to the production because of this fact.

RICHARD ROSS
One of the stars of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod"

When "Eyes of Youth" was playing in New York City, Marjorie Rambeau, the star, entertained the children of the cast frequently, and, at the conclusion of the run, gave them a dinner party and gifts of dolls, pocket-knives, toys and candy, Margaret Illington gave a similar party in Chicago for the children of the western company. William Hodge frequently adds a bonus to the weekly pay of the boy player in "The Guest of Honor." Earl Carroll, the playwright-producer, is fond of giving music and books to the children in his companies, while George M. Cohan and other prominent men of the theatrical world show similar generosity. When Sunshine Jarmon was playing in "A Prince There Was," Grant Mitchell paid for her piano lessons; later, when she was on tour in "The Masquerader," Mrs. Guy Bates Post gave her the lessons and supervised her practice.

The training and direction of the stage child, however, is not entrusted exclusively to individuals. In addition to the Gerry Society, several other societies and educational organizations give systematic attention to such matters. One of the most powerful of these is the Professional Stage Children's School. Though organized seven years ago, it has given so little publicity to its work that it is hardly known.

The idea for this school grew out of a chance incident. Miss Hall, a deaconess of the Episcopal Church, while doing some settlement work, about seven years ago, discovered two children of the stage whose general education had been neglected, not because their parents did not have the means to provide them with a private teacher, but because

GARDNER LAWLOR
One of the most promising of the youngsters

they could not arrange their school work to fit their stage work.

Miss Hall busied herself in securing the proper teacher for the children; but in doing so, she discovered that many other stage children were getting a haphazard education—uneven and frequently impractical. In order to correct this unfortunate condition, she organized the Rehearsal Club, and the Three Arts Club, and, finally, the Professional Children's School, which she personally superintends. The Professional Children's School is *not* a school of dramatic art; it is, on the contrary, a school which duplicates the work of the public schools, has a similar curriculum and fits pupils for passing regents' examinations. The institution has, however, many distinctive features which are of inestimable value to stage children.

In the first place, the school day runs from 10 A. M., to 2:30 P. M., an arrangement which permits a child working at night to have a good morning's sleep before attending classes. Children appearing in matinees or rehearsing, are automatically excused from school; but this does not mean that they are excused from preparing their studies. There is no neglect of work in this school, for the lessons of each day are arranged for either oral or written presentation, and they must be completed regularly.

SUNSHINE JARMON
in "A Prince There Was"

The pupil recites every day or submits his lesson by correspondence. While on tour, his school work is done by correspondence; but in order to secure credit he must appear in person some time during the term for an oral examination The written lessons are submitted on printed forms in an orderly manner.

Apeda, N.Y

LILLIAN ROTH
in Joseph C. Lincoln's
"Shavings"

The requirements of the school coincide with those of the Gerry Society and, simultaneously, meet the demands of the Board of Education. Truancy is treated severely; promptitude is imperative. The standard of scholarship is said to be very high as many of the pupils who are transferred to the regular public school, skip a grade. There is only one term at the Professional Children's School, but the amount of work equals two regular terms in the public schools.

The course of study lays stress, of course, on reading, writing and arithmetic, though reading receives the most attention, because oral expression and literary knowledge are highly important in stage-work. French, for similar reasons, is required of every student.

"It's easy," says young Richard Ross, one of the pupils, "getting lessons this way. When I am waiting to go on the stage, I sit in my dressing room, and do my studies, and so the time passes quickly. If I need any help, I ask mother. When she is not traveling with me, someone in the company offers to help me. Perhaps they think the lessons are good for them, too," he added quaintly.

The children who attend the daily sessions of the school, speak with similar enthusiasm of their work. They report promptly for classes and show a real fondness for their teachers. It is really an impressive sight to watch them gather in Miss Hall's room on library day. Like hungry sparrows, they search the shelves

for an interesting story, and then stand patiently in line while Miss Hall credits them with the return of one volume and charges them for another.

The school has social features that are very popular; it serves a luncheon daily, at a moderate price. It provides a motion-picture entertainment on Friday afternoons, at four o'clock; and, once a year, gives a play in which the children take part and which adult actors, critics, and managers attend. In addition to the regular course of study, instruction is given in dancing and social deportment.

There is an enrollment of 250 pupils. About forty additional children are on tour and send in their lessons daily.

ALMOST every child who attends has a certain amount of stage or motion-picture experience to his credit. Among the plays, for instance, in which Charles Eaton, aged nine, appeared were "Mother Carey's Chickens," "The Blue Bird," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Chester Herman, aged twelve, appeared in "The Pied Piper," and in the motion-pictures, "Captain Swift," and "Other Men's Shoes." Dorothy Portingall was in "The Betrothal," and in Vitagraph, and Goldwyn pictures. Helen Rosenthal, aged eleven, has been in vaudeville and motion pictures. Ruth Barnett, aged ten, has her own vaudeville act. Carl Johnson aged eleven, was in "Eyes of Youth," "Sun Valley," and the picture "A Very Good Young Man." Equally interesting have been the stage experiences of the other pupils.

Among the more prominent pupils and alumni are Stephen Davis, now appearing in "Bab"; Frank Hearn, now with Mrs. Fiske in "Wake Up Jonathan"; Georgine Haldron, in "His Sweetheart"; Helen Chandler, who won high critical praise for her stellar work in "Quality Street," as presented at the school; Mary Miles Minter, and Raymond Hackett.

Richard Ross, aged twelve, has had an interesting career on the stage and in the movies. He portrayed *George Walsh*, at the age of twelve, in the picture "Dynamite Allen" and was *Sam Williams* in "Penrod." Like Andrew Lawlor, jr., the star in the same piece, he is a "regular feller," belongs to the Boy Scouts, enjoys outdoor sports, and a good fight, when necessary. Andrew and Richard are typical Booth Tarkington heroes. They recall to the adult memory the exploits of days gone by, and the vigorous pranks of those two boy heroes, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*.

Even though some States will not permit children to act on the stage, the child player, nevertheless, has a decidedly important place on the American stage.

Among the recent plays in which children have appeared in more or less prominent parts were "Wake Up Jonathan," "Mary," "Daddy Dumplins," "Three Showers," "Kissing Time," "The Prince and the Pauper," "A Prince There Was," "Deburau," "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Poor Little Rich Girl," "Peter Pan," and "Daddy Longlegs."

Apeda, N.Y.

LELAND CHANDLER
in "Daddy Dumplins"

This letter, written by Lillian Roth, a wonderful child actress, recently in a play by Carl Cannon Glick, will dispel any doubts as to her happy state of mind:

DEAR PUBLIC:

I want to tell you how much I like the stage. My start was with Wilton Lackaye in "The Inner Man," when I was six years old. My next play was "Penrod," when I was seven years old, and "The Betrothal," shortly afterwards. Then came my first big part in "Shavings," and I just loved that part. You see, I had a toy shop on the stage, and a real doll to play with in the show, and candy; and so the play was just a good time for me. Now I am in vaudeville. I meet new people every week and they are wonderful to me and my sister, and so are the managers. I have a great deal of time to myself, and I often study while waiting for my act to go on.

My sister, Anna, who is in my act is seven years old. She started when she was five in "Little Miss Simplicity." Then she played the boy in "The Magic Melody," and now she is my partner in vaudeville.

We both attend the Professional School and like it very much. I am in the fifth grade. After the matinee, I go home and have a good nap. Then we have tea and I practice on the piano for a half hour. Sometimes we go roller skating before dinner. After dinner, we do our home work. We are very busy little girls, but we love our work very much.

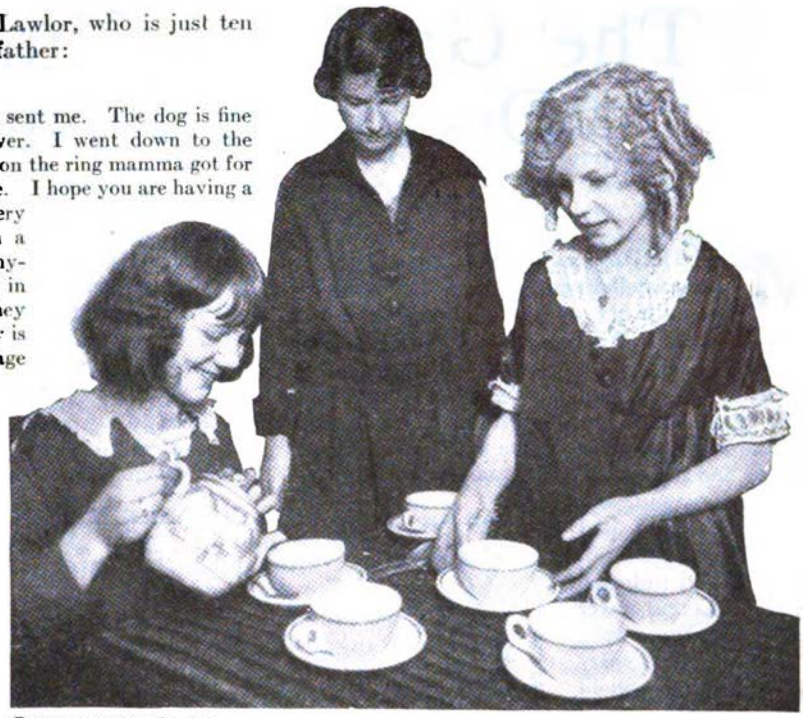
From your little friend, LILLIAN ROTH.

This letter, Gardner Lawlor, who is just ten years old, wrote to his father:

DEAR DADDY:

I received the card you sent me. The dog is fine and just as playful as ever. I went down to the jeweler's to-day and tried on the ring mamma got for my birthday. It is a dude. I hope you are having a very, very, very, very, very nice time. I think I am a good boy. I hope so, anyway. Is everybody well in New York? I hope they are, anyway. Everybody is well here. I think this page is getting a little full so I will have to turn over. I had my picture in the paper yesterday. Andrew had four boys down to our house playing baseball. I must close now.

WITH LOVE AND KISSES FROM YOUR LOVING SON
GARDNER LAWLOR



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Child actresses learning to pour and serve tea, at the Professional Children's School

THE more one studies stage children, the more interesting they become. Their courtesy and grace are exceptional. They have, furthermore, a certain indefinable poise which counts for much in these days when such decided emphasis is placed on personality as an asset. They know how to take care of their personal wants and professional needs, and, when traveling, are as careful of their baggage and "props" as, when on the stage, they are about their cues. They acquire a somewhat cosmopolitan manner through travel and acquaintance with many kinds of people. Their mode of expression is notably good, for their vocabularies have been enriched through hearing the lines of plays and reading. They are usually studious, both by necessity and desire, because they know that their failure to pass their examinations may prevent them from continuing the work they love.

If a Man Is Really Educated

HE will cultivate his manners as well as his brains.

He will be tolerant of others.

He will know how to make his life beautiful instead of a grind.

He will appreciate the higher, finer things.

He will not think that his diploma is his passport to success.

He will not be a snob; he will be kind to and considerate of others, rich or poor.

He will be thrifty and know how to finance himself.

He will know the value of spare time for self-improvement.

He will be willing to take the advice of the more experienced.

He will control himself under provocation, keep calm and serene under trying circumstances.

He will know that to secure the things that will really enrich the life one can not be greedy or grasping, always thinking of self.

He will know that it is more important to make a life than it is to make a living.

He will not be content with commonness, with slipshod work, aimless system, half-hearted endeavors.

He will be an inspiration and encouragement to those who long for a broader, higher life.

Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul.

The Greatest Human Disappointment

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

MAX NORDAU said that the earning of a million dollars is a work which excludes peremptorily every idea of happiness. The old saying, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," might be rewritten to-day to read, "When wealth comes in at the door, happiness flies out at the window."

In a recent divorce suit, the wife testified that money had ruined her happiness. She married when young, and for many years had worked like a slave to help her husband along. Living over their little store, every minute she could spare from her household duties and the care of the children was devoted to his end of the business, while she was everlastingly patching, darning, skimping, saving that her husband might get a good start.

> VERY few of the things that enter into human happiness are purchasable with money. Time, the most precious thing in life, is given equally to the beggar and the millionaire, to the potentate and the day laborer, to the saint and the criminal. Good health is more often the possession of the poor man than of the millionaire. Money will not purchase kindness, courtesy, love, friendship, or any of the finest fruits of character.

After a while the little store had prospered so that he was able to open another, and then business grew until he had a chain of stores. The man's whole life was absorbed in his business. He became selfish, grasping, greedy. His ambition was more and more money, and he got it. Then he found that during the years of struggle to make a fortune his wife had lost her youthful attractiveness. She did not fit into his new plans and conditions. She was out of place in the palatial home he had built. He wanted a younger, more sprightly, more fashionable, more attractive wife. She had given up her best years in drudgery for him. Play had been excluded from her life so long that she had forgotten how to play, and when her husband had plenty of money, instead of trying to make the rest of life beautiful for her, he began to look elsewhere for his entertainment and pleasure.

He found plenty of silly, superficial girls who knew how to laugh, how to cajole and amuse him, girls who had become adepts in separating men from their money and their wives. He grew bolder and bolder in his escapades with women of this sort and even invited them to his own home. The wife protested but without avail. He gave her to understand that he was running the place and if she did not like what he was doing she could get out.

For years she bore this greatest insult that can be offered to a woman. For the children's sake she wanted to avoid scandal and preferred to suffer in silence, until, finally, the break came. In the divorce courts she revealed the secret tragedy which had made her life a daily torture.

At the start, both husband and wife had looked forward to the time when success in their business, plenty of money, would relieve them of all care and anxiety and bring them real happiness. Both were bitterly disappointed, the brutal husband as well as the betrayed, cast-off wife; for although he gratified gross passions and desires, he never found true happiness.

AFTER many years' observation and study with the object of finding out what one thing had disappointed the human race more than any other, I have come to the conclusion that it is the disappointment which came from the colossal failure of money doing for us anything like what it promised.

There is no other one thing on which the whole civilized race has built such great hopes as what money would do for them. Everybody, young and old, ignorant and learned, with few exceptions, seems to have the idea that if he could only get enough money, all his worries and anxieties would disappear; that his cares and responsibilities would be largely at an end. The youth builds beautiful air castles, eagerly pictures the wonderful things money will do for him, and the glorious things which he is going to do for the world when he gets money. In his youth-

ful dreaming he doesn't realize that the very method of getting money, in a majority of cases, kills the generous desire he now has, to do good with it, to help everybody who needs help. He has no idea how greed, a grasping disposition, grows upon what it feeds on, until it becomes a gigantic octopus that strangles the finer sensibilities, the more delicate sentiments, the nobler part of a man's nature. He never dreams that the pursuit of wealth may coarsen him, harden his heart, harden his affections, freeze the glowing generous impulses of youth, and destroy the finest part of himself.

Most people who begin life poor think that if they could only get money, not only the living-getting problem and the future—the universal human problems—would be eliminated, but that all of their troubles and difficulties would vanish, and that life, thereafter, would be most enjoyable and happy. They seem to think that money will be a panacea for all ills. But after they have amassed a fortune, they are surprised to find how little money can do for them in comparison with what it promised before they had made their pile. Instead of their cares and problems being eliminated, they have increased. Some of the old ones remain, and wealth has brought with it many new ones that they never dreamed of in the old days of their early struggles. They find that money does not exempt them from the old dangers and temptations; that it does not avert sickness; that they are just as liable to accident as before, perhaps more so, and that death waits for them just as it does for the poorest man, and is ready to pounce upon them at any time.

> WE entirely overestimate what money will do for us; and we entirely underestimate what sweet, cheerful living, will do for us. We underestimate the inestimable value, the preciousness of human associations, the privilege of helping one another, the opportunity to develop nobility of character, unselfishness, the spirit of service. Money disappoints us, fails to bring the happiness it promises just because its accumulation does not develop or encourage any of the finer human traits.

I KNOW one of those disappointed rich men who has reached the goal of his early ambition. Starting as a poor boy, after a terrific struggle, he made many millions, but he is not happy; his wife is not happy; their children are not happy. Discontent is written all over their faces. They are always roving the world seeking for something they can never find They give one the impression that they have lost something of inestimable value and are always hunting for it. They live in a palace, surrounded by everything that money can furnish, but there is something lacking in the palatial residence—natural affection, simplicity of living, genuineness, the spirit of home. When the millions came into the home, happiness went out. The family spent money like water, yet they were not happy, for they lacked the very fundamentals of real living and didn't know it. The father and mother didn't know that they had lost the very secret of happiness on the way to their wealth—simplicity of living, genuineness of life.

Their children, waited upon by servants, had been reared to keep aloof from the common herd and they grew up snobs. They never had to work and those who do not work, who are also snobs, are never happy. Their parents found that while their earlier dreams that wealth would confer freedom from care, anxiety and worry over the living-getting problem; that it would relieve them from drudgery and many disagreeable experiences in life were very largely realized, they found also that it brought more sadness and sorrow than they had ever experienced before. Their children, from whom they had expected so much, were a bitter disappointment and a perpetual care and anxiety. The father found that the chummy feeling, the comradeship which had existed between them in his son's boyhood days had entirely disappeared. He found that his boy was drifting away, squandering his money with other rich, idle youths like himself; that he was getting into all sorts of scrapes, unfortunate escapades, costing him no end of worry and hard cash to straighten things out.

The mother had no part whatever in the life of the daughters, who went their own way regardless of her. In fact both parents were very much shocked, a few years ago, to find that they were smoking in the public rooms in fashionable hotels, dancing in cabarets with questionable men, and doing all sorts of indiscreet things. This added greatly to their worries, which seemed to increase rather than diminish with all their wealth. They had very little peace of mind, for they never knew what was going to happen to their children or what troubles they were getting into. In short, but little of the happiness they had looked forward to had been realized.

"I HAVEN'T TIME!"

I WONDER if there is any other expression behind which so many people hide, and excuse themselves from doing the things they ought to do, as "I haven't time!"

We can all find time to do the things we really want to do, but multitudes of us plead the "haven't-time" myth every day to cover up our selfishness. Many of us get the "haven't-time" habit fixed so that we never can spare a moment to do our duty as citizens or to give a helping hand to our fellowmen.

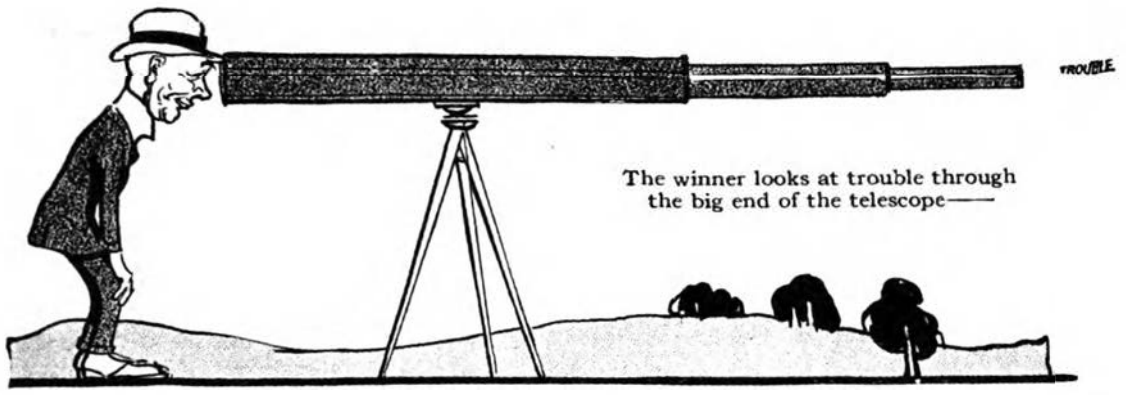
"I haven't time" is the constant excuse of a very rich man I know for getting rid of about everything but the selfish things he wants to do. He won't go on public committees; he never helps raise money for any patriotic or philanthropic purpose; he never makes social calls, or puts himself out for any one; never does anything which he can possibly get out of unless it is something which advances his own interests. He gives everybody to understand that he has not time for anything but his sole aim in life—money making. And, oh, how barren and poverty-stricken this man's life is!

NOW, what is life for? What are we here for if not to help our brothers; to give a lift to those who are weaker, less fortunate than ourselves? If we have no time for anything outside of our personal affairs; if we have no time to render unselfish service,—no time to encourage those who are down and out, no time to give to those who have fallen by the way, no time to visit the sick, to help the poor,—what do we get out of life? Why, it is only by taking time to do these things that we really enrich ourselves, make life worth living.

And who is so busy that he has not time to do some kind thing every day? With all the burdens of the nation pressing upon him during our Civil War, Lincoln found time to give comfort and encouragement to mothers who were agonizing about their sons. Gladstone, when prime minister of England, found time to visit a little sick crossing-sweeper and bring him flowers.

I HAVE always noticed that the men who do not plead the excuse, "I haven't time," are infinitely busier and accomplish many times more than those who do. The man of large affairs knows how to plan and systematize his work so that he always has leisure for the things worth while. When we want anything of importance done, we go to the big, really busy man, not to the little fellow who hasn't a tithe as much to do, but who always tells you he hasn't time, that he is driven to death. If the thing is good and ought to be done, the big man says "I will make time to do it."

"I haven't time" is the excuse of the little head and the little heart.



The winner looks at trouble through the big end of the telescope——

Which End of the Telescope Do You Look Through?

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOONS BY GORDON ROSS

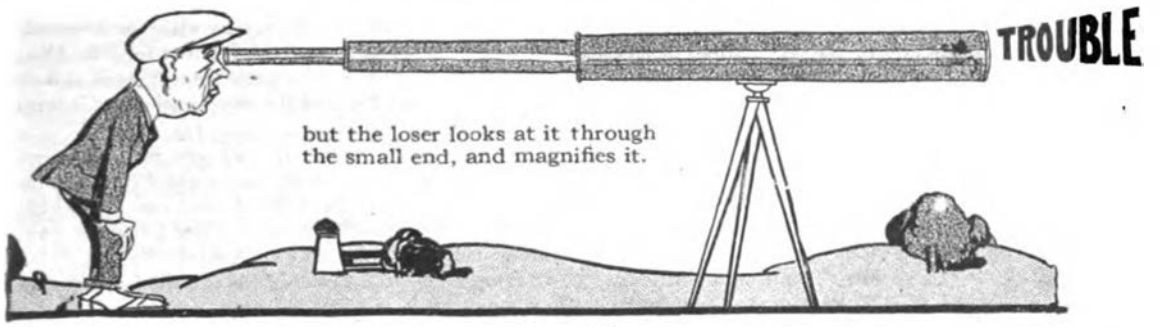
THE chief difference between the winner and the loser in the life game is this: The winner looks at trouble and difficulties through the big end of the telescope, making them seem just as small and far away as possible; the loser looks at them through the small end, thus magnifying them many times and getting them as close as possible to him.

The really big, broad-gauged man, the man who is determined to win at any cost does not see the "impossibilities" that frighten and worry the timid soul to whom every molehill is a mountain. He looks beyond them and sees his goal. Instead of making mountains of little hills of difficulties, he minimizes them. He regards all obstacles that stand in his way as Napoleon, in one of his great campaigns, regarded the Alps. When his generals told him that they were impassable, he said, "Then there shall be no Alps." In the sense that they were going to thwart his purpose to take his army across into Italy, he didn't see the Alps. So far as their ability to stop his onward march was concerned, those mighty mountains did not exist. Napoleon's will annihilated them.

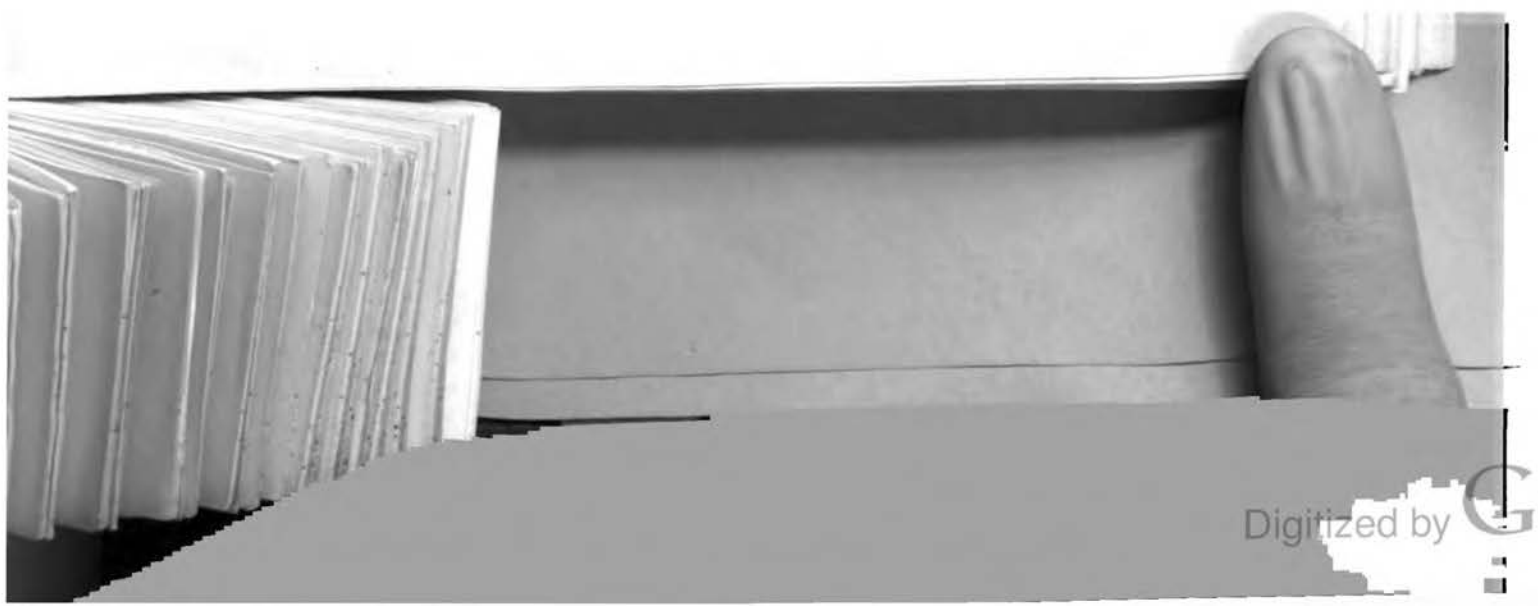
This is the spirit that wins—in peace as well as in war. It made Foch the victorious leader of the Allies in the World War. It has made Edison supreme in his line; the Wright brothers, leaders in aeronautics; Schwab, the steel king of the world, Wanamaker, a merchant prince—in every field of activity it has made successful men, great leaders and benefactors of mankind.

Speaking of his father's influence in his boyhood days, Henry Ward Beecher said: "Such was the effect of his example upon his children that there was not one of them who would not be ashamed to show the white feather in the presence of external difficulties."

If all young people were trained to meet



but the loser looks at it through the small end, and magnifies it.



difficulties as the Beecher children were, there would be no failures, no whiners, no trouble seekers and magnifiers in the world. We would all have courage and self-confidence, would know how to overcome obstacles and march straight on to victory as Beecher did.

IF we were to examine the people in the great failure army to-day, we should find, aside from their habit of magnifying difficulties, that the weakest point in most of them, was their lack of self-confidence, their timidity. "He was so timid," would make a fitting epitaph for millions of failures.

A large percentage of those who have failed, if they are not too old, to carry on their work, could succeed to-day if it were possible to inject into them a mighty self-confidence. The will to win and a self-confidence which is not out of proportion to one's unused ability, will do wonders in leveling mountains of difficulties and accomplishing the "impossible."

Our troubles, handicaps, or infirmities, should never keep us from doing the work of men. A man, who partakes of all the power and attributes of his Creator, should be big enough to rise above any obstacles, any unfavorable condition, that may come to him. The right kind rises superior to the things which discourage and bury a weaker person. Even now, while thousands of strong, healthy young men and young women, without any physical handicap, are halting, discouraged, before insignificant obstacles, cripples and semi-invalids are managing to conquer infinitely greater ones.

Whenever you hear any one talking about the wonderful things he would do if he only had a chance, if somebody would only help him get the difficulties out of his way, you may be sure that he is a weakling who will never accomplish anything. I never knew a person who was always magnifying his difficulties, vizualizing them, talking about them, picturing all sorts of obstacles and troubles ahead of him, to amount to much. The achievers do just the opposite. They minimize their difficulties; they do not see any obstacles as barriers to the attainment of their ends.

IT is true, as a practical writer says, that trouble is part of life. But, my friend, trouble is what we make it—a means of growth or a handicap. It is our mental attitude toward life, with its attendant troubles and difficulties, that determines whether we shall succeed or fail. One man looks at life as a magnificent chance to make good, a marvelous opportunity for growth, for expression, for success, for happiness; another, right beside him, in the same environment, with similar advantages and disadvantages, looks at life as a horrid grind, a miserable struggle for existence, with no opportunity for self-expression, culture, success or happiness. The one sees no trouble in his mental picture; the other sees nothing but trouble. They are looking through different ends of life's telescope.

Everything depends on which end of the life telescope you look through. Your troubles and difficulties will be exaggerated or minimized according to your point of view.

The Easy Way to Quick Failure

DON'T bother about your appearance. Dress any old way. Of course, people wouldn't judge you by a little soiled linen, a frayed tie, baggy trousers, spots on your clothes, unpolished shoes, or unmanicured finger nails. Such trifles don't count much; it's the big things that count.

As for this "smile philosophy" which is going about, don't take any stock in it. People, of course, will think it isn't real—that you are putting it on for business reasons.

Don't try to be too obliging to customers, they will think you are patronizing them, that you are trying to inveigle them to trade in your store, making a cheap bid to bring them back again. If you are too obliging, smile too much, if you are too accommodating, you may arouse the suspicion of your customer. He will think you are getting a commission on the sale.

Do what the majority of people of the mediocre class do: Take it easy; slide along the line of least resistance. This talk of being on time to the minute, of keeping your appointments as well as your word, is overdone. Cease trying to get on in the world. Cease struggling so hard. It's so much pleasanter and easier to drift than to swim against the current. Wait for something to turn up or for somebody to boost you, don't boost yourself, or look for resources and capital inside of yourself.

It doesn't require skill, training, education or effort to score a failure. As it was with the boy who said, when the teacher reprimanded him for whistling, that he didn't whistle—it whistled itself, so it is with failure. We don't have to do anything; it will come if we just sit and wait.

Go along indifferently as you are and you will surely score a failure. Don't make painful sacrifices, or give up doing all sorts of things that you would like to do. Have a good time and cling to your companions who are on the way to Nobody Town.

Of course you will be known as a nobody, but just think how much easier it will be for you!

"Get Next to His Heart"

Old Jeremiah Harrington, of the Harrington Industrial Works, Gives His Recipe for Winning Confidence and Employing Relatives

By FRANK WINSLOW

DERBY walked into the president's office rather diffidently. But he was instantly reassured by the attitude of old Jeremiah Harrington of the Harrington Industrial Corporation. Harrington is one of the easiest men in the world to approach, and his door is always open to every employee from the vice-president to the office boy or the newest factory-hand.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Harrington," the salesman said, "but if you can spare me a moment or two—"

"Any man who's big enough for his job is broad enough to be interested in the other fellow's work, Derby," Harrington interrupted him. "Sit down and tell me what's on your mind."

"It's that order we're trying to land from Johnstone of the Johnstone-Smith Company. I know what it means to our firm and I don't believe I can put it over—"

"Why not?" Harrington said crisply, his kindly eyes steeling.

"I can't get along with Johnstone," the salesman explained, somewhat embarrassed. "I seem to rub him the wrong way—"

"If you find, in the course of business, that the course you must pursue rubs the cat the wrong way—turn the cat around!"

"But I can't understand Johnstone," Derby insisted. "Somehow he's different from other executives I call on—"

"No, he isn't," Harrington interrupted again. "He's a human being and human nature is about the same in New York City and in Patagonia. All you have to do is to find out in what respect it is the same and you will bring home the bacon every time. Studying human nature isn't like studying a machine. All machines of a given type are alike, but a man has a brain, and, to that extent, he's different from his fellows. You can't run all men by a given rule as you can a lathe or a tractor; but, with a little study, you can find the key to the situation and win the heart of any one—even an old grouch like Johnstone."

"Then you admit that he is an unreasonable—"

"NO, I don't admit any such thing," snapped Harrington. "I admit that he seems unreasonable on the surface, but if you can find the way to his heart you'll find him a pretty reasonable sort of animal. And don't forget this, Derby, you need to do more than convince a man's brain to do business with him successfully—you must win his heart as well. Do that and your task is easy. There's a way to gain Johnstone's confidence—if you use a little gray matter."

Says

JEREMIAH HARRINGTON

NEVER TRY anything—DO it!

Studying human nature isn't like studying a machine.

A man should dress his mind and his personality as well as his physical being.

The executive who hires people is responsible for their future.

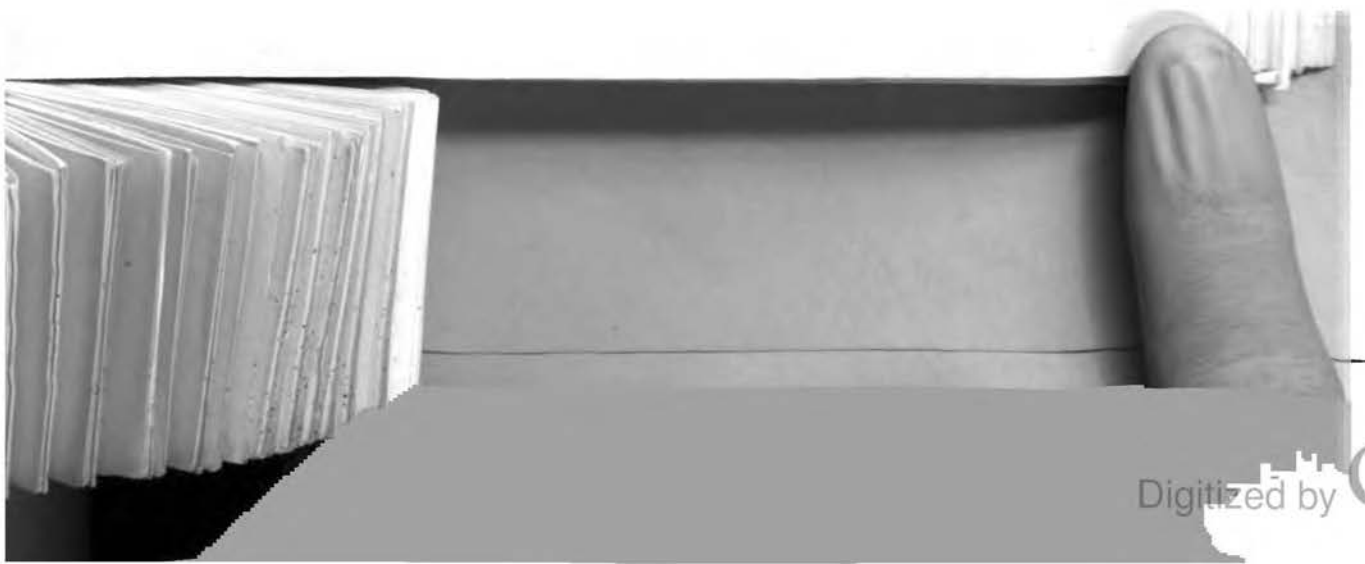
Set a mark for yourself—but don't set it so far away that you can never hope to reach it.

A business man should be a philosopher as well as a hard-headed bargainer.

Happiness is the big thing in business.

The man who is wholly self-centered defeats his own aims.

The world distrusts you when you offer it something new: but it soon gets over its suspicions if you believe in yourself.



"Perhaps you're right, Mr. Harrington," Derby admitted, "but I'll be hanged if I can puzzle any way to get under the tough hide of that old hippopotamus!"

"Study him—as I said before," Harrington told him. "Study him as a trained investigator would look into a merchandising situation before laying out a sales or an advertising plan. Find out his hobby. Then equip yourself to talk to him about it. Don't try to appear to be too learned in the matter. He undoubtedly knows more about it than you do. But show interest—lead him onto the subject—then exert all your skill as a listener.

"Let him talk and let your own remarks be largely questions or punctuation points in his narrative. You will make him think you are one of the finest fellows in the world, inside of fifteen minutes. Every man would rather talk about his hobby than he would about his business; and he has a profound respect for the man who has the sense to be interested in the same hobby as his own, and who likewise appreciates that this man is an authority on the subject. Try it on any one—whether it be a booklover, a golfer, or a fisherman!"

"I'm perfectly willing to let Johnstone explain calculus to me if it will land that order," laughed Derby, "but the trouble is, I don't know his hobby."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is," said Harrington. "It's a part of my business to know such things. Every man is vain, and I make it a point to put my finger on the vanities of those with whom I come in contact. I make their weakness my own strength. Johnstone's hobby is music—classical, folk songs, and symphonies. He is an authority on them and wants the world to know it. He fairly purrs when someone consults him about music. So, if you want to get an order out of Johnstone, prepare yourself to learn a lot about tone shades."

"I'D be ridiculous trying to engage him in such a conversation," objected Derby. "I can't tell one tune from another."

"You don't need to know anything about music. All you need to know is how to listen, appreciate, and applaud. Only wise men have brains enough to know that listening pays. Now, take my advice. Go out and get the latest critical analysis you can find on some musical subject. Send it to Johnstone, with a little note. Tell him that it interested you and you would like his opinion. Turn down several pages, and say that if he is too busy to read the whole volume, he will find the gist of your query on these pages. Then, when you go out there next Thursday, ask him if he received the book. You may not get your order that day, but, at least, you will be further on the way to knowing Johnstone, and a salesman ought to know all he can about a man before he tries to sell him goods."

"I'll try it, Mr. Harrington," Derby said, half enthused over the plan—and half afraid of it.

"Don't *try* it!" Harrington snapped. "Never *try* anything. *DO IT!*"

DERBY looked at him somewhat crestfallen; but the president's steely glance gave him a bit of backbone which changed his spongelike vertebræ into a rigid spine.

"I'll go out and get that book right now!" he declared. "And I'll send it over to Johnstone by special delivery!"

"Go to it, son," Harrington said, and swung round in his chair as his secretary announced Warren Woodhouse of the Woodhouse Manufacturing Company.

As his caller entered, Harrington arose and extended his hand.

"I'm up against it," Woodhouse said when they were seated, "I want your usual human advice. I've just had to fire a man."

"That's foolish on the face of it," Harrington said calmly. "An employee usually costs a firm something—something in the matter of education—something in the matter of training—and something in the matter of mistakes, which the new employee is bound to make. To have to fire a man is, to my mind, a calamity."

"I'll say it is this time!" Woodhouse agreed. "This man—or youth—is a nephew of mine. He isn't worth the room he occupies in floor space!"

"Nephews never are!" Harrington agreed. "Neither are cousins nor sons. Relatives have no place in business—except as any other employee may have a place."

"But this boy was an absolute boob!" Woodhouse went on. "He dressed like a monkey."

"I've been through just what you are apparently going through," Harrington said. "Only, in my case, it wasn't a nephew but the son of an old friend of mine. I think I gave him some sound reasoning and, at the same time, gave myself a good little lesson in the manner of handling such birds. If you wish to hear my lecture—so far as I can recall it—I'll try to repeat it for you."

"I certainly would," Woodhouse responded.

"Well," said Harrington, "here it is. I looked

that boy over and sized up his conversation, his clothes and his attitude. He came to me knowing that he had a certain introduction because his father had been my chum in the little old schoolhouse. However, I read that boy a code of procedure which, I think, helped him a bit; in fact, I'm rather sure it did, and I know it helped me; because, when you really tell another a truth you thoroughly believe yourself, it helps you as well as the one to whom you tell it. In other words, if your preachment reaches your own heart and rings true in your own mind, you are bound to act accordingly."

"That sounds reasonable," Woodhouse agreed. "Let's have the story."

"I'M not going to tell you the name of this youth," Harrington said with a twinkle in his eye. "But I am going to tell you what I said to him. I didn't like his clothes or his manner. He, figuratively, slapped me on the back—and, naturally, I didn't like that. No man does. A man does not expect to be put up on a pedestal and kept there, but when he has attained a certain amount of success, he does not wish a young upstart to approach him with a good-fellow air and assume that both are on an equal plane. I don't expect a boy to stand in awe of me, and I don't imagine that he does. But I do expect that he will give me the recognition my own success has accorded me—and success means work—not luck or relationship or chance acquaintance."

"But you were going to tell me what you told this boy," Woodhouse interrupted.

"I was and I am. But you'll have to let me run along in my own way. What I said to him was that when he interviewed a man he should dress himself fittingly. By dress, I meant and tried to convey to the boy his inward as well as his outward self. A man should dress his mind and his personality as well as his physical being. Clean-cut lines in conversation, in self, and in mind, all help. Unclean attributes of whatsoever nature don't help and are bound to hinder."

"That's why I fired my nephew," Woodhouse said.

"And that's why you made a mistake," Harrington told him. "A man who is big enough to be the head of a great organization should be big enough to mold his employees instead of giving them the gate. When you hire a man, or a woman, don't *miscast* him, as they say in theatrical parlance. Give him a rôle which he can play to advantage. Then coach him as a moving-picture director coaches a sentimental heroine or a sensational hero, as a football coach instructs the young and beefy student who will go all to muscle and too little to generalship if left to his own devices.

"IF a man is a born plumber, he can't be a draftsman. If he is a born draftsman he probably won't make good in the rôle of a salesman. I claim that the executive who hires people is responsible for their future. If *he* can't size up their potentialities he can't blame the *miscast* youngster who fails to size up his own ability and who falls down on the task assigned by the man who hired him. And it applies equally well to the feminine sex."

"I've tried this analysis stuff," Woodhouse said, "but I must confess that I am not particularly interested—"

"Then you'd better get interested—unless you want to fire some more nephews," Harrington shot at him with grim humor. "You can size up a man as expertly as you can size up a piece of metal—as accurately as you can distinguish a counterfeit half-dollar from one with the true ring of government minting. There's a certain potentiality in everyone—and there's a potentiality that's missing in a lot of people who are ambitious to place themselves in parts which don't suit them."

Horace Greeley was one of the wisest Americans. He said:

FAME is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow; only one thing endures—character.

THE darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it. He has lost the clue to his way through this moral labyrinth and must henceforth wander as chance may dictate.

"I guess you're right," Woodhouse admitted. "I should have been more firm with the boy."

"You certainly should," said Harrington. "And you don't need to guess that I'm right. It's only the few in the world who have the gift of being able to judge others and be interested in them. It's a talent in itself."

"It seems to me," objected Woodhouse, "that you are advocating a policy of modesty—of doubtfulness—"

"Woody!" exclaimed Jeremiah Harrington, "you really make me tired. You don't get me at all. The man who employs labor is always on the lookout for strength. He wants loyalty, a willingness to take off the coat, roll up the sleeves, and get down to honest toil. He hates a braggart, but he loves the man who tells his true qualifications with convincing confidence. A man who hides his light under a bushel is more likely to set fire to the bushel than he is to set fire to the world. On the other hand, the man who holds his light too far above the bushel is likely to get into a bushel of trouble. Set a mark for yourself—but don't set it so far away that you can never hope to reach it!"

WISDOM will not open her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price in self-sacrifice, in hard work. Her jewels are too precious to scatter before the idle, the ambitionless.

"Are you referring to me?" asked Woodhouse with an amused smile.

"I'm not referring *to* you but *at* you," Harrington told him. "I think you need a new viewpoint on employment. You know, Woody, a business man should be a philosopher as well as a hard-headed bargainer."

"WELL, you may be right," said Woodhouse, "but what's all this got to do with the firing of my nephew?"

"Just this," Harrington said to him in reply. "It pays in dollars and cents to get under the other fellow's skin and appreciate his objective. If you only think of the dividends you wish to make the company pay, you fail in your objective. Think over the ambitions—foolish as they may be—of your employees. It pays to be interested in the slightest whim of the newest employee. If he isn't your nephew, he is someone else's nephew; but he's a part of your going machine, and his individual happiness directly contributes to your happiness and the happiness of your organization."

"Well, if I have been remiss, I am sorry," Woodhouse admitted. "Naturally, I wanted to do the right thing by the boy, but—"

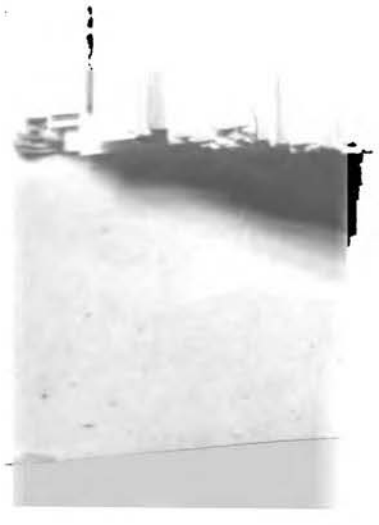
"There isn't a 'but,'" Harrington broke in. "That boy must have something in him. It was up to you to find it out and get it out of him. That's what I did with the son of my best friend, and that's why I didn't have to fire him, although I thought I was going to be forced to do so. I studied that kid as I would a problem in mathematics. I found that he had a passion for the movies. I made it a point to talk to him about them, and told him how I admired the clean-cut appearance of a certain young actor, whose clothes added to his personality. Soon I noticed that my slipshod youth was emulating this actor—and, of course, I had picked as my object lesson a screen hero of a conservative well-dressed type.

"THEN, as I went deeper and deeper under the boy's skin, I started to recommend screen plays to him. That necessitated my going to see them myself, but the result was worth it. Whenever I found a play with a sound moral lesson in it—a story of business success, loyalty and courage—a hero who won out against terrific odds after a disheartening struggle, I saw to it that the boy went to look at that picture. To-day he looks like a fashion plate and he's one of the best salesmen I have. If I'd fired him he would still have been a boob.

"I make it a point to know all my men personally. The first week after a new employee goes to work, he receives a personal letter from me, officially welcoming him into the organization. I write this letter on my personal stationery and sign it myself." Harrington reached into the file basket and selecting a carbon copy from the letters and handed it to Woodhouse. It read:

"Dear Mr. Kain: I have not as yet had the pleasure of talking with you personally, but I want to take this opportunity of welcoming you in our midst. I sincerely wish for your success in your new work, and I feel confident that you will establish an enviable record for yourself with our company. Any time that I can be of personal assistance, my office door is open. Even when things are running smoothly, drop in occasionally for a little chat. An exchange

(*Continued on page* 117)



Delving for New Wonders in Medicine and Surgery

Know These Men Who Guard Health, Make Cities Clean, Destroy Disease, and Restore Youth

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

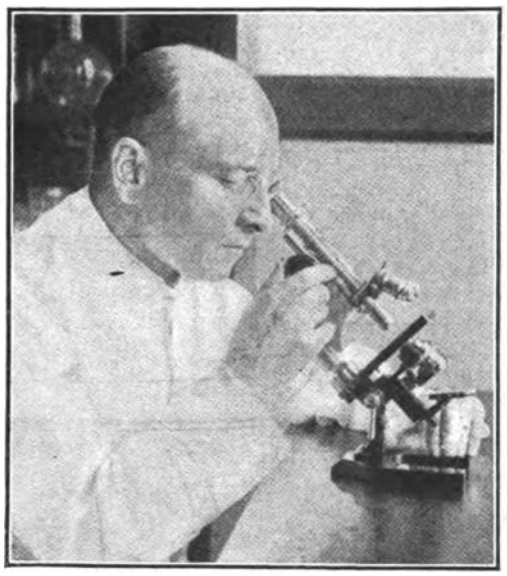
(Photographs copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.)

IT has been pointed out repeatedly that this is the age of scientific progress. In many directions we have been advancing but slowly, if at all; in the sphere of our social relations, we have not moved forward appreciably; toward the solution of great political and economic problems we have accomplished but little; but in the realm of science we have been darting forward with gigantic strides. And there is no field in which the advance has been swifter than in medicine.

The average man is too little inclined to realize how much medical science has done for him. We do not remember the great scourges that afflicted the world in past centuries; we have forgotten the Black Death, which more than once decimated the population of whole countries; we have almost forgotten even the smallpox, once considered inevitable as measles, though it claimed its victims by the thousands and disfigured multitudes of those whom it did not slay. Through anteserums and surgery, through improved sanitation and increased knowledge of hygiene, the average span of human life has been increased noticeably; and the credit for the advance is due to the white-aproned men of the laboratory, whose tools are the microscope and bacterial culture.

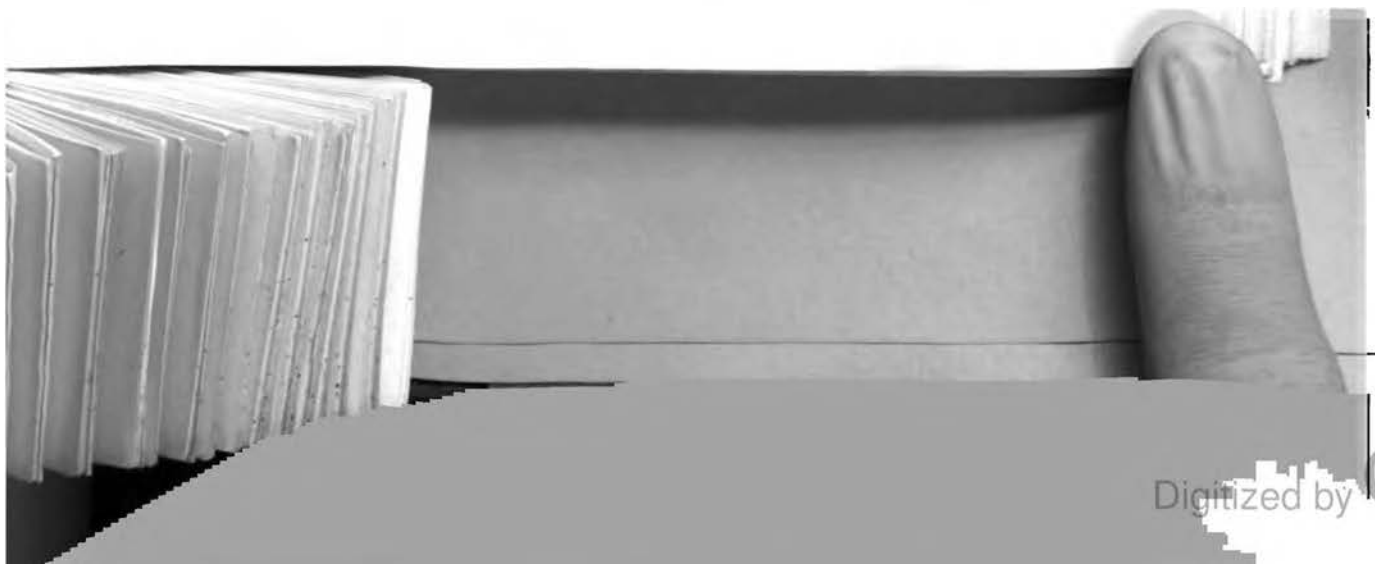
But the movement is by no means completed. If anything, it is only beginning. The progress of the past has been astounding; that of the future may be amazing beyond all calculation. To-day, in our laboratories are many valiant and capable battlers with disease germs, the most deadly enemies of mankind. What the warriors of science will accomplish in future, few can predict; but their achievements in the past have been striking, even phenomenal.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, has already come to the forefront in many ways, and is undeniably among the most prominent medical men in the country; during the World War, he was a major, and served among the wounded in France, on the field and in the hospitals; and during peaceful times he has won renown for his researches in the laboratory. But it seems likely that his future is to be even more strikingly successful than his past has been, for he is shortly to announce discoveries in a hitherto unexplored realm of medical science. Although the details are not definitely known, it is said that he will alleviate much needless suffering—much pain now considered inevitable. It is possible that the results of Dr. Carrel's investigations will prove a boon for all mankind; that



DR. ALEXIS CARREL

Winner of the Nobel Prize for success in suturing blood vessels and transplanting human organs



DR. THOMAS W. EDGAR

Makes the old young with the glands of monkeys

DR. HIDEYO NOGUCHI

Discoverer of a new vaccine for protection against yellow fever

they may relieve the sufferings of thousands, and they may open the way to investigations of an even more striking and revolutionary nature, and play a prominent part in man's conquest of his greatest foe—the blind forces of nature.

Restoring youthful vigor in the aged has been successfully effected by an American physician, Dr. Thomas W. Edgar, who has successfully installed a patient with monkey's glands, having for the first time in medical history used a solution imitative of salts contained in the blood. Through the employment of this solution, the glands were kept alive during the hours between their extraction from the monkey and their insertion into the patient. Dr. Edgar believes that by operations he may correct faulty facial expression, premature age, weakened muscular vigor, deterioration in memory and decrease in stature.

DR. H. B. STONE

One of the successful American surgeons of the World War

Compared to such feats, the miracles of old seem slight indeed; we have here renewed proof that medical science is advancing even beyond the wildest imagination of dreamers.

In the suppression of disease, in recent years, none has had a more important part than Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, bacteriologist of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. His accomplishment consists in the discovery of the germ of yellow fever, which for years had eluded the searching eyes of scientists. But now that the germ has been discovered, it has been possible to prepare a curative serum for the treatment of the disease; and the discovery of a vaccine for protection against yellow fever has recently been announced by Dr. George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation. The actual discovery, however, was made as early as 1918, when Dr. Noguchi was bacteriolo-

gist of the Yellow Fever Commission sent to Ecuador by the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation; and it was in the course of his investigations for this commission that Dr. Noguchi succeeded in isolating the germ of the disease. Already the success of the remedy has been marked, so marked, indeed, that not only have supplies of the vaccine been sent to Mexico and Central American countries, but that in Central America quarantine restrictions have been removed from all travelers who have been inoculated. It seems likely that the discovery of the yellow fever germ and the consequent measures against the disease will rank among the world's great medical achievements. Dr. Noguchi, now in his forty-fifth year, has made many other important contributions to medical science, and has lectured in many foreign countries.

DR. JULIEN BOURGUET

His feats in remaking the faces of French soldiers disfigured in the World War, amazed the medical world

Dr. H. B. Stone, of Roanoke, Virginia, is another physician whose accomplishments have placed him among the foremost medical men of the world. As surgeon for the Army camps of the United States, Dr. Stone achieved some remarkable successes. Recently he has visited New York in connection with unannounced discoveries in new fields of medical research.

Julien Bourguet, the eminent French surgeon, is known as the "builder of faces.' As army surgeon during the World War, Dr. Bourguet performed feats which have well aroused the surprise and admiration of the world; he has literally been a sculptor of living flesh and bone; he has worked at living countenances as artists have chiseled at those of stone; and out of the faces of disfigured and mutilated men — men scarred and mangled beyond recognition — he has resurrected the normal human physiognomy; he has remolded that which was hideous into that which it was pleasant to behold. At present, Dr. Bourguet is in this country, summoned by wealthy clients to perform operations for rebuilding noses.

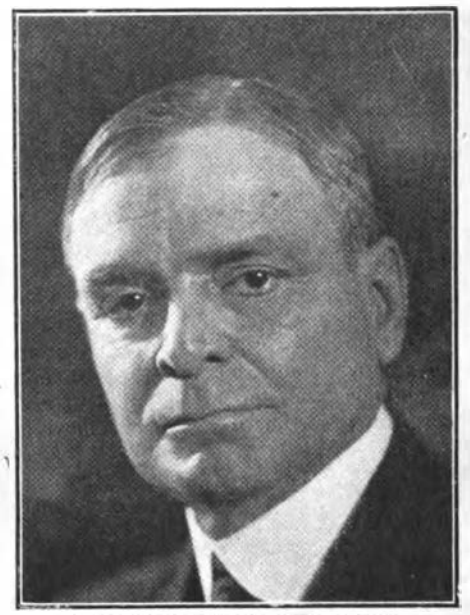
ADMIRAL EDWARD RHODES STITT

Surgeon-General of the United States Navy, one of the leading authorities on tropical diseases

A doctor of the highest eminence is Admiral Edward Rhodes Stitt, of the United States Navy. Admiral Stitt, who has recently become surgeon-general, is considered a leading authority on tropical diseases, and one of the most capable members of the medical corps. He received his degree of M. D., from the University of Pennsylvania, in 1899, and, shortly afterwards, was made assistant surgeon of the Navy. He is now rear-admiral, and head of the Naval Medical School.

Dr. George E. Vincent, who is not an M. D., but holds the degrees of Ph. D., and LL. D., is president of the Rockefeller Foundation. Recently he has returned from an extended tour of China, where the Rockefeller Institute has

been expending vast sums for the improvement of health and sanitary conditions. "Not until education in matters of health and sanitation has been disseminated throughout the Far East," says Dr. Vincent, "will the world be safe from plagues of all kinds." He adds that America has gained the reputation of leading the world in generosity, and of being first not only in helpfulness but in scientific intelligence.



DR. GEORGE E. VINCENT
President of the Rockefeller Foundation

Among men who do things may be mentioned Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, surgeon-general of the United States Public Health Service. Dr. Cumming has conducted an investigation of health conditions not only in the United States, but in Europe and Asia, and has devoted particular attention to diseases such as typhus fever and the bubonic plague, which are especially deadly in the East. He has performed a noteworthy service in the emphasis he has placed on the necessity for sanitary precautions; he has called attention to the fact that the Eastern scourges may spread to America unless we take definite steps to battle the menace; and while, perhaps, sounding a trifle pessimistic, his words are of importance as a timely warning.

For example, there is Dr. Rupert Blue, a leader in the field of sanitation. He is one of those largely responsible for the rating which American sanitation has attained as "the finest in the world;" he has had a long experience in instilling ways of cleanliness; he has served as surgeon-general of the United States Public Health Service, and has studied extensively the conditions of health in Europe.

DR. HUGH S. CUMMING
Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service

In this country, also, he has conducted extensive research; in 1905, for instance, he battled against the spread in New Orleans of the yellow fever, a deadly tropical pestilence that, somehow, had found its way to our shores, and the eradication of which was of the utmost importance for the welfare of the country. Likewise, in 1903, he led in San Francisco, in the warfare against the bubonic plague, another deadly Eastern pestilence which sought foothold in America. The bubonic plague, it was found, was disseminated by rats; or, rather, by the fleas that preyed upon the rats—and in the elimination of this scourge, as in the case of the yellow fever, Dr. Blue played a distinguished and highly important rôle.

Another French surgeon of distinction is Dr. Serge Voronoff, director of the Biological Laboratory of the College of France. A year or two ago, it will be recalled, Dr. Voronoff astounded the world by announcing a method for the restoration of youth by the transposing of the interstitial glands. Graft onto a decrepit person the glands containing the sap of youth, says Dr. Voronoff, and you will have a dotard suddenly grown young; his lost strength and vigor will return, and he will have the feelings and the energy of his early life. So here, at last, we have the Fountain of Eternal Youth, sought in vain by Ponce de Leon amid the wilderness of Florida, pictured by poets, dreamed of by visionaries, yet always a chimera till finally made real by a physician of the twentieth century. At least, let us hope it has been made real;

there is good reason to suppose so, good reason to hope that at last will come a time when the old may grow young.

Cary T. Grayson, a man of forty-two years, a surgeon in the United States Navy, with the rank of Rear Admiral, was almost the acting President of the United States for five months during the serious illness of Woodrow Wilson. It is true that the Constitution of the United States provides that in case of the death, resignation, or inability to discharge the duties of the office of President, these duties shall devolve upon the Vice-President; but the wise fathers who wrote those words and who voted them into the fundamental law of the nation forgot to designate who should determine when an inability" existed. Consequently such decision is left to the physician who attends a sick President, and up to the present time the physician, as well as others who are supposed to be in authority, have evidently decided that "inability" exists only when a President dies. So far in the case of any President who was sick or wounded unto death, no Vice-President has assumed the duties of the office while the duly elected President survived. Never has it occurred that a President while still alive has been considered by those around him unable to discharge the duties of his office.

DR. RUPERT BLUE
Leading American sanitarian

During all the long period of Mr. Wilson's illness, of anxiety and uneasiness throughout the nation, Dr. Cary T. Grayson was the arbiter of presidential action. It was this young naval surgeon who decided what was of sufficient importance to be brought before the President and what could await his restoration to official activity. It was Admiral Grayson who decided whether or not persons could see the President.

DR. SERGE VORONOFF
Discoverer of a method of transposing interstitial glands by which youth may be restored

Dr. Grayson was "discovered" by Theodore Roosevelt, when Mr. Roosevelt was President. Admiral Rixey, chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy was a horseman. He and Dr. Grayson rode together a great deal. Dr. Grayson's horsemanship impressed Dr. Rixey. About this time President Roosevelt issued the orders requiring physical tests for Army and Navy officers. Army officers were required to ride thirty miles each day for three successive days, at stated periods; and Naval officers were to walk ten miles. There was much growling and adverse comment. Army officers nearing sixty years of age made remarks about such tests in view of the fact that they had not been on a horse since they graduated at West Point. These criticisms reached Roosevelt, together with assertions by certain officers that they would like to ride a test with Roosevelt and show him something in the way of endurance.

"I can't enter a contest of that kind," said the President, "but I can show them an example. I have covered ninety miles or better in a day and can do it again."

"You are a horseman, Admiral," remarked the President; "wouldn't you like to go along with me? There ought to be a doctor along."

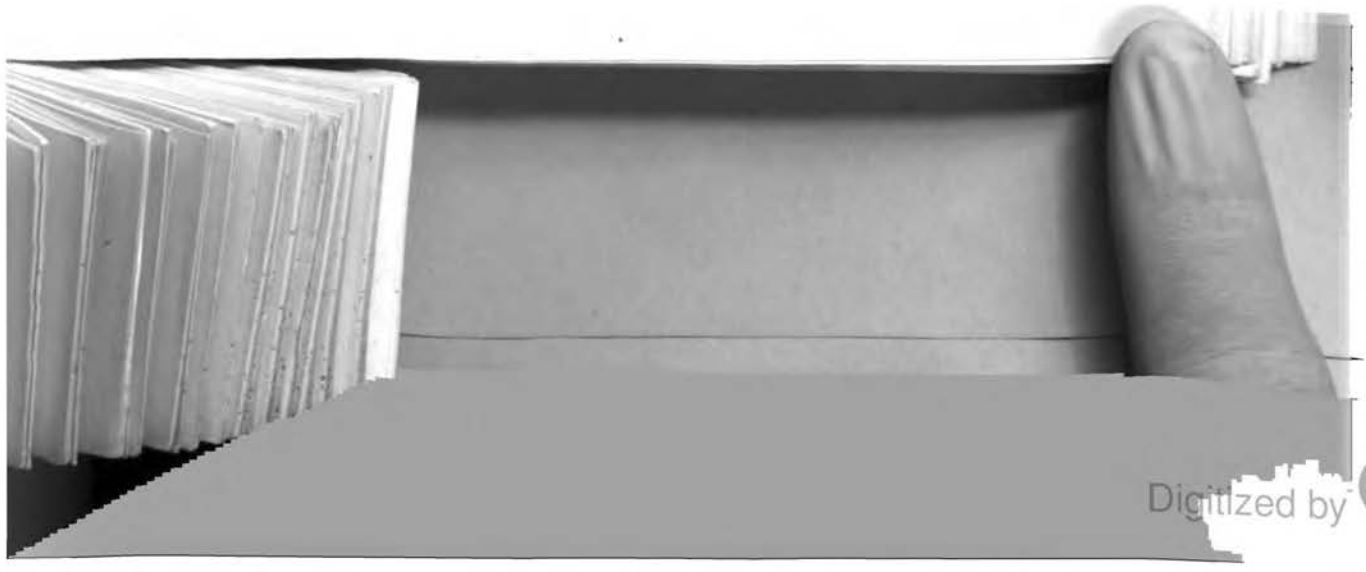
"I am not sure I could make it," replied Rixey, "but I know of a doctor who could."

"Who is it?" asked the President.

"Grayson," replied Rixey.

"Oh, I know him," replied the President. "Send him over to see me."

(*Continued on page* 118)



PERSONALITY AS AN ASSET

THE business manager of a large New York concern, who is an expert in hiring salesmen, rates applicants for positions almost entirely by their personality, the impression they make upon him. If this is unfavorable, no matter what his experience, his qualifications, or his testimonials, an applicant has no chance with him.

This practical business man believes with Walt Whitman that "A man is not all included between his hat and his boots;" that the atmosphere he radiates, the impression his personality conveys to that something in one which is not influenced by externals, is everything.

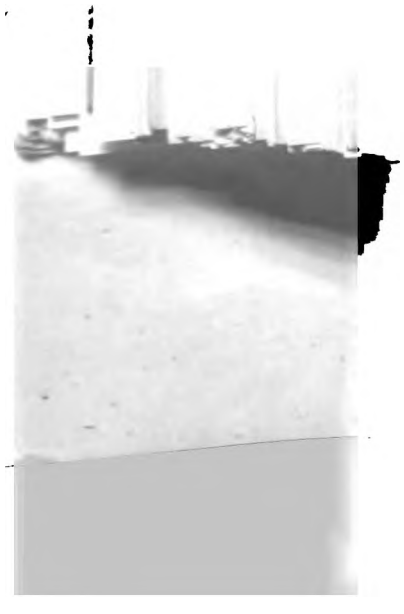
EVERY human being is surrounded with an invisible aura, or atmosphere, which makes a good or bad impression. Everyone feels it, but blind people are peculiarly sensitive to it. Helen Keller instantly detects the character of those who come near her. She feels their personality. When she speaks before an audience she can approximate its size by the vibrations from the different personalities, which affect her according to the temperament and character of the individual.

When we go into the presence of strong, noble characters we feel drawn toward them by a great force of power which we cannot describe, but whose potency cannot be questioned. They compel our admiration. They stimulate and draw out all that is best in us.

The mysterious stranger in "The Third Floor Back," and the butler in "The Servant In the House," are not altogether creatures of imagination. Everywhere we find people like those two stage characters who, in spite of their humble position and apparent poverty, radiate such an atmosphere of nobility, such a spirit of good fellowship, love and kindness, that they win all hearts. Not only do they win the love of the mean, sordid people among whom they are thrown, but their silent influence brings out the better side of them and transforms their lives.

PERSONALITY is the most important of all human assets. Our success, our popularity, our happiness, our power for good or evil, everything depends on it. Money is not the only riches. There is a possible wealth of personality, which would make money look ridiculous in comparison. No matter how poor a person may be he can cultivate a personality that will make him welcome where the mere money millionaire cannot enter.

The qualities which go to make up a charming personality, are kindness, magnanimity, cordiality, tolerance, sympathy, unselfishness, self-confidence and cheerfulness. These are the qualities that attract, that win our admiration and love. Any one who wills may develop them.



Conclusion of the Gripping Serial of Romance and Achievement

The Business Butterfly

Proud Prudence Parker, Employed as Private Secretary, Suddenly Finds that Art and Business Do Not Mix

By PETER GRAY

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

PRUDENCE PARKER finds herself facing the necessity of earning her own living, after a life of luxury. Left alone by the death of her uncle, Enoch Tomlinson, with whom she had made her home, Prudence leaves the New England town of Cambridge, for New York City. With a capital of $1500, she takes up a commercial course.

Forgetting her past social life, she enters into her practical business career with zeal and determination. Her first position is secretary to Richard Babson Vandergrift, millionaire. In spite of the fact that he advertised for a man, she is given the position. In order to try her out, Vandergrift leaves her alone the first afternoon to see how she can manage his affairs. His daughter, Margaret, telephones a message for him to meet her in order that he may see an original painting by Corot which she is very anxious to obtain regardless of the fabulous amount asked for it. Remembering the false originals by which her uncle had been defrauded of a fortune, Prudence telephones the agent to bring it to the office. Under protest he finally consents. Prue recognizes it as one of the worthless paintings owned by her uncle. Vandergrift resents her interference in such affairs and summarily discharges her. She refuses to leave until the authenticity of the picture is assured.

An expert claims that the canvas is genuine. Prudence is astounded and believes that she has been defrauded of her uncle's fortune. On leaving the office of Mr. Vandergrift, she almost encounters a young man who is much concerned at her distress. She sends a telegram to her uncle's lawyer in reference to the canvas, asking if she had been deceived. That evening, the young man she had met, calls. He is Theodore Vandergrift, son of her former employer. He assures her that he believes she has been unfairly treated by his father and sister. They dine together, and when Prue tells him that she has decided to visit a friend in Boston in order to clear up things, he asks if he may see her on her return.

In Boston, Prue learns that Lanning, her uncle's lawyer, has committed suicide, and believing he was responsible for Prue's loss of her uncle's money, he leaves her his estate. This money, Prue refuses to touch. Instead, she learns that one, Zalinsky, a curio dealer, is responsible for having sold the canvas to her uncle. Teddy Vandergrift decides to follow Prudence to Boston. They meet in the office of Zalinsky. Margaret and Taranoff appear and Prue accuses both men of trickery. Taranoff admits to Margaret the truth of the accusation.

"FIFTY thousand dollars!" murmured Richard Babson Vandergrift as he sat in his library, staring at the tiny Corot, for which he had paid that sum.

"When I was a boy, fifty thousand dollars seemed to me like a dream—a king's ransom. That I should ever possess so much money was beyond my wildest ambitions. Why, it took me more then thirty years to amass it—more than most men ever gather unto themselves in the course of a life of toil!"

His eyes still rested on the little canvas as, in retrospection, he recalled how his first thousands had rapidly rolled into millions when once he had crossed the border between poverty and affluence. There was satisfaction as well as amusement as he thought of his own transformation from a struggling youth to a power in financial circles, a leader among captains of men. Once, the payment of fifty thousand dollars for a single painting would have seemed to him unbelievable—almost a crime—when there was so much good to be done in the world with an amount so large. Yet, to-day, the possession of this product of a master's brush intrigued him strangely. It was the symbol of his power and his achievements.

It was the handiwork of an artist more famous in his circle of endeavor than Vandergrift would ever be in his. Corot had left this tangible evidence of his genius for future generations to look upon and admire.

"And what shall I leave behind me?" Vandergrift asked himself. "I shall leave a fortune for my family and a tombstone engraved with the dates of my birth and death—plus a few facts that will soon fade away." Then his expression changed to satisfaction and a great decision came to him. "No," he told himself, "I shall not have lived utterly in vain. I shall leave behind me this Corot, which my wealth has enabled me to buy. I shall place it in a gallery where the public may appreciate it and be inspired by its wonder. That, alone, will be an act worth while. And I shall add others to my collection."

But, again, the insignificance of the thing before him struck the millionaire forcibly. "A cow, a few trees, a bit of sky, some grass," he mused appraisingly. "Only a commonplace scene, very natural and colorful, but nothing wonderfully inspiring. Some paint on a small piece of canvas—a few strokes of a brush—and it cost me fifty thousand dollars!"

Vandergrift chuckled. "Poor Corot would probably turn in his grave if he knew what his work is bringing to-day as contrasted with what he was paid for it! Perhaps, after all, it is better to be a successful financier than a great painter!"

With a yawn, he removed his glasses, and settled back in his easy chair for a nap. He felt singularly contented; but, as he dozed, strange visions flashed across his brain. He fell into a troubled dream in which the Corot seemed to figure. Involved in the troubled situation were the members of his family. There stalked across the hazy setting of his dilemma the now sinister form of Taranoff, his prospective son-in-law, and the annoying recollection of the young woman he had discharged as his secretary.

Then he awoke with a start as a servant stood at his elbow and announced that Charles Salmon Chase was calling. "Show him in!" directed Vandergrift, glad to be awakened from his unpleasant nap. "Well,

Chase!" as the art connoisseur entered, "This painting you advised me to buy seems to have the power to give me nightmares. One might think it was some jewel of fiction, that brings disaster and death to any one who may possess it."

"It is a curious thing, Vandergrift, that beautiful things often bring misery in their wake. Art is full of such instances, well authenticated. But I never heard of any such wild tale being connected with a Corot."

"I want some more of them," Vandergrift said, as Chase sat down. "I mean to begin the collection of a gallery of paintings that I shall leave to this city, when I die."

"That is interesting," Chase replied. "But let me advise you to proceed carefully in your selection of canvases. There are many shrewd swindlers active, to-day. Some are so clever that many men, better versed in art than you, are victims of their deception."

"Never fear!" chuckled Vandergrift. "I am too old a bird to be taken in on such a lottery. When it comes to finance—to investments of every sort—I will not take second place to any man in the street. In the matter of pictures, I know nothing except whether or not they please me. As I was just thinking to myself, I cannot for the life of me see why this bit of paint and canvas is worth what I paid for it."

Chase held up his hands in mock horror. "Because it cannot be replaced. The brush of Corot is still forever. Never again will we have an artist with just his technique—a man who saw nature as he saw it."

"Yet, you say, there are forgeries in paintings," Vandergrift interrupted.

"Certainly," admitted Chase, "but just as you can pick out forgeries and flim-flam schemes in finance, we, who know art, can tell a genuine canvas from a spurious one.

"Let me prove it to you, my friend," Chase strode to the wall. "I will point out the earmarks by which I know that this purchase of yours was really done by Corot."

HE adjusted his glasses and switched on the electric light. Then—with an exclamation, he drew away from the canvas and turned toward Vandergrift in consternation. "That—that is not the picture I told you to buy!" he cried almost in agony. "It is a copy—a clever one—but still a copy!"

"A what?" shrieked Vandergrift. "Are you crazy—or didn't you know what you were doing when you first saw it in my office?"

"Of course I knew what I was doing—and I know what I'm saying at this minute!"

"Well you were either wrong then or now!" accused Vandergrift. "This is the selfsame painting."

"I'll take my oath that it *isn't!*" snapped Chase. "I'll submit the matter to any number of experts you care to summon!"

Vandergrift, stunned, sank in his chair, thinking of his fifty thousand dollars and wishing he had never heard of Corot. The fact that he had been tricked—that someone had worsted him in a bargain—humiliated and enraged him more than the discovery itself.

In Boston, in the shop of the curio dealer, Zalinsky, Margaret Vandergrift stood horrified at the crafty look in the eyes of the sinister man, and his words burned themselves into her memory.

"United we stand, divided we go to jail!" echoed his prophecy.

She glanced quickly toward Jules Taranoff, but there was scant comfort to be gained from the steely expression on his dark features. Margaret almost wished that she had left the shop with her brother, now that she had heard Taranoff's own confession that he was guilty of the crime of which Prudence Parker had accused him.

In the instant that this knowledge had stabbed her regard for her *fiancé*, her loyalty to him had turned to complete loathing. And now she wanted to scream out—to dash from the dingy room and its maze of curios.

BUT the picture Taranoff had painted, held her spellbound. She thought of the newspaper publicity that would result from his exposure. She remembered Zalinsky's taunt that she would be implicated, perhaps placed on trial herself as a party to the swindle of her father. And she knew Richard Vandergrift well enough to be certain that he would be relentless if he discovered the deception.

"Don't be foolish, Margaret," Taranoff pleaded, signaling Zalinsky to remain silent. "I know you won't believe me, but I only consented to do this thing because I wanted money for you—"

She gave him a glance of cold contempt. "You were willing to rob my father in order to marry me sooner!" she said scornfully. "Dishonesty can never be justified, even under the stress of great suffering and consequent temptation to obtain relief. But when it is as deliberate as this act of yours—"

"Please don't forget," Zalinsky interrupted in an oily tone, "that in the eyes of the law you will be an accomplice if this former secretary of your father's is able to prove her charges. You must help Taranoff return the original picture to your father's wall before the substitution is found out. If you refuse—" he edged threateningly toward her, but Taranoff, angrily intervening, shoved him roughly away.

For some time the girl stood silent in her fear. Then, with an effort she spoke. "I will help you on just one condition, Jules," she consented. "You may return to New York with me and I will see that you have opportunity to make the exchange of pictures. But you must promise me that the real Corot will remain in my father's house. I would like to exact the promise that you will play straight in the future yourself. But since I cannot marry you now, I suppose I cannot hope to influence you that far."

"Perhaps he will suffer a change of heart a little later," suggested Zalinsky with a leer. "In the meantime, it would be better if we were thinking of trains and railroad tickets, for there is no telling what steps our good friends, who have left us so angrily, might take."

"You're right," said Taranoff, as a clock chimed the hour in a distant recess of the half-darkened shop. "Have the original canvas packed in one of the big

brief cases. I can carry it easily without any one being the wiser as to what I have with me."

THE race was on half an hour later. Margaret, sick at heart and hating herself for what she had promised to do, yet eager to restore the real painting to her father, sat beside Taranoff in a speeding taxi-cab. And at the same moment, Teddy Vandergrift and Prudence Parker were riding in another cab toward the same station. Prudence had just finished talking with Lanning Lanning's partner, and Teddy thought he would never forget the look that had come over her face as she had absolutely declined to accept the money for which the lawyer had killed himself, in order to restore it to his client.

Teddy had tried to protest as she insisted in signing away her rights in his estate, in favor of the dead man's family. "I couldn't," Prudence answered softly. "Poor Mr. Lanning was innocent of wrong doing. They deceived him too—just as they are trying to dupe your father. I couldn't be happy with a penny of that money when his wife and family need it so much more than I do!"

Shrewdly, Taranoff had secured a drawing-room for the journey to New York, fearing the chance that he and Margaret might be intercepted.

"I wish I hadn't consented to Margaret's staying with him," Teddy confided to Prudence, "but if your suspicions are correct, they'll start for home at once. In that event, I'm glad we've made an earlier train."

"Your sister will be quite safe with Taranoff," Prudence assured him with a knowing smile. "He would be afraid to harm her even if he were not a coward at heart. Just now, his chief aim will be to cover up his tracks. In order to do that, he needs Margaret. He dares not even anger her. By doing so he would practically admit his guilt."

"Prudence Parker, you're the eighth wonder of the world!" Teddy said admiringly.

THE anxious, wearisome trip was over. Again two couples, unaware of the other's nearness, stepped into taxi-cabs at the Grand Central Terminal. Teddy and Prudence were riding through the dusk up Fifth Avenue, when Prue suddenly placed her gloved hand on his arm. "We've forgotten something important," she remarked.

"What?" he asked, fearing that, after all, her keen brain had not been equal to the occasion.

"You can't take me into your home by the front door without causing a scene or arousing your father's anger," she reminded him. "You forget that I am the discharged and discredited private secretary whose meddling so enraged him."

"He'll get over that when he knows our purpose."

"He mustn't know our purpose until we are sure we are going to win. Stop the cab at the corner and slip me in through the servants' entrance. I suppose they will keep quiet about it if you tell them to—"

"Certainly," chuckled Teddy. "Old Parkins will think I'm up to some lark. If necessary, I'll tell him I've eloped and am bringing back my bride, by stealth, in hope of parental forgiveness. Say," he added seriously, "couldn't I tell him that without straying too far from the truth?"

Prudence flushed in the semi-darkness of the cab and shook her head firmly, although her heart was beating faster. "I don't see how," she replied with an air of dismissal that chilled Teddy's further advances.

Five minutes later, they were quietly ascending the service stairs toward the Vendergrift library. Teddy led her familiarly along the darkened passage and now they paused behind the *portieres* that curtained the room itself. Then they stopped still, and Teddy's gleeful expression faded.

From the other side of the hangings he heard Taranoff's voice. "In time, old girl!" he was saying. "We've outwitted them! With the spurious Corot in my own hands, and the real one hanging there on the wall, we will have the laugh on Miss Parker and your brother."

Margaret's tone was cold as she answered. "I'm afraid I cannot share in your elation and amusement," she said. "I promised to help you and I have done so. Now, I suppose you will have to remain for dinner in order not to arouse father's suspicions. But you must go immediately after—and I never want to see you again!"

"I'm sorry," answered Taranoff with apparently sincere regret. "I shall be glad enough to make my getaway and be rid of this fool forgery that would be unpleasant evidence if found in my possession. The sooner I destroy it, the happier I will be."

THE library lights were suddenly switched on. Margaret and Taranoff turned in surprise as Richard Vandergrift, furious and fuming, quickly entered the room. "Well!" he exclaimed. "This is a surprise and I'm certainly glad you're here, Taranoff."

"What has happened?" demanded Margaret, paling.

"Happened!" roared Vandergrift. "You remember the day Chase was at my office and pronounced my Corot genuine? He was here, this afternoon, and has the audacity to tell me this canvas on my wall is spurious. If he has deceived me, I'll sue him for damages; if he's wrong—"

"You can make a monkey of him," interrupted Taranoff with a self-satisfied smile. "The canvas on the wall is genuine, of course. Didn't *I* tell you so. I'll stake any amount of money and my reputation on it!"

"Good!" snapped Vandergrift. "Chase is on his way here with three experts. Then we'll have the showdown and see who is right."

"Have no fear," Taranoff assured him. "Unless they are imposters without the slightest knowledge of their business, they will confirm what I say."

Then the three left the room, Teddy and Prudence silently slipped into the library. Angrily, Teddy shook his fist at the original canvas that Taranoff had succeeded in placing on the wall, but Prudence only laughed at him. "Don't give up yet," she whispered. "Slip upstairs and see if you can discover what he means to do with the forged picture. Get hold of it if

you can. I don't wish to be seen, so I'll conceal myself here behind this screen."

Teddy obeyed—but he did not wish to be seen himself, as yet, so he went on to his own quarters and waited until he heard Taranoff descending. Then he tiptoed softly along the hall and tried the door of the guest room. It was locked.

Finally Teddy heard the butler announce dinner. There was not a chance in the world of besting Taranoff now, and even though Margaret's words had indicated her contempt for the man, Teddy knew she would never betray him.

He hastened noiselessly to the lower hall and waited outside the open library door. Under the circumstances, Prudence's presence, if discovered, would place her in a dangerous position and he meant to be near at hand.

"Now," he heard his father saying. "Prove your case Mr. Chase. There is the canvas, gentlemen."

Teddy heard Taranoff's amused chuckle. His blood boiled as he waited expectantly for the verdict that would dash the hopes of Prudence forever—the verdict he knew must come.

But—what seemed to be minutes afterwards—he could hardly believe his ears! "Mr. Chase is quite correct," announced one expert. "This is only a copy of the famous little picture—and a surprisingly bad one at that."

Vandergrift nearly exploded and Taranoff stepped forward excitedly. For a moment he wondered if he had blundered—if the canvas in his brief case upstairs was the genuine one he had brought from Boston—if he had assininely left on the wall, the incriminating evidence.

"Nonsense!" he brazened it out. "I will wager anything!" But a look in the direction of the screen rendered him speechless.

Vandergrift and the others followed his glance. Teddy stepped into the room as he saw Prudence Parker step toward the little group—her hands behind her.

"Who are you?" demanded Vandergrift wrathfully, seeing the girl and not recognizing the smartly gowned creature as the secretary he had discharged.

"Prudence Parker," she said smilingly. "I wonder if these gentlemen would care to express an opinion as to this particular canvas?" She held out a framed picture and offered it to the nearest expert.

His companions and Mr. Chase crowded close. Teddy abruptly seized Taranoff as he leaped angrily toward Prudence.

"*Why this is genuine*—it is the picture I saw *before!*" pronounced Chase. "What is all this mystery and fussing about? Are you trying to make game of me?" he demanded of Vandergrift.

"Perhaps I can explain," laughed Prudence. "Just after Mr. Vandergrift bought the canvas—and after I had reason to believe that he would never have the real one delivered to his house—I bought this copy, just out of a foolish whim. It was in my bag when I went to Aline Bradford's house party. Somehow, fate seemed to tell me to take it with me to Boston!"

"You wonderful girl!" cried Teddy with enthusiasm, and everyone turned upon him in perplexity. "I see it all now," young Vandergrift went on, "when you were alone in the room just now, you substituted *your* copy for the original Taranoff put back on the wall before he went upstairs with his forgery."

"You are quite right," smiled Prudence calmly, "and if you will have some one search his effects, you will find the other copy—if he hasn't destroyed it."

Richard Babson Vandergrift gazed at Prudence Parker. To have watched his face change from suspicion and misunderstanding to downright appreciation and realization was a study in human emotion. "I—I—" he stuttered. "I—can only say that I acted too hastily," Miss Parker. "You're more than a business woman—you're—. Well, perhaps you'll accept my apology."

He held out his hand as he spoke. Prudence grasped it. "I hold no thoughts against you," she said. "I, too, have learned something."

But she hardly saw him, as she spoke; for Teddy's eyes were on her, and in them was a look of love as genuine as the real Corot on the wall.

SUCCESS NUGGETS

When a great orator was asked what were the three requisites of successful oratory, he replied: "The first is action; the second is action, the third is action."

◆ ◆ ◆

The present hour is the decisive hour, and every day is doomsday.—*Emerson.*

◆ ◆ ◆

The way to be happy is to take what you get and do what you can with it.

◆ ◆ ◆

Pull on the oar, and not on your friends.

◆ ◆ ◆

Nature does not say, "You must not," but she says, "If you do, you must pay the price, for I can not make it less." Nature does not argue.

Don't waste any time belaboring the cause of all your troubles—you're the trouble.

◆ ◆ ◆

Success is not measured by what a man accomplishes, but by the opposition he has encountered and the courage with which he has maintained the struggle against overwhelming odds.

◆ ◆ ◆

If you intend to work, there is no better place than right where you are.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

◆ ◆ ◆

My light is none the less, by lighting my neighbors.

◆ ◆ ◆

Many men fail because they do not see the importance of being kind and courteous to the men under them.—*Charles M. Schwab.*

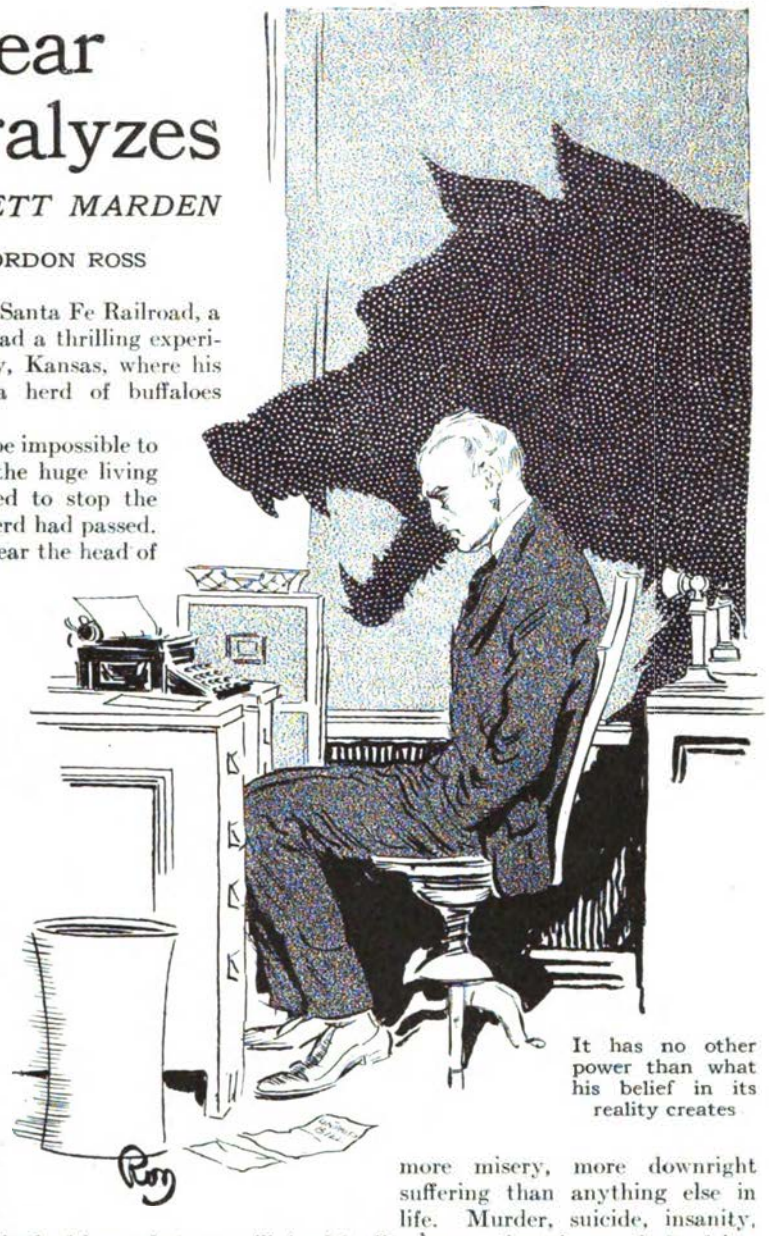
How Fear Paralyzes

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

IN the early days of the Santa Fe Railroad, a locomotive engineer had a thrilling experience near Dodge City, Kansas, where his train was held up by a herd of buffaloes traveling south.

Realizing that it would be impossible to force his engine through the huge living mass, the engineer decided to stop the train and wait until the herd had passed. But one of the buffaloes near the head of the column, an enormous bull, which towered head and shoulders above the rest, stepped out of the ranks and advanced within a few yards of the locomotive, bellowing defiance.



It has no other power than what his belief in its reality creates

"AS he stood there in the middle of the track in challenging attitude," said the engineer, telling the story to a writer for the New York *Sun*, "I pulled my whistle-valve wide open. Such a wild, piercing, hair-raising shriek as that locomotive let go had never before split the air in that far-western country. It struck the great bull with such terror that he rose on his hind legs as if he had been shot up by a blast. An instant he stood that way, terrorized, then he toppled over like a falling tree and came down in a heap across the track. He was dead. He had been frightened to death by the shriek of that locomotive."

The shriek of the locomotive couldn't injure a single hair on the hide of that great buffalo; but, in an instant, the fear of it killed him.

Fear kills multitudes of human beings. Fear of things that never touch them, of things that never happen, causes more crime, more failures, more misery, more downright suffering than anything else in life. Murder, suicide, insanity, ill health, life long unhappiness, theft, falsehood, treachery—these are but a few of the fruits of fear.

Most of the failures in life are due wholly to fear. There are millions, to-day, like the young man in our illustration, who is literally paralyzed by the voice of the demon Fear at his side. It is telling him that there is no use in trying to get ahead; that business is "rotten," that he will never be able to pay his bills; that his efforts to succeed will not avail because in the present depression all over the world there

is no chance of success for the young man starting in for himself, no chance for any but the heads of big business, those already firmly established.

If you listen to the voice of Fear you will never get what you are after, you will never accomplish the thing you long to do. When the mind is cramped with fear it has no freedom, it cannot express itself. No naturalness, no spontaneity, no mental power, is possible in its presence. It dries up the spirit, withers the ambition, kills initiative. How many people are ruined, or go through life as mediocrities, with ability which has been seriously handicapped or neutralized by fear, no one will ever know. Oh, how fear makes fools of us all! How it handicaps us, vitiates our health, our ability!

DO not allow yourself to think that anything else can come to you but prosperity. Assume the prosperity attitude, thought, manner. Act like a prosperous, progressive man, dress like one, think like one. Be sure that your mental picture, your mental attitude, is the pattern of that which you would like to be a reality.

LOOK at the young man sitting before the typewriter, in the grip of fear, shrunk mentally to half his natural stature. With a perfect physique, a fine head, a good brain, doubled up in his chair, he cowers before a gigantic shadow, which has no power other than what his belief in its reality creates.

Yet it is not a tangible thing at all. This hideous bugaboo which pursues man from the cradle to the grave, this great enemy of the human race, is a self-created demon. It has no reality outside of our imagination. Of itself it is nothing; it is merely the absence of something—the absence of courage, of the faith that clings to its vision in spite of everything, that sees the way past the opposing difficulty; the absence of confidence in a power within ourselves that is more than a match for any obstacle, the consciousness of which gives us strength to meet any emergency.

It was the fear born of ignorance that fashioned the gods of mythology. Primitive people had a god for everything that terrified them,—the god of thunder, the god of lightning, the god of the storms, the tempests, the cyclones, the god that sent all the plagues and diseases. We moderns have created the god of fear. Our ignorance has created a monster that makes cowards of us all.

If you are a victim of fear, my friend, you are a slave of ignorance. You don't belong to yourself. You are like an athlete who is trying to do stunts while bound hand and foot. When fear steps into your mental kingdom, do you realize what steps out? Your creative thought; your power to plan and think efficiently. So far as achievement or happiness is concerned, your mental faculties are paralyzed, your power is gone. Can you afford this? Think it over.

The Only Place for Him

I RECEIVED a letter from a lad asking me for an easy berth. To this I replied: "You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer or a soldier or a sailor; don't study, don't think. None of these is easy. O, my son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave!"—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

◆ ◆

What Humor Meant to Lincoln

"THERE'S a chap out in Ohio," said Abraham Lincoln, "who has been writing a series of letters for the newspapers over the signature of Petroleum V. Nasby. Some one sent me a pamphlet collection of them the other day. I am going to write to Petroleum to come down here, and I intend to tell him, if he will communicate his talents to me, that I will swap places with him."

All through his life, humor was Lincoln's safety-valve. He always kept a copy of some humorous work near him, and, whenever he felt himself sinking under the weight of a nation's burdens, he would turn aside from his work for a moment, and renew himself by a hearty laugh over some witticism or droll story.

"If it were not for this occasional vent," Lincoln used to say, "I should die."

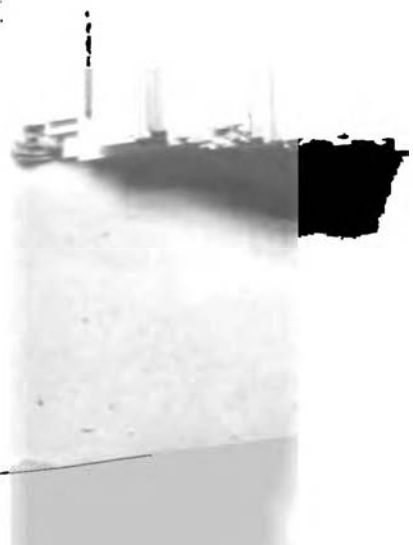
He realized to the full the value of "God's medicine."

◆ ◆ ◆

Luck never comes to the shirker—it always does to the worker.

◆ ◆ ◆

The real offense of Jesus, and the one for which he suffered most, was the act of taking what was supposed to be known only to the priests and making it the common property of all mankind.



How I Sold a Million-Dollar Policy

An interview with JOHN M. EGAN

Who Began by Distributing Mail for the Metropolitan Life. How He Landed a Big Prospect Against Big Odds

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

JOHN M. EGAN would be classed as "just an average fellow." He is an interesting talker, and bubbles with enthusiasm. I noted with satisfaction that he knew his business thoroughly. He is a walking encyclopedia. Question him, and he will respond with such illuminating replies that it is a genuine pleasure to listen to him. He believes in the gospel of hard work, but to him his job is not irksome. It is a perpetual holiday, in which he finds constant enjoyment. He is always on the alert to push his goods. Every day is his best day, for he is continually working to beat his own record. Not once did he evince any disposition to "lay down" just because he had done well the day before. He is always out to beat yesterday.

This intensity, however, is not the result of high nerve tension. It is the natural effect of a sheer love of the thing he is doing, and the fact that he is alive in every fiber of his physical and mental being. His mind is open. He eagerly seeks information from every possible source that will enable him to "get next" to promising and profitable prospects.

Egan understands the surface moods and motives that often have such an important bearing on success or failure. Occasional flashes showed me that he was also perfectly familiar with the deeper undercurrents of human feeling—the standard likes, dislikes, loves, hates, antipathies, fears and opinions that control the lives of the common run of men and women.

Such familiarity will do much to lift you out of the rut in which you are wearing away your life. But Egan has another quality. It has given him mastery, and it will impart mastery to all who acquire it.

His thinking is not limited. He shuns narrowness. He constantly studies his business in its relation to all other human activities, and he knows exactly what kind of service he is able to render to any man, woman or concern.

Therein is a valuable secret. By using this power, Egan was able to land orders amounting to three million dollars, within ten days. His dominating quality is his ability to "see" his opportunities and turn them into money.

EDITORS' NOTE

OVER $2,000,000 a year for five years! $3,000,000 in ten days! And still going!

That is the unusual selling record of John M. Egan whom Mr. Gregg interviewed for THE NEW SUCCESS. As Mr. Egan willingly revealed some very important secrets of successful selling, Mr. Gregg analyzed him for the benefit of those who are struggling to get ahead and wonder why they are making so little progress.

What Mr. Egan said suggested this conclusion:

There is a way to succeed. Others have found it, and you can do likewise. They are no smarter than you. The chief difference is that those who have made money, and gained an assured position in life, owe their achievement to a wise use of the very same kind of powers that you already possess. This thing of making headway is not so much a matter of special talent, as it is a special way of using the talents that are common to every normal man and woman.

As soon as I had decided that Egan's success was due to his rather uncanny power of insight into the bearing of his business on the interests of others, I narrowed the interview down to a consideration of that point.

"That's so," he exclaimed, nodding vigorously. "You must have vision. You must be able to see in front, backwards and sideways. It is impossible for a man to do business by himself. He must buy and sell in coöperation with others, and the more he understands how human interests are closely interrelated, the more opportunities he will see in his own line. Bankers, manufacturers, and merchants make a business of keeping in touch with the entire field of business and industry. Money making is an international enterprise. Politically the world is divided by national boundary lines, but economically it is an aggregate of units striving to make money by buying and selling at a profit, or serving those who are thus engaged. The more a man understands these broader relationships, the better able he is to dispose of his own products to good advantage and on a large scale. Let me ask some questions for the benefit of the man who is eager to better himself:

"*What do you know about the industry or business in which you are engaged beyond your own particular task?*

"*What bearing does your business have on other business activities?*

"*Has it ever occurred to you that an increase of knowledge on these two points would help you to 'see' your opportunities, and thus open the way for advancement?*

"For instance, how much do you know about the interrelations of banking, real estate and insurance? If you are selling real estate, you ought to be able to help a patron finance a purchase with the aid of the banks and the insurance companies. Some years ago the financial world was jolted by a young man working in an express office who made twenty-five thousand dollars by purchasing government bonds and reselling them at a small advance to the banks. He was able to do this because he made a study of banking, and how the government handles large issues of bonds. An opportunity came for him to bid on a new issue, and he was awarded a large block, which he at once resold at a profit—a perfectly legitimate transaction. He beat the bankers at their own game without a penny of capital, for he got the bonds because he knew how to present his bid. The failure of the government to require a certified check gave the express clerk his opportunity and stirred the wrath of the financiers. Multiplied instances could be given of men and women who have lifted themselves to better positions by the simple process of developing long vision. Anybody can do it who will make the effort."

EGAN is engaged in "selling insurance." but you will observe that his principles of success are applicable to any sort of human undertaking. In further demonstration of his system, I will tell how he landed $3,000,000 in insurance in ten days.

It began in the most natural way in the world. When Egan left his home, in Cleveland, on a Monday night in January, to attend a convention of insurance men in New York, his wildest dreams of success did not even suggest what awaited him in the Metropolis. He arrived on Tuesday morning, took a room at the Pennsylvania Hotel, and settled down to profit by the usual routine of a convention. Fifteen hundred superintendents had assembled and were exchanging all sorts of yarns and information. Egan enjoyed it all for he was able to give as good as any of his colleageus could send in the way of stories dealing with human nature.

Thursday morning came, and something arose which required Egan to find an official of his company who was stopping at the same place. He figured that he would locate his man in the main dining-room. He looked in, but the official was not there. Egan had estimated his expenses on the basis of a lower rate afforded in another part of the hotel and did not think of eating breakfast just then. But he caught sight of two other insurance men whom he knew slightly. There was a vacant chair at their table and he decided to sit with them and watch for his man. But once seated he felt that he owed a duty to somebody and he ordered breakfast, inwardly promising himself that he would save the difference by going to lunch counters for a few days thereafter.

The official he wanted to find did not appear. Insurance matters were discussed, and in the course of the conversation, one of the men asked: "Did you hear about the man from the West who is here to get a half-million policy?"

"Where is he from?" inquired Egan, thinking possibly he might be from Cleveland.

"That's what we are trying to find out," commented the other man. "If he doesn't go to a broker there will be something in it for several companies. All we know is that there is a big prospect running loose in New York, and that he is worth landing."

Photograph by Van Oeyen Studio, Cleveland

JOHN M. EGAN

He found that by constantly studying his chosen business, selling insurance, he could win where others fell by the wayside

Egan was on the alert in a moment. He had never written a half-million policy and he wondered how it would feel to land one. As the conversation progressed, he tried to learn more from the others, but they were not able to give him any more light. All they knew was that the big prospect was in New York—they had heard it from somebody else and were trying to confirm it—so all Egan had to work on was a rumor.

All day long, the possibility of finding the mysterious stranger haunted him and led him to make deductions.

His long experience in the insurance business, and his knowledge of the ways of men of large affairs, pointed to the conclusion that a man who would come to New York for a half-million policy was doing it for borrowing purposes. The inference then was that he might locate him through one of the bankers.

But before following that deduction he decided to have another interview with the men who had given him the tip. So, Friday morning found him again in the main dining-room instead of the room where he could get a breakfast for seventy-five cents. But his insurance friends did not show up, and he felt a little disappointed. He had hoped to get a little more information from them, but that was out of the question.

At a nearby table sat two men who were deeply engrossed in discussing a big deal they were putting over. One big, prosperous-looking fellow was telling another ditto how he could make one hundred per cent by taking stock in an oil-tank company already owning one hundred tank cars, for which he was raising capital. Egan caught it all, and picked the first big fellow as a prospect. He followed him out of the dining room, thinking he might get his name from the hotel clerk; but, in the general scramble that followed, Egan lost his man. However, in making that effort, he ran plump into William Watson, also an insurance man from Cleveland, but working for a different company.

"Hello, Watson!" "Hello, Egan!" They spoke simultaneously.

Assuming a knowing air, Egan suggested: "I suppose you are here on that big case."

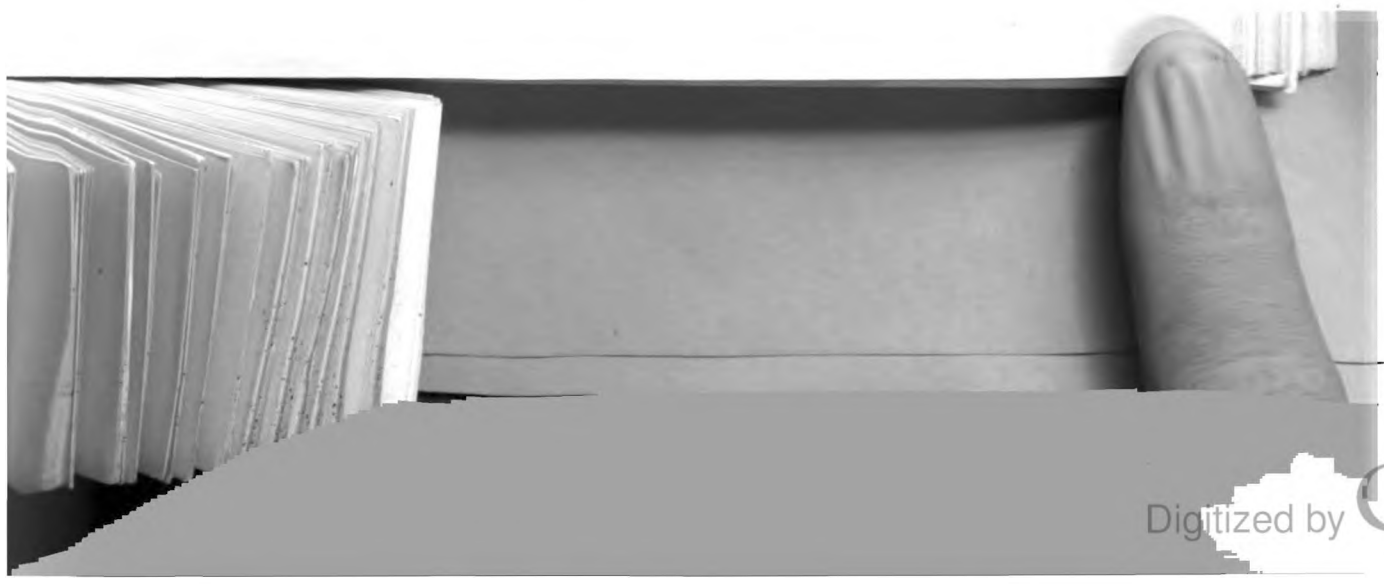
"Yes; oh, yes," replied Watson with calm assurance, "but that is not worrying me any. We have that all cinched. I am just waiting around for a final report from my company."

Egan knew that Watson had close connections with Brown & Co., private bankers, and the thought flashed into his mind that maybe Watson knew about a possible loan, so he innocently remarked: "I suppose Brown and Company are handling the loan?"

"No, that is being taken care of by the Union Trust Company here in New York."

Egan's heart thumped! He had inside connections that would possibly enable him to obtain the name of his man. As soon as he could slip away from Watson, he called a lawyer friend who knew an official in the Union Trust Company, and asked the lawyer to find out if that company had been approached for a loan by a man from the West who was then in New York City seeking a half-million-dollar insurance policy.

In a short time the lawyer called back with the information: "Yes, his name is Vernon Grant. He is in the oil business somewhere in the West."



"Where is he stopping?"

"At the Hotel Belmont."

"Good enough. Thank you."

This information was obtained on Saturday, too late for Egan to follow it up to good advantage, so he postponed his approach until later.

He spent the week end out of the city. On Tuesday he was back on the job to see what he could do to land the order.

When he asked the clerk at the Belmont where he could find Mr. Grant, the clerk gave him the number of a suite on the 13th floor.

But Egan was careful not to have the clerk call Grant on the 'phone. He went right up unannounced.

A cold-blooded fellow came to the door in response to Egan's knock.

"I am Mr. Grant's secretary. What do you want?" queried the secretary.

"May I see Mr. Grant?" asked Egan.

The secretary looked him up and down and slowly backed away as Egan entered.

Through the door leading into the bedroom, Egan saw a man shaving—a man with a keen face. Egan concluded at once that he had located his quarry.

When Grant came into the reception room, later, to greet his caller Egan did not waste a word.

"Mr. Grant," he began, with a friendly smile on his ruddy face and a sparkle in his blue eyes, "I understand you are in the market for a large amount of life insurance. I have come to ask you for a share of it for my company. Another company has examined you I am told, but if you meet with any trouble I would like to introduce you to some of our officials. They may be able to help you out. Furthermore if you should wish to insure with us, I could give you a decision on the examination within twenty-four hours."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Egan," responded Grant. Your president, Mr. Haley Fiske, is one of the men I expect to meet. Mr. Keene is going to introduce me. Do you know Mr. Keene?"

"Oh, yes."

"Fine man, isn't he."

"Yes, a very fine man."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Watson?"

"Yes, I know Mr. Watson."

"Capital fellow."

"You are quite right."

By this time they were chatting on very friendly terms. Egan did not push the advantages of his company during this preliminary interview. He learned that Grant had an appointment at the office of the other company that afternoon. When he made this discovery, Egan deftly proposed: "On your way back I wish you would stop at the Metropolitan Building. I know you would enjoy seeing some of our head men."

"What time would you suggest?"

"How would four o'clock do?"

"You may expect me a few minutes after that hour," assented Grant.

When Grant walked into the insurance office at 4:15 Egan was there to greet him. An examination was made, and a decision promised for the next day.

"You have been examined for half a million, Mr. Grant," said Egan, "but you ought to have a million."

Mr. Grant shook his head. He replied decisively: "Neither you nor any other man can sell me a million."

Egan had his ticket to return to Cleveland that night, but he had it changed so he could stay over another day. Wednesday he saw Grant at the hotel, and informed him that he had passed the examination and that he would have his policy in a few days.

So Egan returned to Cleveland Wednesday night. On the following Monday, he received a policy for $50,000. He had not asked for more, for he did not want to create any excitement by naming the limit at the outset. He was playing for a big prize and he thought it best not to frighten anybody.

After Egan had received the policy in Cleveland, he called Grant on long distance, to make sure that he was in New York.

"Send the policy on and I'll mail you a check for it," said Grant.

"I'll be in New York tomorrow morning to hand it to you myself," Egan replied.

The long-distance toll amounted to $7.50.

According to promise, Egan was there Tuesday morning with the $50,000 policy in his pocket.

First he called up the head office to see if his company would insure Mr. Grant for $150,000, which was the limit. Egan was assured that he was acceptable.

Egan called on Grant with the $50,000 policy, and with a firm resolve to get more if possible.

After they had talked for awhile, Egan found out that Grant was vexed over the dilatory tactics of the other company.

"Now, Mr. Grant," exclaimed Egan, "since you are having trouble with the other folks, don't you think you had better take out more insurance with us? We are willing to give

you the limit of $150,000 and I may be able to fix it so you can get a half million."

The upshot of the matter was that Egan arranged for Grant to meet Mr. F. O. Ayres, second vice-president of the company.

Grant was not feeling very pleasant about the delays he had suffered with the other company, and spoke of the officials as "old fogys." After they had talked for awhile, Mr. Ayres said: "Mr. Egan tells me that you would like to carry half a million, Mr. Grant. Is that right?"

"Yes, if I can get it."

"All right you may have it all."

As $150,000 was the limit of the company, it would be necessary for $350,000 to be rewritten with other companies; but that was a mere technical detail.

On the way out, Grant was quite outspoken in praise of Mr. Egan and his associates, and gave Egan another jolt by saying: "Since your company has been so up to date, I am going to insure my men with you for two millions on the group plan."

All this time Egan had been holding the policy for $50,000 which he had come from Cleveland to hand over to Mr. Grant; but was not just ready to do any delivering. All of this happened on Tuesday, just a week from the day Egan had approached Grant for the first time.

Meanwhile additional policies to the amount of $250,000 had been issued, which with the previous $50,000 made $300,000; and, on Wednesday morning, Egan took them over to the Belmont to give them to Mr. Grant.

When he arrived he found Mr. Grant in conference with a man in the inner room. He waited for an hour. While he was sitting there, a big breezy Westerner came in and sat down.

The telephone rang. Mr. Grant emerged from the conference room to use the 'phone in the reception room.

"Hello there," he exclaimed as he greeted Egan.

The conversation was short but very significant. A bank official had called Grant up to inform him that he had been granted a loan of $5,000,000. His face lighted with satisfaction. At once Egan saw another opportunity.

After he had finished the telephone talk, Grant turned to the Westerner with the question:

"How much do you want for your oil properties?"

"Four million."

"How much cash?"

"Two hundred thousand."

"What is your daily output?"

"Between six and seven thousand barrels."

"You are going back at four, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"All right. I won't pay you four millions; but here is what I will do: I'll give you two and a half millions. Within ten days, I'll pay two hundred thousand dollars cash, but you must carry the notes. In return I will allow you one-sixteenth interest in the output until the balance has been paid. Now, this is what will happen: In sixty days I will have the two hundred thousand, and in eight months, the earnings of your share will be sufficient to pay the interest on the balance, and you will get your money back by that time. Is that satisfactory?"

"If that is the best you can do, it will have to be."

All right, then; it's a bargain."

After the Westerner had gone, Grant turned to Egan. "I have just put over the biggest deal of my life. With the money I have been able to borrow and the properties I have just bought, I'll make twenty-five millions for our company in another year," he said.

"That is remarkable," exclaimed Egan in genuine admiration. "Let me congratulate you on your success. Now," he continued, "since you have just made the biggest deal of your life, in the oil business, why not help me to put over the biggest deal ever handled in the insurance business?"

"How can I do that?"

"Take out another half million on your life."

"How could it be done, since I have already had my life insured for half a million?"

"You have a wife and four children?"

"Yes."

"Divide the half million into five policies of one hundred thousand dollars each—one for each child and one for your wife."

"How much would it cost me?"

"The annual premium would be thirty-five thousand."

"Why that's only two weeks' vacation. I'll do it. Do you think you can put it over?"

"That's up to me," replied Egan, feeling a little groggy.

When Egan talked the matter over with the officials of his company, they said he could not swing it because of the cost of re-insuring the president of his company.

Then he went straight to Mr. Fiske, and after a diplomatic presentation, "sold" the proposition to him. A million-dollar-life-insurance policy was something unprecedented and demanded careful consideration. Egan had known

Mr. Fiske for twenty-five years, and he was confident the president would find a way to handle the million-dollar transaction.

Finally it was arranged that Mr. Grant should be introduced to Fiske by Egan. Mr. Keene, the friend who had promised to do so in the first place happened to be out of the city when it suited Mr. Grant's convenience to make the call, so they never got around to it.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fiske did some investigating on his own account. He found out through his banking connections that although Grant was not yet forty years of age, his financial standing was A-1, and that his income for a single day was sufficient to pay the premium on a half-a-million-dollar policy for a year. So he had no further misgivings on that score.

They met and were introduced; and, as is the custom of busy men sometimes, they chatted a moment before getting down to business.

"I understand you would like to increase your policy to a million dollars," said Mr. Fiske.

"Yes, I am ready to take that amount."

"All right, you may have it."

The big deal was closed.

Egan is a New Yorker. At sixteen, after graduating from high school, he went to work for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. His first job was distributing mail among the departments. While thus employed, he took a business course in the Y. M. C. A. night school, and eventually won a position in the "front office" of the Metropolitan.

All this time he studied the insurance business from every angle. Unlike most insurance men, he did not start in the field as a solicitor. He really began as a clerk. One day, an irate policy-holder came in to get some information about a child's endowment policy for a thousand dollars. Egan persuaded the father to take out a policy on his own life for the same amount, answered all his questions, and sent him away satisfied.

Later, he began to capitalize his deep understanding of insurance and soon after he was writing big policies. Eventually—after he had demonstrated his unusual grasp of business—he was sent on the road as an instructor, to show solicitors in the field how to reach big men. He worked his way back and forth across the United States and Canada four times, visiting every agency of the company, working with the men and telling them "how to do it." Incidentally he wrote $2,000,000 worth of insurance himself each year for the five years that he was on the road, and greatly stimulated the selling activities of the field agents. Two years ago the company put him in charge of a Cleveland district.

"How do you explain your success in landing that million-dollar policy," I asked him. He replied:

"*Experience. A thorough knowledge of insurance. An understanding of the methods of big business. The uses that can be made of insurance in large financial operations and the splendid team work of my official superiors.*"

"That deal gave me a lot of satisfaction," he continued, "because I played the game on the square and did not take anything from anybody else. Grant went through with Watson and purchased a policy from him, but it was not for a million. Grant is a regular fellow. He is a born trader, and likes a man who knows his own game. After I had committed him to an additional half million, there were very grave doubts about me being able to get it, but I was confident that it could be done. Grant became personally interested in my effort, and did his best to help."

The last act in that campaign was the supreme test of salesmanship. Egan not only had to sell the million-dollar policy to Grant, but to Mr. Fiske also, whose quick grasp and splendid coöperation made the transaction a possibility.

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Scatter your flowers as you go along, especially in the lives of those in whose gardens the flowers never bloomed. Nothing will give you greater satisfaction.

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It is the man who persists in seeing his ideal, who ignores obstacles, absolutely refuses to see failure; who clings to his confidence in victory, that wins out.

ONE of the most pitiable things in human history is the spectacle of a man who has gambled away his chance in life, gambled away his possibilities, and when near the end of life awakens to the fact that the larger part of his powers has never been utilized, that his almost finished career, which might have been a masterpiece, is only a smirched, unsightly daub.

Think It Over!

AMERICA will become "a nation of liars" unless the present income-tax rate is lowered, says Dr. Charles J. Bullock, Harvard professor of economics.

One railroad found that putting an exhaust tip 3/8 of an inch smaller on a Mikado type locomotive increased the fire-box temperature 400 degrees and saved $57,000 a year in coal.

A New York woman paid $3,500 for what she believed to be the original Aztec calendar, reputed an archeological wonder. Experts have since told her that the calendar is worth about 35 cents.

When Joseph Pulitzer, founder of the New York *World*, landed as a poor boy, in the United States, he intended to go to Mexico, but could not get there as he only had twenty cents left. He slept on benches in City Hall Park.

The population of the world is about 1,650,000,000. It has been estimated that the earth can maintain a population of 6,000,000,000, a total which will be reached in the year 2100 at the present rate of increase.

Our record of murder, plague, starvation, cruelty, ignorance and brutality justifies Mr. Rockefeller's question, "Will civilization survive?" No wonder the other planets don't speak to us. Our hands are too bloody and our hearts too selfish.

The gram of radium, valued at $100,000, which the women of America presented to Mme. Curie is in a casket no larger than a thimble. To insure safety, this casket is encased in 80 pounds of lead. The whole is in a solid mahogany case that cost $2,700.

The money in American savings banks now totals $6,500,000,000. This is more than double the amount of money that was on deposit before the war. Despite the sufferings and privations due to the World War, it taught the people to be thrifty. Now it seems to have become a national habit.

The whale was once a land animal. The legs shriveled up and were changed into finlike flappers. This unwieldly, cumbersome animal found it so very difficult to get around on the land that it lived much in the water to protect itself, and gradually developed qualities in keeping with its new environment.

When George Stephenson was trying to get the permission of Parliament for a short experimental railway several members said that it was "impossible for any vehicle to go faster than twelve miles an hour." Others said that it was dangerous to life to be "hurled over the ground" at a greater speed than fifteen miles an hour, and that, if the railroad ever came, it would be imperative to limit it to that speed.

"What is the dearest wish of a woman?" A Tokio, Japan, newspaper asked this question. The following answers were received: 980 out of 1,000 desired to have new clothes; 720 out of 1,000 wished to be able to go to the theaters and other amusement places; 150 out of 1,000 wished to live on specially good food; 100 out of 1,000 wished for happy homes; 50 out of 1,000 desired to travel; 30 out of 1,000 wished to accumulate money.

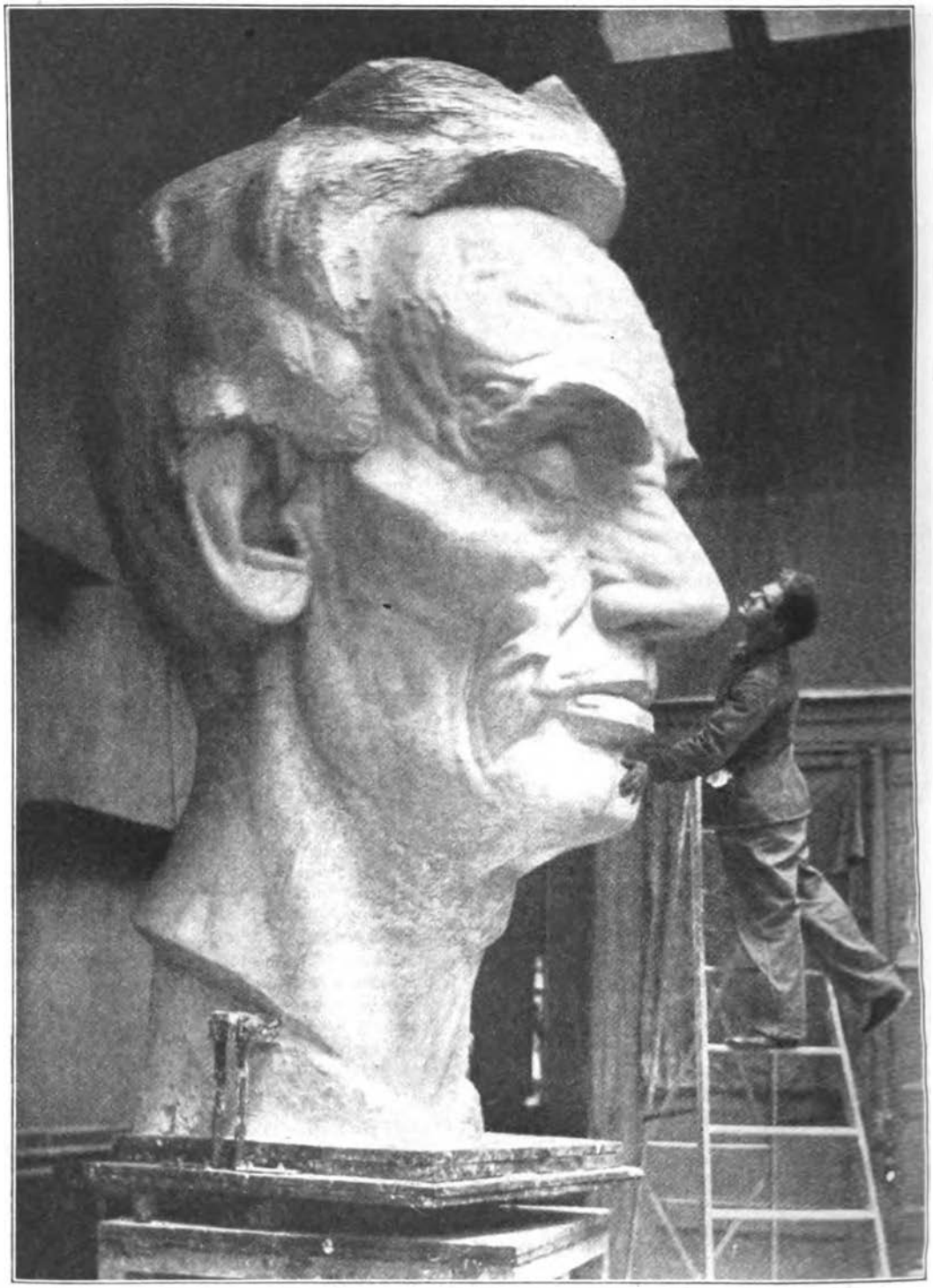
"As to hiring one man to kill another man, in our civilization, there is no difficulty about that," writes Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*. "That well-known politician, congressman, assemblyman and New York political boss, 'Big Tim' Sullivan, reminded by this writer that his law against carrying weapons appeared to violate the United States Constitution, said: 'Yes, I know, but for fifty dollars I can hire a man to kill anybody in New York, and that ought to be stopped.' "

The number of Americans visiting Europe this summer will be in excess of 100,000 monthly. Figuring the tourist season as lasting until September and each tourist as spending $1,000—enough for two weeks, without any high living—this means that a total of $600,000,000 will be spent by Americans in Europe this summer—nearly a fifth of the total amount owed by France to America. People who were in France last summer will find that the general cost of living has increased nearly 300 per cent.

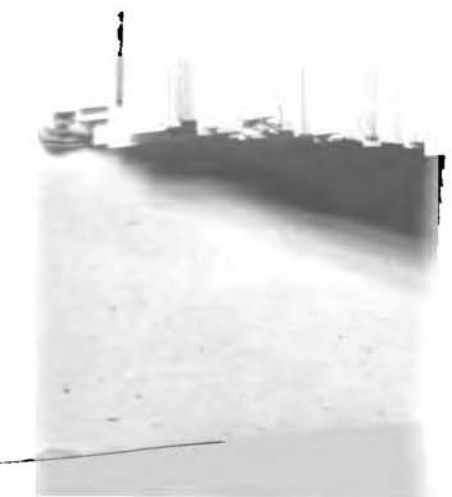
There were 12,000 suicides last year. The youngest was 5 years of age, the oldest 103. A hundred couples committed suicide as a result of divorce; a great number of wives of farmers took this method to get rid of their troubles. Among others were 75 managers of businesses; 36 millionaires; 23 rich women; 24 lawyers; 8 judges; 51 doctors; 40 actors and actresses; 34 teachers and college professors; 59 bankers; 7 clergymen; 2 evangelists. Just think of 777 children committing suicide in the United States because of failure to pass examinations, fear of punishment, and unhappy homes!

Of a total of 1,373 children recently put to the test in a public school in Brooklyn, Greater New York, 499 did not know the Ten Commandments, and 351 had never even heard of them! When asked to repeat the Commandments, some of the pupils gave the following answers:

The first commandment is not to shoot craps.
Don't marry.
Do not make love to your neighbor's wife.
There shall be light.
Children must keep off the steps of street cars.
Not to swear for anything.
Don't hitch on wagons.
Don't crook anything.
Thou shalt not hit thy father or mother.
Love thy neighbor's wife.
Don't swindle.
There shall be water.
The ten commandments were the ten amendments to the constitution.



Model of the massive head of Abraham Lincoln, by George Grey Barnard, for the Lincoln *Highway*. You can get some idea of its immensity by comparing it with the sculptor, who is on the step-ladder



A Head of Lincoln for the Ages

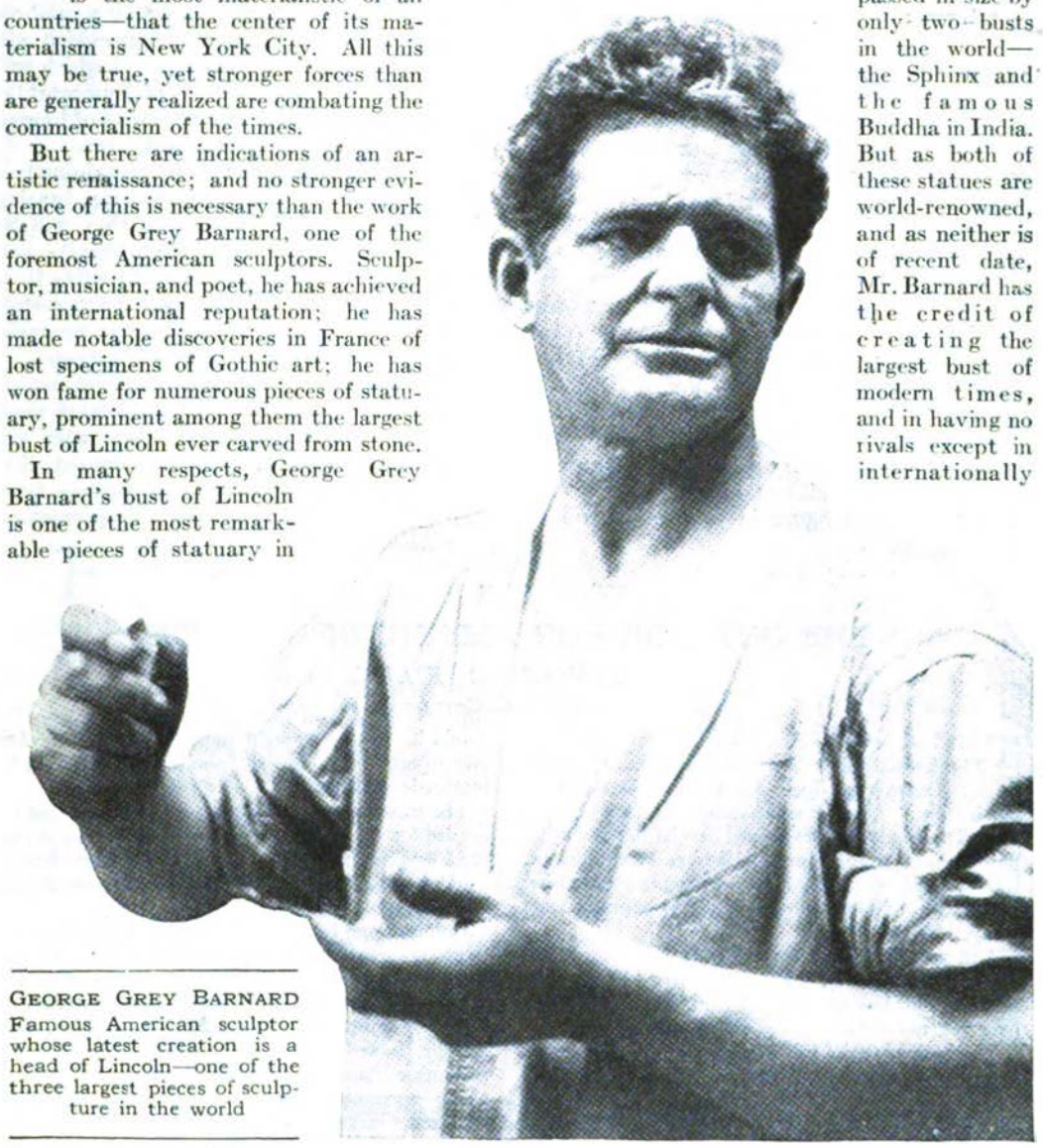
Massive Memorial for the Lincoln Highway, By George Grey Barnard, Sculptor

By EDWIN S. MARTIN

THIS is an age of materialism, the critics declare; and, they add, the United States is the most materialistic of all countries—that the center of its materialism is New York City. All this may be true, yet stronger forces than are generally realized are combating the commercialism of the times.

But there are indications of an artistic renaissance; and no stronger evidence of this is necessary than the work of George Grey Barnard, one of the foremost American sculptors. Sculptor, musician, and poet, he has achieved an international reputation; he has made notable discoveries in France of lost specimens of Gothic art; he has won fame for numerous pieces of statuary, prominent among them the largest bust of Lincoln ever carved from stone.

In many respects, George Grey Barnard's bust of Lincoln is one of the most remarkable pieces of statuary in existence. Measuring over fourteen feet from its base to the top of the head, it is surpassed in size by only two busts in the world—the Sphinx and the famous Buddha in India. But as both of these statues are world-renowned, and as neither is of recent date, Mr. Barnard has the credit of creating the largest bust of modern times, and in having no rivals except in internationally



GEORGE GREY BARNARD
Famous American sculptor whose latest creation is a head of Lincoln—one of the three largest pieces of sculpture in the world

famous pieces of sculpture. The gigantic proportions of this massive memorial may be gathered from the illustration on page 88.

But great as already have been Mr. Barnard's accomplishments, they seem likely to be surpassed by his attainments in future. For he has made a proposal which, if acted upon, will make possible one of the most stupendous artistic monuments of the age. With rare poetic vision and a powerful constructive imagination, he has outlined plans for the chiseling in New York of a war memorial, since it will record, in stone, the soul of America, the spirit not only of the mines, the factories, the farms, and the cities, but of the hopes, the struggles, the aspirations, and the achievements of the people.

SOMETHING of the vastness of this memorial may be gathered from the fact that it will have a marble base 900 feet broad and 750 deep. Each of the four corners of this great platform will be placed, in black marble representing the Four Horses of the Apocalypse —War, Famine, Fever, and Desolation— figures which will emphasize that, from any point of view, war is a thing of dread and sorrow. The Spirit of Liberty, on the other hand, will be denoted by a group of The Allied nations going forth to battle, led by France, helmeted and wielding a sword. Another group, "Life Fettered by War," will represent Labor with wings and body tightly bound; and, in the same way, there will be fettered figures of The Press, The Builders, and The Poet. The only unshackled figure in this group will be Destruction.

Peace, as well as War, will be amply represented in this comprehensive piece of sculpture. In the center of the basic-marble platform is to be an elliptical granite wall forty-two feet high and a thousand feet in circumference. On this is to be depicted the epic of American democracy. There will be two tiers of life-size figures, the upper in white marble, the lower in bronze; one half of the tier will be devoted to the various phases of labor, and the other to the activities of America in war time.

Niches with overtopping arches will be situated at the northern and southern ends of the wall. One will be the Arch of Nations United by Peace; the other, the Arch of Immortality, which will be spanned by a rainbow laid out in mosaic stone, and from which will rise a white cloud of marble, out of which will emerge a huge winged figure of Immortality, whose wings, wrought with allegories of human forms, will lean against the cloud.

Inside the wall will be a court containing two colossal figures of a man and woman bearing the globe upon their shoulders; they will be hewn out of a great rock of white granite, and will be called "Man and Woman Creating their Souls." And along the wall will be pedestals containing statues of the statesmen, generals, poets, and scientists of the Allied Nations.

As yet, unfortunately, this vast monument is only in the dream stage. But dreams must always precede reality, and the vaster the dream, the vaster the accomplishment that follows. Out of the vision of George Grey Barnard will grow a work of art—a permanent memorial of the America of to-day.

THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICAN BUSINESS

By EDWARD A. FILENE

William Filene's Sons Company, Boston

THE basic conditions of our country are good. The United States is the richest country in the world. Our savings-bank deposits are the largest in our history. There is an enormous amount of work to be done to give us the needed new houses and other buildings, to restore our railroads as to equipment, tracks, bridges, and repairs, to replace worn-out machinery of all kinds, to make public improvements delayed by the war.

And yet there are more than three million idle in the nation, and we have just passed through a financial and business crisis. And the danger is not over yet, nor the most needed remedies applied.

The basic cause of this anomalous condition is our inability to export our surpluses. As a result of our energy and the war stimulus we have, to-day, a surplus on hand and a surplus-producing ability that would have been thought impossible in 1913. And our exports are falling off from month to month by hundreds of millions.

The reason we cannot export our surpluses that are needed for world restoration and world peace is that the European nations are too poor to pay for them in gold or goods and must have long-term credits to buy them.

But the long-term credits cannot be given unless there is greater political and social stability in Europe—less danger of revolutions or war that will make repayment of loans uncertain or impossible.

Greater political and social stability cannot come in Europe, however, unless the United States helps. Lacking our help there must come new balance-of-power agreements among the nations, with the resultant rivalry in armaments and new wars.

LEADERSHIP

PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, has a horror of details and will have nothing to do with them. This is not because he has not had thorough training in detail work, but because he holds that absorption in it stifles development.

He says, "I never knew the rule to fail that small, plodding undertakings are headed by managers absorbed in detail, while the large, growing concerns are directed by executives who protect themselves from all details."

THE human mind is a wonderful instrument, but it cannot do things in a big way and at the same time be absorbed in little routine things. It is impossible for the man who keeps his nose to the grindstone all the time, who thinks he must attend personally to every trifling detail of his business, to become a big executive. If he ever heads anything it will be a comparatively small undertaking, a little one-horse business.

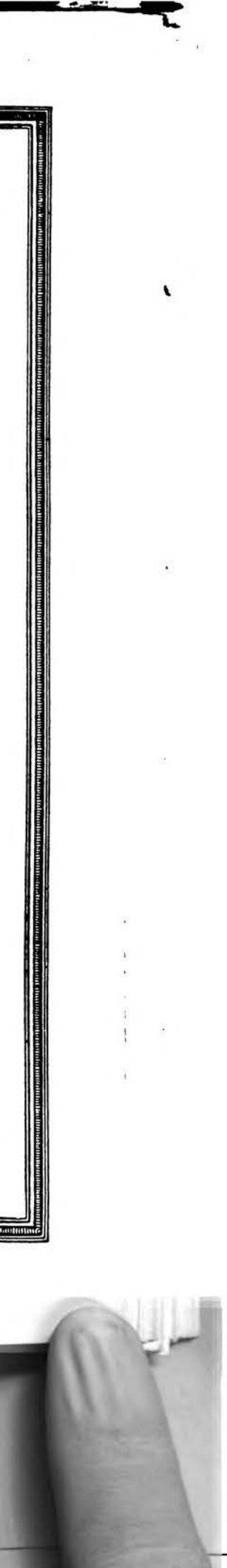
You cannot be a general and a private in the ranks at the same time. You must either lead or follow; you must either make the program or help carry it out. You cannot do both if you expect to do anything big.

"Organize, deputize, supervise!" is the motto of the president of a great railroad system. If you can't do these things you are not likely to make a mark in the business world, or in any executive capacity. No brain is big enough to direct a great business enterprise, to stand at the head of it, make its program and at the same time be engrossed in the mass of details necessary to its execution.

FERDINAND FOCH is one of the greatest war generals of modern times; but if, in addition to planning the campaign, he had tried to do the work of his officers and lieutenants, he would have lost out in the World War.

Whatever else a leader lacks, he must be an organzier and know how to make successful combinations. He must be a planner, a thinker, an originator. The great leader must not only lay plans which are practical, but must also be able to call around him those who can carry out his orders efficiently and vigorously. Successful leadership depends largely on one's ability to multiply himself through others.

No matter how able he may be, the man who buries himself in detail spoils his mind for generalizing, for leadership. His brain is trained to travel in a little narrow groove. He loses the wider outlook, the ability to plan on a large scale, to lead others. Many men who are capable of doing bigger things continue to do little things all their life because they try to do much of the routine work of their business themselves.



The Editor's Chat

Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of THE NEW SUCCESS, *Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice*

Your Dreams Do Not Mock You

MY friend, there has been some drop in your ambition somewhere, some drop in standards, some letting up of effort, some looking for a pull or a boost, for somebody to help you with capital or influence. There has been some trouble with yourself somewhere, otherwise your dreams would not have mocked you. There was something possible in your future to have matched them if you had not made a false move on life's chessboard.

But that is past now. Whatever your mistake was it cannot be recalled. The thing for you to do is to quit living in the past, to quit regretting your past mistakes and blunders, and get down to work. See what you can make out of the present moment. Here is your turning point. If you have been facing the wrong way turn about and begin again.

Success doesn't depend so much upon the distance you have traveled as on the direction in which you are facing. If you face toward your goal, no matter how far away it may be, and make the best speed you can in that direction, you are progressing. It is the best thing you can do. Extract the most wisdom possible out of your past, your mistakes and your failures. Utilize them in the present moment to help you go forward. In that way you can make them stepping stones to success. That is the best use to make of failures.

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Never Sure of Anything

I KNOW a man who puts his hand in his pocket three or four times when he starts out in the morning to be quite sure that he has his commutation ticket. After locking his office for the night, he goes back several times to try the door to make dead sure that he hasn't forgotten to lock it. He is always distrusting his memory, distrusting himself. Time and again he will get out of bed to be certain that his door is locked so that burglars can not enter. He will look at a letter two or three times before he mails it, to make sure that the address is right.

In fact, this man is never sure about anything he does. It is just a habit he has formed, and he's so set in the habit that it affects everything he does and weakens his whole character. He leaves things undecided until the last minute. Even then, he may want to change his mind. He is always running to others for advice, never relying on himself or his own judgment even in the simplest matters, so that he has ruined his faculty of judging and deciding things for himself.

Now, my friend, if you want to develop mental strength, form a habit of trusting yourself, of trusting your memory and your judgment. Don't be like this man, always in doubt as to whether you have done a thing. Let it become a fixed habit with you to know when you have done a thing, to put it out of your mind and not allow yourself to go back again and again to make sure that it is really done.

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The Folly of Self-Depreciation

"NO man," says Emerson, "can be cheated out of an honorable career in life unless he cheats himself."

There are people who seem to think it is a virtue to talk themselves down, to depreciate themselves, or their efforts, but there is such a thing as getting into such a habit of self-depreciation, of talking down one's self and one's ability, that one will actually lose respect for himself, think he is a nobody and incapable of doing anything important or difficult, and, therefore, will fail to make any attempt to act when the opportunity for doing so offers.

The habit of self-depreciation is demoralizing to one's character. It destroys self-confidence and makes a man vertebrateless.

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Would Be—But Isn't!

DO you know him? Are you the fellow? Have you yet reached the highwater mark of your youthful ambition? Are you the man you believed you would be? Are you the man you know you ought to be and can be? If not, there is something wrong, because you can be what you want to be, what you long to be. You wouldn't long to be that sort of a man without having the ability to match the longing. Think this over.

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We Are As We Think

IF you want to be cheerful, hopeful, and optimistic, you must saturate your life with that kind of thinking, that sort of living. That's the only way to make the thing that you want to dominate in your life.

Keep the model in your mind, and then the life processes will build it into your being. They build according to the thought you hold in your mind, whether it is fear, hope, joy, sorrow, poverty, *or* opulence. That is the law. We get in life what passes through our minds. By our thoughts and con-

victions we build our own world. Saturate your mind with the sunshine of optimism and the shadows of pessimism pale and fade. We can neutralize our worries, our fears and our anxieties by holding the opposite thoughts in our minds, by saturating our minds with the antidotes of our mental enemies.

As you think, so will your life be.

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How Little Things Affect Credit

ONCE on a time, a clever young man moved into a hustling town in the West and made such a favorable impression on business men and bankers, that he found it very easy to get material. He was a hard worker, a tremendous pusher. There seemed to be no end to his energy and his capacity for hard work. But one fatal day, when he was going up in an elevator, a banker to whom he had applied for a large loan and who had decided to make the loan, overheard a conversation between this young man and his companion which so shook his faith in him that he refused the loan.

This refusal of credit at a critical juncture in his business resulted in his failure. This little conversation seemed a mere trifling thing, but it wrecked his business career.

There are no *little* things in a world where the stealing of a loaf of bread may end on the scaffold. There are no little things in a world where a little wrong turning in one's life may wreck a whole career.

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Bet on Yourself

DON'T bet on elections, horseraces or ball games; bet on yourself. Back your chance in life; you can't risk too much on that. If you are in earnest, you can't lose. You are your own competitor and the only real one you have. If you always try to better your best, to improve something somewhere every day of your life, to make every day a winner, you will reach the goal of your ambition. Then your life will be a winner, indeed.

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Depend Upon Yourself

YOUR good opening is in yourself. So long as you think it is somewhere else, in New York or in the West, or in somebody else, you will be a failure. So long as you lean on others, so long as you think that there is something coming to you from some dead uncle or some rich person's will, so long as you wait upon the fortune or the occasion that is to discover your ability and thrust greatness upon you, you will be a failure. Your opportunity is wrapped up in your own personality and effort, as surely as the possible oak is wrapped up in the acorn. Your success must be an evolution, an unfoldment, an expression of yourself.

You are your own fortune, your own revelation. You cannot employ a Diogenes to show the world what a rare man it has overlooked in you. Life is too busy for any one to expect the world to go around with a lantern hunting for his merit.

In other words: It is not enough to possess ability; you must *show* it.

He who strikes out boldly, who does not wait for time or tide, who does not sit on the stone of Fate waiting for an opportunity to come along, who goes through obstacles and not around them, who is not waiting for others to think, speak, or act, he is the man who is going to win in this new century. There is a great demand for the self-reliant man—the man who is not afraid of himself, who can say, "I will," with conviction. Leaders, not followers; original thinkers, not imitators; men with new ideas, are being called for loudly in all the important walks of life.

We cannot help admiring a man who believes in himself, and who cannot be laughed down, talked down, or written down. Criticism cannot dishearten him; misfortune cannot deter him, nor hardship turn him a hair's breadth from his course.

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How Nature Renews Us

IN sleep, the blood pressure is lessened, the nerve centers become poised, serene, and quiet, all of the forty or fifty different mental faculties are relaxed; the heart slows down, the respiration becomes more sluggish; there is a slowing down of all of the functions which are so active during the day, giving nature a chance to renew, to recreate the depreciated material, and throw off the debris from the day's run.

What makes us feel so fresh and bright in the morning after a good night's sleep, is due to the fact that every one of the billions of cells in the body have been renewed, recreated and the waste thrown off. Every cell has been reburnished, renewed, repaired, so that we feel like new creatures.

What a miracle it is that Mother Nature puts us under the sweet anæsthetic of sleep every night while she renews our bodies and, at the same time, keeps up the circulation of the blood, keeps the heart going, the digestion active, keeps up the breathing, and all of the other functions which are active during our waking hours. It is even more marvelous than the renewal, the restoration of our tissues from the chemistry of the air and the sunshine. It is as wonderful as the miracle which transforms apparently dead food into a live being, which makes him act, makes him think, makes him do.

Is there anything more marvelous in all the universe than that we are being made over every minute of our lives, even while we sleep, that every cell in us is in a constant state of growth, of renewal?

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The Penalty of Standing Still

IF you are not conducting your business or profession on up-to-date principles, if you are not familiar with the methods of your progressive competitor, if you are not well read in your line of business, well posted in everything that pertains to your vocation, you must inevitably pay the penalty in shrinkage somewhere. Paralysis in business is always fatal. Woe to the man who stands still in this onrushing age!

He Didn't Know the Golden Rule Was Loaded

(*Continued from page* 21)

from manufacturer to manufacturer's salesman, from manufacturer's salesman to jobber, from jobber to jobber's salesman, from jobber's salesman to retailer, from retailer to retailer's clerk, and finally—with all those extra profits and commissions and wages added—from the retailer's salesman to the public.

He was one of the founders and is one of the most enthusiastic members of the National Association of Specialty Salesmen, of which I have the honor of being president. Indeed, he is booked to make the leading address before the annual convention of the association, which is to be held, this year, in Kansas City, August 4 to 7, and at which we confidently expect an attendance of several thousand specialty salesmen who are ready to pledge themselves to "The Squarest Kind of a Square Deal."

NASH'S opinion of the importance of this specialty selling-movement was plainly revealed in the address he delivered at the organizing convention last year, in which he declared: "You will say, perhaps, that I am dreaming or seeing visions, if I predict that this gathering will be as epoch making as the Continental Congress or the day of Pentecost. There are mighty waves of resentment in this country against this illogical, irrational, cumbersome selling system of ours. We are now organizing an association that can and will solve these problems."

And then he went on to tell his hearers what wonders the direct method of selling, coupled with the low price it had made possible, had done for his business and its customers.

"In the early part of 1914," he told them, "I was selling a suit of clothes, made-to-order, to the consumer for nineteen dollars and fifty cents, and was paying the salesman seven dollars and fifty cents as commission on each suit. When the war broke out and the bottom fell out of business, I had, for me, a very large stock. After talking the matter over with my creditors and several friends, I decided to set a price that would enable me to dispose of all my merchandise in manufactured garments. I expected to lose everything I had in the business, but hoped to get enough money to pay my creditors and see that no one else had any loss. I made a price of eleven dollars for a made-to-order suit and went out to get the same salesmen who had been selling on a commission of seven dollars and fifty cents to help me dispose of the stock I had on hand on a commission of one dollar and fifty cents a suit. To our great surprise we discovered in less than two weeks that every man that went out was making more money at one dollar and fifty cents a suit than he had ever made at seven dollars and fifty cents a suit.

"Furthermore, we found that we were doing such a large volume of business that our overhead, which we had always figured at five dollars a suit, had been reduced to ninety-five cents a suit, and that we were actually making more money per garment on the suit that we were retailing for eleven dollars than we had ever made on exactly the same suit at nineteen dollars and fifty cents; and we were producing about eight times as many garments, so that our net profits, instead of disappearing, were actually increased about seven hundred per cent."

He then compared this showing, item by item, with the manufacturer-to-jobber-to-dealer method of selling, summing it up thus:

"This means that the same garment that we are now selling the consumer for twenty-three dollars and fifty cents is costing the local merchant approximately twenty-nine dollars. He will add to this, if he is a conscientious merchant, at least eleven dollars; most of them add more than one-third their cost price. This, provided everything else is equal, would make the same garment cost the wearer sixteen dollars more, wholly on account of the difference in the selling systems."

That's one reason for the public support which has been accorded so unstintedly to Arthur Nash's concern during the last two or three years. The other great reason is to be found in this further statement of its president:

"When we decided to make the Golden Rule our governing law," he says, "it was impressed on every mind that doing to others as we would be done by did not simply mean employer and employee, but meant each customer on our books as well; it meant that every garment we sold must be of a standard that we would be willing to accept, and sold at a price that we would be willing to pay, if we were in the customer's place. It was an honest effort at applying the Golden Rule that fixed our prices during the 1919 orgy of high prices and profiteering."

AND so the Golden Rule has continued to turn and overturn in the Nash plant until manufacturer after manufacturer has decided to "go and do likewise" if grace enough is given to him.

Arthur Nash's was the only plant not affected by the clothing-trade strike in Cincinnati and, thanks to Nash's unassailable attitude toward his people, they were never interfered with by pickets on their way to and from work during all of those months of bitter industrial strife.

When the strike ended, the other manufacturers, who were all far behind on their orders, held out all sorts of inducements to get Nash's workers away from him, even offering as high as $20 a week more than the high wages Nash was paying. Yet not one of them left him.

During a subsequent period of depression in the trade, the Nash employees called a meeting of their number and voted to quit work for thirty or even sixty days, if necessary, in order that an equal number of the unemployed in Cincinnati could take their places and thus be tided over the emergency.

These are merely a few hastily chosen and inadequately described landmarks along the trail which

(*Continued on page* 98)

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Everyday Life

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die, so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through over-work, worry, excitement or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing, and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot be readily recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he can not possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organ (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain and disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

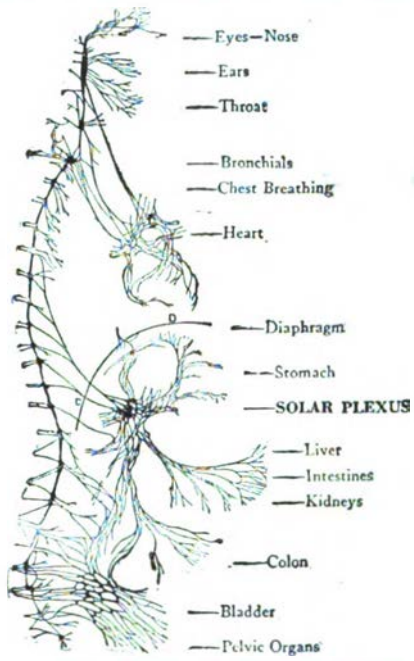


Diagram showing the location of the Solar Plexus, known as the "abdominal brain," the great center of the Sympathetic (Internal) Nervous System. Mental strains, especially grief, fear, worry and anxiety paralyze the Solor Plexus, which in turn causes poor blood circulation, shallow breathing, indigestion, constipation, etc. This in turn clogs the blood with poisons that weaken and irritate the nerves. Thus Mental strain starts a circle of evils that cause endless misery, aches, pains, illness, weaknesses and generally lower mental and physical efficiency.

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibers in them-

selves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

***Publisher's Note*: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats; a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.**

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

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."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"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 of Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and I am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

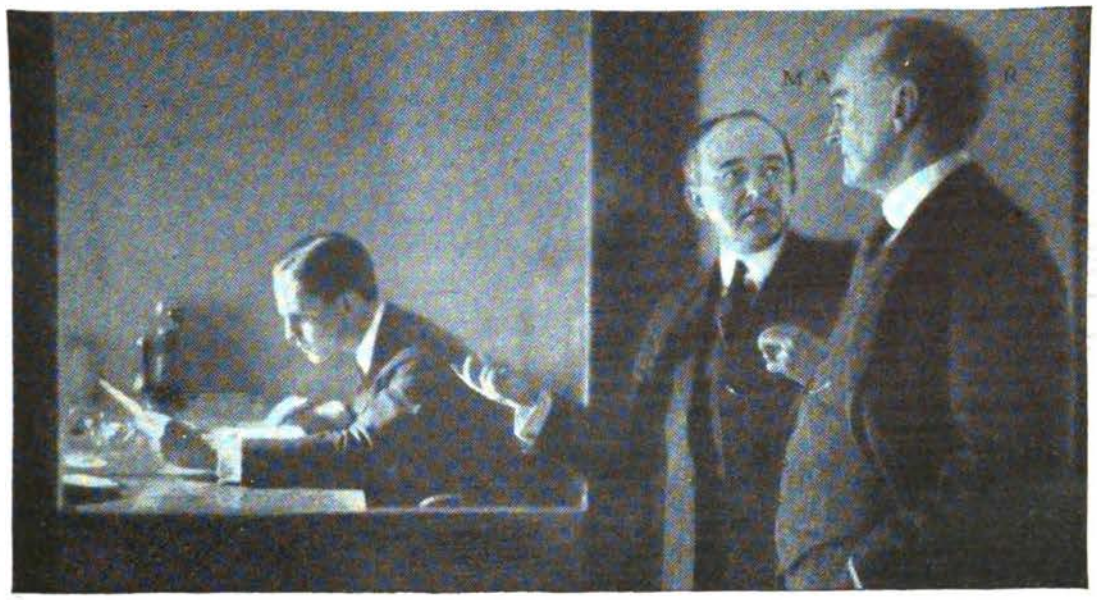
Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen page booklet entitled "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book "NERVE FORCE." Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds, —factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet, "Prevention of Colds."

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "FLU" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet, "Prevention of Colds," will be sent *Free* upon receipt of 25c with the book "Nerve Force." You will agree that the booklet on colds alone is worth many times the price asked *for* both books.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN
Studio 193, 110 West 40th Street, New York



"We Pay Him $100 a Week!"

"Looks pretty young for the manager's desk, doesn't he, Jim? He is, too, according to the standards you and I used to go by. But it's the day of young men in big jobs. I honestly believe his department is in better hands today than at any time since we've been in business.

"I decided six months ago that we needed a new manager. At that time Gordon, there, was one of the youngest men in the office and was pegging away at a small job. But when I started checking up around here I found he was handling that job to perfection.

"I brought him into the office one day and started to draw him out. What do you suppose I discovered? For more than two years he had been studying with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. Prepared his lessons in the evening and during noon hour.

"I kept him talking for nearly three hours and I found that in actual knowledge and training Gordon was years ahead of any man in the office.

"So I gave him the job. We pay him $100 a week, and I have an idea it's the best investment the house ever made."

HOW do you stand when your employer checks up his men for promotion? Is there any reason why he should select you?

Ask yourself these questions fairly. You must face them if you expect advancement and more money. For now, more than ever, the big jobs are going to men with special training.

You can get the training you need right at home in spare time. For thirty years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men out of routine drudgery into work they like — helping them to win advancement, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life. More than two million have taken the up-road in just this way. More than 130,000 are now turning their spare time to profit. Hundreds are starting daily.

It's the day of young men in big jobs—and you'll never be a day younger. Can you afford to let another priceless hour pass without at least finding out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

The way is easy. Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

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- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENG.
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
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Arthur Nash has blazed—the trail from our industrial past to our industrial future—the one marred by countless injustices, embittered with discontent, and torn by ceaseless strife; the other founded upon the Universal Brotherhood of Man and built in the spirit of the Master.

Not long ago, it was my good fortune to go through Nash's great factory under his personal guidance. Then for the first time I began to get a glimmer of what it all really meant, not in production statistics but in human lives and happiness and loyalty.

When I saw the light of friendship and utter fealty come into the faces of those workers whenever he approached, I began to understand what before I had merely sensed.

Everywhere the glow and warmth of understanding, mutual respect, confidence and good fellowship gave me a greater admiration for this man who has so wrought in his business that his employees regard him more as a broad-minded, big-hearted coworker than as an employer.

The attitude of all the workers was that of eager participants in the details of a great and successful business, rather than that of mere wage-workers.

I saw workers, women—past the age of economic usefulness, as it is ordinarily determined, under our cold and pitiless commercialism, women whom other employers would have cast aside without a second thought—going cheerfully and happily about their duties, reassured and confident, youth still alive in their hearts because God's great leaven was working, because one employer had seen the light.

"*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

"The aim of every law, the hope of every prophet, is the perfected man that the operation of the Golden Rule will give the world," says Arthur Nash.

Keep Your Backbone Straight

(*Continued from page* 32)

And when I say "feeling good" I don't mean it physically, or just the way a prize fighter feels when he is in training. Not that. Health is extremely valuable—one of our most valuable assets. But people—some people—who haven't good health, feel good: they have reached a higher point than that. It is largely an attitude of mind. How can you get it and just what does it mean?

Here is a practical thing you can try for yourself. All anybody needs is a start; because after you have gotten started, the only way for you to go is the way you mark out for yourself. You need not then take advice from anybody. But if, now, you just happen to be, well, say, rather desperate, where things haven't gone well with you and you are in a receptive mood to try almost anything, then begin on your backbone. It seems silly, doesn't it? But then, some of the biggest things you see about you seemed as silly as this in the beginning, and you think there is nothing practical in the invisible world of things you cannot see. Get some scientific friend to let you listen in on his wireless. He has strung a thin wire on a tree just outside of the window, and there you sit inside, listening to human voices anywhere—hundreds of miles out at sea or way off inside the country! If other minds can now penetrate to yours through the very air, don't be too sure that you cannot communicate with your own backbone.

I assure you that getting in touch with one's own backbone is one of the most useful sports in the world. It requires nothing but a little regular concentration. Let your mind play up and down your backbone as often as you can find time. Breathe from your backbone. Consider yourself only a backbone, everything else about you being only rigging: then you are going to keep tabs on your loose ends and bring them into play.

This is not a joke or hokus-pocus. There is a lot of mystic bunk being written in books: some of it is good: a lot of it is no good, but certainly any man who is willing to try the experiement of getting on intimate terms with his backbone isn't running much risk. He pays out no money: the only expenditure he makes is a little thought in the beginning. That I am fully aware, however, is serious. To ask anybody to do any thinking in these days is getting to be positively dangerous.

But still, try it. If you are a severely practical person and want to be convinced first through your reason, remember this fact: From the surface of your body inward you get finer and finer all the time. Somebody might hit you on the head with a club, and the damage would be only temporary; but when you get into your interior, things get more delicate all the time—they get finer and finer until, within the spinal cord, there is a substance so evanescent and mysterious that the greatest minds of all the ages have not been able to fathom its mystery: we know it runs from the bottom of the backbone up through the brain, and that is all. No microscope, nor any mathematical formula has been able to unravel the process by which consciousness is manufactured. All we know is that when this cord is broken or this so-called ganglia is disturbed, instant ruin follows. Is it not evident, therefore, that whatever your universe is, the lure that runs through your backbone is the nearest thing to it—a path?

When you begin to create from your backbone you will quite unconsciously begin to straighten up: that in itself is a great advance: your attitude toward the world has already changed. Then as your thought runs up and down the line you will gradually learn to pick out the weak spots. Your backbone is the center of the only universe you know. Keep it straight and it will keep you straight.

They used to say, "More power to your elbow." But that was before prohibition. Soon they will be saying, "More power to your backbone."

Sam Hodge, American

(*Continued from page 27*)

"The lion and the lamb," chuckled McCumber.

Hodge became serious. "I ain't here to tell you what bolshevism means to you big fellers, Mr. McCumber."

"Right, Sam. Save your time."

"Mr. McCumber, we must do everything, even if it's a little extravagant, to carry Rosedale through this emergency—for it's only an emergency. It's like the San Jose plague that traveled across the country, blighting the peach orchards as it went."

"And, incidentally, boosting the price of peaches, Sam." McCumber walked up and down, twirling his glasses to help him think, and McCumber was a man who really did think when he appeared to be doing so. Presently he stopped and, patting his pocket, said: "Money, Sam?" He laughed. "Always remember that Rosedale gave it and Rosedale is welcome to take it away if its neck is in danger. Blessed be the name of Rosedale."

"Not money, Mr. McCumber."

"What then, Sam?"

"Mr. McCumber, whenever two loafers are gathered together, they breed bolshevism. They corrupt honest men who ain't any too logical."

"I learned that in the kindergarten of business, Sam."

"That's just what I came to see you about, Mr. McCumber. There must be no idleness in this town—nobody out of a job—not a hook for those fellers to hang an argument on. You see, Mr. McCumber, the antidote for bolshevism is to convert loafers to the gospel of regular work and regular pay, or keep 'em moving. We don't want any loafers in Rosedale." Hodge paused.

"Well?" said McCumber.

"If you'll take care of the good men that come here, Mr. McCumber, I'll take care of the bad ones."

"Just how, Sam?"

"Give every soldier boy or every decent workingman that comes along, a job. You give me your word that any man who wants to work won't be idle in this town, and I'll give you my word that any man that don't want to work won't stay in this town."

"I can't take care of 'em all, Sam. There's a limit."

"You're the most influential man in Rosedale, Mr. McCumber. What you do the whole bunch 'll do."

"And so I must be very careful what I do, Sam. But what's your scheme?"

"I'm organizing all the forces of the town against this plague so that all their individual efforts will be concentrated, intelligently directed, not spread out thin and foolish like perfectly good water on a kitchen floor that ain't deep enough to drown a fly."

"Good idea, Sam."

"I'm asking you to organize our business men to fight bolshevism. Let it appear that this scheme to take care of 'em all that want work at fair wages originates with you."

"But it don't," McCumber protested. "It's a good idea and you ought to get the credit for it, Sam."

"A good many of these fellows couldn't understand it and wouldn't understand it if they knew it came from me."

"I see," said McCumber, twirling his glasses. "But what's your scheme in detail, Sam?"

"If you and Greggs, and Marbury, and Hammond and Company will take care of all the machinists that come along, and Swift, Mansfield and Company will take care of the boiler makers and concrete men, and so on down the line—you know—"

"I see, Sam," McCumber cut in. "It's a good scheme and I'll do it. I'll guarantee that every business man in Rosedale 'll do his share. Yes, I'll go still further. I'll guarantee that every carpenter and bricklayer who fought in the World War, that comes along, will have a job if we have to build extensions and tenement houses. And, also, Sam, we'll employ all the clerks and bookkeepers and the like that come along. Is that enough?"

Hodge's eyes twinkled. "I knew you'd do it, Mr. McCumber."

"Of course you did. It's for Rosedale. I couldn't stay out if I wanted to."

Hodge picked up his hat.

"Is there anything more I can do, Sam?"

Hodge stopped short. "Yes, there is. You'd please me mighty well, Mr. McCumber, if you'd telephone your editor, Johnston, that I may make some suggestion later on and you'd like him—er—to lend a willing ear."

Without a word, McCumber went to the phone and called up Johnston. "Johnston," he said, "Sam Hodge has just made some suggestions to me which I consider very valuable. He may call you up. If he does, I wish you'd pay the closest attention to anything he may suggest. Anything, Johnston, no limit—you understand." McCumber rose and laid his heavy hand on Hodge's shoulder. "Sam, you're the only man in Rosedale I'd sign a blank check like that for."

Hodge looked into McCumber's eyes for a moment, then turned quickly and left the room without a word.

McCumber watched the retreating form of the mayor-elect. "If I'd only caught him young enough," he muttered. He turned to his desk and began to paw over some papers. "Sam Hodge may not be the greatest business man *in* the United States, but I'm not sure he ain't the greatest business man *for* the United States."

On his return to his office, Hodge found Chief Williams waiting for him. "Joe," said he, "I find the seeds of bolshevism have been scattered in this town."

"So?" said the old policeman.

"They haven't taken root yet an' we ain't goin' to let 'em." Hodge paused, then: "Joe, I made up my mind that you couldn't look after the whole town. You'd only be spreadin' out your efforts thin and foolish, like perfectly good water on a kitchen floor—"

"I know. That ain't deep enough to drown a fly."

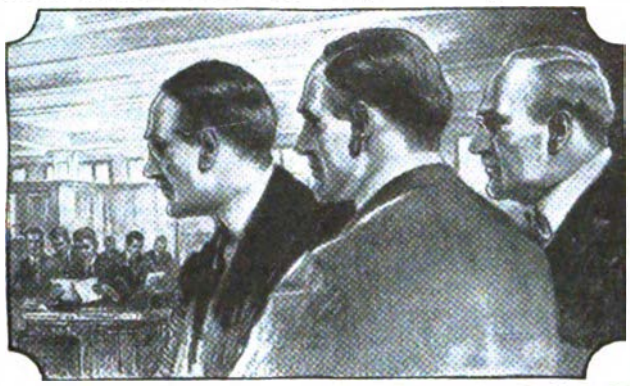
"You can keep rowdyism off the streets, Joe, but

"The wise employer when he is fortunate enough to secure a superior man sees that neither financial reward nor credit is withheld."—John N. Willys.

Make Yourself the Picked Man

Every working day of the year, hundreds—yes, thousands—of business executives are searching for men to fill responsible positions in their organizations. It is not a question of salary. The constant demand is for men trained in higher business methods—men who are capable of filling big jobs in a big way. To such men employers are always ready to pay high salaries.

As Mr. Chas. M. Schwab tersely says: "The captains of industry of America are not hunting money; they are seeking brains—specialized brains."



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Unless the man who is "in line for promotion" makes a special study and gains a thoro knowledge of the requirements of the higher-up position, it is a certainty that he will not be chosen for the job. Apply the test of all-around fitness for the important, high-salaried positions, and you will find that the men who hold them won their advancement because they trained their minds to meet certain executive requirements.

Any man who wants to be the one picked for one of the big jobs must show first that he has the "specialized brains" that will enable him to "make good."

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LaSalle Extension University makes it possible for any ambitious person to get, by mail, the definite training necessary in the executive and administrative departments of business.

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Practically every large commercial corporation and railroad company in the United States has LaSalle-trained men in responsible positions. As many as 50 to 2,000 are to be found in each of such organizations as Standard Oil Co., Ford Motor Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, Swift & Company, Pennsylvania System, International Harvester Company, Armour & Company, Baltimore & Ohio R. R., etc.

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you can't snoop into folk's kitchens where bolshevism is likely to breed. You ain't got men enough, anyhow."

"No, I ain't, Sam."

"So I've been organizin' the forces here. I've got the churches on the job and the business men, too. The churches 'll sterilize the morals of the people against inoculation, Joe, an' the business men 'll keep bums off the street."

Joe looked surprised and grieved. "Bums in this town, Sam?"

Hodge pointed his great forefinger at the chief. "I want you, Joe, to concentrate on Hell's Half Acre, organize your forces of vice for the protection of virtue. That's the place where treason and low things breed. It's the place where all sorts of crazy seeds germinate and grow up crooked, 'cause the brains down there are muddled most of the time." Hodge raised his right hand emphasizingly. "Joe, I don't want anything but Americanism talked down there. Not one of 'em must peep incendiarism or bombing or bloodshed or anything that interferes with law and order."

"You mean there ain't goin' to be any more free speech down in Hell's Half Acre, Sam?"

"I mean there ain't goin' to be any more free speech incitin' men to burnin' factories, and murder, an' assaultin' women. I mean there ain't goin' to be any more free speech against the U. S. A. 'cause that's treason. Those fellers call themselves 'liberty lovers.' Let 'em understand down there in Hell's Half Acre, that we approve of real liberty lovers here in Rosedale. But we ain't goin' to tolerate any license lovers in this town or any lustful loafers either." Hodge raised his voice. "Joe, as soon as any dirty, greasy cuss begins to find fault—I don't care what with, 'cause that's generally the enterin' wedge to bolshevism—out he goes." Hodge chewed his cigar for a moment. "Rosedale is too proud to insist upon entertainin' any guest who don't like her ways."

"Supposin' they invoke the law, Sam?"

Hodge laughed. "That's me—I'm the law—in case of emergency," he qualified. He paused a moment, then: "I don't want those fellers arrested, Joe, 'cause that'd only give 'em a chance to advertise themselves in court."

"I get you, Sam. But I ain't got enough men to be listenin' everywhere."

"You've got enough down there to let every man know that if he stands by an' listens to any bolshevistic talk an' don't report it, an' I find it out, out he'll go with the rest of 'em. Your bar-keepers may claim they're losin' trade by not lettin' a lot of cusses talk the way they want to, but you let 'em see they'll lose a lot more trade if they do let 'em talk. I've always been an easy boss, Joe. I've never wanted to interfere with the ebulitions of that crowd, which are natural to human beings, likewise a good safety valve. But the interests of Rosedale are threatened now. I'll brook no interference."

"But, Sam!—"

"No buts about it, Joe," Hodge cut in, rising with a show of anger. "You go down to your Hell's Half Acre, you tell your bar-keepers an' the rest of 'em that if they don't coöperate with me in spirit and letter—" he brought his fist down on the table with a bang—"you tell 'em I'll lock Hell's Half Acre up an' put the key in my pocket. That goes."

CHAPTER III

WHILE Sam Hodge was mapping out a campaign to keep bolshevism out of Rosedale, a shrewd brain in Chicago was planning a bolshevistic assault upon that industrial stronghold. Said shrewd brain belonged to one Casparillo J. Tode. No one ever knew whether Tode's first name had been plagiarized from some tooth wash or confection advertisement, or what the "J" stood for.

Tode was a little, pudgy man, who looked for all the world like a frog. This little person seemed to have done everything possible to accentuate his naturally froglike appearance. He wore a little, green, pointed hat, like a frog's head, and a big, bulging coat, like a frog's belly; he wore tight trousers, like a frog's legs; and great, flaring shoes, with spats, like frog's feet; he had bulging eyes like a frog and a wonderfully sloping forehead and retreating chin like a frog's: he wore a little, thin, black mustache that curled up at the corners of his mouth in two long rat-tails, the kind of mustache one would expect a frog to wear, if frogs should wear mustaches. From his appearance, no one would have taken Tode for a prominent bolshevist, a leader. He resembled more the *padrone* one sees swaggering about in the Italian quarters.

As Tode sat in his dingy second floor, back, with his feet on the table, a Pittsburgh stogie between his teeth, he constantly consulted his watch and swore softly at the delay of his expected visitor. Presently the knob turned very gently, the door opened, and there stood on the threshold a little man whose appearance squared with the true American conception of the bolshevist. The visitor was a bespectacled little man with deep-set eyes, fierce whiskers, and a perfect stack of hair slicked back from his forehead, pompadour fashion. He wore a too-long Prince Albert coat, greasy in front and shiny behind, and trousers that wrinkled near the feet, because of excessive length pushed up by large shoes. He was by no means a cleanly little person, and he was nervous from excessive cigarette-smoking, which had left its saffron stigma on the tips of his slender fingers. He classified himself—a habit prevailing with his kind—as an intellectual.

Tode nodded and with a sidewise movement of the head indicated a chair. The little man shuffled in, closed the door, stood with his back against it—hat in hand—and regarded the room. Presently he took the chair indicated.

"Why am I here, my dear Casparillo?"

"I sent for you, my good Sandowski, to ask you to hold yourself in readiness to go to Rosedale and take charge of a newspaper down there."

"I didn't know you had a newspaper in Rosedale, my dear Casarillo."

"I'm on the point of acquiring one, my good Sandowski."

Sandowski laughed. "Ah, that's different."

"Not at all. The paper I am about to take over—the Rosedale *Evening Mail*—is owned by a bunch of small tradespeople and workingmen. It is edited by one, Griffiths, and is run in the interests of labor. For some time it has been on the verge of bankruptcy, so Blatsky writes. Those fellows will be glad enough to get half their money back. So, I've only to reach out my hand—with an alluring bunch of yellowbacks in it—and the paper's mine. Griffiths has been attacking bolshevism, always showing up how it is antagonistic to labor. We will step right in and keep up the attack. We will show, however, that bolshevism is antagonistic to capital, which will at once change the attitude of labor and engage their sympathetic interest. That's to be your part of the business, my good Sandowski."

Sandowski pondered a moment. "But, my dear Casperillo, I must first be posted. How do we stand in Rosedale? What has been done down there?"

Tode turned to his desk. "Here are the reports of the operations of Blatsky, Levigne, and Haddenburg."

"They have been working there for some time, eh, my dear Casparillo?"

"Months."

"And what have they accomplished?"

"Much. They have more than justified my confidence in them. They have used the subterranean, the silent methods, I mapped out for them most effectually." Tode laughed. "These foolish Americans expect us to rush into a town like a lot of madmen, yelling and shrieking with bombs and firebrands, ready to pillage and murder openly." He chuckled. "We have taught them to believe we are that kind in order to disarm them. We have flattered them until they think that they are too clever to be taken in, my good Sandowski. And while they are looking for that flamboyant method of attack—so characteristic of their own methods—while they are looking in the air for exploding bombs and listening for the shrieks of anarchy, we are boring tunnels underneath their foundations so that one day they will sink into our trap and not know it until they are enmeshed."

Tode referred to a certain letter. "Levigne tells me they're asleep down there—too bent on chasing the dollar to think of anything else. The poor, starving devils of Europe are shrieking for a crust of bread and the fat American workman is demanding more roast beef and pie—he's always crying, 'More! More!' assiduously attacking the goose without realizing it. My good Sandowski, we can always count on American greed to help us."

"But, my dear Casparillo, I know all that. Be concrete. What have your men done down there. Give me the details."

Tode again referred to Levigne's letter. "They have brought to Rosedale a long line of our people. One by one they have drifted in and our agents have placed them. The work they have given them is not of the highest order, but they are feeding them with promises till they can get something more substantial. Also, they are carefully filtering our people through the town, placing them to board with selected American families. They have begun a mouth-to-mouth campaign. To disarm suspicion they begin by talking love of liberty—just as if it were something new to the Americans—then they go on, showing how bolshevism in Europe has been maligned."

Sandowski smiled ironically.

Tode paused.

"What more, my dear Casparillo?"

"What makes it easier for us is the fact that Rosedale is boss-ridden by one Sam Hodge, a typical Yankee politician. Hodge poses as a friend of the people, but everybody knows he is a tool of the combine of capitalistic autocrats there. He has recently been elected mayor. "

"Is he really clever?"

"Smart, like most Yankees. But Yankees are always overreaching themselves." Tode referred to Levigne's letter. "Listen: 'Sam Hodge has begun by playing right into our hands. As soon as he was elected, even before he was inaugurated, the foolish person showed his cards. He began by cutting off free speech here in what they call their Hell's Half Acre'." Tode laid the letter on his desk.

"I thought he was a cleverer politician than that," Sandowski commented.

Tode laughed. "He is what they call the 'pothouse' type, my good Sandowski. Like all American politicians, he's not a statesman Over here they are coarse in their methods. They use the blackjack, the bludgeon. They are not like the statesmen of the Old World. They have no profound knowledge of psychology as our European thinkers have. That's what makes it so easy for us to 'get them', as they say, over here. My good Sandowski, could this man Hodge have played into our hands better than that? Is it not an act of providence?" Tode chuckled gleefully. "Think of it! Rosedale, with its new bolshevistic populations, its archaic Sam Hodge managing affairs—why, there's nothing to it—it's as good as ours." Tode got up and paced the floor with a smile of cunning triumph. "My good Sandowski, I feel that the efforts of years are about to be rewarded. You know how I've struggled, you know how I've sweat blood for every bolshevistic *coup* I've pulled off, you know what rotten compensation I've always got. At last—here is a ripe apple about to fall into my hands. I only have to give the limb a gentle shake." Here Tode noticed that Sandowski's eyes were narrowing. "But, my good Sandowski, remember," he raised his forefinger, "I shall not swallow all the apple. I shall leave a goodly portion for my faithful Sandowski, my loyal Sandowski, my much-beloved Sandowski."

Much repetition of "my good Sandowski" had got on that gentleman's nerves. He knew in his heart that he was a profounder man, a greater scholar, than the superficial Tode. But the "my faithful," "my loyal," was the last straw. Instead of bursting out, however, he held his tongue in check.

"From your patronizing manner, my dear Casparillo, no one would imagine you'd ever been a

barber; and from my submission, no one would imagine I'd ever been a university professor."

Tode frowned. "I never was a barber in spirit. I've always been a leader. But, my good Sandowski, I have never denied the humble bridge that carried me over."

Sandowski scrutinized Tode for a moment, then: "My dear Casparillo, just what is your nationality?"

"I have none. Like yourself, I lost it when I became a waiter."

Sandowski laughed loudly at Tode's pique.

"But," Tode went on, "flattering personalities aside, I am superstitious, my good Sandowski. I have what the Americans call 'a cinch' that we will get Rosedale. Its conquest by bolshevism will be the crowning event of my life. I shall go down there, I shall conquer—you and I shall," he corrected—"and then, with a well-filled, yes, with a plethoric exchequer, my good Sandowski, we shall what they call 'quit the game' and live like princes on our well-earned," he laughed, "what they call 'dough' over here." Tode paused and puffed his stogie, regarding Sandowski's almost burlesque appearance with a humorous twinkle. "By the way," he said, presently, "it will probably be best that your name down there shall be, well, not Sandowski—that name would be fatal, you know. Let's say Cephas W. Smith."

The former university-professor didn't take kindly to the sudden shifting of cognomens in his behalf. "And what will the 'W.' stand for, my dear Casparillo?" he asked loftily.

"Wellington. Or, no, make it more Yankee, Wilkins. And, my good Sandowski, trim your whiskers to a point and make your trousers square with your Yankee name.

Sandowski picked up his hat and rose. "Meanwhile, my dear Casparillo, I am to wait here until you send for me?"

"Precisely."

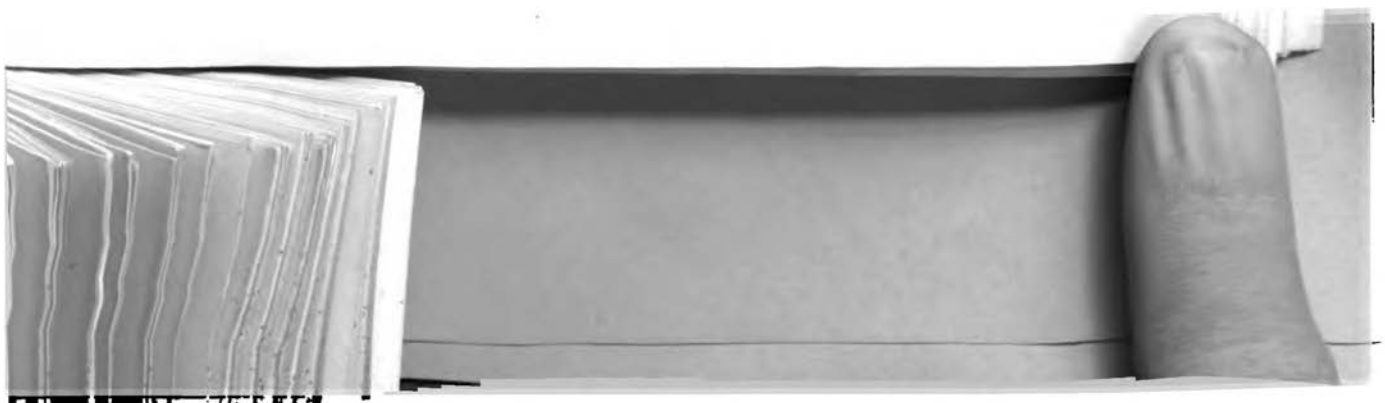
Sandowski hesitated. "Ahem," he said.

Tode knew the meaning of the sound as well as a bird knows the monosyllabic call of its mate. He thrust his pudgy fingers into his pocket, pulled therefrom a fat roll, stripped off a sheaf of yellowbacks, and tossed them across the table to Sandowski. "There, my good Sandowski, is your first week's salary as editor of the Rosedale *Evening Mail*."

CHAPTER IV

CASPARILLO J. TODE reached Rosedale two weeks before the inauguration of Sam Hodge. He immediately established himself in two comfortable rooms over Sandy Kerrigan's saloon, for obvious reasons the best point of vantage at which to collect information and radiate influence. For Kerrigan's saloon was located in Hell's Half Acre. Here it was that Tode dispensed instructions and favors—modest cash favors supplemented with generous and stimulating promises—and here it was that he received daily reports from his assiduous agents, Blatsky, Levigne, and Haddenburg, of the efficacy of his underground system in Rosedale.

"Everything is most satisfactory, Mr. Tode," said Blatsky, at the first meeting of the precious quar-



A Remarkable Letter About a Wonderful Book

The man who writes this letter occupies an important position and does not wish his name used. Therefore, we publish the letter without signature, but the name and address of this writer will be supplied on request.

DEAR DR. MARDEN:

Your book, "Heading for Victory," has been the direct cause of an increase of $2600 a year in my salary, and with this increase has come the additional respect that is accorded to the man who makes good.

Early in the book there is a chapter on the importance of placing the right value on one's own services.

That chapter alone gave me the idea. It made me think of my own case, partly because of the additional money involved, and partly because of the additional prestige which comes to men who appraise themselves properly.

But how could I be sure? How was I to know that I did not look upon the matter from a prejudiced viewpoint?

To make certain of my ground I prepared a questionnaire and submitted it to five of my friends, two of them directly connected with the business, and three business acquaintances. I asked them what I was worth in proportion to the value of the work I did, in proportion to what others were receiving, and what it would cost to replace me.

My salary was then $6400. I struck an average from the five questionnaires and found that the combined judgment was that I was worth $10,800. To make sure that the business would earn a profit on my services and to allow for any possible error for prejudice in the matter, I took off $1800 and asked for $9000, submitting the questionnaires as evidence. I was immediately raised to $8000 and a few weeks later to $9000.

Send No Money

USE THIS COUPON

THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION,
1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me "Heading for Victory." I will pay the postman $2.48, plus postage. It is understood that if I am not satisfied I may mail the book back within thirty days and you are to refund my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

This man is only one of thousands who have been helped to better positions by the writings of Dr. Orison Swett Marden. You might purchase a hundred books and several dozen correspondence courses and not get from them the same value that you can get from this single volume "Heading for Victory" which is a complete Success Library in itself, containing 32 Chapters and 540 Pages.

Just mail the coupon and we will send you this book at once. Simply pay the postman $2.48, plus postage, and read and examine the book for thirty days. Then if you are not fully satisfied you may return the book and we will refund your $2.48. This is a special short time offer and as our stock will undoubtedly be cleaned out quickly, we suggest that you send for your copy of "Heading for Victory" at once before the supply is exhausted.

tette. "Our workers are well trained. A shrugging of the shoulders—so—a lifting of the eye-brows—so—sows the seeds of doubt."

"I know that. But what have you done?" snapped Tode.

"For instance, a workman says that McCumber will personally see any man with a grievance that wants to see him." He laughed. "I shut off young McGlory—a new man—that way last week." 'Do you think the old man'll really see me?' said he. I threw out my hands—so—that was all, but it was enough. McGlory didn't go to the boss. He's still smarting under his grievance. He's a fool. But fools have votes. In that way I impressed him with my superior wisdom, for to be considered wise one must put on an air of cynicism, cast doubt on everything. McGlory will come to me for advice. He has already done so. Through him I shall scatter the seeds of doubt, which is the foundation of our movement here. McGlory, ambitious to be considered smart, will discredit the boss's promises to others. He will—er—"

Tode shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "What have you got, Levigne?"

"I have placed at least twenty men, all enthusiastic but discreet, in McCandles and Johnson's works," said Levigne. "Each of my men reports to me that he has at least three good, disgruntled American listeners. Already several American converts have begun to do good propaganda work along the lines of shorter hours and bigger pay."

"I knew it," exclaimed Tode, enthusiastically. "You can always get these Americans by playing on their unreasoning, their reckless greed. Give 'em a bunch of money to-day and they don't give a whoop whether the goose is alive to-morrow or not."

"I have observed one thing, Mr. Tode," said Levigne, "the American workman knows nothing about bolshevism. He swallows everything we say."

"I have often wondered why the lunkheads didn't find out for themselves," Tode commented.

"They're too good-natured, too mentally indolent," said Levigne. "They won't look things up for themselves." He laughed. "We have persuaded them that the reports on bolshevism they've been reading are vicious, sent out by the capitalistic press."

Tode turned to Haddenburg. "How about you?"

Haddenburg drew himself up proudly and referred to a paper which he was holding in his hand. "I have placed thirty-six men at the Blackford works, eighteen with Raymond and Brooks, and six with Clark and Company, all well-drilled, discreet, and earnest. There isn't a manufacturing concern in Rosedale that isn't employing one or more of our men—men that we have actually placed, or converts that they have made. And they all report progress. The movement is spreading in geometrical progression."

"Splendid," cried Tode, "splendid!" He tapped the table with his forefinger, then: "Think of it. This man Hodge, this Yankee politician, would measure his wits against mine. We'll show him. He thinks he has shut the door. But he has forgotten the crack underneath."

From day to day, Tode received similar reports from his three lieutenants, and his enthusiasm and his hopes grew apace.

Sam Hodge knew that Tom Johnston, the editor of the *Morning Herald*, McCumber's paper, and William H. Griffiths, editor of the *Evening Mail*, while ostensibly bitter professional rivals, were warm friends personally. So the first thing he did, after he was inaugurated mayor of Rosedale, was to have the pair lunch with him at his home, an inconspicuous but comfortable house—with a notoriously accessible latchstring—located in an unfashionable, for political reasons, but reputable section of the town.

"Now," said Hodge, when the luncheon was over, "I'm going to talk bolshevism to you two." He laughed. "Everybody'll think I'm a nut on the subject."

Hodge knew that he'd touched on Griffith's pet obsession. "Fire-eater Griffiths," they called him. Griffiths was red-headed and pyrotechnic. Above all things, he loved Americanism, despised everything else as unworthy, and hated anything that threatened his idol. The mayor had always regarded Griffiths a great force, a brilliant force, but one that lacked direction or restraint. No sooner had bolshevism thrust its ugly head above the sky line than Griffiths had spied it and attacked it with all the flamboyant virulence at his command.

"I want to tell you," Hodge went on, "I've got this town organized to fight bolshevism. I've got the churches organized to take care of the women and children, the young boys and girls; I've got the business men organized to keep loafers off the streets so the soap-box fellows can't say the rich man rides in his limousine while the poor man can't even get a job; likewise, I've scattered a lot of disinfectant down in Hell's Half Acre."

"We know that, Sam," said Johnston.

"I want to tell you how I got the lion and the lamb to lie down together. They were all pulling in opposite directions, all spreading out their efforts thin and foolish, like perfectly good water on a kitchen floor that ain't deep enough to drown a fly. But at one magic word they forgot their differences and combined—Rosedale. Like them, you boys can forget your professional differences and combine—for the sake of Rosedale." Hodge stood up and thrust his hands into his pockets. "In spite of my efforts, I've reason to believe that bolshevists are drifting in here. Joe Williams gets reports to that effect from his scouts down in Hell's Half Acre. Also, I hear from some of the foremen in McCumber's works that a number of those fellers are masqueradin' under the overalls of American workmen, doing the cootie act under the industrial blanket." He paused.

"Well?" said Johnston, who always let the other fellow do the talking.

"We've got to begin to fight bolshevism through the press."

"Got to? Great Scott! Don't you read the *Mail*, Sam?" Griffiths snapped.

Hodge was a master psychologist. He knew that the only way to get a raging bull like Griffiths was not to approach him with a willow bough and brush flies off his flanks, but to hit him between the eyes with a club, and then, as he came to, begin to reason with him. He shifted his cigar, looked Griffiths steadily in the eyes for a moment, then: "You ain't fightin' 'em, Will, you're helpin' 'em; you may think you are, but you ain't."

"Great Scott, Sam!"

"Icicle Johnston"—as the members of the *Herald* staff called him—watched Griffiths out of the tail of his eye.

"You might as well try to put out a fire by throwing kerosene on it, Will, as to attempt to kill bolshevism by abusing it only. You only add fuel to the flames that way." Hodge lifted his hand to arrest the impending protest. "Will, you've got talent that amounts to genius when it comes to running a newspaper, but you don't know men any better than I do."

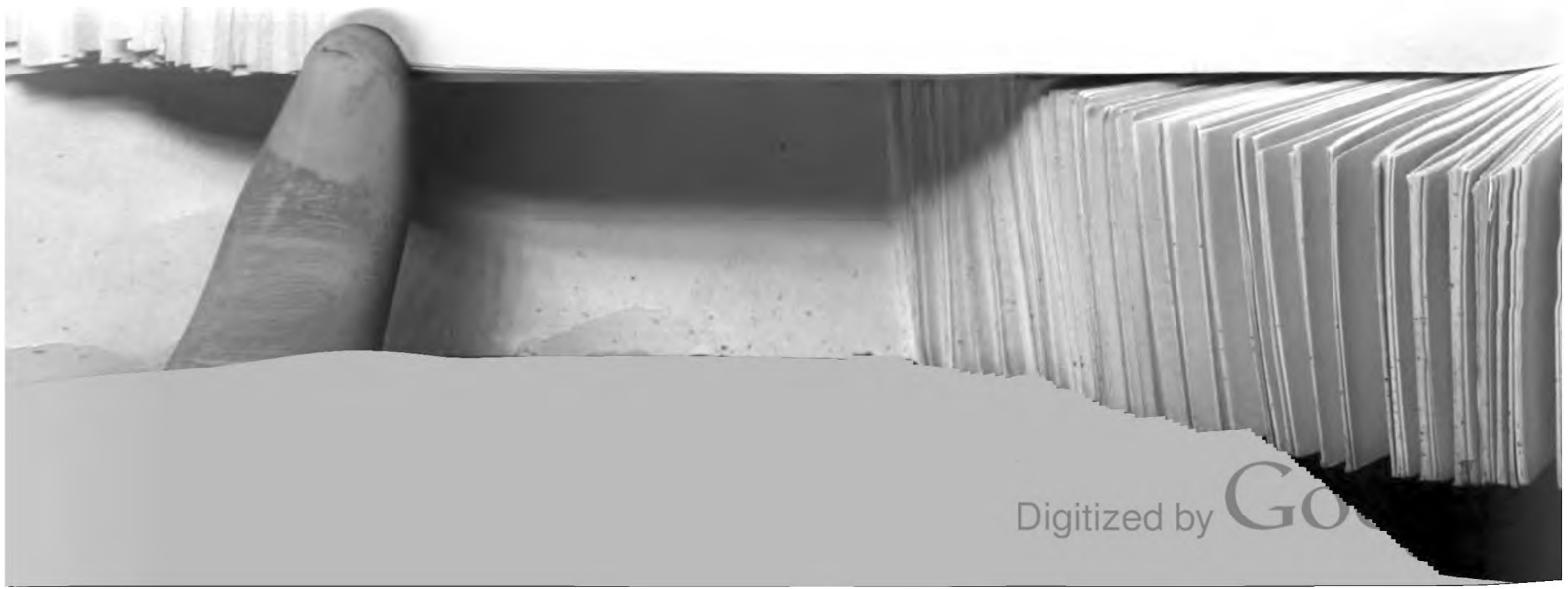
"All right, Sam. What's your idea?" said Griffiths, mollified.

"You fellows have been going at this thing wrong—dead wrong. You've been making much of bolshevism when you ought to have belittled it. You've forgotten this ain't Russia—it's the U. S. A., Uncle Sam's country. Why, boys," Hodge scoffed, "for us to be afraid of bolshevism, us with a high school in every village, a military academy on every hill, a college in every town and universities all over the map, most of 'em coeducational institutions—for us to be afraid of a mob like that?—why, it's a joke. You know what Lenine says. He says that out of every hundred professed bolshevists, one is sincere, thirty-nine are grafters, and sixty are fools." Hodge shifted his cigar. "You boys have been creating an unfortunate moral attitude towards bolshevism by putting fellows like Lenine and Trotsky on a pedestal, makin' 'em appear to be masters of some beneficent kind of philosophy that we superficial, dollar-chasing Americans—as our European intellectuals term us—can't grasp. You treat 'em as if they were men of transcendent genius, like Napoleon, whereas they're nothing but cunning charlatans leading an army of fools, a scatter-brained lot of mongrels that 'll follow any flag, just like a little chicken 'll follow anything it sees movin! A man hasn't got to be wonderfully able to lead a mob like that. He's got to be a crook, that's all. General Coxey was an ordinary man; but he was the head of an army of bums, which made him look big by contrast. Ain't it so Tom?"

Johnston nodded affirmatively and Hodge went on. "You tell a little feller he's a whoppin' big feller, an' keep on tellin' him that, an' first thing you know you'll swell his head, he'll begin to think he is a big feller an' he'll put on airs an' start something. An' the more you tell him he's a big feller, the more you'll begin to believe it yourself, till after while you get to be afraid of him. An' then he *will* be a big feller—'cause all things are relative.

"Have you got any of these bolshevist fellows spotted here in Rosedale, Sam?" Johnston asked.

"Some. But they haven't committed any overt act yet, and so I haven't got rid of 'em. Besides, I want enough of 'em here to make it worth while when you boys play my ace of trumps for me."



Hodge chuckled and Johnston and Griffiths exchanged glances.

"What is your ace of trumps, Sam?" asked Johnston.

Hodge puffed his cigar for dramatic effect, looked from one to the other; but instead of answering immediately, kept up dramatic suspense. "I'm going to do the obvious thing."

"But what is the obvious thing, Sam?" Johnston persisted.

"Ridicule."

Hodge waited a moment for some protestation from Griffiths, then went on philosophically: "These soap-box fellers spout poison gas. I'm goin' to fight it with laughing gas. The churches are doing their work, but there is propaganda going on in the homes of men who do not go to church. Ridicule, like gas, will reach everywhere, search out every nook and cranny.

"Through the papers, I'm going to laugh bolshevism right out of court. They'll look for abuse, they're ready for it with all the cunning arguments and sophistry the devil himself could devise to turn it to their own advantage. If you blackguard a man, he'll have a dozen sympathizers; all the more 'cause you're a power and he's not. But if you pick out his weak spots and hold 'em up to ridicule, make fun of him, laugh at him, it'll crush him. Likewise, all the sympathetic rats'll desert him and he'll slink away. Fortunately for our purpose, bolshevism is full of weak spots. A great chance for that ironical pen of yours, Will, and I want to say right here, there isn't a man in America can beat you at it. What do you think of my scheme, Will?"

Griffiths was silent for a moment, then: I guess you're right, Sam."

"What do you think, Tom?" said Hodge.

"I think as you do, Sam."

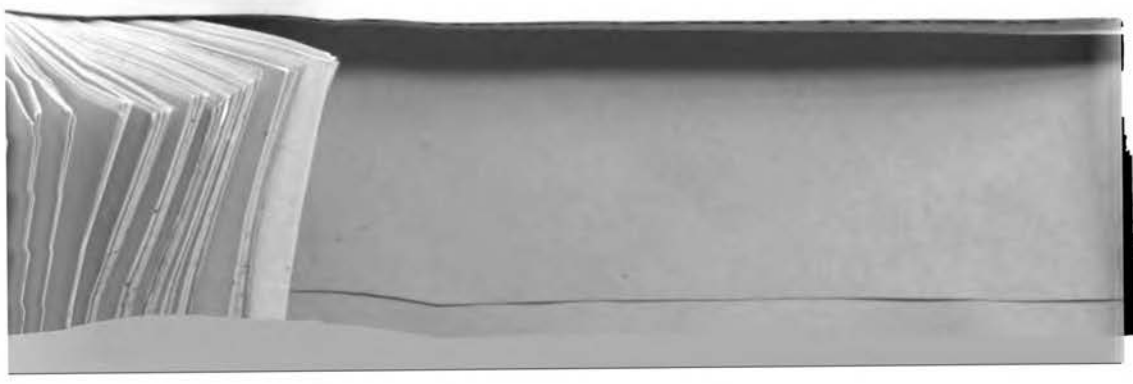
"More work for the undertaker," growled Griffiths. He paused, then: "Have you any definite scheme, Sam?"

"I think it would be a good idea for you boys to advertise for humorous cartoons—humorous or serious cartoons—on bolshevism. Make it a contest. Offer a hundred-dollar prize for the best and agree to pay five dollars for every one that is printed together with the name of the author. Say that these cartoons are to come only from workingmen, and workingwomen—of all classes,—that they are to express their idea of bolshevism, either for or against it.

"You see," continued Hodge, "the American workingman loves to express his humor, he loves to make fun of everything in a good-natured, boyish way. Therefore, he'll take readily to this scheme. But the most important part is this: if we ask them to study bolshevism, to look into it seriously, they'll pass it up. Just make 'em think it's some kind of a game, an' see what they'll do. You remember, the boys never studied the art of whitewashing a fence till Tom Sawyer made 'em think it was play."

"That's good psychology, Sam," said Griffiths, "But why confine it to the workingmen and women?"

"I want to make 'em think it's their game and



they'll take a pride in it. If I let 'em know it originated with me or one of the big fellers, they'll get suspicious. Of course, I'm doin' it for their own good—but they don't know it," he added.

"Say, boys," said Hodge, as he showed his guests out, "you'll get the credit of starting the back fire that's goin' to check the prairie fire of bolshevism in this country. The Pittsburgh papers 'll pick it up, an' the Chicago papers, an' then the New York papers will suddenly spring it—as if they'd started it, —an' it'll get into the theaters, an' you know how a thing spreads once Broadway adopts it. They 'll be forming laughing committees all over the country—you see if they don't. Every little village 'll have one."

Three days later, the *Herald*, pursuant to Sam Hodge's plan to promote the serious study of bolshevism by the good people of Rosedale under the guise of play, announced as follows:

"The bolshevist leaders of Europe, through their agents, are seeking to bring about the adoption of their doctrine by the working people of the United States. As this movement vitally concerns labor, we want the workingmen and women of Rosedale, themselves, to decide whether or not it is to their interest to join it. Therefore, we will accept contributions from men and women employed at wages or salary only.

"We have compiled a vast deal of general information concerning the movement in Europe, the origin of the so-called bolshevist party, its constitution, its purposes, its methods, and what it has accomplished. Booklets containing this information will be free to everybody on application at this office.

"We offer one hundred dollars ($100) for the best cartoon, comic or serious, bearing on the attempt of the bolshevist leaders to introduce their doctrine in Uncle Sam's country—the decision to be reached by popular vote. We will also pay five dollars ($5) each for all cartoons printed, and will publish the name of the inventor thereof, unless instructed not to do so. Each contestant may submit as many cartoons as he or she chooses.

(To be continued in THE NEW SUCCESS for August, published July 20.)

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What Would Have Happened

By THOMAS A. EDISON

TO-DAY I am wondering what would have happened to me by now, if, fifty years ago, some fluent talker had converted me to the theory of the eight-hour day and convinced me that it was not fair to my fellow-workers to put forth my best efforts in my work. I am glad that the eight-hour day had not been invented when I was a young man. If my life had been made up of eight-hour days I don't believe I could have accomplished a great deal. The country would not amount to as much as it does if the young men of fifty years ago had been afraid they might earn more than they were paid. There were shirkers in those days, to be sure, but they didn't boast of it. The shirker tried to conceal or excuse his shiftlessness and lack of ambition.

"Yea, bo! I've lost my job"

(*Continued from page 45*)

and no questions asked. So it was that he found himself, on the second day of his arrival in Buffalo, industriously handling a hammer in the large shipping department.

For five days, David Pritchard hammered lengths of wood into shipping crates. Then, one noon hour, as he looked about the immense room with its fifty workers, it came to him that the entire department was unnecessary and represented a waste in money. Why did they need wooden boxes to ship enamel ware? Why couldn't they use smaller boxes of corrugated paper? They were strong enough; they were cheaper; they did away with an army of sawers, cutters, nailers. And he knew just where such boxes could be obtained.

That night he omitted to write his letter home and sat at the small table of his room, patiently figuring and refiguring, preparing a statement which showed the cost of the shipping department as it was and the cost as it would be with his new plan in order.

The next morning found him outside of the superintendent's office.

"Mr. Monaghan?" he inquired as that executive came in.

"The same. What can I do for you?"

"My name is Pritchard. I've been working down in the shipping department. I'd like you to look over something."

For the next quarter of an hour, David Pritchard had time to quietly observe the furnishings of the office. Monaghan was a new man. He had heard about him when Winthrop Junior had first installed him. He was supposed to have a reputation for trying out new things. Strangely, too, he was not a young man. As David took in his iron-gray hair, the firm set of his face, the intelligent gleam of his eyes, he realized that he must be well past fifty. Yet there was that energy, that wholesome preservation, that calm capability that marked him as a leader of men.

"How long have you been working with us, Pritchard?"

"Five days."

"Live in Buffalo?"

"At present, I do."

"I see. Do you think you could put this change into effect without throwing the whole factory into confusion?"

"I can."

"All right. Go ahead."

In the weeks that followed, David Pritchard discovered that there was a great difference between planning work and working a plan. For the first time in his life he was up against the proposition of firing men, and it hurt him to do it. So far as he could, he switched the workers around into other departments; but where adaptation to new work was impossible, he had to discharge. In those days the thought of Winthrop, junior, often flashed across his mind and he wondered whether his duty hadn't been just as hard.

At the end of a month the new shipping department was no longer a plan. It was a reality, and David Pritchard reached out for greater authority. He invaded the stock room and fairly electrified the workers with the great energy and activity he radiated. Two weeks, and the stock room was no more. It had been swallowed up in the shipping department which did both duties at once.

And then, in the heat of his new exhilaration, he came to his room one night to find a letter from Helen that caused him a new anxiety.

"I met John Winthrop," she wrote in her vivid way, "and I just asked him what he meant by sending you to that old Buffalo factory just when I needed you most. I asked him, too, when you were coming back, and he just laughed and said, 'Oh, I guess he'll come back as soon as he's ready.'"

He held that letter in his hand for some time. Now that Winthrop knew of his whereabouts, would he make inquiries? And then, what would he do?

The questions kept him awake all night and caused him to go about his work with an apprehension that grew every time the superintendent approached him. Two days later, Monaghan did stop him.

"I say, Pritchard. Did you ever work at this sort of thing before?"

"No," answered David.

Monaghan eyed him piercingly.

"I mean, did you ever work in a hardware factory?"

"Yes. Twenty years."

That was all. Monaghan passed on.

That very day a crate was returned because the enameled ware inside was all chipped. Monaghan sent for David Pritchard and blamed the accident upon improper packing.

"No," countered David, "you're wrong. I can vouch that those pots were properly packed."

"Nonsense, Pritchard. The fault is yours. You might as well own up to it."

"That's not the point at all," flared back David. "Whether I confess that it is my fault or not, is not the issue. The big thing is to really know where the blame *should* go, so that this thing can not happen again. I place it with the inspection room. I have been long enough in the hardware game to know that those pots were improperly made and should not have been passed by the inspectors."

Monaghan grinned, like a school boy who has been caught trying to pass something off.

"You know when you're right, don't you, Pritchard?"

"I should say so. There was a time when I *made* enameled ware."

So it came about that David Pritchard added another department to his self-appointed tasks. From morning till nightfall he hustled from one thing to another, correcting here, suggesting there, learning things, teaching things, until he felt like a youngster, in his new-born enthusiasm.

Once he wandered into the bookkeeping department. He had thought he would like to get back

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there some day. But as he saw the many desks with the men bent over their books, a sort of nausea seized him. He felt stifled, choked, and curiously old. The men who got down at those desk jobs were goners right from the start. A voice behind him spoke:

"Well, Pritchard? Know anything about books?"

"Yes."

"Got any ideas for improving this department?"

"No!"

Almost angrily he snapped that retort back. Thereafter, he carefully avoided going near those desks.

On Saturday afternoon he packed his valise and prepared to go home. The two months were up, and although he had not quite accomplished the things he had set for himself, he felt he could face Helen and Evie with a newer confidence.

As he passed down the steps, a letter lying on the top of the bannister arrested his attention. It was for him, written in Helen's round hand:

Daddy Dear:—

Just a line. The wedding isn't to be this Sunday. We've postponed it for another month so that Rob can take his vacation and honeymoon in one. Will write more.

Just the same, couldn't you run home for a tiny time? Mother misses you so.

Lots of love,

HELEN.

David Pritchard retraced his steps. How he longed to take that suggestion and rush home for a "tiny time"! But another month was another month. Thirty whole days more in which to do the other things he had planned for himself. A new lease on life!

Back in his room, he counted out $300 which he had saved, and sent it off to Helen with injunctions to buy herself something pretty. Then he wandered out into the fields about the city and aimlessly tore at buttercups and daisies.

Sometimes he spoke out loud, imagining that Evie was there at his side, listening to his patter and answering his questions. He noted the pretty houses with their garden patches and he confided:

"You'd like to live in one of those, wouldn't you, Evie? You're always saying how crowded our section has become since the subway is pushing up into it. You could grow tomatoes and have a cucumber frame. And—oh Lord! what am I saying anyway?"

He might easily have become morose and blue. But he had a great work before him—a vote of confidence to win in himself—to prove whether he was still in the swim or not; whether he could still make the world give him what he wanted, or whether it was an old men's home for him. So he talked to himself; and when he was tired of babbling, he thought.

Long ago he had decided that he couldn't just sit back and wait for someone higher up to leave and so create a vacancy for him. He must build for himself his own particular office—a position in which there was no rivalry to fear, no firing, no bossing. And it would be a post that only a man with long years of experience could fill.

So it came to him as a great shock a week later, to hear that the assistant manager to Monaghan had left. A great flood of joy filled his being. Here was his opportunity! For twenty years he had sat at a desk, letting the tide of progress roll over his head. Now, in less than three months—

He sought out Monaghan.

"I hear," he stated, "that Thompson has left."

"He has. Resigned on Saturday to become general manager of a factory in Chicago."

"And his place has not been filled yet?"

"It hasn't."

"Then I should like to apply for it. You know my qualifications. I—"

"I know, Pritchard. You certainly know hardware. And you're a live wire. You've broken all records in the short time you've been here. Nothing would please me more than to give you the position. But the fact of the matter is, I can't."

David Pritchard drew himself erect.

"I—I don't understand," he cried. "Certainly I have proved that—"

"You have, Pritchard. I never had a better man than you here. But I've—I've got orders from higher up. You're wanted—in New York. Winthrop has written that he wants you to report to him. He wants to see you."

So that was it! Winthrop had kept track of him all along, and now he rose to block his path. Well, he wouldn't report to him! He would go home and help prepare for Helen's wedding. Then, when that was all over, he would tell Evie what had happened and they would go off somewhere and start anew.

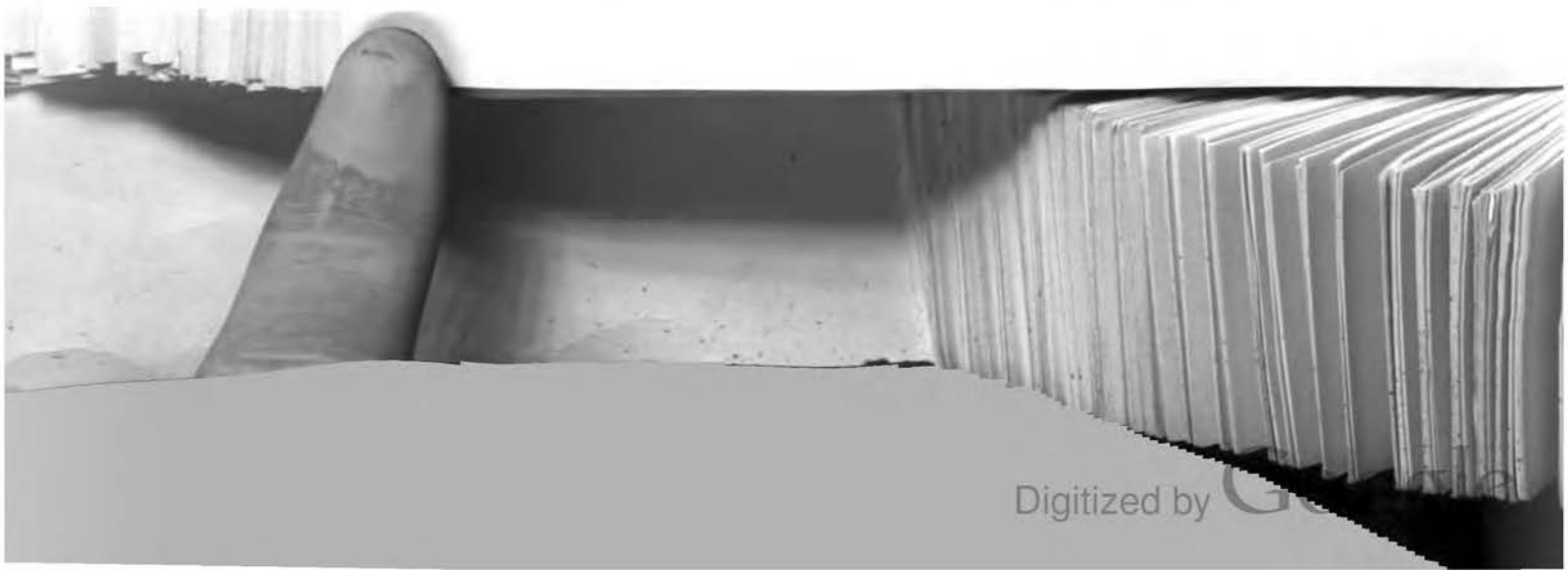
He wasn't afraid now that he would have to subject her to hardships. He could take his chances with the best of them. He could lose a job and smile! Smile!

He smiled now, when he thought how his dismissal three months ago had knocked the world from under him. He could hardly believe that he was the same man who had sat on the steps of the brownstone house and looked up at the Winthrop Hardware Works. How hopeless, how scared of the future he had been. Come what may, he wasn't afraid now. Glory! but he was glad he had lost his job!

He felt no anger toward Winthrop now—just a deep, quiet scorn for his judgment. He had thrown him out as an incompetent, yet in less than three months he had accomplished what it would have taken a younger man a lifetime to do. Without references, without recommendation, he had tackled a job at the bottom and jumped clear to the top. Hm! There were still many things the bumptious generation could learn from him and his like.

David Pritchard went home—and stayed away from Winthrop. When a letter came with the factory trademark on the envelope, he tossed it aside unopened and entered with greater zest into the wedding preparations.

He painted the porch anew and garnished it with flower boxes that boasted fresh pink geraniums. The large front parlor where the ceremony was to be performed, he decorated with fragrant ferns, leaves, and glowing flowers until it resembled a woodland dell,



and Evie was prompted to run out and call the neighbors in to view it.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" she repeated again and again. "The way that man has been working! He's turned this house upside down. Helen just can't stop admiring the things he does. She's just about hugged and kissed him to bits."

Sunday morning came, bright, clear, and invigorating; and David Pritchard prepared himself for the task ahead. He felt calm and collected all morning, but when the guests assembled he received the first blow that shattered his equanimity. John Winthrop, junior, was among them! A sense of civility and hospitality urged him to greet him affably, but as soon as he could, he escaped from the front parlor.

His poise was more shaken however, when Helen came into the room, looking like a slender stalk in her white satin dress. She seemed fragile and frail, like a creamy tea rose on a willowy stem. He had a desire then to rush forward and fold her into his arms where no harm could reach her. But he glanced at Robert Gilmore's face, and the almost reverent adoration that he saw there, stayed him and shook him almost as much as his daughter's loveliness.

It was all over at last, and while the guests regaled themselves with refreshments, he sought Helen out in her room, where she was preparing for her wedding journey.

"Well, Helen?"

"Oh, dad! Just look at this, will you? Mr. Winthrop gave it to mother for me. A check for five hundred dollars! In appreciation for your work! Why, do you know I'm a rich girl? What with your gift, and uncle's, and now this—"

David Pritchard was too stunned to talk. Unbelievingly, he stared at the green slip of paper. Five hundred dollars as a gift! That *was* generosity for you. Not even Old Man Winthrop could have outdone such largess.

"Put it away, Helen," he advised. "You'll need it all. It takes money to furnish a home these days."

"That's what I keep telling Bob. But he's just set on not letting me use any of my money. He's going to add to what I've got already and start an account for me at the bank. He thinks women ought to be a bit independent in such matters. There he comes now. Mumsie, where's my hanky? Ready in a minute, dear. Now please, please don't begin worrying over me. Dad's home now and he'll keep you good company. Do you hear, dad? Don't you let mother get lonesome. I'll write you every single day. Good-by. Good-by, dear ones. Daddy, you've been wonderful. It's been the loveliest wedding I ever dreamed of. Just like a fairyland of flowers. I'll remember it all my life. Good-by. Good-by."

And when David Pritchard had thrown the last rose and waved the last good-by, he turned to find himself next to Winthrop.

"Well, Pritchard! She was the loveliest bride I've seen in many a day. I wouldn't have missed this thing for anything. But time is pressing and I'd like to have a talk with you before I go."

David led the way back to the now deserted parlor.

"Pritchard, I suppose you think we handed you a pretty raw deal when we dismissed you, and I wouldn't blame you for thinking so. But the fact of the matter is, we fired you with a purpose. It was one of two things—keep you out of respect to our father and consider you a necessary burden, or fire you and see what you were made of.

"We did the latter—at my insistence. You see, ever since the time I was a youngster and could toddle about, you had appeared to me as a man who could do everything I couldn't do. You made my first sled, you taught me to fly my first kite, you got me out of every scrap I fell into. And I remembered my father telling me that when you got going there was nothing that could stop you.

"But I went away to college, then stayed abroad, and when I came back, you were not the same man. You had fallen into a rut. You were dead—so far as progress went. Yet I knew that if we could only do something to set you going, to give you a new motive for working, you could show us all a thing or two. And you did!

"Now I want you to come back. I know of everything you did with Monaghan, and I'm ready to give you a free—"

"Thanks, Winthrop," interrupted David. "There's no inducement you could offer that would make me come back to you. I want to stay in the Buffalo factory. I found myself there. I like it there. If you let me go back as assistant to Monaghan, all right. Otherwise I'm ready to break out into new fields. What do you say?"

"Have it your own way, Pritchard. If you want to stay in Buffalo, I guess we'll have to let you."

"Right! Say, Winthrop, but I'm glad I lost my job! Glad as the dickens!"

An Interview with Winchell Smith

(*Continued from page* 39)

"I do know that, in making modern plays, such as I write, it is a good rule to give the audience plenty of real homely, heart-to-heart incidents, such as they see and feel in their everyday lives; also that character parts—plenty of them—strong, quaint or original, are a great asset to a play. Characters such as old *Bill Jones* in 'Lightnin' are the making of many a play, sometimes overcoming the faults of the plot.

"One trouble with young playwrights is that they compel their characters to spout speeches much too long. Nobody talks long and voluble nowadays. Conversation is made up of remarks—usually only one or two sentences in a group, and they are apt to be short sentences at that. And as I have already indicated, to be realistic, too much must not be written into a play, so that the dialogue has to be hurried. Sometimes the silences between sentences are of more force and value than the words."

MR. SMITH has a beautiful home at Farmington, Connecticut, only a few miles from his native city, Hartford. Here he does his planning and writing, coming to New York City only to direct rehearsals of a new play. After "The Wheel" he is to collaborate with William Gillette on a play as yet unnamed; and then, what do you suppose he hopes to do next? You'd never guess it in a thousand attempts! Nothing more nor less than write a new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin!" He says the idea has been growing on him for several years. That is indicative of the careful manner in which he works. For a whole year he has been turning over in his mind the plot, incidents and dialogue of "The Wheel"—and it is just now seeing the light.

"There are wonderful possibilities in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" he says. "There are characters and situations in it the humanness and dramatic value of which have been unsuspected by most people. *Topsy* and *Miss Ophelia* for example—the regeneration of *Topsy* because of her love and admiration for *Eva;* the prim old spinster's first contempt and loathing of *Topsy;* then her growing conviction that that Thing—that animal whose only garment was a gunny sack might be a human being with a soul—why, there are great possibilities there! Mine will not, I hope, be the ordinary 'Tom show' of commerce; there will, of course, be no hint of that anti-slavery attitude that characterizes the book and the old plays. It will just be an American period-play with real human beings and character studies."

It sounds paradoxical; but, perhaps, there is no better evidence of Winchell Smith's originality than his daring plan to take an old moth-eaten play that has been the stalest joke in the theatrical world for decades, rewrite it, and put it on Broadway. Who else would have thought of it?

If you and your job are not friends, part-company.

◆ ◆ ◆

The world is moving so rapidly to-day that you have to run as fast as you can to stay where you are.

◆ ◆ ◆

No philosophy has ever improved upon the Golden Rule, and the most gorgeous tapestry of trickery looks like a rag alongside the simple beauties of a square deal.

A woman never really gets old, but occasionally one will admit that she's "prematurely gray."

◆ ◆ ◆

Our business in life is not to get ahead of others, but to get ahead of ourselves.—*Conveyor.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Fling the whole of yourself into your environment, if you expect to be a leader in your line or to do anything worth while.

"Get Next to His Heart"

(*Continued from page* 68)

of ideas is bound to be mutually interesting and we will both profit by it. With best wishes, I am, Jeremiah Harrington, President."

"That," said Harrington, "makes a man feel that he is a part of the organization, and it flatters him to know that I know he is here, especially if he's a chap way out in the shops who wouldn't imagine I was aware of his presence."

"Do they come in?" Woodhouse asked.

"Certainly, they come in," Harrington said. "I see to it that they do, and if they don't come in soon I go out and hunt them up. It pays in loyalty and, besides I've derived many helpful ideas from those little talks."

"I can well imagine that you would, but it must take a lot of time."

"Most worth-while things do," Harrington said. "But it's worth it. It makes for happiness, and happiness is the big thing in business. A lot of people don't know it, but happiness cracks the whip over workers to much better advantage than slave driving. When we hire a man we want to give him a salary that will keep him happy, that will enable him to live a little better than his neighbor. We want him to have sufficient with which to dress well and take his wife to the theater now and then. In other words, we want him tc feel that he's better off here than he would be anywhere else. When a man feels that way you can't drag him away from work!"

"You must get a lot of strange angles from various types of men," suggested Woodhouse.

"I do," Harrington answered. "And it pays in dollars and cents to get the other fellow's viewpoint. The man who is wholly self-centered defeats his own aims. The way to get dividends and results is to be interested in the other fellow's outlook and desires. I have found that the greatest difference in men is their vision and their methods of work. If they see beyond the immediate present and work as if they loved their work, they will go far."

"I'm glad I dropped in," Woodhouse said with genuine satisfaction. "I think I'll take a leaf from your notebook and put some of these innovations into effect over at our plant. I suppose the directors, and, perhaps, the employees will think I'm crazy at first."

"Probably," laughed Harrington. "The world always distrusts something new. Columbus and Galileo were regarded as fools. But the world always gets over its doubts and suspicions if you give it time, and keep on believing in yourself. If you do believe a thing, believe it with all that's in you. Even if people say you're crazy, if you think your viewpoint is worthy of being crazy about—then let people accuse you at first. They'll come round in time. People don't look down on visionary men and women any more. Too many dreamers have made good! No man need be afraid of having too much imagination. I encourage it wherever I find it, and try to make a man's dreams take practical form. Then I urge them to work as hard and as long as their strength will permit. No one ever really died from

overwork and there is a lot more danger in working too little rather than too much."

"You've really inspired me, Harrington," Woodhouse said with enthusiasm. "I think my difficulties will seem smaller now."

"Woody," said Harrington kindly and sagely, "the way out of difficulties—the way to get things done—is first to minimize the difficulty and then to magnify the self-reliance and resourcefulness of the men on whose shoulders the task rests. By minimizing difficulties I don't mean boasting of ability. But the world accepts us largely at our own valuation. If we assert ourselves too loudly we disgust others of balance and good judgment. Life is like getting a job. It is always better to tell quietly what you have done—tell what you think you can do—and then ask an opportunity to prove your judgment of yourself. A note of quiet confidence is more suggestive of dynamic power than a brass band and red fire."

As Woodhouse arose to go, the inter-office telephone rang and Harrington put the receiver to his ear.

"Mr. Harrington," came the voice, "this is Derby. I bought that book and sent it over to Johnstone by messenger. He's just called up to thank me. 'Little acts of thoughtfulness like yours make business happier and pleasanter,' was what he said to me, and he's asked me to have luncheon with him next Thursday."

"Good work!" remarked Harrington. "Get your ear tuned to good music and you'll bring back that order sure as death and taxes!"

Delving for New Wonders in Medicine and Surgery

(*Continued from page* 73)

And that was the preliminary to the famous one hundred and four-mile ride. Grayson was game to try it and so was Captain Archie Butt, the White House aide. At 3:40 one morning, in January, 1909, three horsemen left the White House. They rode with a relay of horses to Warrenton, Virginia, estimated at about forty-five miles distant from Washington. There they had lunch and the signatures of Roosevelt, Butt, and Grayson are still to be found on the treasured register of the little hotel. The three riders returned to Washington, arriving at 8:40. Owing to the condition of the roads they had to make a detour, and instead of a ride of ninety miles, as intended, they rode one hundred and four miles as afterwards ascertained. A part of the trip was made in a storm of sleet and snow. Only Roosevelt, Butt, and Grayson made the ride. No secret service men or other attendants accompanied them. Roosevelt was particularly pleased with his aids, Grayson at that time being assistant surgeon at the White House.

President Taft "inherited" Dr. Grayson and kept him through his administration. President Wilson inherited Grayson from Taft, and so he has the unique distinction of being physician to three successive presidents. For more than seven years Dr. Grayson was the personal physician of President Wilson. In all that time, President Wilson was scarcely out of Dr. Grayson's sight.

Try This Just for To-day

START out in the morning with the determination to see how much good will, joy, encouragement, and uplift you can give out during the day.

When you sit down to your breakfast, give a smile, a pleasant look, a pleasant word to your family, to the servant. Do the same when you buy your morning paper. Be kind to the elevator boy, to the ticket agent, to the train conductor, to the waiters where you get your luncheon, to the employees where you work. Be kind to everybody you meet. Look so pleasant and greet them so cordially that they will think you have just heard some good news, or that some good fortune has come to you.

TRY this for one day and see what satisfaction it will give you. Keep trying it seven days in the week and, after a while, you will form the habit. It will change your whole nature; for it is giving the best of ourselves to others that brings us corresponding results. It will make you a magnet to draw people to you. We get by giving. Selfish, unsympathetic, cold-blooded people, who think chiefly of themselves and their own advantage, are never magnetic. They can't radiate a pleasing personality because they never give out anything. It is the kindly heart that feels for all that is magnetic.

The man who loves only his intimate friends, who hasn't love for humanity at large, is not much of a man. It is easy to love one's friends. The narrowest and most bigoted do that. But to follow the wonderful example Christ set us is another matter. He loved everybody, especially the weak, the poor, the down-trodden, the broken in health, the leper, the maniac, the deaf, the blind, the lame, the outcast, the criminal. No matter how fallen or how despised a human being might be, Christ loved him just the same—because he saw the God in him.

IF you try to see the God in every man as He did, to see a brother in the man who blacks your shoes or cleans the street—in every one, no matter how humble his condition, you cannot help being kind to everybody you meet.

Try this just for to-day.

Twelve Things You Will Never Regret

DOING a kind act.

Keeping your temper under insult or serious provocation.

Telling the truth when a lie would have helped you out of difficulty.

Turning away from pleasures that would injure your health or your manhood.

Holding steadfastly to your purpose when everyone insisted you were on the wrong track.

Forming the habit of always trying to better your best, to improve something somewhere every day of your life.

Refusing to listen to malicious gossip, or stories that are "off color."

Having the courage to wear shabby clothes rather than go in debt for what you could not afford.

Daring to say "No" when "Yes" would have made you a "good fellow" and won the applause of your companions.

Not mailing that cutting, sarcastic letter, or uttering the angry words that sprang to your lips when smarting under a sense of injury or injustice. Not resigning when smarting under resentment or fancied injury.

Getting up every time you fall and pushing right on towards your goal, no matter how dark the way.

Keeping faith with yourself at any cost; holding fast to the high ideals that beckoned in youth. Always and everywhere acting the gentleman or the lady.

◆ ◆ ◆

One Way Traffic

THERE is only one road to the town of "Success,"
The name of the road is "Work."
It has room for only honest guests,
Traffic's blocked to those that shirk.

The road is open all hours of To-day,
It heeds neither time nor date,
And now is the time to start on your way,
For to-morrow will be too late.

Nearly all of the way is an uphill road;
It will seem like a tough old fight,
But once on your way just bear up your load
And keep going with all your might.

You will pass through many towns each day
Such as Failure, Gloom, and Despair;
At each of these stations just keep on your way,
For "Work" does not tarry there.

After you have entered the town of "Success,"
Tho your load may have been hard to bear,
Once inside you will find both comfort and rest,
Just be thankful you started for there.

—*Forbes Magazine.*

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About and through everything there is the play of an eternal Mind.—*Edison.*

LAUGH WITH US!

OLD LADY—"Son, can you direct me to a bank?"
BOY—"Yessum, for a quarter."
OLD LADY—"Isn't that mighty high pay, my boy?"
BOY—"No, ma'am; not for a bank director."

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HORACE—"Please do not phone me again. Father is cleaning his gun."—Lula.—*Personal in Augusta, Georgia, Chronicle.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"WELL, my dear, I've just had my life insured for five thousand dollars."

"Oh, how sweet of you! Now I sha'n't have to keep telling you to be careful every place you go."—*American Legion Weekly.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A WIDOW ordered a tombstone for her husband's grave. On the stone she had inscribed: "Rest in Peace." She expected her husband's insurance policy to pay all the bills attending his demise, but investigation revealed that he had allowed his life insurance to lapse. The widow returned to the marble shop, and had a few words added to the inscription so that the stone now reads: "Rest in Peace—Till We Meet Again."

◆ ◆ ◆

JONES had stood the beach concert as long as he could, and was just moving off when he was collared by the man who was passing the hat. Jones's face beamed.

"Ah, here you are at last!" he exclaimed, helping himself liberally. "I knew you wouldn't expect us to stand all that row for nothing. But you were a long time coming round!"

◆ ◆ ◆

A DIVORCED maker of sausage-bologne
Was caught passing checks that were phogne.
He said, with a grin,
As the cop locked him in,
Here's the end of my wife's alimogne.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

◆ ◆ ◆

WHEN General Leonard Wood was a small boy he was called up in the grammar class. The teacher said:

"Leonard, give me a sentence and we'll see if you can change it into the imperative mood."

"The horse draws the cart," said Leonard.

"Very good. Now change the sentence to the imperative."

"Get up!" said young Wood.

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THEY seated themselves at the table. "Will you have a little shrimp?" he asked.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden!"

◆ ◆ ◆

"YES, indeed," said De Boast, "my hearing is extraordinarily acute. No sound is too faint or too distant for me to hear it."

"You don't say!" put in Von Broke. "And can you hear my watch ticking from where you stand?"

"Easily."

"Well, you are a wonder. It's at the pawnbroker's, six streets away."—*Dallas News.*

◆ ◆ ◆

AN Irishman was sitting in a station smoking, when a woman came in and sitting beside him remarked, "Sir, if you were a gentleman, you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if ye wuz a lady, ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again: "If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," he returned, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if ye wuz my wife I'd take it."

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MR. BACON—"This paper says that eighty-five thousand women are now employed by the railway systems of the United States."

MRS. BACON—"Hardly proper work for women, I should say."

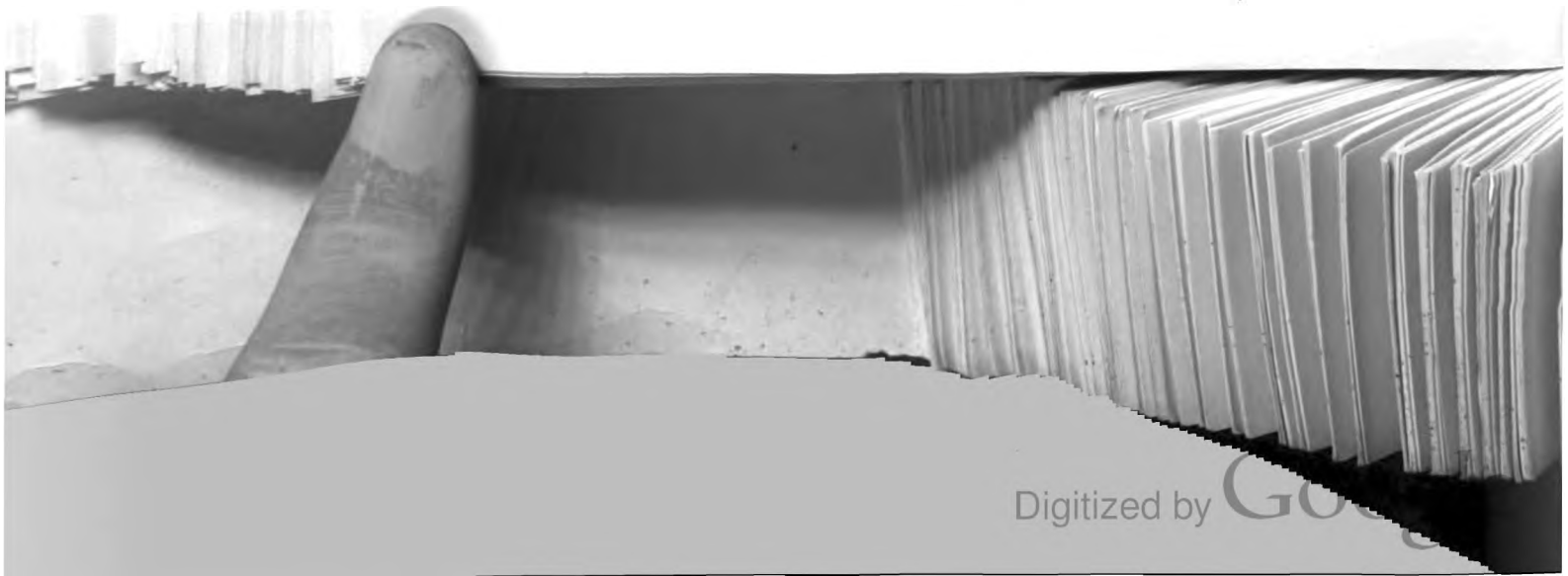
MR. BACON—"Why, who's had more experience in looking after trains and switches than women, I'd just like to know?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

◆ ◆ ◆

IMPECUNIOUS BRIDEGROOM (*taking minister aside*): I'm sorry I have no money to pay your fee, doctor; but if you'll take me down into your cellar I'll show you how to fix your gas meter so that it won't register.—*Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

AN uneducated man who was converted at a revival decided that he would give the rest of his life to redeeming men by preaching. A bishop



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was talking to him about getting a better education. The man replied, "Bishop, I don't need an education to do God's work. I just open my mouth and God fills it."

"Such an incident happened in Baalam's time," replied the bishop.

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"HELLO, is this the Blank Club? Is my husband there?

"Hello, not there, you say? Well, all right then, but—hold on, how do you know? I haven't even told you my name."

"There ain't nobody's husband here—never," was the colored servitor's quick reply.—*Dodge.*

◆ ◆ ◆

RETURNING from the dentist's, where he had gone to have a tooth extracted, little Henry reported as follows:

"The doctor told me 'fore he began that if I cried or screamed it would cost me seventy-five cents, but if I was a good boy it would be only half a dollar."

"Did you scream?" his mother asked.

"How could I?" answered Henry. "You only gave me half a dollar."

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HE went to the general-delivery window at the post office, and said:

"See if you got a letter fer me."

"What's the name, please?" said the clerk.

"I'll not give you me name," said he.

"Well," said the clerk, "if you won't give me your name I can't look for a letter."

"Well, then, me name is Paddy Sullivan."

The clerk looked through the batch of mail and said, "Sorry, sir, but there is no letter for you."

"That's one on you," said the wise one. "Me name is Matty Rogers."

◆ ◆ ◆

WOMAN CUSTOMER—"Let me see some handkerchiefs; that's the kind I want."

PUNCTILIOUS CLERK—"But that is a man's size handkerchief."

WOMAN CUSTOMER—"Sure it is. This is a man's size cold I have."

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"I HEARD ye were on a strike," said Mike to his friend Pat.

"I was that," answered Pat.

"A strike for what, Pat?"

"For shorter hours, Mike."

"An' did ye get them?"

"Sure we did, Mike. It's not workin' at all I am now."

"WHY is your son making all that racket with the monkey-wrench?"

"Preparing his thesis. He graduates next week from an automobile college."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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HUB—Oh, don't worry about the cook's crankiness. Don't take any notice of her.

WIFE—I have to; she's just given it.—*Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"I'M afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, rather sadly, "that I shall never meet you in the better land."

"Why? What have you been doin' now?"

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SHE was a shop assistant. She had a slow mind and a quick tongue. She thought herself awfully smart.

A timid looking man came in the shop. "Do you keep hair brushes?" he asked.

"No," she snapped. "We sell them."

"Well," he said quietly as he strolled towards the door, "you'll keep the one you might have sold to me. Good morning."

◆ ◆ ◆

HE—"Is Fraser's wife fond of an argument?"

SHE—"I should just think so—why she won't even eat anything that agrees with her."—*London Mail.*

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MOSE, an old Alabama negro, who prides himself on being able to play any tune on the banjo after he has heard it once, perched himself on the side of a hill one Sunday morning and began to pick the strings in a workmanlike manner. It chanced that a minister came along. Going up to Mose, he demanded harshly, "Mose, do you know the Ten Commandments?"

Mose scratched his chin for a moment, and then, in an equally harsh voice, said: "Parson, yo' don't think yo' kin beat me, do yo'? Jest yo' whistle the first three or four bars, an' I'll have a try at it."

◆ ◆ ◆

"IS your son out of danger yet?"

"No; the doctor is going to make three or four more visits."

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NERVOUS Tourist—What if the bridge should break and the train fall into the river?

Conductor—Dont worry, sir. This road won't miss it. It has a lot of trains.

For Her Husband's Guidance

Japanese Wife Establishes Ten Rules for His Conduct at Home

1. Please get up at the same time I do.
2. Please do not scold me in the presence of visitors or the children.
3. When you go away from home please tell us where you go.
4. Please let us know when you go out and when you come in.
5. Please grant me the privilege of a few of my wishes.
6. Please give me a fixed sum of money for my personal use.
7. Please do not demand attention from others for things that you can do yourself.
8. Please refrain from doing things before the children which set a bad example.
9. Please allow me certain hours for reading and studying.
10. Please stop saying, "Come here!" when you call me.

At the end of these requests was a short note which read: "This may sound rather abrupt, but it is the expression of a sincere feeling of your wife."

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Why This Salesman Succeeded

HE thoroughly *believed* in the things he was trying to sell.

He was *tactful* and knew how to approach people.

He did not *waste* a customer's *time* but was quick and to the point.

He *concentrated* on what he was selling.

He was *reliable* and gave one the impression that he stood for good merchandise.

He approached a customer with the *conviction* that he would win his order, and he usually did.

He *worked hard*.

He was always looking out for the man at the other end of the bargain. He realized that he could not afford to make a dissatisfied customer for the house.

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A Good Plan

"IF you see a good fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a story if uttered aloud
Would cause his proud head, to, in sorrow, be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it."

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The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn.—*Emerson.*

❖ ❖ ❖

Life is like the ocean. It drowns one man, because he yields to it passively and blindly. It buoys up the other because he strikes it skillfully, and buffets it with lusty sinews.

❖ ❖ ❖

Confidence is the key that unlocks the bank to the man who is trying to establish himself.

KEEPING FIT

NOT long ago there arrived in New York City, on a big trans-Atlantic liner, a two-hundred-thousand-dollar mare. Luxurious quarters were especially built for her. She had a soft padded-stall, a thick bed of clean straw daily, half a dozen attendants, a veterinary, and a groom who inspected every bit of her food. Everything had to be the best that money could buy—clean and pure. The horse was insured for $100,000.

A colt of this mare was brought over with the same care and watchfulness. Every bit of food given this colt was carefully inspected also. He had to be exercised just so, and given the best of care in bad weather.

Now, perhaps the man who owns these animals does not take half as good care of himself. He may not be half as particular about his food, about his overeating, about eating many kinds of food at one meal which fight one another.

Of course, the object in the wonderful care of the colt is to raise a horse which will win big prizes. Now, my friend, isn't it infinitely more important that you should keep fit for your human life race than it is for a horse to keep fit for an animal race? Haven't you infinitely more at stake than the man who owns the horse has on its winning the prize?

YOU are undoubtedly extremely ambitious to win out in your race. But you are feeding your brain race-horse with such devitalized nourishment that you are destroying your chances of reaching the goal of your ambition. After a while you will wonder why you don't get ahead faster. You, perhaps, are wondering now.

You can't get first-class results out of second-class nourishment, as many people in their ignorance are trying to do. You must back up your brain with good blood. You can't produce the best blood in a devitalized body.

WE hear a great deal these days about "pep" in business. Where does "pep" come from?

The basis of pep is in the blood, and the blood gets its pep from food properly chosen, properly eaten, properly chewed and properly digested, food that climate and soil have put the pep into.

It is just as important to select your food scientifically as it is to conduct your business scientifically. It is really more important.

If you would have a vigorous brain you must do the things that will give a vigorous brain. After the blood has received the high quality of food stuffs that sustain it, then we must have the proper exercise, the proper recreation that comes from play, amusement, and enough healthful sleep, to finish the process.

Most of us are very ambitious to get on in the world, to get a hundred per cent results from our efforts, but how often we seem to overlook the part health, a robust vitality plays in man's life, in his achievement.

PERHAPS you will point to men like Stevenson, Carlyle, Sir Walter Scott, as examples of men who have accomplished marvelous things even with a sick or unhealthy body. But these were exceptional characters and possessed such unusual genius that they cannot be considered fair examples for comparison.

The great preponderance of evidence in all history of achievement points to the fact that a hundred per cent brain efficiency must be backed up by a hundred per cent physical health; that whatever devitalizes the body, depletes the health, cuts down efficiency by so much.

In other words, a magnificent brain, and a magnificent physical life to back it up are the things for which to strive; and these depend upon good nourishing food, right living habits, plenty of sleep, plenty of out-door exercise, reasonable recreation and vacations.

There is no substitute for these health builders.

"As She Is Spoke!"

A NUMBER of ludicrous specimens of inverted meaning caused by misplaced clauses have been collected by London *Tid-Bits*. Here are some of them:

"I saw a man digging a well with a Roman nose."

A bill presented to a farmer ran thus: "To hanging two barn-doors and myself, 4s. 6d."

An advertiser wrote: "Wanted, a young man to look after a house of the Methodist persuasion."

A remarkable instance of charity: "A wealthy gentleman will adopt a little boy with a small family."

In the account of a shipwreck appeared the following: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid; she was insured for a large sum and loaded with pig iron."

An Irishman complained to his physician that "he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was ill a long time after he got well."

The Goods

YOU'VE got to have the goods, my boy,
If you would finish strong;
A bluff may work a little while,
Bnt not for very long;
A line of talk all by itself
Will seldom see you through;
You've got to have the goods, my boy,
And nothing else will do.

The fight is pretty stiff, my boy,
I'd call it rather tough,
And all along the route are wrecks
Of those who tried to bluff,
They couldn't back their lines of talk;
To meet the final test,
You've got to have the goods, my boy,
And that's no idle jest.—*Dodge News.*

PESSIMIST—OPTIMIST—PEPTIMIST

By ROBERT R. POTTER

THERE is no law to prevent a man from being a pessimist, but commonsense says that it is poor business to be one. And still there are a lot of pessimists, for people do not always listen when commonsense speaks.

The pessimist is an apostle of Despair, a kill-joy. He is a destroyer of happiness and good cheer. He would check progress and, if he can't check, then he would ruin. He is a destroyer of business, too. He paints his pictures in dark colors. He speaks the language of complaint. He sings dirges, not songs, and is generally out of tune. He says that life's tears outnumber its smiles; that there are more sorrows in life than joys; that there are more crows than song birds. He counts the dark and rainy days, but allows to pass unnoticed those that are full of brightness and sunshine.

The pessimist confesses himself unequal to his task. He is whipped before he begins. He is faint of heart and lacks nerve. He does not have the spirit of fight. He is not a quitter, because he never was a starter. He says the world is out of joint and that everybody but himself is wrong. He sees his own faults as virtues. The virtues of other people, he sees as faults. His slogan is, "I can't." But what he really means is, "I won't." He is a blood relation of Mr. and Mrs. B. Gloomy. His life is a mess and he has made it so himself. Society doesn't need the pessimist, neither does business nor the world at large.

IN contrast with the pessimist is the optimist. He is an apostle of Good Cheer. He speaks a pleasant language—doesn't chant dirges. He knows that the joys of life outnumber sorrows. He sees the crows, but he hears the song birds, too. He enjoys the days that are full of brightness and sunshine and forgets the dreary ones. He doesn't claim to "know-it all," nor does he think that all the world, excepting himself, is out of step. His slogan is "I can." A mighty good one, too, if carried into action. But, unfortunately and too often, optimism expresses itself by word of mouth alone and that type which is all talk doesn't amount to much.

BUT, there is another kind of an "ist"—the peptimist.

In him, we find the fellow who faces the world for what it is. He is not a chanter of dirges, nor a mere singer of songs. If he has complaints, he keeps them to himself. He doesn't dream of great things to be done by and by and then do nothing to make those dreams come true. If business is bad, he accepts that fact and hustles to make it better. He has visions, but is not a visionary man. He speaks a pleasant language; he is a man of few words and doesn't try to hide behind a smoke screen of talk. He has training, strength, and a punch in either or both hands. When he hits, he hits hard. If he can't go over or around an obstacle, he goes through it. Opportunity is his call to service. He will answer that bugle call every time.

The pessimist would run a locomotive on cold water. He fills up the boiler, but the wheels won't move—they can't. The optimist would use boiling water, but even that won't make a locomotive go. The peptimist uses water heated to the point where steam is generated. He opens the throttle and—the engine starts. And so in life. The "cold water" of pessimism won't make things move; neither will the "boiling water" of optimism—it takes the "steam" of peptimism.

Pessimism brings defeat. Optimism brings encouragement. Peptimism brings results.

Alexander Graham Bell Was a Noisy Lodger

THE landlady couldn't stand it any longer and the lodgers threatened to leave unless the racket stopped, says the Milwaukee *Journal*.

Alexander Graham Bell was the cause of the trouble. He had rigged up a contraption in his bedroom and a duplicate in the room of his accomplice, Thomas A. Watson. A wire went out the window and connected the two machines.

These machines, according to young Bell, were the first models of the telephone.

"I don't care what it is," said the landlady, "but if you two boys don't stop yelling your heads off into those boxes you'll have to pack your trunks and go!"

This episode of the angry landlady happened years ago in a cheap lodging house in Boston.

The Western Union Telegraph Company offered Bell $100,000 for all his patents. Bell, with vision, realized that he had a fortune within grasp and rejected the offer. He and Watson went around the country delivering lectures and with the proceeds financed themselves.

To-day there is a telephone to every nine Americans and more than 24,000,000 miles of wire in telephone lines.

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When Lot saw his wife look back and turn to a pillar of salt, he didn't look back—he went on and found a fresh one.

◆ ◆ ◆

Take care of the customer, and then your house will be wise enough to take care of you.

Wilson First President in 50 Years to Have Two Full Terms

WHEN Woodrow Wilson left the White House, as President of the United States, he was the first Chief Executive in almost fifty years to complete two full terms of office. The last one before Wilson was Grant, who became ex-President in 1877. His first inauguration was in 1869, his second in 1873. Since his time the man who came nearest to serving two full terms was Roosevelt. He was President for 7 years, 5 months and 18 days, following the death of President McKinley on September 14, 1901.

Of the twenty-eight Presidents (counting Cleveland twice) we have had only seven, including Wilson, who have served two full terms of four years each. Washington served 7 years, 10 months and 4 days, from April 30, 1789, when he was inaugurated in New York. His second inauguration was in Philadelphia.

The first President to serve eight years was Jefferson, who was followed in turn by Madison and Monroe, eight years each. Then came John Quincy Adams, who had one term only. He was followed by Jackson with two full terms, ending in 1837. Then came a break of forty years, until 1877, before President Grant retired after eight years' occupancy of the White House. Cleveland served eight years, 1885-89 and 1893-97, but his two terms were interrupted by that of Benjamin Harrison, 1889-93.

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The Tally

IT isn't the job we intended to do
Or the labor we've just begun
That puts us right on the ledger sheet;
It's the work we have really done.

Our credit is built upon things we do,
Our debit on things we shirk,
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay bills;
It's easy enough to plan.
To wish is the play of an office boy;
To do is the job of a man.

—*Richard Lord, in the Curtis Flyleaf.*

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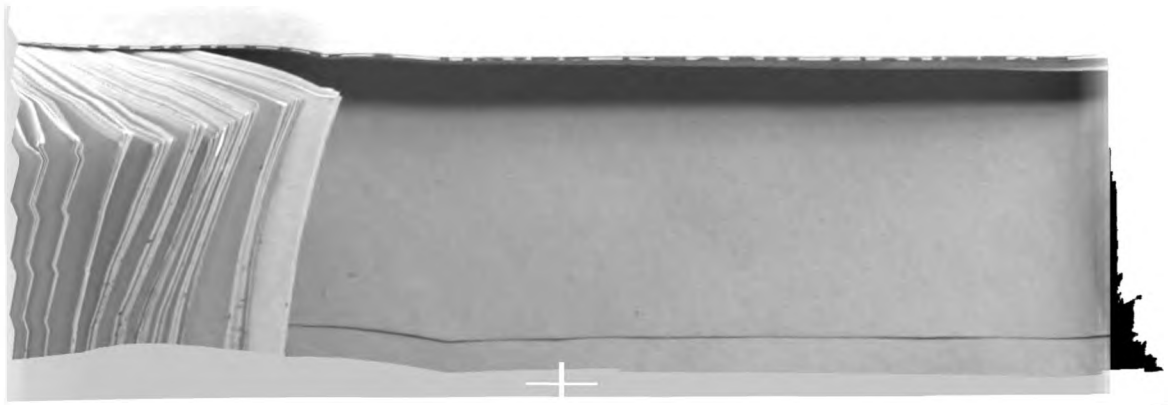
If the Head Remains Intact

HERBERT KAUFMAN, in commenting upon the ravages of war, says: "How much of his body does a man need to earn a living in this year of wheels and wires. For instance: Legs are not requisite at the cigar bench; expert typists never look at the keys; the watchful eye of a supervisor is not hampered by the absence of arms. Why, with telephones, elevators, motor-cars, and like couriers and carriers, a respectable remnant of the human frame can overcome most of the handicaps of mutilation. If the head stays intact a missing feature or so isn't necessarily a sentence to dependence."



The Guilty Hung Their Heads in Dishonor

Society was shocked at his merciless exposures. The guilty, branded with their infamy, hung their heads in dishonor. They cried out to stop him—they invoked the powers of earth to silence him. Alone he defied the world. Was he master of the passions of men that he could craze with hatred and hypnotize with love? What was this strange magic that held hundreds of thousands spellbound? Why did one man give his own life to take the life of Brann, the Iconoclast?

BRANN, *the* Iconoclast

BRANN, the Iconoclast

He tore off the sham draperies of Virtue—snatched away the purple cloak of Hypocrisy—threw aside the mock mantle of Modesty—laid bare the blinding nakedness of Truth. With the fury of an avenging angel he hurled himself upon every fake and fraud of Christendom. With a boldness that outraged convention, struck terror to the hearts of the timid, blasted the lives of the guilty, he revealed the shame of the great and mighty, the rich, the titled, the powerful.

SEND NO MONEY

No influence was strong enough to encompass Brann's downfall. For he wielded the power of words. He wove a pattern of words, and it breathed with life, shone with beauty, scintillated with satire. At his touch cold type kindled into fire, glowed with the red heat of wrath, blinded with the white flare of passion. With the genius of his pen he ruled the emotions of men, played upon the heartstrings of humanity. Under his inspiration his pen became an instrument of destruction that wrought the crashing havoc of a cyclone—again it became as a scourge of scorpions that flayed into the raw—or again it was a gleaming rapier that pierced swiftly, cleanly, fatally. And now you may have this beautiful twelve-volume set for five days' free examination. If, at the end of that time, you decide that you do not want to keep the set, you are at liberty to return it and the trial will not have cost you a cent. If you keep the set, as you doubtless will, pay for it on the amazingly easy terms shown on the coupon.

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