September 1921 The New 25 cents

SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine

Shooting a Lion with a Slung Shot

Building Bigger Business Through Applied Psychology

See Page 2

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.

Mail Coupon To-day

Surely, you also can profit greatly by this same philosophy and you can secure Dr. Marden's booklet, "The Law of Financial Independence" *free of cost* by subscribing to the NEW SUCCESS for a year, either for yourself or for a friend, at the regular price of $2.50 (Foreign price $3.50). If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended for a year if you mention that your order is a renewal. This booklet cannot be secured at any price except in combination with a subscription to this magazine. You may secure two copies by sending $5.00 for 2 years' subscription, or three copies by sending $7.50 for 3 years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. Therefore, fill out and mail the coupon below before this special offer is withdrawn, or write a letter if you do not wish to cut your copy of the magazine.

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N. S.—9-21

This Letter Saved Me 36%
on a New Typewriter

Chicago, Nov. 2, 1920.

Dear Henry:

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

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

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

Was $100

Before the War

Now $64

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Canadian Price, $82

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
65C Oliver Typewriter Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Save $36

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

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
65C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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

My shipping point is.....

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

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

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

Occupation or Business.....

580-03

The New
SUCCESS
Marden's Magazine

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Volume V. NEW YORK, September, 1921 Number 9

LEADING CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

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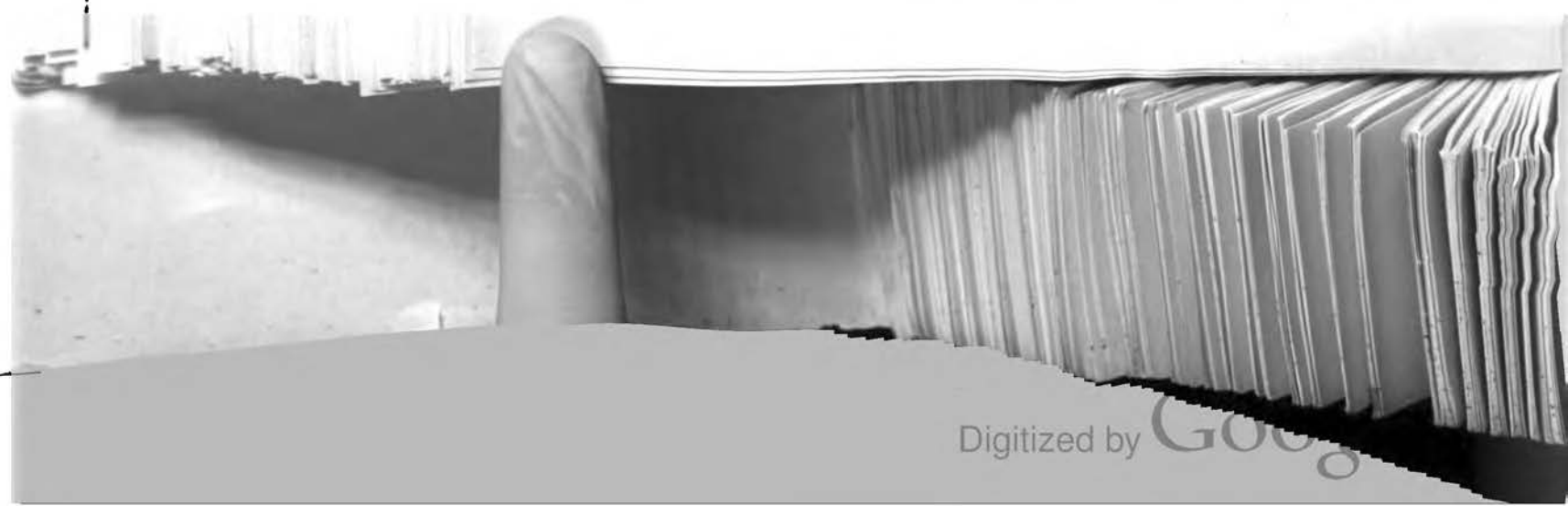

The NEW SUCCESS
MARDEN'S MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY
MANAGING EDITOR

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"We'll talk across the ocean!"

And we'll have wireless telephones, no more smoke-clouded skies, wingless aeroplanes, and other remarkable improvements

Says PETER COOPER HEWITT, the famous American inventor, in an exclusive interview for THE NEW SUCCESS

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

VERY soon, you and I will be able to take our telephone receiver and say distinctly into the mouthpiece, "London, please,"—or Paris, or Cairo, or any other place on the globe. Sitting comfortably in our homes we will talk to friends anywhere a wireless-telephone receiver can find a resting place—and it takes a mighty small space to hold a wireless-telephone receiver.

And we are to live in a world free from smoke, dust, soot, ashes, and cinders—a world where to obtain heat, light, or power one shall needs just press a button. About the same time, we shall travel through the air in wingless machines, travel safely since these uncanny monsters can rise anywhere from a space scarcely larger than their bulk and settle on as small a space—rising and settling until a safety spot is reached.

We are going to do all these things,—soon. Peter Cooper Hewitt says so. Just how soon we are going to do them, Mr. Hewitt says, depends on us.

Next to Thomas A. Edison, for whom no man entertains a stronger admiration than Mr. Hewitt, Peter Cooper Hewitt, it is claimed, is the greatest inventor of electrical appliances in this country. The invention by which you and I know him best is popularly called "the green light;" properly, the Cooper Hewitt lamp—a luminous bar sending out light that is devoid of red rays and, consequently, tints everything within its range a faint green. Such bars are commonly seen in the display windows of photographers and are used in window decoration generally. A wider use is made of them in various industries. In printing shops where their grateful light is easier for the eyes than daylight, in motion-picture producing-plants where they are so essential that, as one producer states, "the whole industry depends on them."

Equally important, but less well known to the general public, are four other Hewitt inventions. The first of these is to give us heat by the pressing of a button. It is a rectifier, or converter, which changes alternating electric currents to direct ones and so opens up a new field of electrical possibilities. The second is

an electrical interrupter used in wireless work; the third the famous "vacuum tube," a wireless receiver which makes it possible to hear the faintest message transmitted without the use of wires. This is the invention which will make it possible for us to call up London. The fourth is a practical aid to feeble telephone service—an electrical wave-amplifier.

These five inventions are regarded as of fundamental importance in the electrical industry. But Peter Cooper Hewitt has a long list of other inventions to add to them. There is a fifty horse-power automobile and a helicopter—a type of wingless flying-machine safer, than anything yet devised, in which, Mr. Hewitt believes, we are to travel in the not remote future.

The man who invented these things has a life history as interesting as the things themselves. A son of Abram S. Hewitt, the ironmonger, once mayor of New York City, and Member of Congress, the grandson of Peter Cooper, he came into the world endowed not only with a heritage of ability but with wealth and social standing. He belonged to that fatal "third" generation which some students of heredity would have us believe "runs out" on American soil. Disregarding these pessimists, Peter Cooper Hewitt was a student at Stevens Institute, and then began to study trades, by working at them as an apprentice. In turn he became a blacksmith, a steam-fitter, a carpenter and a jeweler, after which he went into his grandfather's factory as a glue-vat raker. He worked there eight years, rising from his lowly position by working his way up.

"WHY did you do those things?" I asked him. "Was it because you knew you were to be an inventor and believed those trades would help?"

"No," he replied, frankly. "I had no idea of being an inventor. I worked at those trades just because I was interested in all forms of manual dexterity, and I took them in turn until I got to the jeweler's, which represented the finest kind of dexterity. Every bit of that experience has been of value in my work as an inventor, however. Think of the exactness of a working jeweler. He takes a beautiful stone, puts it on his work bench, whittles a hole in a ring and drops in the stone—and it fits, fits exactly so that it will not fall out. I wanted that exactness. The glue factory was in the family, and it was while working there that I began to invent devices useful in business. My first invention," here Mr. Hewitt smiled broadly, "taught me a lesson. It was a device for use in the factory and I sent it to Washington to be patented, only to be told that my grandfather had patented exactly the same device forty years before. It had been used and found wanting, and was discarded and forgotten until I did it all over again."

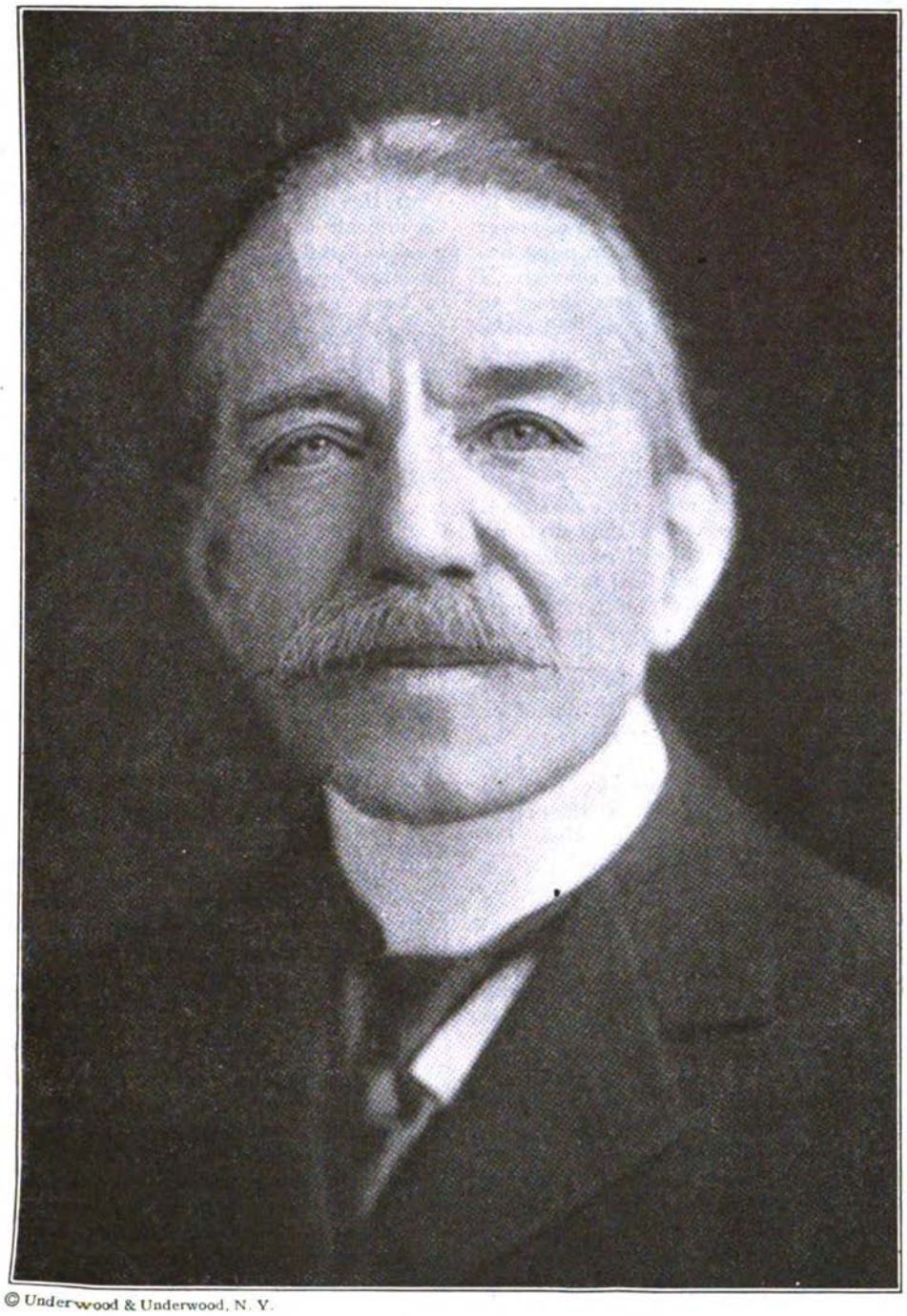
"Weren't you disappointed?" I asked.

"I was more amused and instructed," he answered. "But this was no damper on my youthful enthusiasm. I returned to the factory and invented various things—a vacuum pan, a glue clarifier, a glue cutter and so forth. By that time, I began to realize that I wanted to do serious work. Then I began in earnest. I made a deliberate survey of the field to discover the most deficient human art. It seemed to me that of illuminating. The lights used were wasteful, and hard on the eyes. I wanted to make a light which would be as good as daylight. It was not an easy matter to begin on. The Edison bulb which was soon to be universally used, was a very simple and serviceable piece of mechanism, adaptable and easy of attachment. I haven't made anything as simple yet. But I wanted to make something less expensive, which gave a greater light and in this I succeeded."

"What is coming? What kind of world are we going to live in, soon, within reasonable time?"

"We are going to talk across the Atlantic" replied Mr. Hewitt promptly. "I expect shortly to call up London as easily as I now call downtown New York. We will be able to talk at any time or any point to a friend who is crossing the Atlantic—to sit comfortably in our homes and receive that friend's reply. I think that there is no question but that wireless telephony will soon be in general use. This not only means carrying on a conversation at great distances but under extraordinary conditions, or conditions that would now be called extraordinary. For instance, it will be possible to call up a friend who is floating overhead in a dirigible as well as one crossing the Atlantic. It will be possible for a man living in a small town in the West to hear every word of an opera sung in New York City.

"But perhaps the highest degree of practical benefit derived from the wireless telephone will come to those men and women who live and work in the country in comparative isolation. The cost of running telephone wires ten or twenty miles has made it impossible for these people to keep in constant contact with the world. The wireless telephone will make it possible for them to adjust a receiver and be in



PETER COOPER HEWITT, INVENTOR

"There isn't such a thing as failure in scientific work"

touch with any one, anywhere, so that isolation of human beings will be a matter of desire not of circumstance.

"We are going to make great changes in our methods of obtaining power—power for all uses, for sending trains through the country, for manufacturing, for heating and lighting our own homes. Just what these changes may be and how far reaching, I can hardly tell. But by means of the conversion of alternating to direct current and the transmission of power by direct current, multitudes of seeming impossibilities become possible. The converter, I am working on—which converts direct to alternating current—in a short time will make it possible to place wires underground instead of overhead as is now done. Once this is accomplished, the public is profoundly affected. The underground conduits will be far more efficient than anything placed overhead; they will be free from climatic disturbance, from the havoc wrought by wind, rain, snow and sleet. They will be far more economical than anything now known. I look forward with confidence to the day when it will be practical to take the coal from the mines, convert it on the spot into power, and transmit the power instead of transporting the coal.

"The cost of installing machinery for this end would be easily paid for and more than paid for by the utilization of the by-products of the burning coal. These by-products are now almost entirely wasted because we have so many fires in so many places; if these fires were concentrated the value of their by-products, of the very smoke they send off, is hardly to be computed.

"THE day is coming when it will be economy and efficiency to use coal where it is mined, when it will not be sent to the consumer of heat and power except when the mines are so far away that they are beyond the range of modern transmission of power.

"The only practical result of underground transmission of power—that is the using of coal where it is mined, and the utilization of all the by-products would be sufficient to cause an upheaval in the affairs of the commercial world, in the construction of homes and places of amusement, in every affair of life. It would mean complete electrification of railroads which is possible at the present moment but not practical, since the installation of apparatus to that end is too costly. We could operate our railroads at a saving at this day by the use of the electric current in place of steam if we could afford to install the initial equipment.

"With cheaper and more efficient power there is no limit to what may develop."

I visualized, for one moment, a world in which no smoke clouded the skies, a world free from cinders and ashes, from furnaces and fires, and tried to conceive the vast changes in business and in living that would be wrought.

"How soon?" I demanded eagerly.

Mr. Hewitt shook his head. "That," he said, "is difficult to determine. These things are possible. But it takes a long time to turn an invention into a public utility. Twelve years, at least, are necessary to educate a large enough part of the public to the value of an invention that effects the welfare of all men. Take, for instance, Edison's carbon filament which we use in the electric bulb. It was seventeen years before that bulb came into use. The first patents Edison took out on it had expired. People generally thought it was too expensive for daily usage. They had an idea that a few rich people might light their homes in that way but that was about all that could be expected. It took legislative action to permit the forming of lighting companies even after the work of convincing enough men to finance the companies had been done. People are slow to take up a new idea even when it is to their direct benefit. They are skeptical of results and highly critical of failures. From the standpoint of human progress this is a gross error.

"A SCIENTIFIC worker, an inventor, if you like, is entitled to great credit not only for the things in which he succeeds but for his failures. If he is encouraged to publish and acknowledge his failures he has added immeasurably to that vast quantity of knowledge we label, 'What not to do.' He shows definitely what cannot be done and saves others from fruitless years in similar effort. There isn't such a thing as failure in scientific work. A failure may be a great success and a great benefit to mankind in exploding some theory that is worthless.

"Since 1490, inventors have been trying to make a helicopter. Leonardo da Vinci, in that year, talked about a form of flying machine which would rise from a given point and find its own landing place. A helicopter is this type of machine. It works with rotary blades in place of wings, and is sometimes known as a wingless aeroplane. An ordinary aeroplane is too much at the mercy of the weather to be the final commercial success. If it comes down in

(*Continued on page* 94)

The Best Little Tip

How it proved greater than taking big chances with limited sums in the Stock Market

By MARY SINGER

Author of "A Girl Dares Greatly" and "Yea, bo! I've Lost My Job"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH WYCKOFF

WHEN Frederick Briscoe knew a man for ten minutes, he called him by his first name. When he knew him twenty minutes, the compliment was being returned. And at the end of a half hour, a new friendship had blossomed and another admirer was added to the already long list that wished they had "that man's magnetism."

For Frederick Briscoe was the possessor of what is commonly termed "personality plus." Part of this power was directly due to Frederick's entirely engaging physical self, which was a sort of combination of good looks and strength, and the rest of this power was the charm that lay in his smile and the pep that colored his voice. You can see a picture of Frederick Briscoe by simply turning to the portraits of successful men as sketched in the advertisements of correspondence schools—brisk, virile, up to snuff, alert, correctly groomed, powerful!

If you watched Frederick's gestures when he spoke to this new acquaintance or friend, you could readily imagine him saying, "Absolutely! I know that the only way to construct a bridge that will stand wear and tear is to——" And so on. But if you *listened* to what he was saying, a report of his conversation would run like this:

"Say! You take a tip from me! *I* know. The only way to get rich is to dabble around the big birds! The man who fools around with the little, grubby things and expects to make a fortune out of them, is only kidding himself! Nowadays, there's only one way to make money and that's to make it big, in one lump sum! Never get anywhere if you're going to plod your life away, working at some underpaid job and expect to amass a fortune by saving five or ten dollars a week. It can't be done! Watch me! *I* make money work for me. Get a tip, follow it, and win! It's a cinch—if you know the system. Why only the other day a friend of mine whispered to me——"

This was Frederick Briscoe. Hence it was small wonder that when he blew across the path of Gertrude Brindley, he completely filled her horizon. Gertrude was a shy, round-faced, round-eyed dreamer of a girl, who thought a good deal more than she said. To her, Frederick Briscoe was an apostle of wisdom and when he painted a picture of the glories of their life together, she listened with avid hunger.

"You listen to me, Gert," said Frederick Briscoe. "It's all right to have ambitions of becoming a great private-secretary to your old boss, but marriage is the only real thing for a woman. And these slow fellows that hang around you'll never get you anywhere. Most you could hope for, with them, is a railroad flat and your own washing to do. You marry me, and I'll show you what it is to live! What it is to see things, to travel, to be a game sport! What it is to be rich as Croesus to-day and poor as a beggar to-morrow. And to smile through it all! And you'll never want for anything, for I'm going to be rich. I've got a system that can't be beat! You'll be coming back here one of these days and giving your old friends the once over from an imported limousine. Mark me!"

TRUE to his word, Frederick Briscoe embarked upon a honeymoon that had in it the promise of great things to come. He showered his young bride with flowers and trinkets; he took the best room in the seaside hotel; he threw half dollars to the waiters and quarters to the call boys; nothing was too good or too costly. He had two thousand dollars in his pocket and he meant to live like a prince—while it lasted. And to show Gertrude how completely he trusted her, he let her be the keeper of the family funds.

Until he came to her, the fourth day of their honeymoon, with a request for five hundred dollars. Gertrude handed it to him, but could not restrain herself from asking, "What are you going to do with it, Fred?"

"Ha—ha! You don't suppose we can live on

what we've got forever, do you? Little baby! Gonna place it on something, of course! I've got the best little tip! See this five hundred? Well! When it comes back, it'll be two thousand! Watch me!"

"But——but," began Gertrude Briscoe, beginning to get a faint glimmer of what his talked-of "system" really was," but suppose you—you don't win? Suppose you——"

"Not a chance in the world! This is a sure thing, see? I got it straight! We win!"

But during the days that followed, Gertrude Briscoe went about with a sob in her breath. Whenever he left her alone in their room, she hurriedly ran to her trunk and feverishly emptied its contents on the floor, and sorted out the various wedding gifts of gold and silver that could be turned into ready money in an emergency. In a little chamois bag she tied together her pins, her little watch, her bracelet, a string of pearls, and her engagement ring. Invariably, at those séances, she cried to herself, with little, hysterical whimpers.

But Frederick Briscoe knew nothing of those hours when his bride regarded the future with wild panic in her heart. If he had any intimation of her fear at all, it was only when she remonstrated with him over the buying of a useless bauble.

"Don't, Fred," she would plead. "I don't need that. It won't do me any good. And why should we waste the money on it?"

"Oh! don't be such a gloom," he would scold. "Come along. You're only a new bride once. Time to economize afterwards, if you want to."

THE fateful day on which he would know the luck of his bet, arrived; and, while Gertrude stayed in her room on the pretext of a headache, he disappeared and remained away through the whole morning. When he finally returned, he carried in his arm a pretty Pekingese dog with a flaunting blue silk bow about its neck.

"Well! Here I am, Gert, old girl!" he lustily exclaimed.

Before she could smooth back her rumpled hair, he tossed the dog on to the bed beside her. Then there followed an avalanche of greenbacks which he showered into her lap. In an instant, the misery cleared from her eyes.

"Oh! Oh, Fred!" She could say no more. Her tongue seemed paralyzed.

"What did I tell you? Have I got a good little hunch? I'll say so!" He beamed to himself and went on glorying in his system. "Didn't I say I know the system all right? I'm no deadhead. There you are—two thousand cool berries! Two thousand where before there was a measly five hundred! Some system! A couple of more bets like this and——"

"No!" cried Gertrude Briscoe. She jumped up and went to her husband, winding her arms about his neck.

"Fred, let's go home. I don't want to stay here any more. The—the hotel food doesn't agree with me at all and I don't feel right most of the time. Let's pay our bill to-day and go back. I want to look for a flat. And now we have enough money to furnish up a comfy little home for us. It'll be lots better for——"

"But what do you want to go back for? Wouldn't that be a silly thing to do? I thought you had an invitation to spend a month with your Aunt Alice? That's not economy to go and rush right out for a flat. Let's go to your aunt. We'll save a month's expenses and, in the meantime, I can look around for another good tip. If two thousand bones are welcome, I guess we won't refuse four thousand, or maybe——"

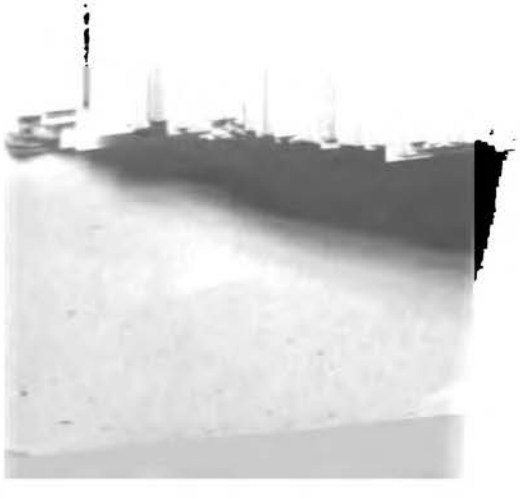
Gertrude Briscoe gathered the bills together and held them close.

"Fred! You wouldn't!" she entreated. "You—just wouldn't—any more! Oh! If you only knew what this week has been to me! If you only knew how I worried, and cried, and——"

"But wasn't that a fool thing to do? Didn't I come out all right? Haven't I just given you proof that I can take mighty good care of my own little, precious wife? Now what did you want to go and cry for? Silly little Gert. You funny, funny little woman!"

"I know. I know, Fred. But I just couldn't help it. I was afraid that you might lose and—all sorts of horrible things came to my mind. Don't do it any more, Fred. Let's be like other folks. Let's——"

"Oho! No, never! Be like other folks? You don't know your own true hubby, old girl. I never was like other folks. Never will be. What? Think I'll go slaving my youthful



Frederick Briscoe threw a handful of bills on the table. "There you are!" he announced. "A little money that I picked up."

beauty away at some chokey desk? Oh, no—o! Not little boy, Freddie. Not him! He's going to be a young millionaire, Freddie is, and in no time. So come on, sweetey, pack your grip; we go to Auntie Alice. And if you're real good I'll buy you a nice set of stone martins to go with that traveling suit of yours."

Aunt Alice received her niece with outstretched arms. And when her new nephew presented her with a silver-topped umbrella, her welcome took on the cordiality of a brass band. The best room in the house was given over to their use and every culinary accomplishment that Aunt Alice ever possessed was called into action in the preparation of meals fit for a king's palate. At breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner, it was one continual urge of, "Have some more pancakes, Fred. And here's some more syrup. How about another helping of ham? Appetizing, isn't it? Like those biscuits? Go right along! There's plenty more."

At the end of two weeks, Frederick Briscoe was beginning to develop a little paunch that he looked upon ruefully, yet playfully.

"Good old scout, your Aunt Alice," he told Gertrude, one night, in the privacy of their room. "Nice old lady. She feeds me like a regular fellow. Getting fat too." He looked upon his slightly rounding stomach good-naturedly. "Here's where your hubby loses his Apolloesque slenderness. Getting to look like a real financier. All I need is a sharp pair of nose glasses, a cane, and the part's perfect. What say?"

BUT Gertrude Briscoe did not share in his humor. In the two weeks that her husband had been the guest of her aunt, and had spent his hours walking about the town looking for a sure thing, as he called it, she had had little talks in the sunny kitchen. Aunt Alice was not quite as simple as she looked; she had asked very tactful questions about Fred and his work; and, before Gertrude was aware of it, she had cried the whole story out on her shoulder.

Aunt Alice had listened very sympathetically, very quietly. When it was all through, she had faced her niece about, to meet her direct eyes.

"My dear," she said, "I can't take it upon myself to tell you what to do. No one can. This is your problem. You've got to work it out yourself. Perhaps, if you try hard enough, and you love him deeply enough, wisdom will come to you. I don't know. I hope so."

So it was that Gertrude Briscoe turned unlaughing eyes to her husband's query.

"Fred," she said, "This is the third week we're here. We ought to be thinking of getting back. Did you write to your firm?"

"Firm? What firm? Oh! You mean Hilder Brothers? Naw! I'm not going back to them. Cheap concern. Cheap line they carry. Can't make big business with them. I think I'll stick right here. I like this sleepy little burg. There's a chance here to wake the place up."

"But what'll you do here?"

"Same's I did in the city. Guess I'll write to a swell clothing-house and ask to be appointed their representative here. Ought to be an opening for a snappy shop with snappy models. In the meantime, I'll have a chance to look around for a good investment."

AT the end of the month, he was still looking around for an opening in business. The houses to which he had written, either rewarded him with stony silence or else wrote back and said they didn't care to open a new branch just then. He tossed those letters aside contemptuously.

"Agh! Blind bats!" he declared. "Can't see two inches in front of their own noses. No vision. That's the trouble with most merchants. They have no vision. And, anyway, I told you it was no use working. If they did give me the job the most I'd get would be fifty or sixty dollars a week. And I can make fifty times that in a minute—when I get the right tip."

When two months had gone by, and they still lived in Aunt Alice's house, Frederick Briscoe came home one evening to find the front door open and a thick-set expressman carrying his trunk down the front stairs. As he started to go into the hall, Gertrude met him, fully dressed, drawing on her gloves, and saying good-by to her aunt.

"Good-by. Good-by," said Aunt Alice. "Be sure you write to me and let me know how you get on. Good-by, Fred. You're a fine young man. I hope you make me proud of you."

Out on the sidewalk, when the express wagon had departed, Frederick Briscoe turned to his wife.

"What's up now?" he demanded.

"Nothing," answered Gertrude.

"Well? Where are we going?"

"Back to the city. Aunt Alice has leased the house. The new tenant moves in to-morrow. We had to get out. So I packed everything this afternoon and marked the trunks. I even went out and bought two tickets. The train leaves in half an hour, so we'd better hurry."

He became indignant.

"But I didn't care to go back just now. What'll I do in the city? I had intentions of going to Saratoga. Good racing there. I'd have a fine chance of making a quick turnover. And now you've gone and——"

"I'm sorry," said Gertrude, and there was such genuine distress in her voice that he instantly softened.

"Oh! All right. Have it your own way. You want to go back to the city, don't you? You're awfully anxious to start housekeeping and fussing right off the bat. You're funny. Whatever you can see in hanging around a cook stove, and scrubbing oilcloth, and washing dishes, I can't see. However, if you want it, all right. You'll have it. The next thing you know, I suppose you'll be wanting me to get a steady job from nine to six, eating out of a dinner pail for lunch. Wouldn't you now?"

"YOU wouldn't have to eat out of a dinner pail. You could——"

"See? Didn't I know it? Didn't I, though? Still worrying about how we're going to manage. Still haven't got faith in your husband. Still got those little ideas in your mind. That's what happens to a man when he marries a woman who isn't a good sport. That's one thing that you lack, Gert, old girl. Sporting blood. You're one of those people who believe that the only way to get on is to work and work, day in and day out, and go to the bank each week regularly. That's why, if you were a man, you'd never have real money. If you saved enough to buy a house, you'd think that you were a howling success. Bah! That's twaddle. With one good stake, I could make enough to buy a house outright and a car beside. If you'd only stop worrying and leave things in——"

"But you don't understand, Fred. I—I do trust you. Only, only—I went to the doctor, to-day, and he said—he said—oh! F—Fred!"

In a single flash he read the message in her eyes.

"Gosh! I'm a pig, Gert. Honest, Sweety. But I didn't know. You see I didn't know. Of course we'll go right to the city and you can have your flat. And I'll get a job like a snap. Honey, I wouldn't make you unhappy for a minute. Gee! I sure have been a blind. No wonder you're so nervous and unstrung. You poor baby."

Frederick Briscoe landed a job the first morning he went out. He had friends among the salesmen of the clothing industry, men who knew his magnetism and his cheery personality, and he got his first lead from an old friend at Hilder Brothers.

"The Stylemore people need a man," this acquaintance told him. "Why don't you breeze around? Fuller's manager over there. He knows you. It's a sure thing he'll take you on."

So it was that when he blew into the two-room apartment that Gertrude had found, he fairly exuded optimism.

"Hello!" he greeted, and lifted her off the floor in the whole-heartedness of his embrace. "What did I tell you?"

"You've got a job!"

"I should smile so! Forty-five per, with commissions."

"That's wonderful, Fred!"

"Not to my mind. That's pin money. You'll never get rich on that. However, I made you a promise, so——"

She wound her arms tighter about his neck and pressed her hot face close to his cool cheek.

"You're a dear, Fred. A dear."

"Hmm," he grunted. "Occasionally you like me a little bit, don't you? What do I smell?"

"Steak! And fried opions! And I made an apple pie. And the most wonderful soup!"

"Regular little housewife, aren't you?"

IN the months that followed, Frederick Briscoe stuck to his job with a steadiness that quite laid the fear in his wife's breast. There were no more talks about tips, no more bets. Each week he carried home an unopened pay envelope that he placed in her hands. Little by little the two rooms took on the semblance of a comfortable home. Regularly Gertrude Briscoe watched a string of tens grow longer and longer in her bank book. Every now and then, when his commissions were extraordinarily large, there was a twenty-five in place of a ten.

When she finally went to the hospital, Gertrude Briscoe handed her husband a bank book that showed, beside the twelve hundred dollars that had been salvaged from his first bet, a saving of some five hundred dollars accumulated through insignificant-looking tens.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "So you're a regular little banker, aren't you? Five hundred in the time we've been here. Well, if we live long enough we might have five thousand at this rate."

"But it'll pay for *my* expenses in the hospital," she argued. "And for the doctor afterwards, if the baby should need attention.

(*Continued on page* 100)

SHINING THROUGH

BEECHER used to speak of sunny natures who moved through the world like cheering music, spreading joy and gladness wherever they went.

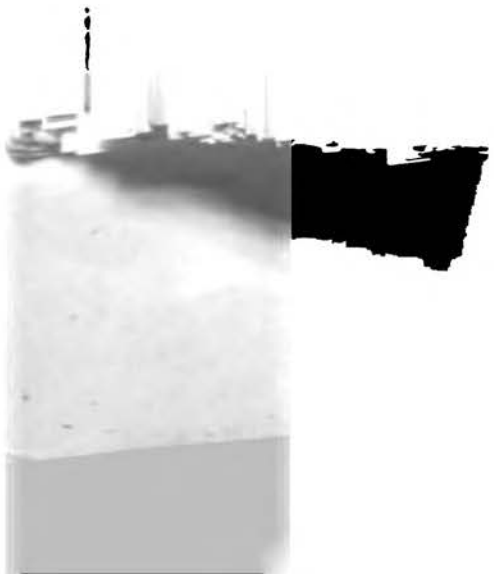
We have all met rare souls who live in the sunlight all the time. They are not always prosperous, surrounded by luxuries and the things of the world that most people are seeking; but no matter what reverses or sorrows come, they manage to keep joy in their heart. No matter what plight they may be in, they see something to be thankful for. They are always helpful, hopeful, encouraging, happy. Wherever they go they scatter sunshine.

I KNOW a girl whose laughter and buoyant cheerfulness are so appealing, so catching, that it is impossible for any one to feel blue, or out of sorts in her presence. There seems to be no end to her flow of good cheer. Her joyous, bubbling laughter is contagious. All the clouds of despondency, discouragement, and gloom disappear when she is around. She makes you laugh in spite of yourself—even if you seem dejected beyond all hope. Her face is an inspiration. It is so animated, so happy, so radiant that one can scarcely keep one's eyes off her. You feel the joyous thrill of her presence lifting you out of yourself. She goes along, shining her way through life.

AS we move along our separate ways, we all leave a great stream of something behind us, just as a ship leaves a great white band of seething foam in its wake when speeding through the water. We can leave a stream of blessings, of sunshine, of gladness and joy, or we can leave a poison stream of pessimism, of negative thoughts, of bitterness, of envy and gloom.

We can shine through life, or we can gloom through—whichever we please. It has nothing to do with our condition, whether we are rich or poor, homely or handsome, fortunate or unfortunate. We can be a gloomer or a shiner, just as we please.

MOST of Paul's wonderful epistles were written in an underground dungeon. Yet there is not a despondent, discouraging word in them; not a single unkind expression in regard to his persecutors. There is no trace of grumbling, fault-finding or self-pity anywhere in them. Through all his sufferings and persecution, Paul made the best of everything. It is said that he never wrote a line with a groan in it. He won immortality by shining through.



Building Bigger Business Through Applied Psychology

Anna Maud Hallam tells you how you may harness the hidden genius of your nature

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

IS the subconscious mind a real force that can be utilized in solving the problem of life? Isn't there a good deal of speculation about the whole subject?"

Thus I raised issue with Anna Maud Hallam, specialist in practical psychology. I had heard her address large audiences of live-wire men and women eager to get something that would meet their vital needs. She not only held their undivided attention for two hours at a stretch but they came, night after night, during the hottest kind of weather. Her brand of psychology impressed me favorably and I sought an interview with her for THE NEW SUCCESS. She consented—she submitted to an inquisition that lasted over two hours. While Miss Hallam makes startling claims for the subconscious, she keeps her feet on the ground and *does* not waste words in mere speculation. She is a business woman to her finger-tips, as well as a scientist and an analyst of human nature. Many of the things she told me about our inner forces are, herewith, passed on so you may profit by her discoveries and methods.

"First of all," she replied, in answer to my question, "have you ever tried to recall some name or fact and then 'give up' after a vain struggle? You forgot about the matter and turn to something else. Then, while thus engaged, the thing you were trying to recall suddenly flashes into your consciousness. It comes without any effort on the part of your will. The recovery of that fact was the work of your subconscious mind. When you stopped trying, and relaxed, your subconscious mind—acting on the suggestion caused by that very struggle—went to work and dug the information out of your memory.

"The next time you have trouble in recalling something, merely fix your thought on the general idea and say to your *subconscious* mind: 'Go and find it.' *Then relax completely.* Turn to something else. You will be surprised at the results, particularly if the fact you are after had been carefully stored in the mind in the first place.

"Then again: When you retire at night, remain perfectly quiet for a moment, fix definitely the hour at which you wish to awake, and you will be delighted to discover that your subconscious mind can be made to serve as an excellent alarm-clock. But you must specifically command it to ring the bell at the designated time, just as you would give the order to a hotel clerk. Suppose you have an engagement you wish to keep. Just commit it to your subconscious mind and see what will happen. But bear in mind that the success of these experiments depends upon making a very positive suggestion. In other words, the command must be vivid and decisive.

"Here and there, I have met people who have formed the very commendable habit of 'sleeping' over important decisions. Sometimes they

HERE IS THE BIG FACT!

Says Miss Hallam

BEFORE I explain the law of the subconscious I wish to affirm that your conscious thinking mind is a very small part of your real self. The submerged part is an automatic force which keeps all the processes of the physical being in operation. It is the creative power of nature. It not only creates, but it recreates. Here is the big fact that is of interest to everybody:

"You can remove hindrances in your conscious mind and develop new powers by invoking the subconscious. It is no respecter of persons. It is at the service of any man or woman who knows how to command it."

will write a letter or frame an order or a contract during the afternoon, and leave the paper in their correspondence file until the next morning. Naturally, a matter of that kind makes a deep impression. The next day, when the point of a decision is reached, new ideas flood the mind and vitally affect the final conclusion. Sometimes, in view of this clearer vision, radical changes will be made. Now, what has taken place? Intense thinking operated as suggestion, and during the night the subconscious brought up everything in that man's memory that had a bearing on the subject under consideration. That is the explanation of the new ideas and the new views the next day. William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, is quoted as saying that when he retired at night, he went to sleep and let his subconscious mind solve his problems. There is a lot in that attitude. The practice of 'sleeping' over things is a good one for anybody. Men at the head of large affairs know that if they want to do some real, close thinking they must get away from outside distractions. After such an effort has been made, ideas and plans begin to well up in the mind, especially if the period of thinking is followed by complete relaxation.

"One of the greatest preachers this country has ever known, follows that plan in preparing his sermons. He studies and writes hard during the early part of the week; on Saturday, he plays golf or otherwise relaxes. On Sunday morning, he goes into his pulpit with a few notes and delivers an eloquent sermon. His hearers regard him as a genius. And he is one, for *he has learned how to harness the hidden genius of his own nature.*

"There are numerous instances where preachers, lawyers, businessmen and others have been called on to meet a great emergency, and have done so seemingly without preparation or effort. The facts, ideas, and plans that suddenly came forth startled the men themselves. They called it a 'happy inspiration,' and so it was. *But the inspiration arose from the subconscious, in which the raw material had been stored for years.* In the emergency, these men had no time for special preparation, so they simply threw themselves back on whatever they had in stock at the time. That act of 'throwing themselves back' set the subconscious in operation with results that surprised everybody.

"In the foregoing instances, the action of the subconscious was more or less haphazard. It was not intelligently directed. Now, in order to answer your question, I will have to take the position that the subconscious can be controlled by the conscious mind. If that can be done, then the subconscious is a real practical force in everyday life, available to every human being, regardless of education. It is scientific to the last degree. Once you learn the law that controls the subconscious, and apply that law faithfully, you may obtain results that are positively amazing.

"Before I explain the law of the subconscious I wish to affirm that your conscious thinking mind is a very small part of your real self. The submerged part is an automatic force which keeps all the processes of the physical being in operation. It is the creative power of nature. It not only creates, but it recreates. Here is the big fact that is of interest to everybody:

"*You can remove hindrances in your conscious mind and develop new powers by invoking the subconscious. It is no respecter of persons. It is at the service of any man or woman who knows how to command it.*"

AT this juncture I thought it was about time to ask for something concrete, so I put this question:

"Miss Hallam, are you prepared to give me the names of several men who have actually profited in a business way by the use of the subconscious? I want names and locations."

"Certainly," she replied, promptly. "I could give you hundreds."

"Three or four will be sufficient."

Then she named two men and one woman. Later, I met these people and subjected them to a severe cross-examination. For reasons that should be apparent to the reader, fictitious names will be used.

Smith is a salesman engaged in selling electric-lighting plants to farmers in Southern Ohio. For a number of years, he had been barely keeping his head above water. He is a man of good, sound common sense, with a grammar-school education. When told he had a subconscious mind and that he could enlist it in his business, he was interested—slightly hopeful but skeptical. A new order of his company demanding larger results from his territory, forced the issue and he decided to invest in a little of the "subconscious stuff." At first he skirted around the edge, then he plunged. His sales jumped at once, and now they are $8,000 a year more than they were before he began invoking his subliminal self. The first thing he did after he learned the secret of the subconscious was to sell an outfit to an old grouch who had all the other salesmen bluffed.

Brown, of St. Louis, is employed by a con-

cern dealing in the interior finishings of houses. He is a typical, energetic, hustling hail-fellow-well-met salesman. He is the last man on earth to be deceived by mystical moonshine. He is very matter-of-fact. But, notwithstanding his energetic efforts he was not doing very well. His mother, whom he adored, had died, and grief over her death had affected him seriously. Despondency gripped his soul. Then he came in contact with Miss Hallam and her strange explanation of human nature.

But Brown was from Missouri and had to be shown. Finally, he took hold, learned how to harness his subconscious nature, and then became a new man. In place of grieving over his mother he began to rejoice over what she had meant to him. Then he changed his selling plans. He picked out the most undesirable part of the business, and has made a big success of it. The other salesmen did not want to sell flooring made of a cork composition, because the orders were comparatively small. But under the new intellectual stimulus that he had received, Brown asked for that department, and in a few months his sales began to climb.

Last year the business he did totaled more than the sales for all other departments put together.

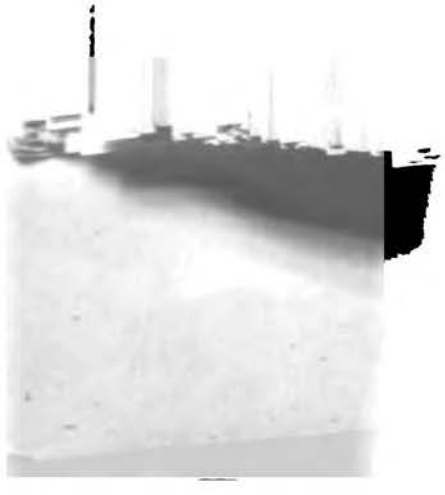
ANNA MAUD HALLAM

Seven years ago, she was a helpless invalid and stone blind. Now she glows with health. Her eyesight is perfect, and she is doing well financially. She regained her eyesight by concentrating her whole mind on the one thing she wanted. For fifteen minutes, several times a day, for two weeks, she repeated her formula. In two weeks her eyes were normal. Then she concentrated for perfect health. Within six months she was well and strong for the first time in her life. She calls it practical psychology, and she is applying it to business.

THE third instance is that of Miss Jones, a florist, who wondered why so much business passed her door. To use her own words, a study of the subconscious gave her "a new set of brains." She was moody, grouchy, full of petty prejudices, and "had it in for a lot of people" because they would not trade with her. Then the transformation came, just as it had in the other cases. She got rid of the excess mental baggage that had been holding her back, and, with her new attitude toward people, business began to flow her way. Now she is doing a thousand dollars a month more business than when she first learned that she had a subconscious mind that was ready to make a different woman out of her. She also says that "before taking," a man would not come near her, and now she has trouble in keeping men away. She advises any single woman, regardless of her age, who wants a husband, to invoke the subconscious and she will be sure to get results.

Miss Hallam herself then gave an instance out of her own experience. She tried an experiment in this wise: First she obtained the agency for a set of books that sold for $50. Then she selected the names of fifteen prospects, and sold each one a set, as fast as she could reach the prospect and present the proposition. She declared that she actually "made the sale" to each one in her own room before she started out. She also tells about an insurance man who "sells $100,000 policies" at his desk before he approaches his prospect.

In telling the story of Miss Hallam's own



life, I wish to warn the reader that it will be a severe test of credulity, and yet it is worth considering. She is a well-balanced woman with a lot of common sense and a knowledge of human nature that would enable her to command $10,000 a year or more as an efficiency expert for a big corporation. Seven years ago, she was a helpless invalid and stone blind. Now she glows with health, her eyesight is perfect, and she is doing well financially. She is an educational free lance, and does not represent any organization or movement. Her object is to show people how to utilize their hidden powers. To this end she has started clubs all over the country for the study of this subject. Her big idea is to tie the undertaking together by establishing a university for teaching practical psychology. For the present, she travels from city to city giving free lectures to large audiences. Her income is derived from classes on practical psychology that are formed after the lectures have been delivered.

MISS HALLAM was born in Corry, Pennsylvania. At twelve years of age she went to New York with her parents where she attended school, and was graduated from Columbia University. She specialized in voice and dramatic art, with the expectation of becoming a star vocalist, but she never realized that ambition. Ill health, which had darkened her life from infancy, culminated in a complete breakdown from nervous prostration.

She then went to Denver, accompanied by a sister who served her as nurse and companion. *En route*, her eyesight failed and by the time she reached her destination she was stone blind and had to be led. Miss Hallam and her sister took short walks in order to keep in the air as much as possible. One Sunday morning they came to a small church where a service was being held. They entered the sacred edifice, Miss Hallam sitting with cushions all about her. About twenty-five people were present. An aged minister made this declaration:

"I believe that when we can gain an understanding of human life, as Mr. Edison has gained an understanding of electricity and Mr. Burbank an understanding of the laws of plant life, we shall be able to make a corresponding change in human life."

IT is not difficult to picture the effect of that declaration on the sufferer in the pew, unknown to the preacher. In New York, five specialists had given her up because of her low vitality. When she insisted on going to Denver, members of her family were frantic and made protests, but in vain. Experts had prophesied that if she went she would not come back alive. As she listened to the preacher's unusual sermon, she began to think in a new line.

Not for an instant did she indulge in self-pity. She is not that sort, and detests it. But she formed a daring project: to do for human nature what Edison has done for electricity and what Burbank has done for plants. She proposed to explore the human mind, mark its boundaries and determine its powers. Later, she asked her sister to obtain all the books she could borrow or buy that dealt with the human mind. They were brought to her room in piles, and one by one her sister read them to her. As she listened she worked out the theory of the subconscious mind.

She studied every authority in print on the subject, and then made a few deductions of her own. Eventually, she got hold of the law of the subconscious, which is that it is controlled by suggestion or auto-suggestion made by the conscious mind. In other words, you control your subconscious powers by giving a definite command, or by claiming the thing that you wish realized in your own body, mind or relations with others. But Miss Hallam went a step further. In place of stopping with the usual "affirmation" defined by the experts, she reasoned that a mental blue-print, as she calls it, would be more effective. Her meaning of "mental blue-print" is that in the process of invoking the subconscious, the conscious mind must make a picture of the thing desired—visualize the scene just as it would appear in moving pictures. The theory is that the thing thus pictured will be created by the subconscious, even to the extent of restoring eyesight and health. After she had thought out this matter, Miss Hallam decided to make a supreme test. Above everything else she desired to regain her eyesight. She had been blind for a year. Specialists in Denver did not give her much hope, although they thought that, since blindness had been occasioned by nervous prostration, she might eventually recover.

ONE day, she had herself bolstered up in front of a mirror. She could not see, of course, but the fact that she faced a looking-glass was an aid in making the kind of concentration she deemed necessary. Sitting there she did something that seems to violate all reason. In fact, she had to overcome her aversion to doing something that seemed to be

at variance with common sense. But her need was great and she was ready to try anything.

Facing the mirror she began to declare audibly: "Cells of my eyes are readjusting for perfect eyes, for perfect eyesight."

She concentrated her whole mind on the one thing that she wanted—a restoration of eyesight.

For fifteen minutes several times each day she repeated this formula, in exactly the same way. Gradually, her power of vision began to return. In two weeks, her eyes were normal.

Then she concentrated for perfect health. Within six months she was well and strong for the first time in her life. Feeling that she had a message for others, she decided to become a lecturer. Her first attempt was in a church at Boyle Heights, near Los Angeles, California, which she rented for the purpose. She gave a lecture on "practical psychology" and found thirty-five cents in the collection. But she organized a class afterward, and went on very much as she is doing now. Then she borrowed $300 and prepared for her lecture business as carefully as any business man who ever made a venture. She went out for "big game" by invading the large cities, hiring auditoriums and theaters and advertising boldly in the daily papers. When she returned to New York she had a lot of fun with some of her critics.

"You said that I would not be brought back alive; but, you see, I have returned very much alive."

As she caught me studying her face and eyes she paused for an instant and remarked: "Rather hard to believe, isn't it."

SHE had read my thoughts. All I could do was to plead guilty.

There was a merry twinkle in her blue eyes, and her face broke into a spontaneous smile that proclaimed health, strength and abounding good humor.

Then I tried another tack.

"It seems to me," I began, "that it would tend to make folks lazy to invoke the subconscious mind."

"Oh, no. It makes them work harder than ever, for then they have new confidence. Do you realize how many smart people are held back from expressing the best that is in them simply because they are afraid? Once you realize that you can overcome fear, and that much greater things are possible than you have ever achieved before, it will be hard to hold you back."

"Tell me more about the exact way in which Smith, Brown, and Miss Jones utilized the subconscious in getting more business."

"Well, the secret of it is that they concentrate definitely for prospects and then on individuals. They put in a few minutes each day picturing just what they want to take place, and then go out and hustle to accomplish that purpose."

"Suppose, for instance, that I am in the grip of fear or timidity. What can I do about it? Do I get rid of that feeling merely by declaring that it does not exist?"

"No, indeed; that is not the way. You set the subconscious mind to work by affirming that you are courageous and brave. Then picture yourself in the very act of doing the brave thing that you want to do. For example, if there is some ugly customer you desire to subdue, you create a word picture of yourself actually subduing him. You hold that picture steadily in your conscious mind for ten or fifteen minutes—if possible. If you can think of that and nothing else for three minutes, without your thoughts flitting about, you will be doing well. A good time to focus your conscious mind on your supreme desire is while you are in the act of dropping off to sleep, or while you are just waking in the morning. The best practice, however, is to get off by yourself, clear away from all noise and distractions, sit down or lie down, relax the body and mind completely, and concentrate on the thing that you wish your subconscious mind to do. If you will do that for fifteen minutes daily, you will have no more doubts about the power of the subconscious."

"Do you mean to say that a person must claim a quality or an object before they actually possess it?"

"Concentration is in the present—immediate—right now. You create the image or make a mold of what you want by affirmation and vizualization, and then the subconscious mind makes that image a reality."

"But where does my will come into the transaction?"

"You use your will in forming the image, but the will does not do the work. To use a well-understood figure of speech, the subconscious mind is the power that operates the engine and your will does the steering. You do that every time you exercise volition, but what I am doing is to show how you can do it consciously and intelligently."

"Do the results come instantly or gradually?"

"Everything depends upon the intensity of desire, and perfection of concentration. It is no small achievement to be able to hold a single

(*Continued on page* 110)

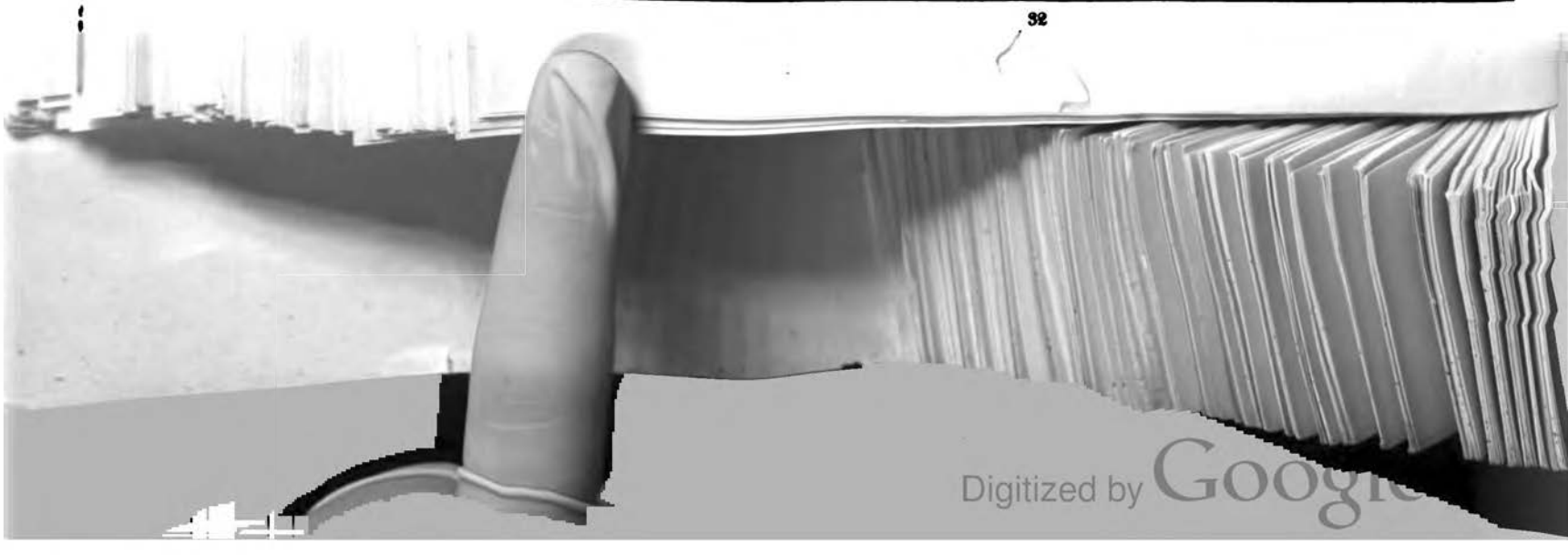
Discouragement Is a Disease

THE moment you yield to discouragement all your mental faculties become depressed. They lose power. There is no coördination of effort among them; consequently they fail to do vigorous team work. Your initiative is paralyzed, your executive ability strangled. You are in no condition to do anything effectively. Your whole mentality is placed at a tremendous disadvantage, and until this enemy is driven out of your mind, neutralized by the affirmation and the contemplation of its opposites—of courage, cheer, hope, and a vigorous expectation of splendid things to come—you are in no condition to do good work.

EVERY suggestion of discouragement, of fear, of failure, is a destructive force, and in the degree that we allow ourselves to be influenced by it will it tear down and retard our life processes, our life work. It will darken the mind and cause one to make fatally wrong decisions, to take steps which may ruin one's happiness, one's whole life.

WHEN trials and troubles come to us, when overwhelmed with sorrow, when death comes into our home and snatches away some dear one, it is very difficult to see through the storm, to pierce the black clouds and see the healing sun behind them. Struggling with the sorrow of that great loss in our life, it doesn't seem as if we could ever be happy again. When so suffering we wonder in a sort of dumb resentment how other people can possibly be laughing, having a good time, going to theaters, dances, enjoying life as usual. It seems cruel, almost, for others to enjoy when we feel as if we could never even smile again.

BUT we know that time heals the deepest sorrows, that physical and mental ills pass away, and that the brave soul is the one that adapts itself to the storms and sunshine of life.



At the Crossroads of Life

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

THE supreme questions in a young man's life are choosing a vocation and choosing a wife. Both are for life, and a mistake in choosing is disastrous.

While life is strewn with the wreckages of mistakes in both, most people find it much more difficult to make up their mind in regard to their life work than in regard to their life partner. The heart usually decides the latter without any reference to the head or the exercise of the will. But when it comes to a vocation, most youths are in the position of the one in the illustration on this page. Not having any individual talent so marked that instead of having to choose their work, their work chooses them, they don't know what to decide on. Being able to do a number of things fairly well, but having no particular predilection for any of them, they are like a man starting on a journey into an unknown country. He sees a number of signposts pointing in opposite directions; but each road looks alike to him, and having no definite route marked out, he can't make up his mind which one to follow.

This fall, thousands of college graduates and tens of thousands of other graduates from high schools and grammar schools will be wrestling with this problem.

To the college graduate the problem is more serious than to the younger graduates from the schools, because he is more mature, and has less time to spend in experimenting than they have.

Also, the average college graduate is so possessed with the importance and value of his diploma, he is apt to think that no matter what vocation he decides upon, he will succeed in it. With all the learning he has absorbed from books since his kindergarten days, and especially

BEWARE of that fatal gift of versatility. Many a person misses being great by splitting into two middling ones. Universality is the ignus fatuus which has deluded to ruin many a promising mind. In attempting to gain a knowledge of half a hundred subjects, it has mastered none. "The jack-at-all-trades," one of the foremost manufacturers of this country says, "had a chance in my generation. In this he has none."

during his four years in college, he confidently asks himself why he can't go into science, literature, law, medicine, engineering, teaching, journalism, banking, railroading, politics, business, or any other vocation, and be successful.

There is no better preparation for a life of service and enjoyment than a college education, and it often reveals to a youth his particular bent; but it won't fit you for every kind of a career, my young friend. Nature has fashioned you to do some particular thing better than anything else, and if you don't discover that particular thing, if you don't fall in with God's plan, written in your very nature, it will be impossible for you to be anything like the success you are capable of being; that you would be if you were in your right place, where every atom of your being would be working for, instead of against, you, tugging away at your purpose, trying to help you. Much of your energy will be lost, because misdirected; for, as Gladstone said, there is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body, or a human brain; and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted.

> *IT is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not, that has strewn history with so many broken purposes, and lives left in the rough.*—LOWELL.

If you are not absolutely certain as to the thing you are best fitted for, you must make a close study of yourself, taking into account not only your different qualifications, your likes and dislikes, but also your health, your temperament, your habits of mind, and every trait that will be likely to help you to come to a decision.

There are so many vocations open to youth that it is much more difficult to choose to-day than it was fifty, or even twenty-five, years ago. But it is better to risk a mistake than to hesitate and vacillate, to keep waiting for something to turn up to decide for you, until some of the most valuable years of your life have slipped by.

MANY a man finds out by hard knocks and repeated failures what he cannot do before he finds out what he can do. In some instances this negative process of eliminating the doubtful calling is the only way of attaining to the positive conclusion. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's advice to the college student who, at graduation, finds himself undecided as to his life work is good for all young people: "My advice to such a one is not to wait until he knows the best way, but to go ahead and do something at once. Choose the course that seems to point most nearly in the desired direction. More is learned by action than by reflection and even a man's mistakes, if he reads them aright, may become his most valuable possessions."

THERE are a few "Don'ts" that it would be well for the undecided to take note of:

Don't choose a profession or occupation because your father or your brother or some other relative is in it.

Don't go into a calling merely because your parents or friends want you to follow it. No one else can choose a vocation for you any more than he can choose a wife for you.

Don't choose a business because you inherited it, or because others have made fortunes in it.

Don't choose a vocation because it is considered the "proper thing," because it is dignified by the title of "profession," and is supposed to be more high-class than something in the business world, something less pretentious. What you are after is the work that suits you; not what will please somebody else. The thing you ought to do is what God intended you to do, not what some one else thinks you should do.

Many men have been made almost ridiculous, and have ruined their chances for life, by choosing law or medicine or theology in obedience to the wishes of father or mother, and, thereby, destroyed their possibilities of personal happiness and real service to their fellow-men. They might have been successful farmers or merchants; but they are nobodies and of little or no use in vocations which are utterly unsuited to the kind of ability they have.

The late President of New York University, Dr. Henry Mitchell McCracken, said: "The truest philosophy of life is that which finds the most thoroughly enjoyable and also the most successful career in an occupation that brings into harmonious play all the powers of the individual to the accomplishment of beneficent results. Such a career satisfies body and soul, conscience and intellect."

Happiness and constant growth toward a higher life are the great ends of human existence, and the means to those ends you will find in your daily work or not at all. Your calling

should be your great school of life, the great man developer, character builder, that which should broaden, deepen, and round out into symmetry, harmony, and beauty all the God-given faculties within you.

You are at the crossroads of life now, and if you are undecided what road to take, one of the best ways to make an intelligent choice is to ask yourself the question:

"What would humanity do with me if they were to consider my qualifications and adaptations, and place me to the best possible advantage to themselves?"

The Norwegian precept, "Give thyself wholly to thy fellow-men and they will give thee back soon enough," is a good one. We can do the most possible for ourselves when we are in a position where we can do the most possible for others. We are doing the most for ourselves and for others when we are in a position which calls into play in the highest possible way the greatest number of our best faculties.

Have You Two Friends?

By one of "The New Success" Subscribers

SOME fifteen or more years ago, when a kid at college, I heard a very poor speaker make what I considered a very, very poor remark that I have never forgotten. Said this dub of a speaker: "If you reach the age of forty and have as many as three friends on whom you can really bank, you will be lucky men."

Three! Why, suffering cats! There was Harry, Bill, Jack, Charlie, Tom, George and dozens of others we thought of in a flash, without even entering the realm of the uttermost sex.

Well, the contributor of this space-filler has not yet reached the prescribed two score years, but he is about ready to say that he'll have to step pretty lively or he'll be at least two short of the alloted three when forty rolls around. And he is not sure that he is fair in making this statement, for the one he can bank on is *not* a man.

Take an inventory of your *real* friends. Not those who call you by your first name and fuss over you when you do them favors, pay their bills, or give them business, or contribute to their pleasure, but folks who come up to the definition of old Theophrastus: "True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited; but in adversity they come without invitation."

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Christ Didn't See the Leper

CHRIST believed that every man was a God in the making. That was the secret of His healing. He didn't see the leper; He saw the perfect man, the God-made man who was intended to be happy and successful, the man who came on earth with a mission. If He had seen the leper, visualized him in his horrible symptoms, had seen the flesh falling off his bones, his fingers and toes becoming unjointed, He could never have healed him. He did not see the outer man; He looked beyond that to the reality of him, the wonderful man God had made.

The greatest mental healers could do no healing if *they* closed their eyes and visualized their patient's *illness*, the symptoms of some horrible disease. How *could they* cure a cancer by visualizing the awful *physical* octopus spreading its poison tentacles to every part of the body, and gripping the very vitals of life? It would be impossible. No, the healers do not see cancer, or tuberculosis, or any other disease in the sufferer. They see the perfect man, God's child, perfect and immortal. They know that health is the everlasting fact, and that disease is only an appearance.

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Good-Luck Follows—

THRIFT.

Dead-in-earnestness.

Downright hard work.

The cheerful mind, the pleasing personality, the accommodating, genial nature.

The fellow who is willing to pay the price for the realization of his dreams, who isn't looking for success bargains, short cuts to his goal.

The man of grit and stability who sticks to one unwavering aim, whose motto is, "This one thing I do."

The man who is all there, all on his job, who regards his work as his best friend, and flings his life into it.

The man who looks after the man at the other end of the bargain, who demonstrates that honesty is the best policy.

The man who dares to undertake the thing he longs to do, who believes in himself and in the message he has been sent here to deliver.

Those who take no stock in "luck" as a factor in their success, but push ahead and do the best they can under all circumstances.

The man who cultivates tact, courtesy, courage, self-confidence, will power, optimism, health and good will to all men.

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Youth in Age

VANDERBILT at eighty added $100,000,000 to his fortune; Wordsworth earned the Laureateship at seventy-three; Thiers at seventy-three established the French Republic and became the first president; Verdi wrote "Falstaff" at eighty; Gladstone became premier of England for the fourth time at eighty-three; and Sir Walter Scott was $600,000 in debt at fifty-five, but through his own efforts he paid this amount in full and builded a lasting name for himself besides.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

The Complainers' Union, Local No. A to Z

By EDNA M. NEWMAN

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to send me into a world about which I know nothing, and care less, and,

Whereas, it would require tedious toil to learn, and exercise of impulses that I do not care to take the trouble of developing, to care, and,

Whereas, I was not consulted, in the first place, and can see no good reason for my coming, and,

Whereas, nothing in the world is as it should be, and everything that is is wrong, and,

Whereas, I have never had a chance, and detest the smell of the midnight oil that would be required in making one, and,

Whereas, it is a world of Skin or be Skinned, every man for Himself, and the Devil for All,

Now, therefore,

All persons coming in contact with me, are hereby given notice, to-wit: I recognize no law save the law of self-preservation. My dealings are strictly on the basis of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. I count that day lost whose low descending sun, views at my hand, no weaker brother done. And since I am here through no fault, or wish of my own, I am determined to collect damages by fair means or foul; and shall consider every member of the human race my potential debtor to the aforementioned end. As another means to the same end, I shall, upon all occasions, spend, at least, 10 per cent more than my income, and as much more than that amount as I may find physically possible. And in order to keep myself in a proper frame of mind for carrying out this central purpose of my life, I shall, upon all occasions, and under all circumstances, confidentially look for and expect the worst.

Be it therefore, resolved,

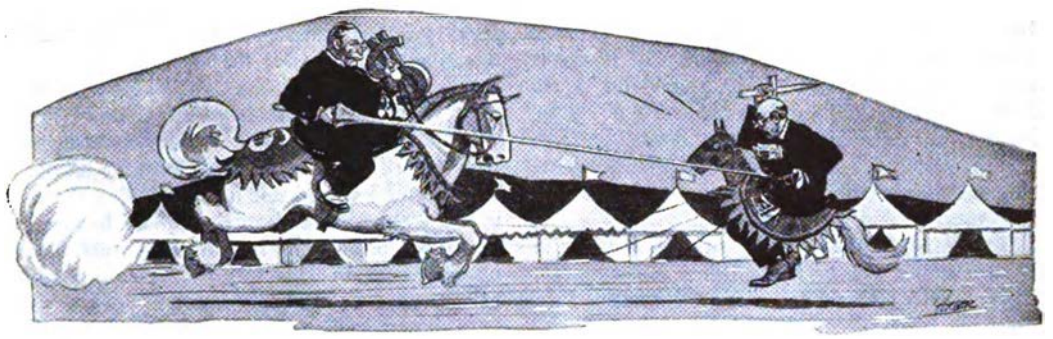
That since I have found the world hard, I will strive to make said world harder during my sojourn therein; and shall leave the same worse for my enforced occupancy of a part thereof.

Signed: *A. Potential Failure.*

Hardboiled W. Growl, president.

Whisperena C. Gossip, secretary.

Slipme O. Selfish, treasurer.



Business Is—Everything!

Though the Human Race Came Before the Business Proposition, the Business Proposition Is Now Placed Before the Human Race

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

CARTOONS BY ALTON E. PORTER

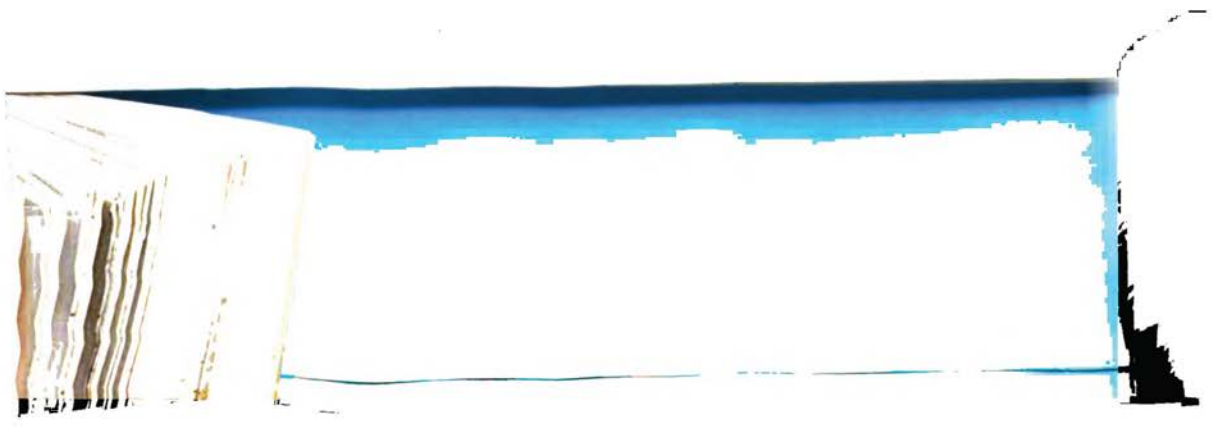
THE noblest thing in the world—according to modern methods—is a business proposition. It used to be believed that other things—helpfulness, loyalty, self-sacrifice, service—were deserving of approval; but, of late, it has been discovered that this is all a mistake. The only thing really worth while is a business proposition; that alone is honest and honorable; that alone entitles one to exemption from duties, human and divine, and to special privileges denied the mere plebian.

It is only of recent years that the business proposition has come into its own. Ages of evolution were required for that result; during the millions of years in which man has been developing from the amœba, nature has been working toward one magnificent end; that the business proposition, the most perfect work of the Creator, should take its place on earth. And, now, at last, in the complete flowering of business, we have reached the culmination of all progress.

The business proposition represents the high-water mark of chivalry. In those backward days of which we read in history and romance, men used to seek distinction in armored combats and tournaments. Under primitive conditions, that was not a bad system. But we moderns have a better way. Instead of being clad in a coat of mail and brandishing a sword, the knight of the twentieth century rides forth to the fray, clad in greenbacks and brandishing a business proposition. The advantages of this advanced method are obvious. Not only does the armor of greenbacks make the warrior more immune from assault than could the stoutest steel, but he may wield the business proposition to more deadly effect than ever knight of the Round Table could wield a spear.

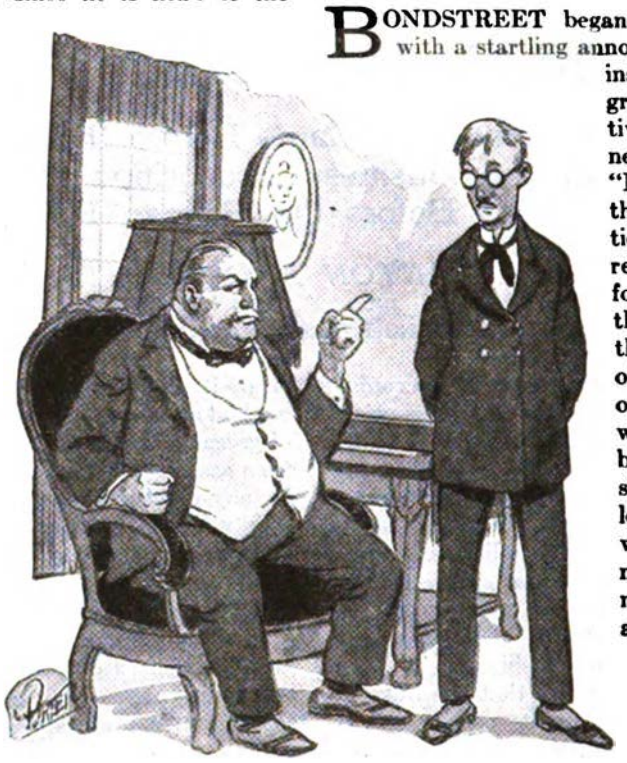
AT present we have many gallant knights of the business proposition. Sir Launcelot and Richard of the Lion Heart may have been fairly successful in their way, but as representatives of chivalry they were mere novices compared to our Rockefellers and our Morgans. For what if the old-fashioned chevalier could bowl over one or two opponents at a blow? With antique methods, that was all that could have been expected; but what really worth-while knight of the present would think anything of conquering a thousand victims and depriving them of house and home with a single business proposition? Truly, if Sir Galahad could come back to earth, he would hide his face in shame to discover how his chivalry has been surpassed.

It may be true, chronologically speaking, the human race came before the business proposition, but farsighted men now usually place the business proposition before the human race. In fact, they are expected to do so, and are not considered farsighted unless they do. It is not enough that the business proposition should be



the most deadly weapon ever invented; it must also be the god to whom the man of position may pray, and whose mandates he must follow; he must make its demands the object of his life, and must sacrifice to it not only his own feelings but those of his fellows. If he does this successfully, he will be rewarded with honor and respect.

These facts were recently pointed out to me by my friend Henry Bondstreet. Bondstreet, it is needless to explain, is well qualified to discuss the subject, since he is head of the celebrated New York City brokerage of Bondstreet and Hardcash, and, consequently, is one of the most prominent business men in the country. The reason his firm is celebrated is that it succeeded in monopolizing the national grain supply and keeping up the prices at a time when thousands were starving; the reason it succeeded in monopolizing the grain supply was that its agents in congress regulated the laws to enable it to do so. Because of this, Bondstreet is one of our leading citizens. He is one whom thousands envy and honor; he is pointed out as a type of the true American, and is lauded as one of the corner stones of our national enterprise. As a reward for having accumulated a hundred millions or so, by indirect taxation from the people, he is revered and glorified by the very people he taxed. This is as it should be. It is only the great who can receive tribute for the tribute they have taken. Accordingly, Bondstreet has all the elements of greatness.



Quit writing poetry and learn how to write checks instead

It was with a full realization of this fact that I sat opposite him for dinner, at the Commercial Club. Among the paintings that hung in the subdued light at the farther end of the spacious room, I recognized a portrait of my friend; and as I scrutinized the features so often described as "massive and masterly," I could not help reflecting that they seemed a little hard, and, withal, somewhat selfish and cynical. Of course, this was an ungenerous thought to hold regarding so eminent a financier as Bondstreet, and I would not have it believed that I did not appreciate the privilege of having the friendship of one who had done so much for the human race in the interest of his banking resources.

BONDSTREET began the conversation with a startling announcement. "I am instructing my congressional representative to introduce a new law," said he. "It is about time that the business proposition receive official recognition; therefore, I am proposing that it be considered the test of the legality of any action. In other words, that which is done as a business proposition, shall be endorsed as legitimate and lawful, while that which has no relation to business shall be punished as opposed to the public welfare."

"But wouldn't that be too radical a change?" I objected.

"Not in the least!" Bondstreet assured me. "In fact, it wouldn't be a change at all; it would only be a public acknowledgement of present conditions. Everyone, of course, knows the unwritten law that the business proposition is privileged; that men will be applauded for doing for business what they would be lynched for doing to save their immortal souls. Moreover, it is generally recognized that the reason men were put on earth was that they might accumulate dollars, and that he who fails in this end, and departing, leaves not an inheritance tax behind him, fails in the object of his existence. Now, what I propose is only that these fundamental truths be recognized, and that the unwritten law be put in writing."

"That seems logical enough," I admitted, doubtfully. "But if it's already the law, why worry whether it gets on the statute books?"

"That's just the point!" asserted Bondstreet. "Why take a chance? Otherwise some old fogy of a judge might overthrow a business deal on the ground, let me say, that it was dishonest! Just as if any business deal could be dishonest! But the present laws are so backward that a man defrauded in business has a legal chance to get his money back. Not that the chance is usually worth much, especially if the defrauding concern is reputable and wealthy; but I am against all theoretical obstacles in the way of justice! Our system of government will not be really perfect until every one tricked in a business deal is forced to pay a fine. At the same time, of course, the person doing the tricking will be rewarded out of the public treasury for his expertness in business methods. That is my conception of Utopia."

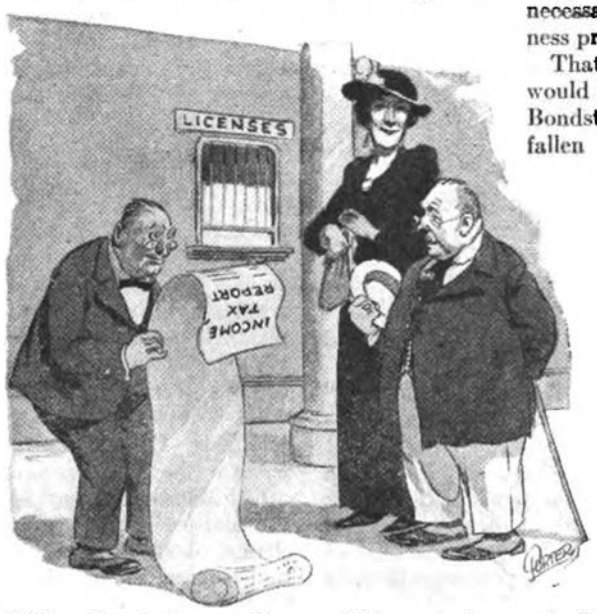
ON behalf of Bondstreet, I must say that he always lived up to his principles. I am convinced that he would have been willing to die for them. If necessary, he would have been a martyr to a business proposition; and if there had been a business persecution, as there have been religious persecutions in the past, he would have said, with heroic resignation, "What is life without business?" and taking as his motto: "Business Is Next to Godliness," he would have gone to the stake sooner than submit to living in a world in which business was no more.

It is such men as he, of course, who make business possible. Without them, the world would still be uncivilized—no commodities would be cornered, no excess profits reaped, no fortunes made overnight; and the common man would not be forced to pay a dollar for what he might otherwise procure for thirty cents. Instead, there would be enough for every one, and no man would be in need. Bondstreet, and those of his kind, have taken care to avert this unnecessary condition. Realizing that suffering strengthens the soul, they have made it possible for their fellows to strengthen their souls to the maximum. If they have neglected to provide for themselves in this respect, it must be remembered that altruists do not always accord themselves a fair share of the good things. Instead of partaking in the misery of the common man, Bondstreet is content to be honored by him. And having made such a concession, he naturally appreciates what he has done, and is a little proud of it. Therefore, he may be pardoned for being a trifle overbearing toward those of lesser attainments.

A NOTABLE fact about Bondstreet is his consistency in support of the business proposition. I have had numerous occasions to observe this. For example, he applies business principles strictly to his family life; it is his rule never to allow domestic considerations to interfere with financial ones. Once, when his wife complained that she had not seen him for several weeks, I heard him reply, with crushing effect, "My dear, I have been very busy of late. I have just had a chance to make another million. And you know I need it badly, since I have made only four millions so far this year. I am sorry to have neglected you, but it was necessary—it was a business proposition."

That was just what I would have expected of Bondstreet—he had not fallen into allowing sentiment to disturb business.

He was much the same in his relations with his children. I once heard him upbraid his son, whom he termed "the trial of his old age." The young scapegrace, a youth of twenty-two, had been sent to college to study corporate finance, but had sadly disappointed the paternal hopes. Instead of proving himself



"All applicants for marriage would have to be examined by a financial expert. If their income tax was large enough, they would be declared fit"

an adept at business management, he had proceeded to win a prize for poetry! But that was not the worst! The pride of old Bondstreet might have withstood even this humiliation, had not Bondstreet, junior, added insult to injury, and announced his intention of specializing in literature instead of finance!

"You are no son of mine!" I heard the father thunder. "Poetry may be all right for women and other idlers, but what has it to do with business? What did all your poets amount to in the business world? Did Tennyson make as much money as Rockefeller? Did Milton make as much as Carnegie? Did Shakespeare make as much as I have made?"

HAVING reached this climactic point, Bondstreet paused for effect, then continued: "No, my boy, I will not see you follow in the footsteps of Shakespeare, and ruin a promising life from the start. You have inherited excellent qualities; do not neglect to develop them; quit writing poetry and learn how to write checks, instead. To-morrow, I start you to work in my office. This is final, for it is a business proposition!"

The son protested, but the father had the firmness of one who knows he is right; and, on the following day, the younger Bondstreet duly took his place in his father's firm. Owing to the fact that the value of a lyric has no necessary relation to the value of oil stock, he does not appear to have made a success. And insomuch as he has found Burns and Byron useless in estimating the worth of bonds, he is not only unsuccessful but unhappy. That, of course, is only a minor matter. For has not his happiness been ruined in the best of causes—for the sake of a business proposition?

Toward his daughter, Bondstreet pursued similar methods. She, too, was a sad disappointment to him. Instead of surrendering herself to the retired capitalist he had selected to be her husband, she perversely decided to marry a struggling young lawyer earning not over fifteen thousand a year.

"Have you no respect at all for your father?" raged the irate Bondstreet, on learning of his daughter's intentions. "Do you not see that if you accept old Philander Flint, I shall be able to make connections with the Flint Security Company, and so carry off some profitable transactions? It is very selfish of you to refuse; you have not your own father's best interests at heart. But I shall take care, young lady, that you do not refuse; this is a business proposition, and so I will never yield!"

The daughter pleaded that she loved the young lawyer, but it was no use. "Love has no rating on the Stock Exchange," commented the father, with his usual keenness. "If I had my way, a time would come when to marry for love would be punishable as a crime. All applicants for marriage licenses would have to be examined by a financial expert. If their income tax was large enough, they would be declared fit. Otherwise, they would be publicly reprimanded for loving when they could not afford it; and their union would be prohibited until they could pay at least for a *chauffeur* and a country home. That is my conception of eugenics."

In spite of her protests, Miss Bondstreet, in the end, duly promised to honor and obey old Flint. It was a delightful affair, said the society columns, this wedding of the blooming young daughter of old Bondstreet, to the well-known Philander Flint, grandfather of Robinson Flint, of the Stock Exchange. A happy future was predicted for the lucky two; assuredly, it was an ideal match. What the papers forgot to mention about the wedding was that the face of the bride was red from recent weeping; that the bridegroom had been slightly indisposed, having engaged in some unofficial festivities that caused him to walk unsteadily. And the papers also neglected to state that the marriage was a business proposition.

EXCEPT for one or two unfortunate little incidents, the union proved a happy one. One of these occurred during the honeymoon, when Mrs. Flint discharged a vase of flowers effectively against her husband's shining pate. The society columns failed to mention the matter. The other happened some time later, when the bride took it upon herself to elope with the *chauffeur*. The papers announced that she was paying an extensive visit to friends in California. Thus far, it has not been reported that the visit has ended. And, meanwhile, there have been malicious rumors that the marriage was an unnatural one, destructive of happiness, and subversive of morality. But what if it was? Does that mean it was not justified? For it must be remembered that it was a business proposition.

Old Bondstreet may have been affected by the matter, but his friends at the Stock Exchange observed no change in him. He continued as adroit and businesslike as ever: he joined a golf club in order to increase his financial acquaintanceship; he subscribed bountifully to a fund for decripit steel-workers, was widely advertised as a result, and, at the

same time, purchased a controlling interest in a steel mill in which the men had to labor twelve hours a day. He even thought it might be a good business proposition to change the twelve hours to fourteen, but fear of a strike induced him to change his mind. His biographers are agreed that he was invariably considerate of others when it was to his advantage.

Shortly after purchasing the steel mill, Bondstreet had a bill introduced in congress to add several new battleships to our navy. "This will give me a favorable opportunity to dispose of my steel," he remarked, with obvious self-satisfaction.

"But isn't it unpatriotic?" I protested. "What if increased armaments should lead to a war?"

"Well, what if they should?" he demanded, with evident contempt for my stupidity. "What is a war, after all? A few million men killed, a few million disabled—nothing more! Regretable, perhaps, but unavoidable; so why waste sentiment on it? What practical man would even consider it when a business proposition is at stake? I, for one, thank goodness, am not so shortsighted!"

As I write this, a strange piece of news comes to me. Bondstreet has engaged in his last bit of business. Several weeks age he became involved in a huge cotton deal; despite his physician's advice to the contrary, he worked night and day, and, finally, was warned that he must take a rest, or that his life would not be worth thirty cents.

"But how can I take a rest?" objected Bondstreet. "I'll lose a million if I do!"

Obviously, he could not have afforded such a loss, as he would have had little more than a hundred millions left. And so, sooner than be reduced to penury, he continued to work—and, two days later, began a long rest by falling dead of heart failure. But, as he himself would have been the first to remark, he was justified in dying, since he did it as a business proposition.

Above his final resting place this epitaph should be carved:

Here lies Henry Bondstreet,
A neglectful father but an enterprising broker,
Faithful to the last
To his own financial interests,
He offered up his life
As a sacrifice to his fortune,
And perished,
In the sixty-first year of his age,
Of a business proposition.

Makes Edison's Questions Look Easy

APPLICANTS for positions in the New York State Troopers, the mounted police of the Empire State are obliged to tackle the following questionnaire. It makes some of Thomas A. Edison's questions look easy. The questions were designed to see how fast a man can think:

With your pencil make a dot over any one of these letters, F, G, H, and a comma after the longest of these words: Boy, mother, girl. Then if Christmas comes in March make a cross right here —, but if not pass along to the next question and tell where the sun rises ——.

If you believe that Edison discovered America cross out what you just wrote, but if it was some one else, put in a number to complete this sentence: "A horse has — feet."

Write "yes," no matter whether China is in Africa or not—and then give a wrong answer to this question: "How many days are there in the week?"

Write any letter except G just after this comma, — and then write "No" if 2 times 5 are 10 —.

Now if Tuesday comes after Monday, make two crosses here ——, but if not, make a circle here —, or else a square here —.

Be sure to make three crosses between these two names of boys, George —— Henry.

Notice these two numbers, 3, 5. If iron is heavier than water, write the larger number here —, but if iron is lighter write the smaller number here —.

Show by a cross when the nights are longer: In summer — or in winter —.

Give the correct answer to this question: "Does water run up hill?" — and repeat your answer here —.

Do nothing here (5x7 is) unless you skipped the preceding question, but write the first letter of your first name and the last letter of your last name at the end of this line ——."

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White Dirt

DIRT, according to the famous definition, is "matter out of place."

Then face-powder is white dirt.

Let any unprejudiced observer gaze at a girl with a marshmallow nose or a face that looks as if it had just taken a plunge into a flour-barrel, and he will acknowledge that matter has got out of place.

In other words, the girl's face is dirty.

She would be horrified at carrying around an equal amount of black dirt; but why isn't white dirt just as bad? Girls, wash your faces!—*Amos R. Wells in Christian Endeavor World.*

"She will never sing again!"

—said Dame Rumor

"But I WILL!"

—said Lucrezia Bori

AND SHE DID!

A great soprano who lost her voice tells THE NEW SUCCESS how she regained it

By HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN

WOULDN'T you think you were lucky if you, a comparatively unknown and inexperienced singer, suddenly had a chance to sing *Manon* with Caruso? And if you woke up the next morning to find yourself famous, with a contract to sing leading rôles at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, as a result of that one night's work—wouldn't you call that luck?

But if you came to America—came and sang and conquered—and found yourself a veritable sensation in your first season, and then when you were just taking your place in the front rank of the world's great singers and the first fruits of your triumph were sweet to your taste; if then, through no fault of your own, you suddenly lost your voice and couldn't sing a note, and faced the awful possibility that you might never sing again; if you were plunged from the pinnacle of success to the lowest depths of disappointment and disaster, wouldn't you think you were the most unlucky person in the whole world?

Ask the young lady herself. Her name is Lucrezia Bori.

"Lucky? Unlucky?" The glowing black eyes suddenly sparkle with unsuspected color. "Was it luck that I had my chance? What about all the years of work, of patient painstaking study, the pleasures foregone, the fun passed by, the years of apprenticeship, the devotion of my whole life to that one purpose, yes, even the prayers? Do you call that luck?"

SHE shakes her shapely head with its crown of smooth black hair, and spreads out her expressive hands, olive-tinted Spanish hands, lithe, graceful, and strong.

"Oh, no! It wasn't luck! Of course, I had my opportunity and I was ready for it when it came, as ready as I could make myself. But opportunity will come to everyone, sometimes one big opportunity, sometimes many little opportunities.

"I can't tell you how many years of preparation I went through, because really the period of preparation covered my whole life. I cannot remember the time when I did not plan to be a singer, and I was always preparing myself for my career. Even as a child, I felt myself destined for the stage and I was conscious from the beginning that I was moving in that direction.

"I made my first public appearance at the age of six. Of course, not professionally—I was just a little girl who sang. My real musical education began when I was twelve, when I entered the conservatory of Valencia, Spain. The age for admission to the conservatory was fourteen; but I was well developed for my years, and when I said my age was fourteen, nobody questioned me. I didn't see why I should waste those two years, when I was quite sure in my own mind that I was ready for the conservatory!

"I was in the conservatory for four years, and besides voice, I studied piano and musical theory and acquired a well-rounded musical education, without which I think no one should attempt any kind of a musical career. With this foundation, I was ready to study operatic rôles. I made my debut at the Costanzi Theatre in Rome, singing *Micaela* in "Carmen."

"I worked on steadily for a few seasons, learning new rôles, perfecting my vocal technic and acquiring the poise and assurance that come only from routine. Then my big chance came and it came suddenly and quite unexpectedly. 'Luck,' perhaps you will say, but it was the direct outcome of those years of patient work

Lucrezia Bori, soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company, as *Carmen*

and self-denial. The Metropolitan Opera Company was playing a season at The Chatelet in Paris. Of course, their biggest drawing-card was the great Caruso, and one of his best rôles, as you know, is *Des Grieux* in Massenet's 'Manon Lescaut.' He was anxious to sing the rôle in Paris, but there did not happen to be available a satisfactory *Manon*.

"While casting about for a suitable soprano to sing opposite Caruso in this opera, someone recommended a young singer whom they had heard in Italy. I was that young singer. I received a telegram asking me if I would come to Paris on the chance that I might be the one to sing *Manon*. I was at La Scala, Milan, and I decided to risk the trip to Paris and take the chance. I obtained a leave of absence, went to Paris, sang for the Metropolitan management, was engaged for the performance, sang the rôle, and—*voila!*

"I did not come to America at once, however. I had to return to La Scala to finish my

contract there and then had to fulfil an engagement to sing in Buenos Aires. But the interval was good for me. I was gaining valuable experience all the time and when I came to the Metropolitan two seasons later, I was better prepared than if I had come over immediately after the noteworthy *Manon* performance in Paris."

THE little Spanish soprano is very modest about her success at the Metropolitan, but those who are familiar with operatic history know that it was pronounced and practically instantaneous. Seldom has so young a singer been entrusted with leading rôles and still more rarely does any singer establish herself so firmly in the affection and esteem of her public in the course of one season. Perhaps her greatest triumph was in the rôle of *Fiora* in Montemezzi's "The Love of Three Kings," produced for the first time that season, achieving a sensational success.

Then came the tragedy. Lucrezia Bori's retirement was as sudden and as dramatic as her rise had been. When she returned to America for the next season, she seemed to have her foot planted firmly on the topmost rung of the operatic ladder. Certain changes had taken place in the personnel of the Metropolitan Company, which gave her increased opportunities and her previous success made it apparently inevitable that she should take the leading place in the lyric and romantic operas. But if luck, or fate, had been kind to her heretofore, she was now to know the sting and bitterness of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

A SMALL growth had appeared on her vocal chords, and, just before leaving Italy, she submitted to an operation which was apparently successful. Perhaps she undertook the sea voyage too soon, or, perhaps, it was the New York climate—notoriously unkind to vocalists. At any rate, when the opera season began, she was unable to sing. Weeks went by and the management got along without her as best it could, while she waited patiently, hopefully.

As time passed, rumors began to be whispered about that the glorious Bori voice was gone forever. Among singers and opera lovers the report was passed along: "She will never sing again!" The tragedy of it brought a wave of sympathy and regret. The whole musical world was touched to the heart by the pathos of the situation.

But Bori never lost courage and confidence. For weeks, she did not even speak, for months she did not sing. Like an athlete in training, she schooled herself to the most rigid discipline. But the lonely hours when even the tonic air of Riverside Drive, New York, where she spent much of her time, seemed of no avail and her progress toward recovery seemed negligible and hopeless!

The season wore away. She returned to Italy, a sorely stricken song bird, but with will-power and determination unbroken. Another operation and another year of silence and she was ready to begin again. She sang in public again, in her native Spain. Can you imagine what it meant to be released from the burden of those terrible years, to return to reality again after a living death?

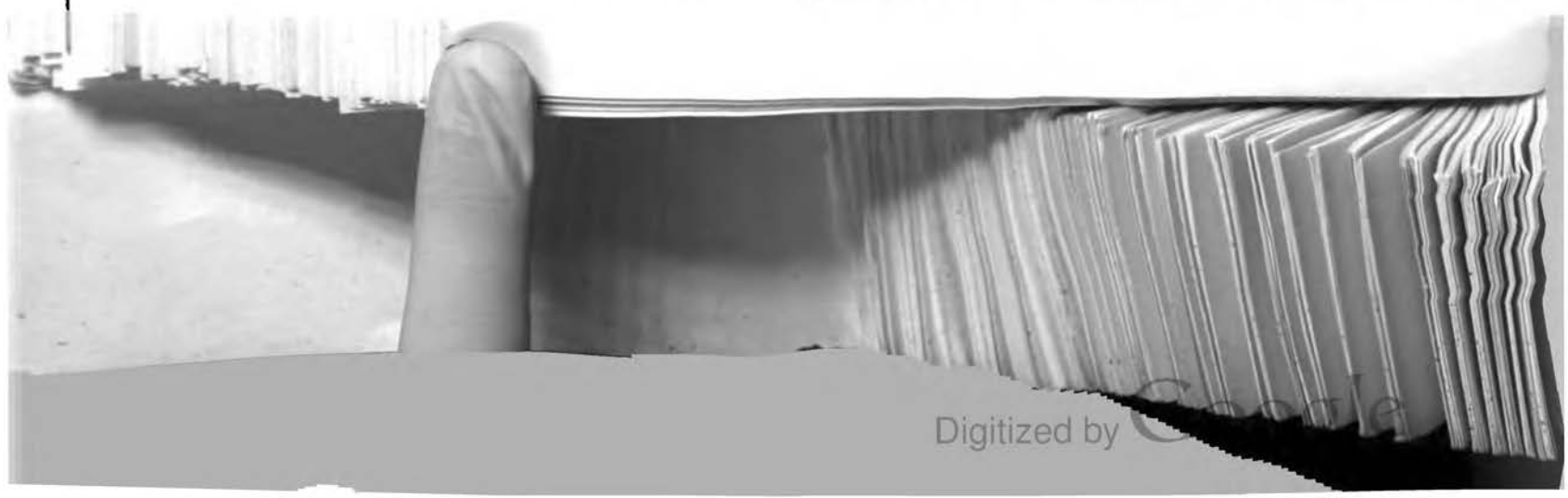
It seemed incredible that the exquisite quality of her fresh young voice could have survived such an ordeal. When the first reports came back to America that Bori was singing again and that her voice was as beautiful as ever, there were cynical and incredulous smiles and the wiseacres shook their heads, refusing to believe in such a miracle. But she returned to the Metropolitan at the beginning of this season. Her debut was anticipated with the keenest eagerness and the welcome given her was of unstinted enthusiasm. If anything, her voice is better than before, having gained in volume and maturity. And her art too has broadened and deepened.

"So you see," she says, "I have known both good luck and bad, but I have gone on with my work all the time. When my opportunity came, I was ready for it. When evil fortune came to me, I never lost my courage nor my ideal. I waited and worked, using every bit of will-power and perseverance I possessed, and when my chance came again I was ready to go on just where I had left off.

"If I have a word of advice to American girls who wish to sing, it is just this: Work on, no matter what your circumstances or prospects are. Your chance will come. The longest road eventually has a turning. I think American girls are inclined to be in too much of a hurry. They turn aside too readily, they want to skip the hard places, they want immediate results. I sing twenty-four rôles, any one of which I am prepared to sing at a moment's notice. I may not get a chance at one during the course of a whole season, but I am ready for it when it comes."

◆ ◆ ◆

Character is power. Hang this motto in every school in the land, in every home, in every youth's room. Mothers, engrave it on every child's heart.



When you leave your office for the day, leave your problems there

Don't Drag Your Desk Home!

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

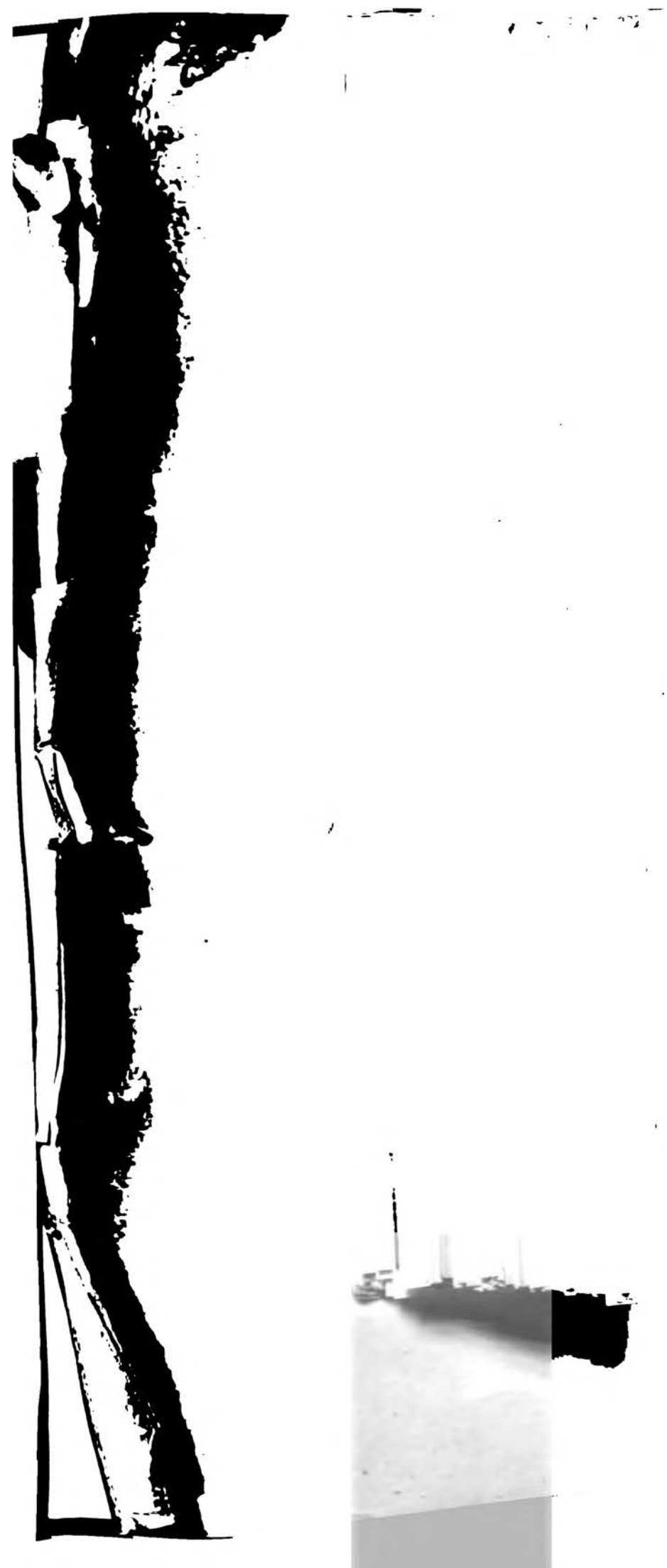
CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

A BUSINESS man who has made a great success in his line says, "I take no business worries home with me because I want to come back in the morning at the top of my condition, capable of doing the biggest day's work that is possible to me. If I were to fret and worry during the time allotted for my rest and recreation, fun and play, I couldn't do a man's work the next day; I couldn't tackle big propositions."

There was no need to inquire further into the causes of this man's success. He knew how to conserve his energy, to keep himself fit to do the biggest thing possible to him. While he worked he concentrated on his objective to the exclusion of everything else, and when he turned the key in his office door, he had done for the day with business problems and worries.

The men who never let go of their problems, who, like the worry-driven business man in our illustration, push their roll-top desks home, worry their families with their business affairs the whole evening, and then take them to bed with them, are not the men who succeed. Big men don't do this. It is really a confession of weakness to drag your business home, to worry over it at night, to mar your home with it. It isn't fair to your wife and children, and it is a crime against yourself.

It is impossible for a man who takes his business troubles and worries home with him to do a big day's work the next day, for he won't get the needed rest and recreation, the refreshing, renewing sleep, necessary to put his physical machine in order for the new day's work. Buoyancy, enthusiasm, mental harmony, freshness of view—these are the very essence of efficiency, of creative ability, and



keeping at your work night and day kills all of them; and if persisted in it will ultimately kill you.

A friend of mine, a very able man, fitted up a beautiful study in his home, where everything was very convenient and inviting for work after dinner. There he would work until midnight, often until one or two o'clock in the morning. Soon his health began to fail, dyspepsia and liver trouble appeared and a fatal illness resulted, which cut him off in the middle of a very promising career. Naturally endowed with a strong constitution that might have served him well, if he had lived a normal life and taken the time for needed rest and recreation, this man, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's one-horse shay, went to pieces all at once; there was a complete breakdown from which he never recovered.

I know men who could be giants in their business, but are little more than pigmies because of their wicked waste of energy and brain power. They do a very large part of their business with *stale brains*. They keep their minds working all the time; in the office or place of business and in the home. They are forever trying to solve some knotty problem or they are worrying about something; they never give themselves a chance to rest, and the result is, stale brains, devitalized thought. Then they wonder what is the matter with them, why their business doesn't improve, why they don't get ahead.

My friend, if you are going to be a successful business or professional man, you must be fresh, buoyant and vigorous every day when you start in to work. You can't be that unless you observe the simplest and most vital rules of health. Among the first of these is relaxation after the day's work. Your home should be absolutely severed from your business or your profession, or you will not get the most possible out of either.

When you leave your office for the day, leave your problems there. *Don't drag your desk home with you* and make everyone miserable with your worrying and fretting. When you reach home at night, change your clothes and change your mental attitude. Drop everything which suggests the worry, the anxieties and the discords of the day's run. Don't tell your wife how jaded and worn out you are, or what an awfully hard day you have had; she is liable to have had a pretty trying day herself. Why should you add your troubles to hers? Instead of casting the shadow of gloom and discouragement ahead of you, let your homecoming be a signal for a good time for your children. Instead of having such a chilling effect on them that they will say when they catch sight of you, "Oh, dad is coming! We will have to stop playing now and keep quiet; he doesn't want any noise;" be so good a chum of theirs that they will run to welcome you and say, "Oh, here's dad! Now we are going to have a good time."

If your wife and children are glad to see you coming and always rejoice in your presence, you're all right, and will be sure to spend the evening in a way that will make you forget the day's cares. But there is something wrong with the man whose children do not welcome him home. He has failed in some way. If they avoid him, it is generally because he carries his business troubles home with him.

TRULY VALOROUS

By Carolyn Shaw Rice

"THE world has crying need," said he,
"Of gifted men like me;
But the especial thing to do,
Requires reflection, deep and true—
I'm needed everywhere,
And so, to be quite fair,
And chance no pangs of sharp regret,
I've not done anything—as yet."

ONE of the greatest delusions that ever crept into a human brain is that the body of man with its complex activities and functions, and the mind, with its divine possibilities, its immortal outreachings and longings, can be satisfied with the froth of life, with its glittering but unsatisfying pleasures. The reason for this is that a human being was not made for that sort of a life. Pleasure-hunting people who live on the surface of life might as well try to make a watch serve some other purpose than keeping time, as to try to be happy *while* ignoring the law of their being.

The Seventh Juror

"Guilty" or "Not Guilty" the defendant thought he could tell. Why couldn't he?

By ARTHUR FREDERICK McCARTY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOANNA SHORTMEIER

STEVE Lansky was in trouble—dire trouble. The long arm of the law had reached out and plucked him bodily from home and the side of Mrs. Lansky, and he now faced a jury of his peers charged to find a verdict "according to the law and the evidence." But the devotion, cringing obedience, fear—what you will—of the little shrunken woman with the washed-out look on her face and clothes alike, continued to function according to rule and precedent. Whatever it was that inspired her unquestioned loyalty and zeal, it seemed to lend her, for her problem of setting Steve free, strength and intelligence as far above her ordinary stock of those commodities as the stars are above the clouds. From the opening of the trial, that morning, she had sat as near to her husband as she was permitted.

George Updyke, counsel for the defendant, leaned back in his chair and twisted his body around to consult with his client before beginning the examination of the next venireman. Six "good men and true" had been questioned by the attorneys for the State and those for the defense in turn, and all had sworn that they were without previous opinions and free from prejudices such as would disqualify for sitting on the jury in the case of The State *vs.* Lansky. Both sides appeared to be well-satisfied with the progress made in the laborious and tedious task of "getting a jury"—now half over.

The twelve men sat in two rows of six each, and the next one to be examined sat in the end chair at the left of the second row. He was well known to both Updyke and Steve Lansky; and as the district attorney finished asking his questions and indicated that he passed the juror, Updyke held a whispered consultation with the prisoner, who sat at his side. The consultation lasted several minutes, the while the judge wore a bored look, the district attorney tapped nervously with a pencil on the pad of note paper before him and the spectators in the court room shuffled their feet restlessly.

Whatever conclusion was arrived at between Updyke and the defendant as to the seventh juror, the lawyer turned back and began his questioning: "Will you please state your name again?"

"John T. Rodman."

"What is your business and where do you live?"

"I am a retired physician; I live in Arcola, in this county."

"A physician. You are aware that members of that profession may not be required to serve on a jury if objection is taken?"

"Yes, but I waive the objection."

"Do you know anything of this case, doctor?"

"Only what I read in the newspaper—that the bonds had been stolen and Lansky arrested."

"And you have no opinion, Doctor Rodman, as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"None, whatever."

"Now, Doctor Rodman, you are aware, are you not, that when sitting on a jury in a criminal case it is your duty to resolve all doubts in favor of the defendant?"

"Certainly, I am aware of that rule, Mr. Updyke."

"Well, I shall now ask you a question that may seem unusual. With the permission of the court, I desire to explain that this juror is a man of very strong convictions; as such he is well known to counsel for both sides of the case. I am sure that opposing counsel will agree that he is an unusually upright, conscientious man, with a high sense of public duty. I trust it will be understood by all that this is not said to curry favor with a juror in advance—I am confident that no person who knows me will accuse me of such conduct—but this knowledge of this juror leads me, in justice to my client, to go farther than usual into his mental attitude regarding a possible verdict in this case."

The district attorney smiled and waved a hand in assent. The judge said, "You may proceed, Mr. Updyke."

"Well, then, Doctor Rodman," asked the lawyer, "as a juror, sitting in a case in which a man is being tried for grand larceny, such as is

true here, wherein do you conceive your primary duty to lie—to the State or to the defendant?"

The doctor hesitated.

"Why, Mr. Updyke, I wish you would make that question a little more clear."

"Here is what I mean: The interests of the defendant and those of the State are diametrically opposed to each other. Of course, that ought not do be so—the State should be as interested in seeing an innocent man acquitted as in securing the conviction of a guilty one; nor am I assuming that in this case the district attorney is consciously seeking to convict an innocent man; but the State contends that Lansky is guilty—we contend that he is not. Now, suppose that after all the evidence is in, a case is made that is so finely balanced that, placing the evidence for the State on one side of the scales, and that for the defense plus the reasonable doubt on the opposite side, neither offsets the other sufficiently to upset that hair-trigger balance. Or, take the proposition in another way—in its present stage, before you have heard any evidence whatever—are you, as a juror, here primarily to uphold the law by seeing that a guilty criminal is punished; or, are you here with the first thing in your heart a consciousness of a duty to see that any one not proved guilty is acquitted?"

Doctor Rodman gave meticulous attention to the question, and at its close pondered long and deeply. The effort to answer, fairly, intelligently, but above all, honestly, was apparent to every person in the room. The judge was leaning forward in his chair with a hand cupped back of his ear in order not to miss a word; the district attorney was affecting negligent attention to the proceeding, but a close observer would have noticed that his eyes were fixed intently on the face of the juror, who presently began to speak—slowly and precisely:

"Your question is quite difficult to answer. I can hardly conceive of a case which could be balanced to the extreme nicety you describe. It seems to me that in any case there would be tones of voice or peculiarities of manner of witnesses, if not actual words, that would be enough to tip the scales one way or the other. However, I suppose that in the extreme view such a case might be made out, but as to my duty as a juror, either after such a case had been made or beforehand, it is very hard to find the parting of the ways—the exact point where duty to one side outweighs the duty to the other. I conceive my duty to lie toward both, as a sort of impartial arbiter, to hear the facts and determine from them the question to be tried. In this case, the question is whether or not Lansky is guilty. I have said that my mind is open on that question, and so it is. If I am retained as a juror, I shall make up my mind after the testimony is all in and render my verdict according to that conclusion. I can't see that a stricter answer should be insisted on—where I deem my primary duty to lie."

"The question was asked, doctor, not because I doubt that you would find a just verdict according to your conclusion; but I want to know something of the steps your mind would take in arriving at that conclusion. Please answer as well as you can."

"Well, primarily, I consider that my first duty is to the State, because the interests of society at large are greater than the interests of any individual. I have given some thought to the matter of crime and its punishment and prevention, and particularly to the jury system and its development. That system was established in the interests of persons accused of crime; yet it has been abused, and by the very interests it was designed to protect. In some parts of the country, it is impossible to secure conviction of certain crimes no matter what the evidence may be, and, if the jury system can be abused to the extent it is in places on behalf of the accused person, it may, in time, come to be perverted as greatly against him. Either abuse is a travesty upon justice and a shameful mark on our boasted civilization.

"If the courts are to continue as instruments for saving rights and preventing and remedying wrongs, the selection of juries must be improved on and only persons of the highest grade of conscience permitted to serve. In my opinion, we should have professional jurors, chosen by some high appointive power from men and women especially fitted by education and training, as well as by qualities of calm, dispassionate self-control, and let these highly trained, judicially minded persons decide the questions of life and death and of property.

"Until some such changes are made, the duty of the individual called to sit on a jury is to keep his mind free from all prejudices, to arrive at a conclusion calmly and dispassionately—as, I think, a professional juror would—and to stand like a rock against any obvious perversion of what he feels is justice in the case. As I have said, I am impartial as concerns the question here; but my highest duty, my primary duty, is to society as represented by its organization into a State. Is that sufficient?"

While Doctor Rodman was speaking, though

his tones were low, the stillness in the room permitted every person to hear every word. Lansky seemed to sense that his lawyer was bringing out some highly significant thing, and throughout the answer he sat with a strained look on his face which did not relax as the doctor concluded. Lansky turned his eyes toward Updyke as those of a dog might seek the face of his master for encouragement in a time of danger. For a moment the lawyer did not heed his client's anxiety, but presently, he turned and said to him in a low tone, "We will wait until the rest of the twelve are examined. Then if we don't want Rodman on the jury we can challenge him and have him left off."

The faded little woman had told a clear and convincing story to the lawyer—a story he had tested

When the examination of the remaining five was finished, the judge asked if counsel were ready to challenge. Each side was entitled to name a certain number, the defense six and the State three, of the jurymen, in a "peremptory challenge," giving no reason therefor, all such to be excused from the jury. The district attorney said he was satisfied with the jury, but Updyke arose and requested a five-minute recess for consultation with his client.

The judge nodded assent and Updyke and the accused man retired to an adjoining room. The lawyer had not been able to satisfy himself entirely of the guilt or innocence of the man who sat by him, who had from the first interview with Updyke stoutly maintained that he was falsely accused. Updyke was inclined to believe the story, but there was a thread of doubt in his mind. The two began to discuss the matter of challenging Doctor Rodman or keeping him on the jury.

"I don't want him on the jury," began Lansky.

"I thought you would say that," replied Updyke. "Now just what objection do you have to him?"

"I don't like the way he talked; didn't you hear what he said at the last?"

"Yes, I heard it, and I think I understand how you feel about it," said the lawyer. "But here is the point: if we challenge the doctor after that answer he made it will make a bad impression on the rest of the jury. You see they all know he's square and straight, and I admitted that I knew it, and for us to let him go would look as if we were afraid to have a square, straight man on the jury. If the State can't make out a clear case he'll never vote for conviction."

"Maybe so, Mr. Updyke, but I'm afraid of that man. I think he's set agin me."

"Well, from your story, I don't believe they can make a case. Do you?"

"I don't know," replied Lansky. "Some of them witnesses are dead against me and I'm afraid they'll tell some bad stories."

"Well, Lansky, you'd better be guided by me this time. I want to get you off nearly as badly as you want to get off, and I believe the thing to do is to let the jury stand as it is."

After some more persuasion of the same kind, Lansy yielded and they returned to the court room. Updyke announced that the defense accepted the jury as it stood.

The trial proceeded at once. The district attorney, after his opening address to the jury, put seven witnesses on the stand, one after the other, who testified variously to the circumstances within their knowledge concerning the crime. There had been no eye witness; no person had seen the defendant in the immediate vicinity of the building from which the bonds had been stolen within a period shorter than five hours from the time of the crime; but three witnesses testified that Lansky had, at different times, but all within three days after the theft, offered for sale to various persons bonds of the same kind and of the same denominations as those missing; and it was shown that Lansky was not a person who would be expected to have bonds or securities of any kind either on hand or for sale. There was other testimony of the same character, but all of the State's evidence was purely circumstantial, and Updyke considered, as the prosecutor concluded, that the State had failed to make out a winning case, and he turned to his client to speak some encouraging words.

He was surprised to note the appearance of the man. Lansky had kept his eyes fastened on the face of juror number seven throughout the progress of the trial—not for an instant did his gaze stray from the countenance of Doctor Rodman. The doctor, if he noticed it, gave no sign of uneasiness or embarrassment, and sat quietly in his chair at the left end of the second row. Probably Lansky heard no word of the testimony; for, as Updyke began to assure him that the State's case was so weak that the evidence for the defense would certainly more than rebut it, Lansky inquired, dully, "What makes you think so?"

"Why, man, didn't you hear the testimony? Not a shred of direct evidence! All purely circumstantial, and very weak at that! Your wife's testimony alone will knock it galley-west, if we get it in at all as we should. Cheer up, Lansky; we're doing fine!"

But Lansky, after a brief look at his lawyer, had let his eyes return to the face of the seventh man in the jury box, and there they remained, fixed with an intensity that would have perturbed a less well-contained person than Doctor Rodman.

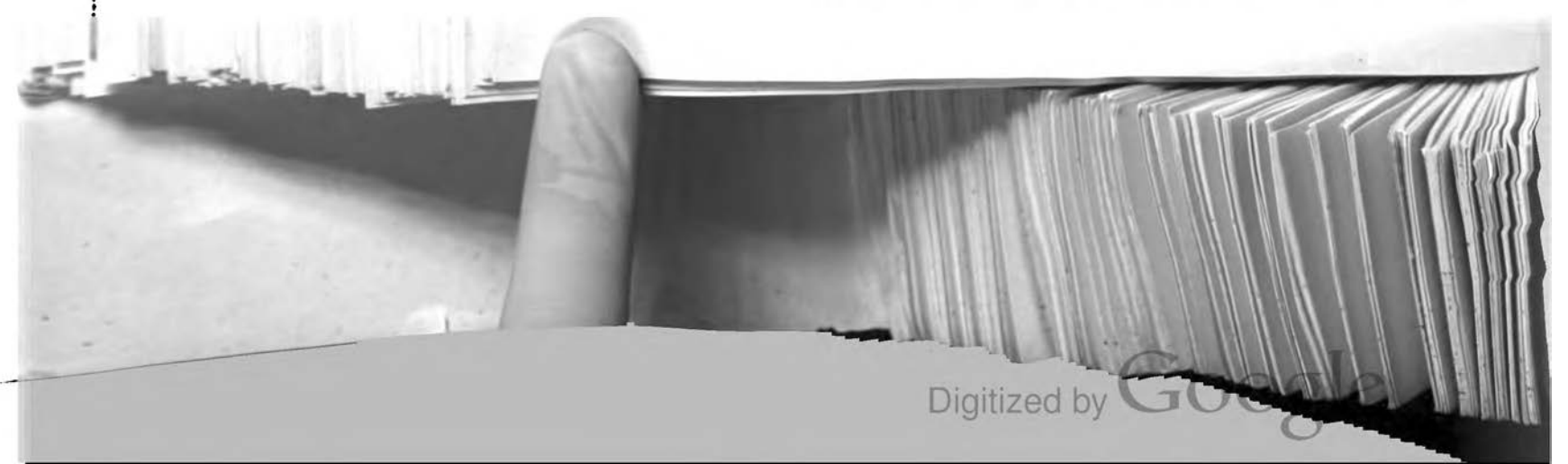
Updyke turned abruptly and called his first witness—the wife of the defendant—by whom he expected to show where and how Lansky had obtained the bonds he had offered for sale. The faded little woman had told a clear and convincing story to the lawyer—a story he had tested by every question he could devise—and he had no doubt of the way she would testify, nor did he fear that the district attorney would be able to shake her testimony on cross-examination. As the shabby figure passed to the witness stand there was a craning of necks and a murmur of whisperings from the court room. She gave no heed to them, but took her seat with face and eyes shining as if illuminated by some great resolve which consumed her with inward fire.

Updyke cleared his throat preparatory to the first question. Before he could speak its first word his coat was clutched violently from behind and pulled with such strength that his chair was nearly overturned. He turned toward the prisoner, who still clutched the coat, but who had slumped down in his chair, a greenish pallor overspreading his face and his frame shaking as if he were afflicted with palsy.

"Stop the trial! Stop the trial!" he whispered, hoarsely.

Years of court-room experience had hardened George Updyke to every sort of demonstration or scene, and he kept his poise. Stepping forward a little, quickly, so that his body shielded Lansky from the view of the judge and jury, the lawyer addressed the bench:

"Your honor, my client has been taken ill it seems. If the jury might be sent to their room for a little while, perhaps the respite would not be unwelcome to them; as for us, we need a little time to permit the defendant to recover from what appears to be but a slight indisposi-



tion. I think we can go on with the trial very soon."

The request was readily granted, as such requests usually are, and the jury filed out. Updyke remained standing in the same position until the last man had disappeared through the door leading to the jury room, then he took Lansky by the arm and supported him to the little room they had occupied before.

Lansky all but collapsed as the door was closed, but managed, presently, to sit up in a chair while Updyke opened the windows. The fresh air revived him and he began to speak:

"I don't want to go on with it, Mr. Updyke. I want to change my plea to 'guilty.' I *am* guilty—I did take those bonds—though God knows I had enough to drive me to it! I want to tell my story to the judge and throw myself on his mercy—I want to tell all about it for they're going to convict me anyway, and I don't want her to tell that lie! It wouldn't do any good—and she'd be a perjurer just to save me! There ain't any use to pretend any longer, Mr. Updyke. That man Rodman has his mind made up—I can see it just as plain as if I heard him say it out loud right in court: 'I'm going to convict him! I'm going to convict him!' And I can't stand it any longer! I can't stand it any longer, I tell you! That's what that doctor is sayin' over in his mind, just as plain as day, 'I'm going to convict him! I'm going to convict him.' And if I let 'em convict me, I'll get the limit! Don't you see that's what that doctor's goin' to do?"

Lansky was almost screaming as he said the last words, and Updyke stepped over and shook him sharply.

"Look here, Lansky, it seems that you and your wife, too, have been lying to me all the time—though God knows I don't blame the woman. I suppose you are guilty—just as you say—but I'm not going to let you make a fool of me! This case is won, I tell you! The State can't convict you! You're seeing things! Doctor Rodman hasn't given a single sign, one way or the other, and he'll vote according to the evidence. Now I want this trial to go right on just as it has been going. First, though, I want you to get me those bonds. I will see that they are returned to the owner, and when that's done nobody will be wronged. Now you send your wife right after those bonds, do you hear me?"

If Lansky even heard what the lawyer said is doubtful; in any case, the words might as well have been the noise of the wind for any effect they had.

Lansky went over and over his ground—that the doctor was saying in his mind, "I'm going to convict him!" and refused to heed any counsel. Finally, in despair, Updyke took him back into the court room and announced that he was ready to proceed. When the jury, the district attorney, and all other functionaries of the court were in their places, Updyke slowly arose. For once his poise had deserted him and his voice shook as he began to speak:

"Your honor, my client desires, at this juncture, to change his plea from 'not guilty' to 'guilty.' And, in his behalf, I call the attention of the court to the weakness of the case made out by the State. I believe the court will agree with me that it was not such a case as would lead one to look for conviction. Hence the motive of the defendant in changing his plea could hardly be from a fear that the case would be conclusive against him in the minds of the jury. That motive must be presumed to rest upon his conscience and a sincere desire to repent and atone. Therefore, if the court please, I crave leniency for this man, who has thus freely confessed his crime, and ask that he be given the minimum sentence under the law!"

The end of the trial, which was, thereafter, so speedily reached, had no significance for Mrs. Lansky. As the lawyer finished his plea, attendants were bearing her, unconscious, from the room. Her husband was no longer Steve Lansky, but a numbered convict with five years to serve.

Three days later, George Updyke was walking to his office when he saw in front of him the figure of Doctor Rodman. Quickening his pace, the lawyer overtook the physician. After a greeting, Updyke broached the subject of the Lansky trial.

"The right-about-face of that man was a great surprise to me, doctor," he said. "Lansky, from the first, had persisted in a remarkably clear and convincing story, which was corroborated, point by point, by his wife's story. What did you think of it?"

"It was as great a surprise to me as it could have been to you," replied the other. "It seems, however, that it was less of a surprise to my colleagues on the jury. I talked the case over with them before we separated; in fact, we took a poll of the jury to see how it would have come out, considering the State's evidence alone, of course, and paying no attention to what might be introduced by the defense. That vote stood eleven to one for conviction!"

"You don't say so! Would you mind telling me the juror who voted for acquittal?"

"It was myself!" replied the doctor.

Denby, Secretary of the Navy

Living proof that truth is stranger than fiction

By PETER GRAY

THIS is the life story of a man who stood at "Attention!" when Admiral Sims went by, during the World War; who learned so much about naval matters that President Harding gave him a place in his cabinet; who, as boss of Uncle Sam's Navy, recalled Admiral Sims from London to explain one of his speeches.

IN the cabinet of President Harding, there is living testimony to the fact that truth is stranger than fiction. There is living testimony that romance does not furnish the only example of men who begin at the bottom and rise to the heights. For among the cabinet officers is a man who started with the humblest, toiled shoulder to shoulder with the most menial, and yet, to-day, is in a position of command.

At one time, Edwin Denby, now Secretary of the United States Navy, was scrubbing decks, polishing brass rails, and cleaning out guns as an ordinary "gob." There was nothing to distinguish him from the thousands of other ordinary seamen, there was nothing to signify that, some day, he would be head of the entire Navy, while those who began with him the routine life of the enlisted man would still be unknown subordinates. Yet, to-day, Denby, who might once have been ordered to do a scullion's work, is in a position to issue orders to the admiral.

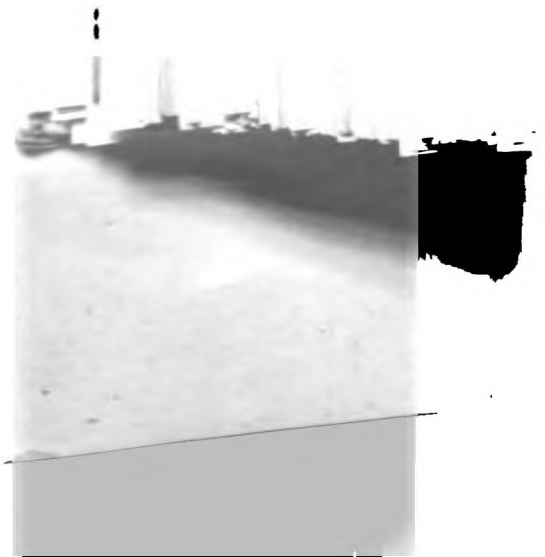
How can we account for the rise of Secretary Denby? How can we explain the fact that a man who started at the foot of the ladder is now at the top, while so many who began with him have not yet reached the first rung? Ability did it. By sheer merit, he has worked his way up.

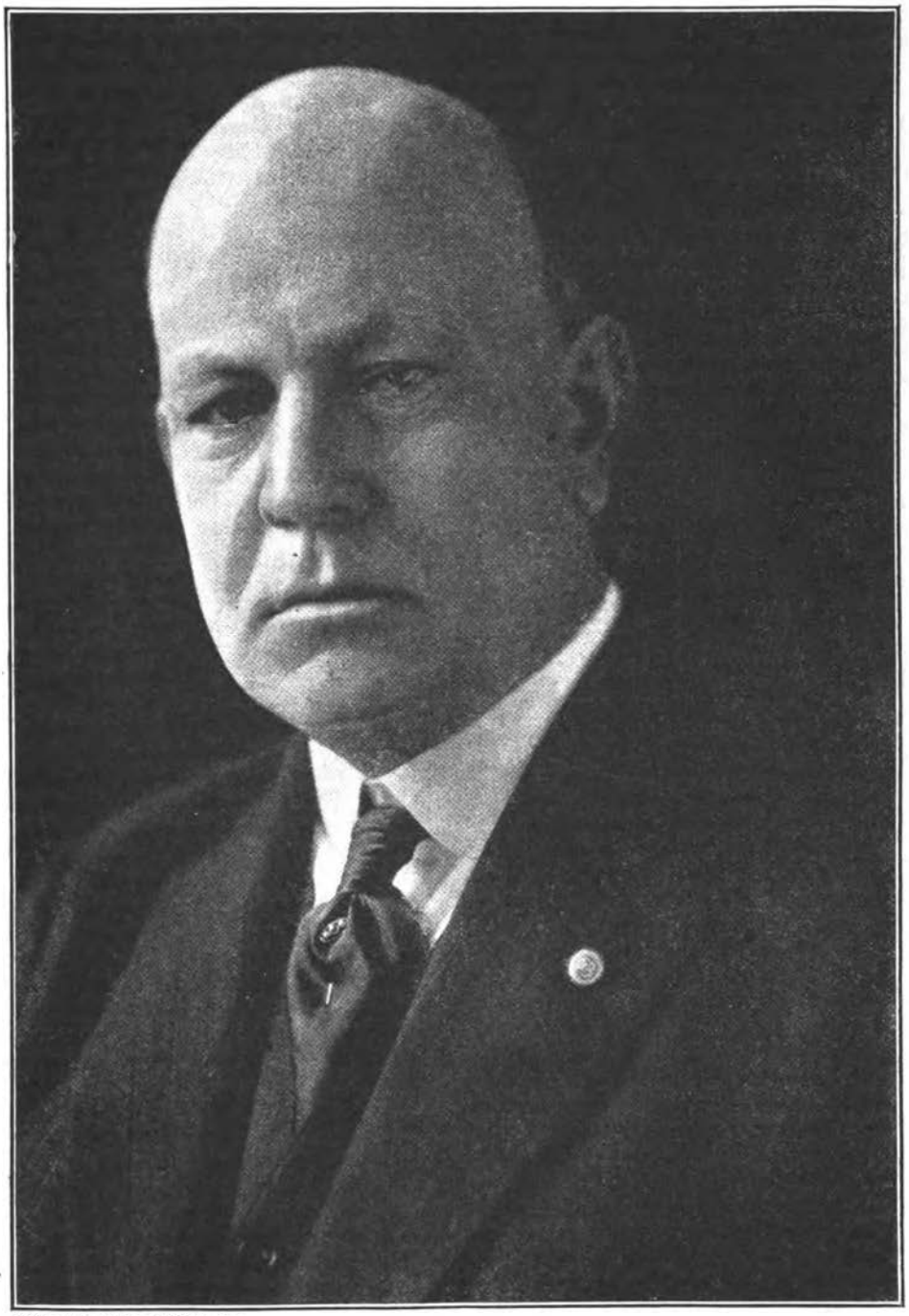
Secretary Denby's career has been varied. He has occupied many civil as well as military positions, and has demonstrated not only adaptability but a capacity for success in whatever he undertook. Born in Evansville, Indiana, in 1870, he received his early education in the schools of Evansville and in the University of Michigan; but, in 1885, he traveled to China with his father, Charles Denby, then United States Minister to that country; and for ten years thereafter, he worked in the Imperial Chinese Maritime Service under Sir Robert Hare. Here he gained experience which proved of great value when he returned to the United States to practice law.

When the Spanish-American War started, the lure of the battleships proved stronger than law reports, and the young attorney volunteered for his first experience in that field in which he was later to attain distinction. He enlisted in the Navy, became a gunner's mate, and served throughout the Cuban campaign. In the course of this experience he gained much of the knowledge of navigation and naval regulations that, subsequently, was to prove one of his most valuable assets.

Receiving his honorable discharge at the close of the Spanish-American War, Edwin Denby returned to Michigan and resumed the practice of law. A few years later, he was elected to the Michigan House of Representatives, in which he served during 1902 and 1903; and thus he made his entrance into public life, in which, from that time forth, he was to become increasingly prominent. In recognition of his services in the Michigan State Legislature, he was elected to Congress, in 1904; and there his success was such that he was twice re-elected. It was while in Congress that he began to make naval affairs his specialty; and it was there, also, that he met John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, who was instrumental in causing the choice of Denby by President Harding.

AT the close of his congressional career in 1911, Denby again resumed the practice of law. In the same year, also, he married Miss Marian Bartlett Thurber, daughter of the secretary to President Cleveland. From then until the entrance of the United States in the World War, in 1917, his life was comparatively uneventful; but, at that time, the old appeal of





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EDWIN DENBY

During the World War he was private of marines; to-day he is Secretary of the Navy in President Harding's Cabinet

the colors again summoned him, and he volunteered to serve in the Marine Corps. It was not without difficulty that he was accepted. His disqualifications were numerous; his obvious qualifications few; there were so few respects in which he seemed suited for service that the medical officer tactfully advised him that the best way he could serve his country was to return to Detroit.

HE was over age—forty-six; he was over height—more than six feet; he was overweight—he tipped the scales at 254 pounds. But such obstacles were not sufficient to daunt a man of Denby's determination. He had recourse to the powers that handle the red tape; he filed claims, counterclaims, waivers, and appeals; he brought as much influence to bear as if he were on trial for his life. Finally, thanks to his persistency, he was admitted as a private in the Marine Corps.

It was an extraordinary thing, this spectacle of a man of forty-six, a former congressman and successful lawyer, striving with all the power in him for the privilege of wearing the uniform of an ordinary seaman. Clearly, here was an unusual man; and to the person who gave the matter a moment's thought it would have been apparent that here was a man unusual in the ways that make for success. For one thing, it would have been evident that he was a true democrat, a man who found no task beneath him. It is not likely that Denby relished more than the others the opportunity to peel potatoes, clean beds, polish windows, or stand guard in the rain; but all these duties he voluntarily assumed, and it is not recorded that he ever wavered or complained.

He was one of the marines, and was content to be such; there was no task he shunned, no duty he shirked; his sole object was to do his duty, and do it well. Accordingly, when some one suggested that Denby be made a sergeant, in order to relieve him from the more menial tasks, he refused flatly. "I can't accept a sergeant's warrant," he said, "because I've learned that a sergeant has to know his business. I don't know it yet."

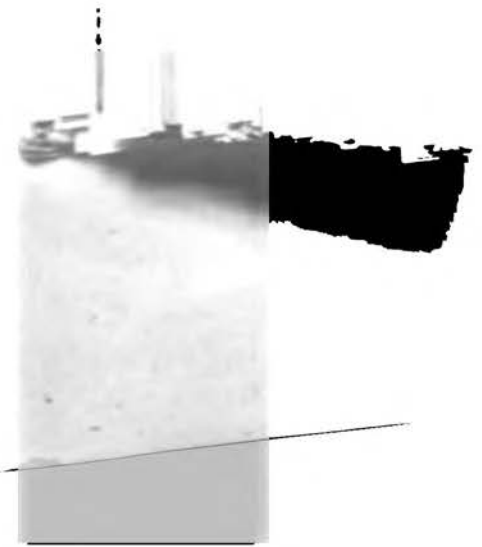
But whether or not he knew a sergeant's business at that time, he certainly learned it in the end, with the result that he emerged from the war a major.

At the time of his appointment as Secretary of the Navy, Denby was engaged in manifold duties unconnected with naval work. He was not only a member of a prominent Detroit law firm, but was participating in many social and charitable activities; he was probation officer of the Recorder's Court of Detroit, and, incidentally, was spending part of his time in the manufacture of motor-cars. Yet, when a bigger position called to him, he unhesitatingly abandoned his other activities. An opportunity to direct the United States Navy accords perfectly with Denby's idea of what a job should be; and he is not only contented in his new work, but enthusiastic about it. It is said that he enjoys it all, even down to the irksome routine of signing his name several hundred times a day. He finds particular pleasure in roaming about the offices of the naval department, exploring places where naval secretaries, hitherto, have been practically unknown quantities, getting acquainted with the office force, and investigating the details of the work of his department.

Mr. Armour's motto was:
"I EMPLOY Optimists to produce results and Pessimists to figure them up."

In this is to be seen one of the secrets of Denby's success. It is not only that he takes exacting pains to do his task well—it is not only that he loves the work, and, hence, is better qualified to perform it efficiently, but he does not place himself on a pedestal, and does not hesitate to mingle with the men on whose shoulders falls the brunt of the work. It is because of this that he has numerous friends—it is because of this, also, that, when appointed Secretary of the Navy, he received scores of personal congratulations from men in all walks of life, particularly from those with whom he had worked shoulder to shoulder as common seaman and as private of marines.

YET, while a good friend to the men with whom he served, Denby is a strict disciplinarian and does not allow friendship to interfere with his naval duties. Not long ago, for example, a private, who had served at his side, got into difficulties with his commanding officer, and wrote to Denby requesting the Secretary to intercede. The Secretary replied that he was sorry, that he could not allow personal sentiment to interfere with justice, and could not honestly release his friend from that which another in the same position would



have to suffer. However, Denby invited the offender to come to see him on the expiration of his sentence, and signified a willingness to aid him at that time.

While stern and rigorous in his insistence on equal dealing for all, he likes to do favors and his popularity is largely to be accounted for by his readiness to do a friend a good turn. Genial and kindly in appearance, he is the type of man one need only meet in order to like. He is smiling constantly and has a frank, friendly manner that wins one to him instantly.

BOOST!

Remember that Satan remained in heaven until he began to knock his home town.

THUS far, Secretary Denby has succeeded well in offce. He has had his critics, and advocates of universal disarmament, more than once, have pointed out that his scheme to make the United States Navy the largest in the world does not accord with plans for enduring peace. Though this be the truth, it could hardly be expected that a Secretary of the Navy should advocate reducing the importance of his own department. And, outside of this, he has aroused adverse comment in but one respect. That was in the case of Admiral Sims, who recently caused a furore by making some remarks in London, friendly to England and inimical to Ireland. Intensely aroused over the affair, Secretary Denby at once wired Admiral Sims to return home; but this action was clearly the result of mere impulse, for the administration did not delay to announce that it was taken without consulting the President, and, hence, presumably, was not in accordance with the established policy of the administration.

Beyond this, however, Denby has been universally commended. His knowledge of naval affairs and requirements is undoubted; and, likewise, his executive ability and his zeal in the pursuance of his duties are beyond question. In addition, he has the advantage of having worked his way up from the bottom, and of being generally revered by the men from whose ranks he rose.

What the Twentieth Century College President Must Be

OVER thirty colleges in the United States recently were seeking presidential timber and finding it exceedingly scarce, notwithstanding the fact that there are more than six hundred institutions of higher learning in this country which are constantly turning out graduates.

The evolution of the college president, during the last hu dred years, is very interesting. The trustees, even those of the denominational colleges, are no longer looking for orthodox clergymen to fill the office. They are all looking for a composite sort of a president—one who is a good scholar, suave, courteous, a good mixer, a good after-dinner speaker, a man of tact and diplomacy—one who, whatever else he lacks, must be a good money-raiser, a magical toucher of pocketbooks, for the colleges and universities are all competing in their efforts to secure funds. With all this, he must be, over and above all, a man of the highest principles, a gentlemen in every sense of the word.

Some of our colleges have been hunting for half a dozen years or more for a president who can fill this sort of position. It is not an easy position to fill, for the college president now in demand must be a master man; and, of course, such a man could make very much more money in the business world than it is possible to make at the head of a college.

Such men are Dr. Richard E. Burton, now President of Oberlin, who was once a newsboy in Minneapolis and later President of the University of Minnesota, in the very city where, as a boy, he sold papers; and Dr. James R. Angell, the new President of Yale. It would be difficult to match these men in any college or business institution. Yet their qualifications are just those that will raise young men to a high position in whatever career they choose.

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That Man Is Happy—

WHO values honor and a good name above riches.

Who can enjoy the landscape without owning the land.

Who can face poverty and misfortune with cheerfulness and courage.

Who has a hearty appreciation of the beautiful in human life as well as in nature.

Who has a contented mind liberally stored with the knowledge that makes life interesting.

To whom plain living, high thinking and useful work constitutes real riches.

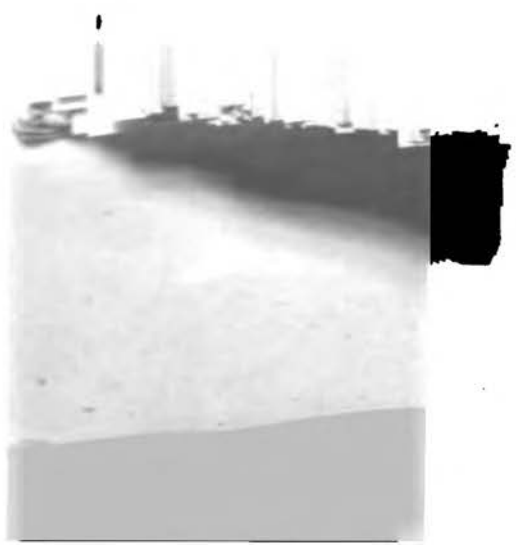
Who is conscious of his oneness with the One.

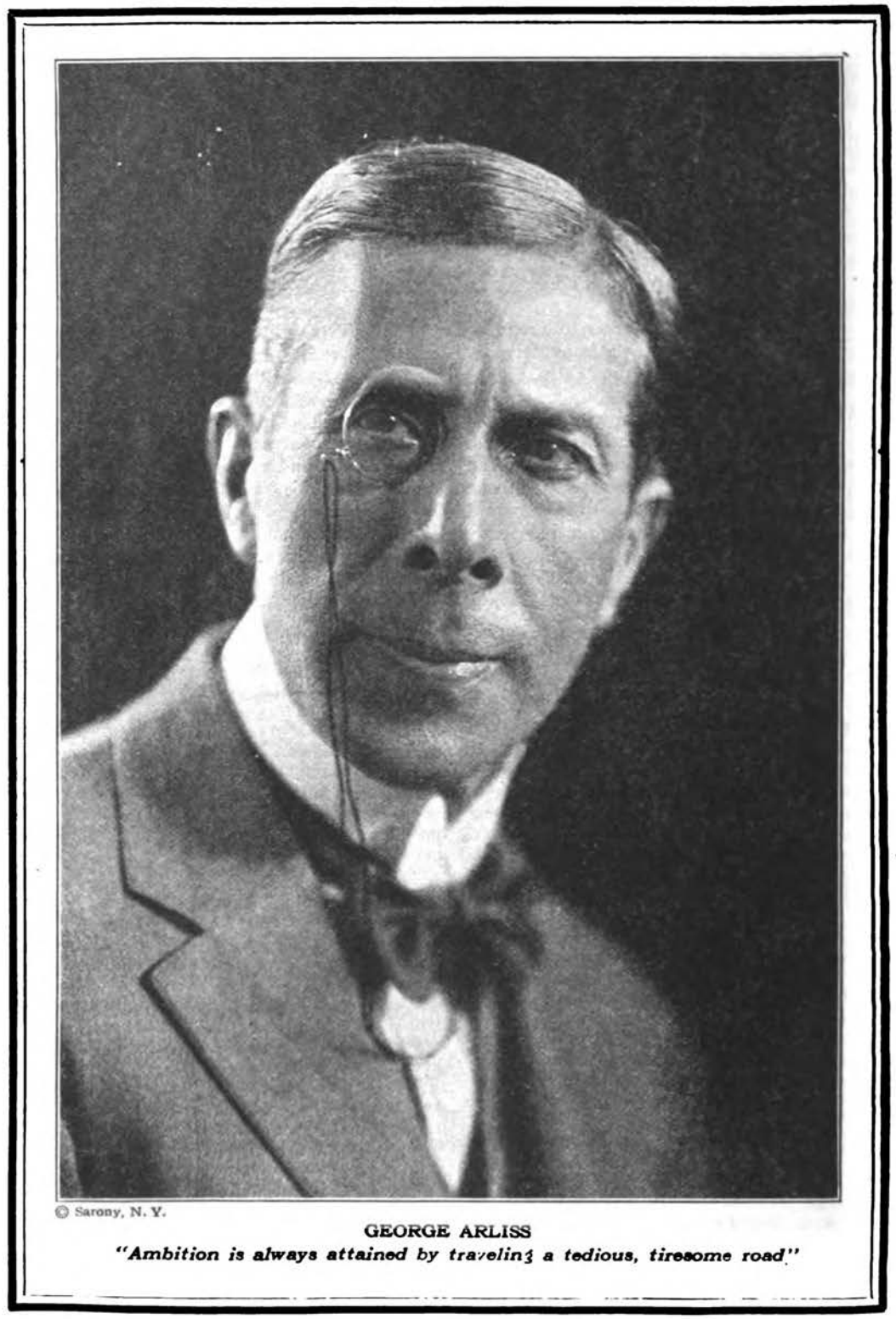
Who has a harmonious, happy home.

Who has learned how to neutralize fear thoughts and worry thoughts by their antidotes.

◆ ◆ ◆

Trademarks are time savers. They speak for themselves.





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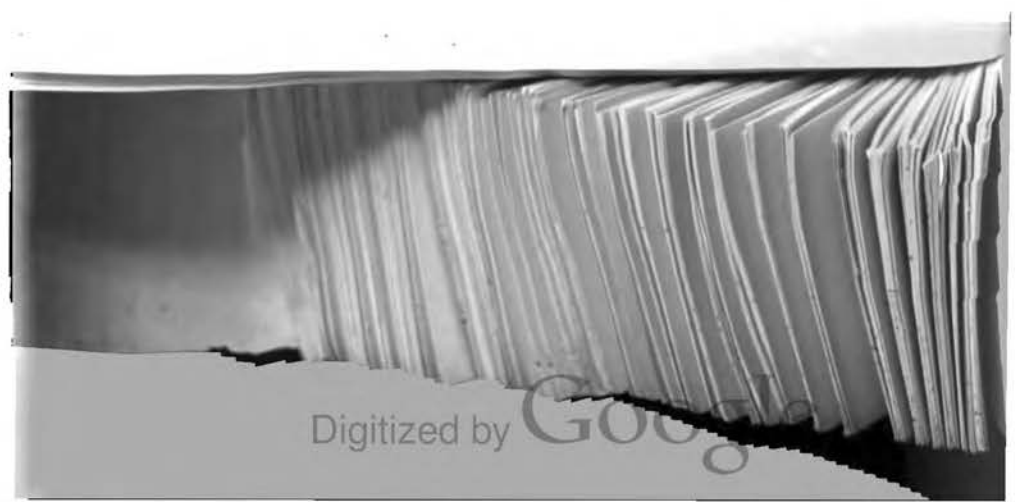
GEORGE ARLISS

"Ambition is always attained by traveling a tedious, tiresome road"



Every Business and Profession Will Always Have "Stars"

Says GEORGE ARLISS, Actor

In an Exclusive Interview for THE NEW SUCCESS

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

ARE your ambitions along the lines of a successful stage-career? If so, here is the recipe of a master of the art. It was given in an exclusive interview for THE NEW SUCCESS, by George Arliss, now playing in "The Green Goddess" at the Booth Theater, New York. Mr. Arliss is a "star" who has risen to a rank attained by only a few of the world's foremost thespians, past and present. Hence his advice is based upon experience and sound reasoning. Mr. Arliss says that your chief requisite is Personality plus Determination — Patience — and the willingness to work hard. He does not believe that the "star" has passed out of the dramatic firmament, as some people think. He tells why there are—and always will be—stars in every calling on earth.

TO say that the personality of George Arliss, actor, is fascinating, is not fulsome but truthful. My interview with him, in the parlor of his dressing room at the Booth Theater, New York, only increased the impression of personal magnetism which he has often conveyed to me across the footlights. Arliss is a calm, courteous, cultured man, whose individuality is so striking that it has made an indelible impression on the theater-going public and won him a legion of admirers.

He is an actor, an author, a scholar, and a gentleman. He represents the best traditions of the theater plus a subtle charm of demeanor that makes him a lovable man in the real meaning of the word.

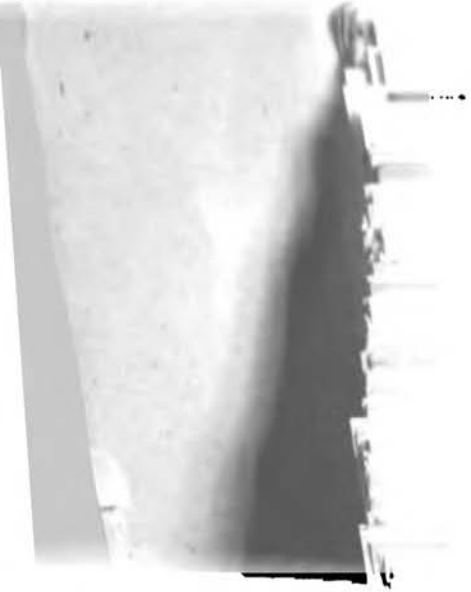
"*Personality* is, perhaps, the *open sesame* to theatrical success," said Mr. Arliss, "but don't ask me to define it. I don't know that I have ever seen a satisfactory definition of *Personality*. Perhaps its dominating ingredient is Imagination. If one has personality, almost everything else may be eliminated—one may then have a humped back, crooked legs, or a wall eye.

"And because this is the case, no actor or actress, no manager, no editor, no layman can advise the ambitious aspirant as to whether or not it is wise to follow the stage. In my daily mail, I receive many letters from young people on the verge of undertaking a life-work. They are, of course, from those attracted by the outward glamor of the stage who know nothing of the vicissitudes concealed behind the scenes, and the long struggles before the night when one steps forth for public judgment.

"One letter is from a young woman who states that she is nineteen, considered good looking, and is entranced over the idea of becoming a great actress. Another is from a youth of twenty, who has succeeded in college dramatics and believes he is destined to wear a kingly histrionic mantle. They appeal to me as to what they should do!

"I can give them but one answer. Go ahead and try. If one could take an examination before a board of college professors and have them determine the question of fitness or eligibility for a stage career, it would be easy. But, unfortunately, this cannot be done. Neither the aspirant, nor the teacher, nor the shrewdest manager can accurately decide upon an individual's adaptability for the stage. The public decides that."

For a moment, Mr. Arliss leaned back and toyed thoughtfully with his monocle. "The stage is a very good business," he continued.



"It gives its successful followers a very good living. It is a pleasant task, if one is fitted for it. But one must be a good fighter.

"The career of an actor or an actress is always filled with heartbreaks and disappointments. But what profession is not—if one really cares? Unless a man or a woman is content to lead a mediocre life and exist on a bare living, almost any walk of endeavor must have its black days and its mists of discouragement. Ambition is always attained by traveling a tedious, tiresome road.

"BUT work on the stage is horribly personal. One's successes are public—and one's failures are painfully public. One cannot create a character which is merely satisfactory to the actor or the actress, but one must paint a personal picture that will appeal to the countless folks who support the theater. The theater is art—but it is also business. Yet managers *cannot* make stars, at least, they can only make twinkling stars. The *public* makes them by feeling and indicating unmistakably, its pleasure in the performance of a given actor or actress.

"That is why the so-called 'star' system will never—can never—be eliminated no matter what may be the producers' opposition to it. In law, in medicine, in literature, as in countless other artistic and commercial pursuits, the 'star' system exists just as it exists on the stage. In every field there have always been, and always will be, outstanding figures. They have attained their prominence and the permanency of their places, because of honest endeavor, unceasing toil, natural aptitude or talent, and—possibly *personality*.

"Of course, many unworthy 'stars' have been foisted on the public, from time to time, But the effort is futile. Business combinations, associations of managers and of actors, unions, and what not, cannot maintain an individual in the limelight any more than those interests can eliminate a truly great artist from his or her place in the public regard and esteem. Those who sit in the audience pass judgment. They constitute the court of last resort—the final arbiters in the awarding of the laurel wreath and in snatching it from swollen, hollow brows.

"In business, in the strict sense of the word, wealth and power may dominate and dictate. In the making of bricks, the carving of chairs, and the building of railroads, the commercial element is, perhaps, supreme—but even there, public favor plays its part in permanent success. And in these lines, as well, there are 'stars.'

"Which," continued Arliss, "leads me back to the thought that in no field can personal desire or imagined talent, or favoritism, or false advertising make a public idol that will not prove to have feet of clay unless inborn ability plus industry be at its back.' '

"*What is your application of that statement to the present situation in the motion-picture field?*" *I asked.* "*Do you attribute the chaotic condition in screen activities to the abuse you have mentioned?*"

"It would seem to prove my theory of 'stardom,' " he answered meditatively. "Screen 'stars' should not be measured by different standards than stage stars. Work, ability and personality are essential before the camera as well as behind the footlights. 'Stars' will exist so long as marked ability exhibits itself—and no longer. Public favor creates, and makes 'stars' endure. Artificial methods do not.

"It is easy to be placed at the top of the tree—but the big thing is to *stay* there. That is the test. One may see one's name glittering from the electric sign, but the lights will burn out unless the public pays personal tribute to the actor. They will fade with the silent fall of the curtain and the cessation of genuine applause. One's name may appear in gigantic type on the billboards, or in bold-face capitals in the programme; but once the public interest ebbs, electricity, type and printer's ink are of no avail.

"Even in the old days of stock companies—and, as you know, many of them included the best American actors—there was always one predominant player. He, or she, may have been the owner or the chief benefactor of the performances; but even under such conditions, it was public favor that made the 'star' secure."

IN his play, "The Green Goddess," Mr. Arliss portrays, charmingly, the Rajah of Rukh, a supreme sovereign of a barbaric State in the midst of the Himalayas. A British major, asking his freedom, twits the Rajah with the fact that his refusal to consent is a stall, because the ruler of the tiny State is the supreme monarch of all that he surveys. Mr. Arliss—speaking the words of the ruler—tells the major that he is only a supreme ruler because he gives his subjects what they wish—and the subjects wish the major's life. The Rajah further says that any absolute monarch who does not let his subjects have what they imagine they desire is doomed. Thus, the spoken lines of the play confirm Mr. Arliss's conception of stage stardom.

"So you see," Mr. Arliss mused, "actors and

kings are dependent on giving the people what they wish. It has always been so with the theater, whether road company or stock company. There has always been a principal character that the public liked best. It made no difference who wished to be the principal actor. The populace made the decision. Personality, ambition, ability, work—these were always the answer."

George Arliss was born in London, April 10, 1868. His first stage appearance was at the Elephant and Castle Theater in his native city, when he was but nineteen years old. But the time which intervened between his initial performance and his secure position of to-day, was full of tortures for a soul as sensitive as that of this artist. Many were his rebuffs; but, through all of them, his dominating ambition and his winning personality stood out belligerently.

"It was ten years after my debut that I obtained my first real chance," he told me. "I have never obtained anything rapidly, but perhaps I have gained by this in the end. Too easy success does not make for good work. One is apt to become careless under too early applause. Possibly the very unanticipation of success is the greatest boon of having made good."

He was silent for a moment. I did not like to interrupt him as he toyed with the ribbon of his glass. "Success is generally a slow growth," he resumed, almost to himself. "It comes from pegging and pegging and pegging away."

Of course, a man remembers the circumstances of his first success, but Arliss is too modest to relate his in detail. I broached the subject but did not feel it fair to press him, although I was consumed with curiosity. So I let the matter pass.

LIKE most men of his type, be they actors, diplomats, or other professional or creative men, Mr. Arliss is retiring, yet distinctly conscious of his skill. He is not temperamental in the usual sense of the word, yet he is an æsthete. It was his personality, probably, that secured him his first American engagement with the company of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. With her, the comparatively unknown English actor made his first tour of this country in the season of 1901.

"*Do you consider America a greater field for your art than England?*"

"Yes," he said. "I do think the actor has greater opportunity here—not because of the larger population and the greater spending potentiality, but because, as a whole, Americans care for the theater more than the people of some other countries. English people do not depend so much on outside—manufactured amusement. They have the habit of spending their evenings at home. I recall my own childhood. In the evening, we children would not ask mother where she proposed to take us, but what she was going to *read* to us."

There was a twinkle behind Mr. Arliss's monocle as he looked at me and said: "When the young man calls on the young lady, in America, her first question generally is, 'What show shall we see to-night?' Isn't it true?

"IT was nearly time for Mr. Arliss to make-up as the sinister Rajah of Rukh.

"*Do you prefer rôles such as the one you are now playing, or the historical figures you have impersonated in the past?*"

"I must confess," he replied, "that I have a sort of hankering for historical rôles. They are fascinating. No matter how well known the character may be, one can always secure fresh sidelights—new presentations of his individuality and his peculiarities. One is never finished making the portrait—when playing an historical rôle.

"There is another interesting side to it. When I played in 'Paganini,' also when in 'Disraeli' and in 'Hamilton,' I discovered it. I met people who had known Disraeli, relatives of Paganini and innumerable decendants of the Hamilton family. They gave interesting little bits of gossip which helped me, told me of little traits of character, little mannerisms, likes and dislikes! You can readily see from this where the fascination lies in an historical rôle."

I interrupted Mr. Arliss to suggest an historical character whose personality I believe he could reflect admirably. He looked up quickly, and said, "That sounds interesting. Do give me the names of the books about him and enable me to study the character."

"*Stage success is not acquired suddenly—you think?*"

"There is not likely to be any lasting success that is of rapid growth. The stage means constant striving. Few actors or actresses spring to fame suddenly—overnight, as it were—who have not a record of years of work in obscurity.

"As a rule success as an actor can only be obtained by appearing for a number of years before the public. Such an apprenticeship is essential to that ripeness which enables the actor to equip himself with the poise and background essential to a finished and convincing portrayal.

"I recall an old actor saying that few women can play *Juliet* before they reach the age of forty. I think he was not far wrong.

"Few men in stage life are recognized for at least ten years. Theater goers must become familiar with the actor and his personality. He must obtain a following. Of course, there are exceptions but these are more often of mushroom growth.

The faithful and popular portrayal of one character does not make a seasoned actor. To do one rôle well may be the result of accident. To do a variety of characterizations and to have the public applaud them all is the aim of the true actor. And that, as I have said, entails application, determination, heartbreaks, and unceasing work."

In addition to his theatrical and literary work, Mr. Arliss is an active figure in the Actors' Church Alliance of America and is President of the National Anti-Vivisection Association.

He Leaped Over Great Disadvantages

Senator Swanson, of Virginia, refused to remain a poor boy

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN

© Harris & Ewing

SENATOR SWANSON

A LEADER of his party in the United States Senate is Claude Augustus Swanson, senator from Virginia and yet, I venture to say that if he had to blot from his record all but one of three services in which he has distinguished himself — the House of Representatives, the chief executive of Virginia, and the Senate of the United States, he would retain the record as governor of Virginia in preference to that which he has made in either branch of Congress. And why? Because he has left an indelible record in Virginia, and one that will be remembered long after his achievements in Congress have been forgotten. That record was in originating and putting in operation a good-road system which received the commendation of the people and gave him a prominence not only in his own State but in other States which have followed Virginia's example.

Senator Swanson is a self-made man; that is, he started out under great disadvantages, being a poor boy and having to work his way through school and college, earning his living in various sorts of ways and finally teaching school the latter part of his college term. Then he became a lawyer, but he was a politician as well as a lawyer, and, in 1892, he was elected a member of Congress. He served in the House of Representatives for twelve years and was re-elected for another term, but he resigned after the seventh election in order to assume the duties of governor of Virginia.

FOR four years he was governor of the Old Dominion, and an eventful four years it was. During that time, the Jamestown Exposition was held, and Virginia's governor and his charming wife were the host and hostess to the distinguished visitors who went to Hampton Roads during the exposition. These visitors included President Roosevelt and members of his Cabinet ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries, princes of reigning houses in Europe, governors of the States, senators, representatives, and men distinguished in the business and financial world. Of course, the prominence of Virginia at that time, made more so, on account of the interest and activity of Governor and Mrs. Swanson, brought him into favorable notice; but it was not in a social way, nor as the chief magistrate of Virginia on gala occasions, that Governor Swanson made the record of which he may well be proud.

He lays no claim to being the originator of the good-roads movement, for we had been talking of good roads for many years, and efforts had been made in different States and by different localities to improve the road system, but Governor Swanson took hold of it and made it a State matter; he saw that roads could not be built by counties and communities, by cities and municipalities; he saw that a State must assume the responsibility of such an important undertaking, expend its funds in all directions throughout the State and secure the coöperation of counties and communities in order to make road building a success.

Afterward, as senator, he applied the same system to national highways by supporting measures which committed the federal government to the assistance of the States in road building. As governor, he made road building a State affair. As senator, he helped to enlarge it to a national undertaking, and thus, we have laid the foundations for good roads throughout the United States.

A MAN may serve many years in the House of Representatives and may have a position on the very best committees of that body and yet he will not be distinguished according to the yard-stick by which we measure statesmen.

A man must do something, or be something out of the ordinary, to achieve prominence in the House of Representatives. He may become speaker; he may become the leader of the majority or the minority, or he may remain there half a century, and then he has achieved greatness. But it takes something more than the speakership, something more than the leadership, and something more than long service for a man to become either a Blaine or a Reed in the House of Representatives.

Thus, it happened, that after several years in the House of Representatives, Swanson had become a member of the Ways and Means Committee, one of the most important committees of the House, and yet he was not distinguished. But, as governor of the Old Dominion, governor of a great State, and a governor who achieved results, he earned a reputation which is lasting.

IN the Senate, where he has been for ten years, Senator Swanson has already made a place for himself, and is a recognized leader on his side. As a member of the Foreign Relations Committee he has taken a prominent part in all of the international affairs that have been so intensely interesting during the past six years. He was either permanent or active chairman of the Naval Committee, and had charge of all the important measures which pertained to the Navy, a position where he had to meet the demands of the world war. He was one of the first men in the Senate to champion the League of Nations, and his speech, in defense of that instrument, was from the first, the textbook of the Democrats who supported this very important international agreement—in many respects the most important that has ever been made in the history of the United States. As a member of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, Senator Swanson has been able to do a great deal for road building, following up the work which he did in this same direction as governor of Virginia.

Drummers Sell by Photographs

Fleet of trunks no longer travels with up-to-date salesman

"DON'T need any albums to-day, sir," said the busy merchant, casting an unfriendly eye at the traveling salesman who had invaded the privacy of his office. "I can't be——"

The salesman held up a deprecating hand and smiled. He flopped the book from under his arm to the merchant's desk and turned the pages.

"Would you be interested in something snappy in bathing caps? Sell like hot cakes this summer. Or in a line of ladies' sweaters, or house dresses?"

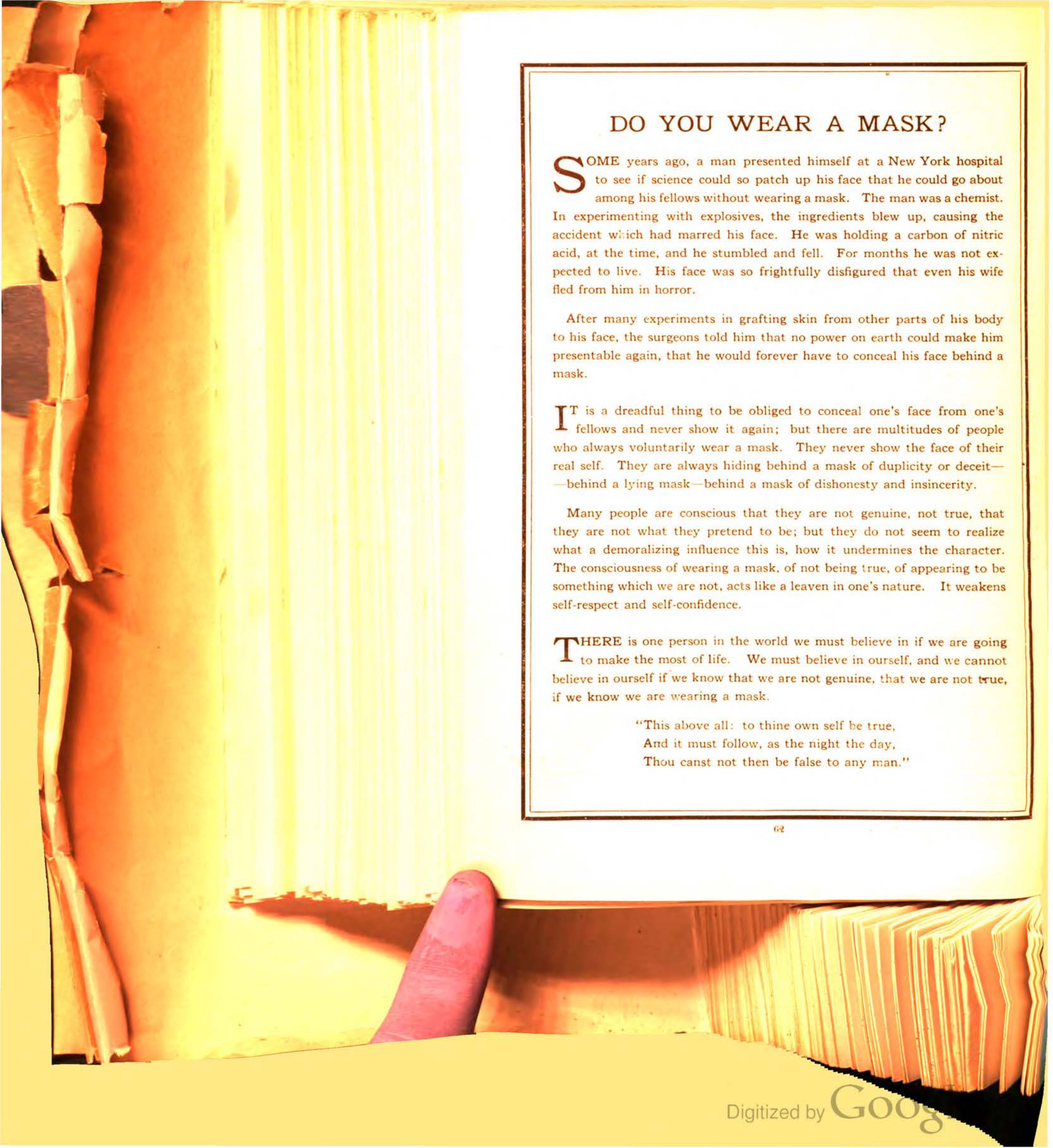
The sample man of 1921—or some of his number—travels light. The dozen bulky trunks that impeded his progress and swelled his expense account in years gone by are on the retired list. He carries three, or possibly four, with him now. But does he get the business? He certainly does. And how?

Brian Sando of Indianapolis, a member of the National Sample Men's Association, which met in Chicago recently, gave the answer. He opened a trunk and took out a bunch of cards.

"Here," he said, "is what has supplanted the woman's dress that we used to carry around with us. We have a photograph of a girl wearing the dress, and, at the side, a 'swatch' of the goods. You can see for yourself how many of these cards we can carry in place of one dress."

The sample man is a psychologist. You should see these girls posing with bathing caps or in dresses, or in sweaters!

The merchant, hard-headed though he be, cannot help but be impressed with the gallery of beauty. —*Chicago News.*



DO YOU WEAR A MASK?

SOME years ago, a man presented himself at a New York hospital to see if science could so patch up his face that he could go about among his fellows without wearing a mask. The man was a chemist. In experimenting with explosives, the ingredients blew up, causing the accident which had marred his face. He was holding a carbon of nitric acid, at the time, and he stumbled and fell. For months he was not expected to live. His face was so frightfully disfigured that even his wife fled from him in horror.

After many experiments in grafting skin from other parts of his body to his face, the surgeons told him that no power on earth could make him presentable again, that he would forever have to conceal his face behind a mask.

IT is a dreadful thing to be obliged to conceal one's face from one's fellows and never show it again; but there are multitudes of people who always voluntarily wear a mask. They never show the face of their real self. They are always hiding behind a mask of duplicity or deceit——behind a lying mask—behind a mask of dishonesty and insincerity.

Many people are conscious that they are not genuine, not true, that they are not what they pretend to be; but they do not seem to realize what a demoralizing influence this is, how it undermines the character. The consciousness of wearing a mask, of not being true, of appearing to be something which we are not, acts like a leaven in one's nature. It weakens self-respect and self-confidence.

THERE is one person in the world we must believe in if we are going to make the most of life. We must believe in ourself, and we cannot believe in ourself if we know that we are not genuine, that we are not true, if we know we are wearing a mask.

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Decided on His Life Work When He Was 11 Years Old

Victor Henry Hanson, publisher of *The Birmingham News*, shaped his career at that age, and has succeeded

By GARRARD HARRIS

MANY men who have achieved success are prone to tell of youthful determination leading to their later preëminence—but mighty few of them are able to prove it. Victor Henry Hanson, publisher and principal owner of "The Birmingham News," has the proof that he started out to be a newspaper publisher, for he has the file of "The City Item," launched by him in Macon, Georgia, when he was eleven years of age. He has never had any other ambition than to be a successful newspaper publisher. He stuck to his obsession until, now, he finds himself at the head of a powerful newspaper growing in influence; which, under his direction, is a great constructive force in his State. You can win out if you want to!

VICTOR HENRY HANSON is a one-hundred-per-cent success because he knew what he wanted and went after that one thing and kept after that one object. He made his début into a newspaper family. His father, Major Henry C. Hanson, was a newspaperman. The Hanson's lived at Barnesville, Georgia, when Victor was born, January 16, 1876. Soon after this event, Major Hanson moved to Macon and became editor of the Macon *Daily Telegraph*.

Victor went to the public school in Macon and spent as much time as possible hanging around *The Telegraph* office where the printers showed him how to set type and the make-up men taught him the mysteries of that art. He picked up so much information that, in 1887, in his eleventh year, he decided to publish a paper of his own.

With two other boys, he launched *The City Item*, a one-page publication, two columns wide and six inches deep. It was published every Saturday and the subscription was one cent a week. Victor Hanson set the type, himself, in *The Telegraph* office, and printed his weekly on the proof press.

ONE of the most treasured possessions of Mr. Hanson is a bound file of *The City Item*. The first copy in the file is undated, but bears at the head the announcement: "Published once a week by Hanson & Ellis. Jack Brantley, editor." By the fourth issue Editor Brantley disappeared from the scene and Bruce Jones is announced as occupying the editorial chair. Further information is that *The City Item* was published at 31 Orange Street. This was in June, 1887.

There must have been some internal convulsion, for the next issue, Vol. I.; No. 5, displays at the masthead, "*The City Item* Publishing Co.," with no names mentioned. This was doubtless to settle questions of precedence and importance in the organization, prone to be argued otherwise with much lung power and punctuated by fistic encounters. This arrangement proved oil on the troubled journalistic waters for six weeks. Then the upheaval came, and Vol. I.; No. 11, carries the announcement: "Issued every Saturday, at 303 Orange Street, by Victor Hanson." Others might come and go but Victor stuck to his idea and his own notion of running the paper, and ended by running it himself. The incident is indicative of the man. He sticks and he dominates—but never domineers.

MEANWHILE, Major Hanson had formed a connection in Columbus, Georgia, with the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, as editor, and moved to that city with his family. Victor packed up the job-lot of old type, chase, proof-press and other junk appertaining to the plant of *The City Item* with the notion of enlightening Columbus as he had done Macon.

He fell in with a neighborhood boy and they set up the outfit in a servant's room in the Hanson home. No. 18; Vol. I., of *The City Item* came out with the announcement that it was issued "By Hanson & Duy, 1320 3rd Avenue." That was March 31, 1888, but No. 19, published Saturday, April 7, a week later, shows that Mr. Duy did not take kindly to the newspaper business, for Victor Hanson's name is in print as sole publisher.

The writer of this article asked Mr. Hanson what became of his other associates and why they vanished from the scene with such inevitable eventuality.

"I don't remember exactly—fights, I reckon. I am always having 'em. I've been fighting in one way or another all my life," he replied laughingly.

And yet, he is the most amiable of men, slow to wrath and calm in his judgments. But, when there is no way out but a fight on a matter of principle, he wades in. That is one of the reasons *The Birmingham News* has its standing in the affection of its readers.

THE *Times* of Eufaula, Alabama, had this to say of the new visitor to its exchange table:

> Columbus has a new weekly paper, *The City Item*, published by Victor Hanson. This young gentleman is not yet in his teens. He is entering early on a journalistic life. We hope this may be the beginning of a bright career.

Victor was then twelve years old.

With its advent in Columbus, *The City Item* went to four pages and carried some advertisements in that first Columbus issue, Vol. I.; No. 18. From then on, the inherent business instinct of the boy, now known as the best business-getter in southern newspaper circles, began to manifest itself. He early adopted, and with success, circulation methods in vogue among other publications—the premium scheme, for instance. In *The City Item* of June 19, 1888, being Vol. I.; No. 23, the following announcement is made:

> The Waterbury watch offered by *The City Item* as a premium for new subscriptions, was drawn by Miss Lottie Dillingham and has been delivered to the little lady with our compliments. *The City Item* will offer another watch or some other handsome article as premium for new subscribers in a short time. The announcement will probably appear in our next issue.

In that same issue, under the heading "Getting There With Both Feet," the youthful publisher thus jubilates:

> The circulation of this issue of *The City Item*, in Columbus, Brownville, and Girard, is one thousand copies. It will be larger, brighter, and better next Sunday, and its circulation will also be larger. Advertisers should keep this in mind.

On the same date, Publisher Hanson inaugurated the "Want Column"—five cents a line for first insertion, and two and a half cents for subsequent ones. It grew to be well patronized.

The paper was printed Saturday afternoon and night, and Victor Hanson, on horseback, early Sunday morning, rain or shine, got up before daylight and started delivering it himself. A route of a thousand subscribers kept him on the move; but the paper always came, no matter what the weather conditions were.

IN issue No. 52, Saturday, November 24, 1888, is the anniversary announcement:

> With this issue, *The City Item* completes its first year. It is a bouncing, healthy one-year-old, and its future is bright with the promise of rapid growth in size, patronage, circulation, and influence. To the patrons who have been so liberal with our little sheet during the first year of its existence we tender sincere thanks. With the experience that we have gained and the facilities that we have added to our establishment we are much better prepared than ever before to serve the public efficiently and promptly. *The City Item* wishes its friends and patrons long life and prosperity. Now for Volume Two.

Later, the name of the paper was changed to *The Columbus Times*, the size still further increased and the general typographical appearance improved. Publisher Hanson had been putting his profits into equipment. The volume of work was such that the publisher, thirteen years of age, was employing a grown man to set the type, assist in make-up and presswork, leaving Hanson free to "rustle up" business. Time was precious with him, for he attended school and only had after-school hours to devote to digging up advertisements and subscribers!

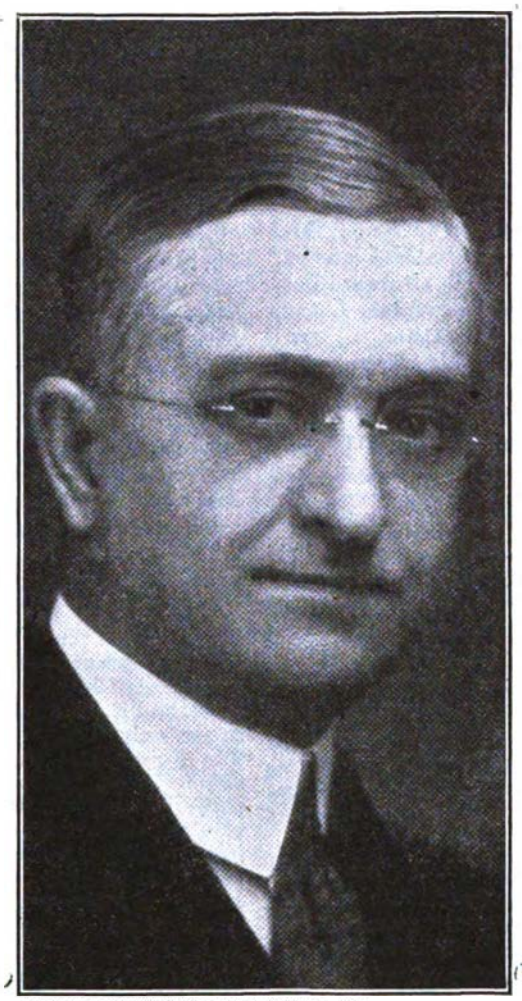
The Columbus Times was a real newspaper and it had a vigorous editorial policy. For instance; the Central of Georgia Railroad was thought to be treating Columbus unfairly and attempting to choke off the construction of another railroad. *The Times* proceeded to scarify the Central management—and kept it up and did a good deal to encourage the citizens to get the new road.

The chief of police of Columbus was emphatically rebuked for "making a boon companion and public associate of the most conspicuous of the known professional-gamblers of

the city." Saloons were attacked for selling to minors. *The Times* found that the average fine in the recorder's court was $1.05, and it hopped on the recorder and read him a lecture about law enforcement. Next month it pointed out that the average of fines had increased to $2.15 a case, and still hammered for more punishment. Senator Joseph E. Brown—"Smirking Joe" as the paper called that noted Georgia ex-governor and senator, was an especial *bête noir*. Young Hanson did not fear to break a lance with Henry W. Grady, the famous editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, and generally spoke right out in meeting in vigorous and plain fashion.

THE *Columbus Times* ran until Sunday, September 28, 1890, when the announcement of discontinuance was made. Publisher Hanson was then fourteen years and nine months old. He sold his office and equipment for $2,000. There was no one with sufficient enterprise to continue the paper that had made a place for itself and was a fine paying proposition, becoming more so each month. There was a field for a Sunday morning paper in Columbus—but nobody visioned it, so *The Columbus Times* vanished from the scene.

Major Hanson moved his family to Atlanta, and Victor went to the Gordon Institute for a while; but his taste for actual business had spoiled him for the abstract work of the schoolroom. Before he was sixteen, he was back at work, soliciting advertising for *The Atlanta Constitution*. When he was nineteen, he went to Baltimore and solicited classified advertisements for *The World*. When he was twenty, he took a job on the Montgomery, Alabama, *Advertiser*, at $10 a week, as circulation solicitor.



Photograph by J. F. Knox, Birmingham, Ala.

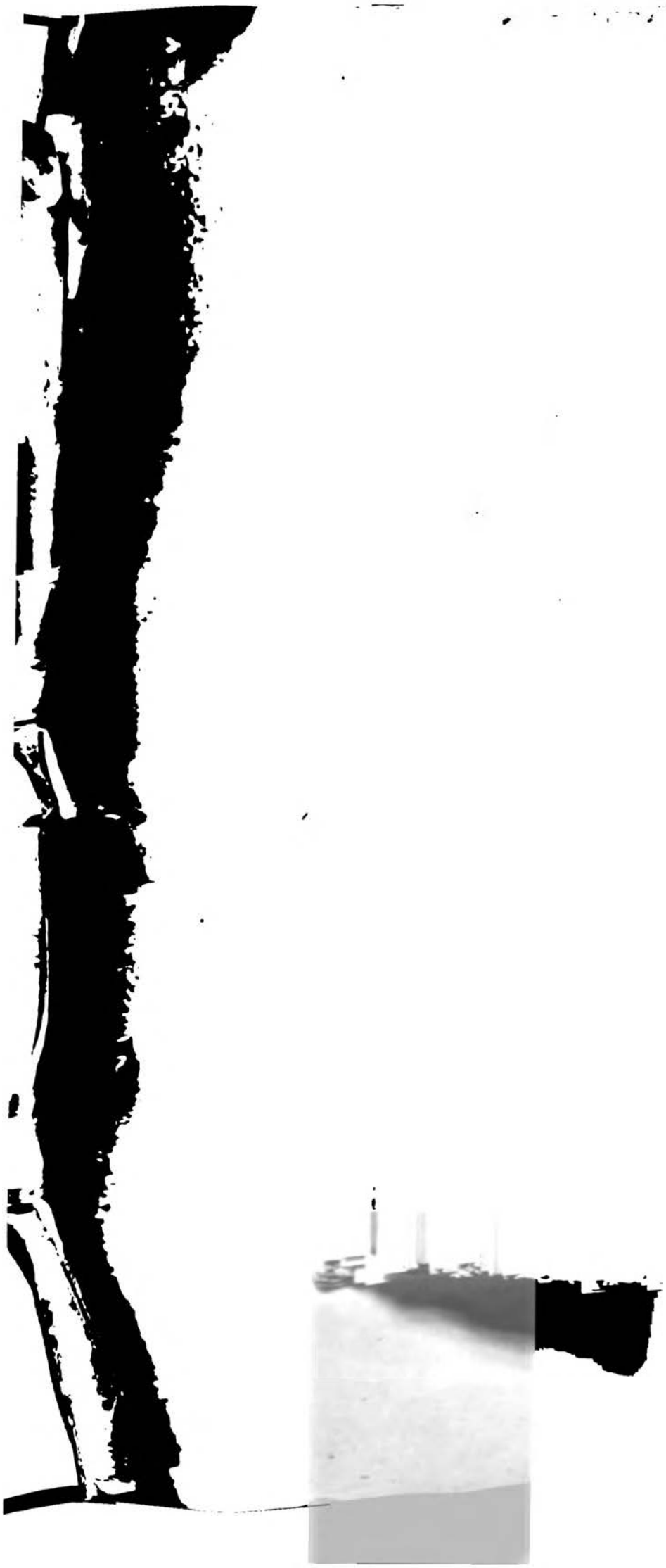
VICTOR HENRY HANSON
Publisher of *The Birmingham News*

Within three months he was transferred to the advertising department. By the end of the year he was advertising manager for both local and national advertising, and remained with *The Montgomery Advertiser* until he was thirty-three years of age.

HIS marriage is also indicative of how he goes after anything on which he has set his heart. Miss Weenona White, of Uniontown, Alabama, daughter of a wealthy and prominent family, was one of the talented musicians of the State. She was a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, and had plans for a musical career. She had plenty of admirers, too, for she was beautiful, charming, and popular. Young Hanson decided he wanted her and, after a brief siege, won her. They were married December 28, 1897, and the dispatch from Uniontown to *The Birmingham News* closes with this significant utterance, after recording the details of a notable social event in that region:

> Mr. Hanson is regarded as a promising newspaperman and a great future is predicted for him. He has often expressed a wish to own the largest newspaper in the South, and his friends confidently predict this wish will some day be realized. It is said he has his eye on Birmingham, the young city to the north of us.

In February, 1909, twelve years after the above was published, Victor Hanson bought a



one-third interest in *The Birmingham News* from General Rufus N. Rhodes, its founder, and became vice-president and general manager. General Rhodes died a year later, and Mr. Hanson purchased from his widow the controlling interest in the paper. He then associated with him his former employer at Montgomery, Frank P. Glass, who became vice-president and editor of *The News*. Mr. Hanson bought Mr. Glass's one-third interest, April 1, 1920, and immediately afterward purchased and absorbed *The Birmingham Ledger*, an afternoon and Sunday competitor.

During the eleven years Mr. Hanson has been with *The News*, its net paid circulation has grown from about 18,000 to more than 60,000 with the *Sunday News* running to about 62,000.

VICTOR HANSON has achieved his ambition because he made up his mind what he wanted to do and then worked to that ultimate object. He equipped himself for it. There is not an angle, or twist, or turn of the newspaper game he does not know and is not master of. He also showed, in his boyhood days, that he wanted to run things his way—evidenced by the changes on *The City Item*. The others went out, but Hanson remained.

Now that he has one of the greatest newspapers in the country, he is beginning to carry out some of the things he has always wanted to do.

The inauguration of *The Birmingham News* Loving Cup every year is one of them—a $500 solid-silver cup awarded every year to the citizen who has done most for his fellow beings. It is an influence that is having potent effect in stimulating an unselfish ambition and desire to be of public service. In the recent bitter, long-drawn-out coal-mine strike, both sides to the controversy were brought by Mr. Hanson to a settlement. A desire was expressed to leave the verdict with him; but he would not accept it, and, at his suggestion, it was left by both sides to the governor of the State.

After the strike was settled, one of his friends met him on the street and said:

"Victor, I hear a lot of talk of you for governor since you engineered this strike settlement—how about it?"

"You see that Jefferson Bank building?" Hanson pointed to the twenty-seven-story structure. "Well, the day you jump off the top of that, I'll announce for governor. No, sirree—I've got my hands full with *The Birmingham News*—and I don't want anything else except to run that paper!"

In June, 1921, Mr. Hanson announced that *The News* would give five free scholarships to five boys and girls of Alabama who would otherwise be unable to obtain a college education, the scholarships including everything for four years each at the State University, the State Polytechnic, the Alabama Girls' Technical Institute, Howard College, and Birmingham-Southern College. There are absolutely no strings to the offer—no service to be rendered, no coupons to clip, no subscriptions to be obtained. The president of each institution is given a free hand to select the most worthy applicant for his college, and *The News* foots the bills for four years.

In manifesting the high and disinterested purpose of himself and the paper, Mr. Hanson said in the editorial making the offer:

"The *News* owes everything that it is, everything that it hopes to be, to the people of the State, and it realizes that it can repay the obligation only through public service, of which *The Birmingham News* Scholarships are one manifestation. If prosperity comes to this paper in the years to come, the scope of this plan will be extended and enlarged so as to include many other boys and girls; but, at any rate, there will be at least five who will have a college training who otherwise would have missed the opportunity. If out of the five there is given to the State one great-brained, useful man or woman, *The News* will feel amply repaid."

Personally, Mr. Hanson is quiet, unobtrusive, and friendly, with a mania for facts and an amazing eye for detail. He is in intimate touch with all departments of his paper, and knows personally every one of the several hundred employees. Their welfare and happiness is a matter for which he holds himself responsible. He is not of the fussy, nagging type of executive—he believes in obtaining good men and expecting them to produce—and they do. His organization is compact and well balanced, and there is an *esprit du corps* and loyalty which goes far toward making its success.

TRY THESE:

A kind thought—a kind word—a kind deed

Has Your Town a B. B.?

If so—he manages the B. B. B., and establishes a brand of honesty that works wonders with the public

By A. F. HARLOW

AN interesting and promising development in city business life is the organization known as "Better Business Bureau," which is truly for the common good. By better business, the originators of the plan mean just what they say; not more business or bigger business, but better, cleaner business in every way. The idea is one of the cleverest and most helpful, both for business men and for the public that has ever been promulgated. There is not a city or town in America that would not be the better for the functioning of such a machine in its midst.

The Better Business Bureau is organized somewhat along the lines of a chamber of Commerce. Yearly memberships are subscribed for by the business concerns of the city, and individuals if they can be interested. The funds are used to pay office rent, the salaries of a manager and stenographers, stationery, and other necessary expenses.

The bureau with which this article deals specifically is located in a city of about 400,000 population. One of its primary objects was somewhat akin to that of the vigilance committees of the national advertising clubs; namely, to procure honesty in advertising—by suggestion and persuasion, if possible, by more severe methods if necessary. Another object is the bringing about of better relations between merchant and customer. But, as time has passed, the bureau has gone much farther and has extended its service into fields hitherto untraversed.

For manager, the bureau very wisely—and with no little good fortune, too—chose a real business man—a dry-goods merchant of considerable experience. It required a good salary to get him, of course, but he's worth it. He is courteous, is much liked by the stockholders, is diplomatic, but can be firm as Alaskan ice when necessary.

He is expected to exercise a constant vigilance over the advertising promulgated in his city or sent to his city from outside. So scrupulous is the bureau in its desire to make all the city pronouncements hew to the line of truth, that the manager even questioned very closely a leading manufacturer, a straightforward and conservative man, who had been making the statement that his plant was the largest of its kind in the world. Even if untrue, the statement would in no way jeopardize the interests of his customers, but the bureau did not want the city nor any of its representatives to acquire a reputation for making claims that could not actually be proven. The manufacturer was quite willing to have the matter investigated, and he and the bureau manager went into it pretty thoroughly, with the result that the factory was permitted to continue its claim as the largest, though it had a close shave.

Another curious example of correction by the bureau occurred when a musical promoter flung across the front of a building a huge banner announcing, "Saruco—World's Greatest Tenor—In Concert, May 4th—Only Appearance Outside of New York this Season!" The bureau manager, to whom we shall hereafter refer as B. B., couldn't quite believe that last statement, so he made a hasty investigation and found that Saruco was singing in several other cities outside of New York during the season. A friendly but firm suggestion was dropped in the promoter's ear. Next day, the banner bore a different statement.

In this case, as in all others, the bureau endeavors to correct the error as nearly at the start as possible — at least, to stop it before it has gone far

BOOST

BOOST, and the world boosts with you.
Knock, and you're on the shelf;
For the world gets sick of the one who'll kick,
And wishes he'd kick himself.
Boost when the sun is shining,
Boost when it starts to rain;
If you happen to fall, don't lie there and bawl
But get up and boost again.
Boost for your own advancement,
Boost for the things sublime;
For the chap that's found on the topmost round
Is a booster every time.

—*Anon.*

enough to do much harm or bring odium on the city. The banner mentioned was changed before it had hung long enough to be seen by very many people, and thus the mischief done was as small as the bureau could make it.

On certain occasions B. B. is able to give a department-store manager some valuable information. Reading the Sunday advertisements of the stores—which is part of his job—he noticed an item, "French balbriggan, $1.39 per yard." Incidentally, this occurred nearly two years ago, when war prices were still prevailing. The figure quoted struck him as being too low for the genuine French article. On examining the balbriggan being sold at the store, he found that it was not French at all, though the manager honestly believed that it was. But by means of samples and other data, B. B. was able to show him the difference between the weaves of the French and Yankee make, and further pointed out to him that if he had had French balbriggan he would undoubtedly have been selling it at something like $2.50 a yard.

WISE is the man who knows what not to say, and remembers not to say it.

One Sunday, a department store mentioned in its advertisement a certain toilet article—"Cucu Cold Cream," let us say. A lady telephoned an order for some of the cream; but, on the following day, she received a courteous letter from the firm which stated that they did not handle the brand in question. The lady was a neighbor of B. B., and happened to know something about the nature of his job, so she turned the letter and clipping from the advertisement over to him. He then called on the manager of the store who, after a short investigation, announced that he had Cucu Cream in stock. B. B. produced the letter which declared that they did not carry it. The manager was of course greatly annoyed at the inexcusable blunder of a department man, and very glad to have this weak spot in his organization pointed out to him.

BUT these are only some of the little things that B. B. does. Promoters, especially of oil and mining schemes, give him no end of work. His bureau's duty is to use its best endeavors to prevent stock-promotion fakers from working any harm to the people of the city. To do this, the organization becomes a regular detective agency. Incidentally, its exposures of crooked promotion schemes give the rest of the country as well as its own city, valuable protection.

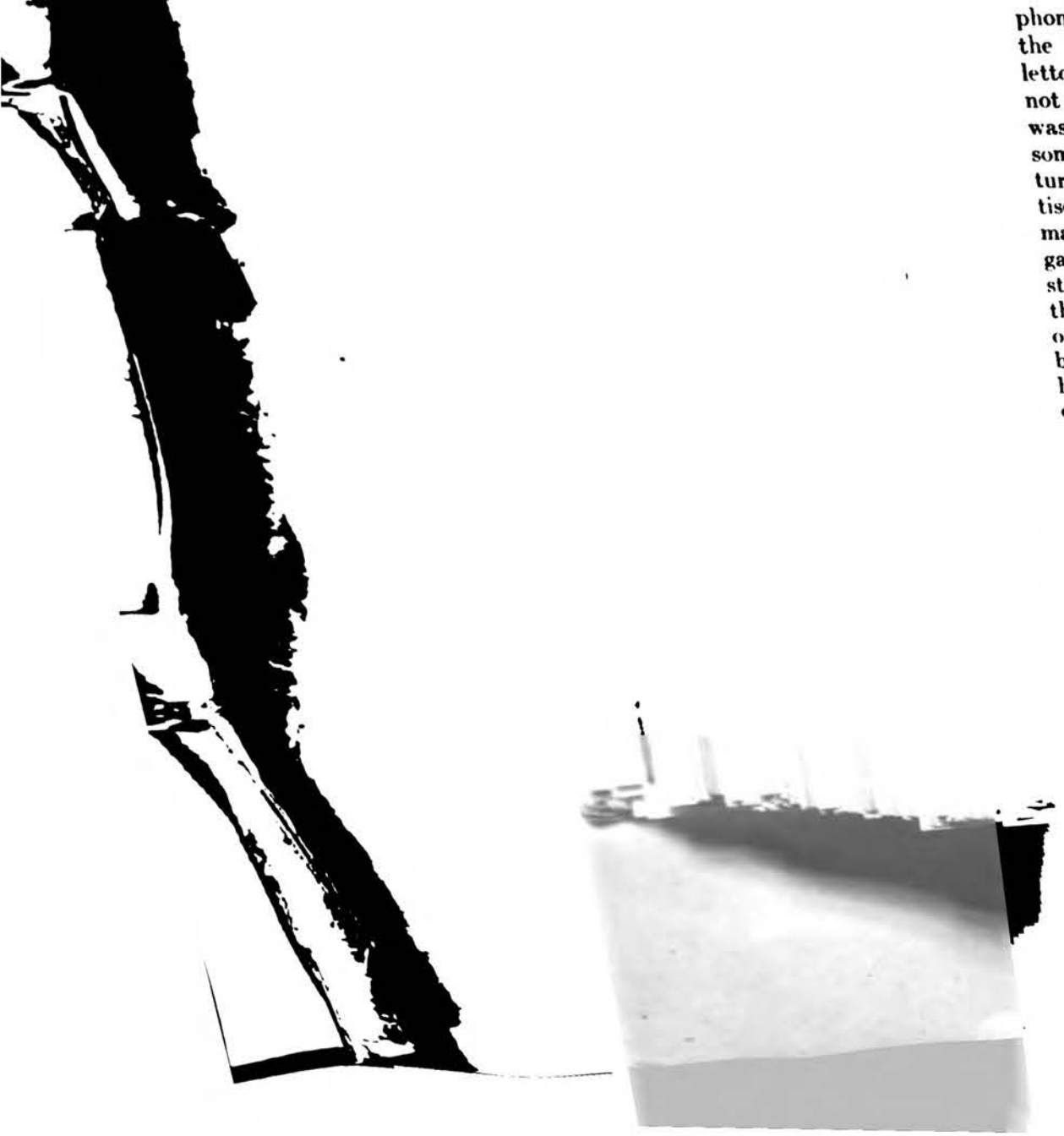
The newspapers of the city are all members of the bureau, and no advertising of any stock promotion, whatever, can appear in their columns without the O.K. of the bureau manager. He has file after file full of information regarding such schemes, procured in all sorts of ways. At the present time, oil companies are occupying most of his attention. Every clipping that he and his force can lay hands on is cherished, especially if it makes claims in behalf of the budding company, or if it appears to be authentic information. All members of the bureau and all friends are urged to turn over to it any stock-promotion letters they receive.

Some of these letters make very amusing reading to one thoroughly familiar with the wiles of the professional grafter. As soon as B. B. reads one of these letters and notes its salient features, he begins to poke his nose into the affairs of the company. He asks the promoters, before they sell stock in his city, to make a sworn statement regarding the condition of their business handing them for that purpose a blank form containing so many and such pertinent questions that it is pretty difficult for a disingenuous promoter to get by all of them without stumbling.

If the promoters refuse to comply with this request, they condemn themselves. If they do fill out the blanks, they must walk pretty gingerly thereafter, to comply with all of its sworn declarations.

Frequently, discrepancies are discovered between the attested statement and circular letters already sent out. The bureau has brought more than one of these to the notice of the United States post-office department, with gratifying results.

Of course, there are promotions to which the bureau can find no serious objections, or even no objections at all; but when an oil company guarantees to bring in one well every month, each well to produce at least a thousand barrels a day—an actual prospectus—B. B. is justified in feeling suspicious of the odor emanating from the company's literature. One concern's statement seemed to be fairly candid in many respects, but in speaking of an unfinished well, they stated that it would produce, when brought in, about 800 barrels daily. B. B. struck this out because of the manifest impossibility of any living man being able to predict whether a well would produce any oil or not.



The information which the bureau collects regarding these matters it supplies to the banks, to the post office, to individuals, and to whoever it may concern. Recently, in one day, it had eight inquiries regarding oil companies, was able to report on seven, and six of the reports were unfavorable.

The banks found it to their interest to join the bureau, one of the reasons being the fund of information which B. B. had collected about stocks and the possibility of using the bureau as a repository for all information which the various banks collected on such subjects. New stocks have been rapidly springing into prominence on the market, some of them mere skyrockets, others having real substance back of them. The banks are coming into contact with these certificates every day, and late information regarding them is of much value.

It is B. B.'s job to see that no outside promoters unload anything of a shoddy or crooked nature on the city or the municipal organizations in the form of "drives," carnivals, advertising schemes or other projects; and, also, to assist private or benevolent organizations, when he can, in keeping out of the clutches of such schemers. His bureau keeps close tab on all such projects being carried out or attempted in other cities, culling its information from newspapers and from the journals and house organs issued by civic, commercial, and manufacturers' organizations of municipal or national scope.

The bureau is instrumental in adjusting many disputes between merchants and customers. Here is an instance: a woman had selected a dress at a department store and made a deposit of $20 on it. She had a slight alteration made in the sleeves, then decided she didn't want the dress. Quite naturally, the store refused to refund her money. She became very indignant. The store manager called B. B. in as a disinterested third party and asked his opinion. After getting all the facts, B. B. said to the manager, "Well, your position is technically sound and rock ribbed. She has no claim on you at all; you could order her out of the store if you wished. But is it wise? She is a fairly well-to-do woman and has many friends who are good buyers. Is it best to stand for your rights or to make a friend of the customer?"

"I'd like to placate her," said the manager, "but I don't like to lose that fine dress for such a flimsy reason."

"Here is my suggestion," said B. B. "Change the sleeves of the dress back to what they were before. I estimate that that will cost you about three dollars and fifty cents. Charge her five dollars for the operation—that will give you profit enough to compensate you for your trouble and lost time in connection with the argument. Then deduct that five dollars from her twenty dollars, and offer her fifteen dollars' worth of other goods for her money. I can see that she's getting a little tired of the controversy, and I believe she'll accept it."

"But I don't believe those sleeves can be changed back," protested the merchant.

"Yes, they can," declared B. B., positively. "If you'll let me talk to your *modiste*, I'll explain how, or, if you'll let me use one of your machines for a few minutes, I'll do it myself."

The offer was made to the lady, and, as B. B. had predicted, she accepted it with evident relief. The sleeves were altered, the dress was put on sale, and sold later. The lady who had caused all the fuss was so pleased with the lenient treatment accorded her by the firm that she soon after bought a suit and brought in two other friends who also made purchases. She gave the store no more trouble.

B. B. even settles some questions between customers and merchants who are not members of the bureau. Citizens who believe that they are not being fairly treated by some concern and who have heard of the bureau's service, frequently appeal their questions to it for arbitration or for the enforcement of stern justice. Another woman had selected a suit from a certain store in the city and had deposited $20 on it, but had had no alterations made. She then decided not to take the suit; but on appealing to the proprietors of the store, found that they would neither refund her money nor give her its value in other goods. She must either take the suit or nothing. She appealed to the Better Business Bureau, and B. B. went to see the manager of the store, which, by the way, was not one of the leading emporiums of the city. The manager proved to be very obdurate, even insulting.

"Very well," said B. B., when all arguments appeared to have been exhausted, "if there's nothing more to be said, I'll just call a policeman and proceed to use other means." And he started towards the door.

"Wait a minute!" called the manager, show-

ing signs of perturbation. The obliging bureau man came back, and the perspiring merchant soon agreed to let the lady have $20 worth of anything in the house, provided there were no more trouble.

B. B. acts as adviser on merchandising to all the members of the Bureau. He watches the show windows constantly and gives their owners tips and opinions regarding the window dressing as it is seen by an outsider. He walks through the stores frequently, observing their arrangement, the displays of the goods and the work of the salespeople. He reports any error or abuse that he may see, and no one ever knows where the information came from. If a certain department is not selling its quota, or is going badly in some way, the general manager asks B. B. to look things over from outside the counter. Supposing it to be the glove department that is in question, B. B. goes to the counter—incognito to the clerks, of course—and buys a pair of gloves; quibbles a bit over the quality and price, meanwhile making careful observations. He may have to buy two or three pairs before he is able to report anything; but, as a rule, he is able to bring in a pretty good bill of particulars. The manager of one of the largest department-stores in the city declared a few months after the bureau had been organized, that he had already got more than the worth of his year's subscription, just in this and other forms of inside-the-store service.

There are very few better business bureaus in the country. But any city large enough to afford a chamber of commerce may create one. There is need for such a bureau. Deviations from the strict and simple truth are always occurring in advertising; the public is always in need of protection from unscrupulous promoters; and, more or less serious differences between merchants and patrons are always arising, as well as other emergencies in which merchant or manufacturer would be glad to have the assistance or opinion of an unprejudiced, well-balanced and well-informed third party, who is, nevertheless, personally and keenly interested in the material progress and the good name of the town.

Cities not large enough to afford a better business bureau as a separate organization might attach it to their chamber of commerce, and operate it by the addition of an extra clerk or so to the force, letting the secretary of the chamber have general supervision of the work. However organized, if the man in charge is carefully chosen, the organization is bound to exert a healthful and elevating influence on the tone of the city's business.

Lincoln's Compromise

A STORY of Lincoln's early political life is told in John Wesley Hill's new book, "Abraham Lincoln, Man of God" (Putnam). It seems that in 1846, during a canvass for Congress, Lincoln attended a preaching service of Peter Cartwright's. Cartwright called on all desiring to go to heaven to stand up. All arose but Lincoln. Then he asked all to rise who did not want to go to hell. Lincoln remained still seated.

"I am surprised," said Cartwright, "to see Abe Lincoln sitting back there unmoved by these appeals. If Mr. Lincoln does not want to go to heaven and does not want to escape hell, perhaps he will tell us where he does want to go?"

Lincoln slowly arose and replied, "I am going to Congress."—*The Christian Register (Boston)*.

Ralph Waldo Emerson Said

WHENEVER you are sincerely pleased, you are nourished.

All healthy things are sweet-tempered.

Genius works in sport.

The best part of health is a fine disposition—it is more essential than talent, even in works of talent.

It is fine souls that serve us, not what we call fine society.

Mankind divides itself into two classes—benefactors and malefactors. The second is vast, the first a handful.

The frost that kills the harvest of a year saves the harvest of a century, by destroying the weevil or the locust.

We acquire strength from the forces we overcome.

IF we go into a factory where the mariner's compass is made, we can see the needles before they are magnetized. They will point in any direction. But when they have been applied to the magnet and receive its peculiar power, from that moment they point to the North, and are true to the pole ever after. So man never points steadily in any direction until he has been polarized by his choice of an ideal career.

BURN YOUR BRIDGES

"YOU can always come home, John." This was the parting word of a father to his son who was leaving the farm for the city, to make his start in the world. Now, this father wanted to help his son to succeed; but in suggesting to him that he could always come home, he was making it easier for him to give up to discouragement, he was weakening his self-reliance.

When Julius Cæsar landed on the shores of England, he burned all the ships that had transported his army for he knew that if he cut off all possible means of retreat, his men would fight with greater desperation, because it would be a fight for their lives.

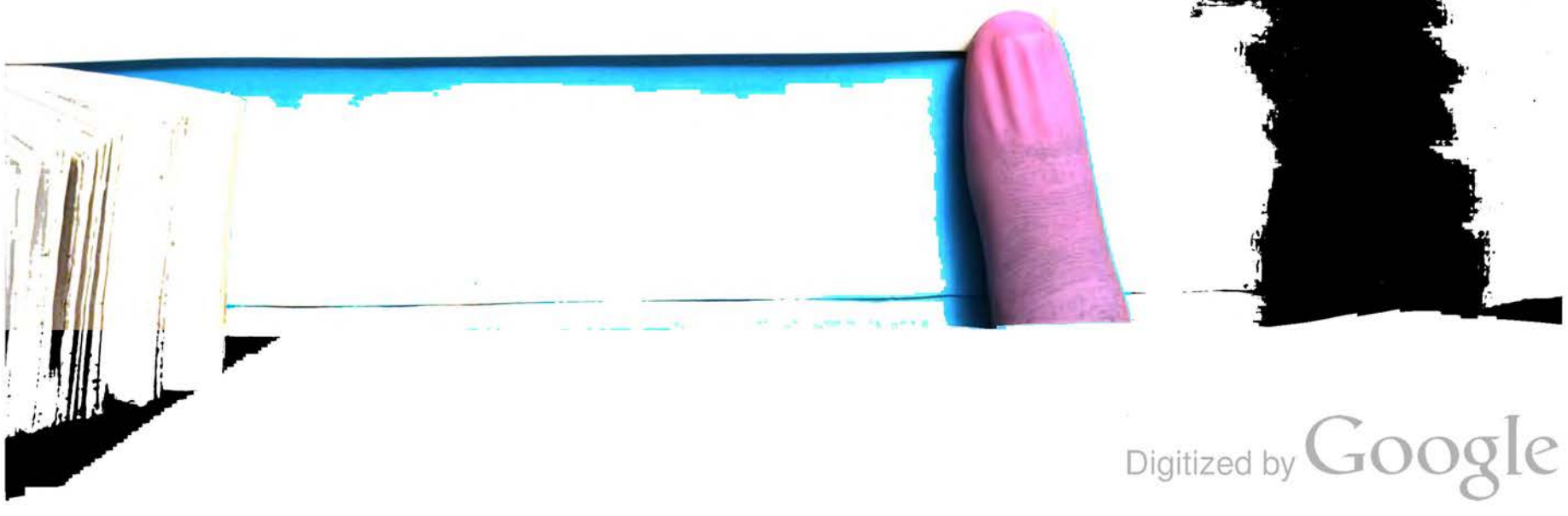
When a young man leaves home to seek his fortune, he should, like Cæsar, burn his bridges behind him. The temptation to turn back when things go hard, when he cannot see the way, if there is an easy way of backing out, is almost irresistible. If a boy leaves home for the first time and enters school or college, knowing that when he gets homesick his parents will want him to come home, that they will welcome him, and will allow him to stay home if he desires to, it is a bad thing for the boy.

ONE reason for half of the failures in life is that people do not burn their bridges behind them, do not cut off all possible retreat. It is a weakness of human nature that when things go hard, when it looks black ahead, we are easily led to turn back.

The most unfortunate decisions in life, those which halve and quarter one's possible success, which make mediocre careers of possible superb ones, is the result of turning back when discouraged, homesick, and disheartened. It is only the grim resolution to push on, whether hard or easy, whether we can see the goal or not, that wins.

TO learn to depend on one's self, to look for one's resources inside and not outside of one's self, is to learn the secret of success and of happiness. Without self-reliance we are the sport of every wind that blows, the victims of chance, of environment, of circumstances, of others who would use us, exploit us for their own ends. But those who are self-reliant hold the key to everything that is desirable in life. They are stronger than anything that can oppose them; they are masters of destiny.

All the real successes in life and all the great achievements in the world's history have had their root in the vigorous exercise of these self-reliant qualities that make for true manhood and womanhood. Strong characters are not built up by pampering or indulgence; they are the result only of steady individual work towards a great life-purpose.



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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
Chief Justice of the United States

How Chief Justice Taft Climbed, Step by Step

1857—Born in Cincinnati. Son of Alphonso Taft, Secretary of War and United States Attorney-General.
1874—Graduated from Woodward High School, Cincinnati.
1878—Graduated from Yale, second in class of 121.
1880—Graduated in law from Cincinnati College: admitted to bar and took up work as legal reporter on a local newspaper.
1881-2—Assistant prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio.
1882-3—Collector of Internal Revenue for First Ohio Customs District.
1885—Assistant County Solicitor for Hamilton County, Ohio.
1886—Married Miss Helen Herron, of Cincinnati.
1887—Appointed to fill unexpired term as judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio.
1888—Reëlected for period of five years.
1890—Resigned to become Solicitor-General of the United States.
1892-1900—Served as United States Circuit Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit.
1896-1900—Dean of the law department of the University of Cincinnati.
1900—Appointed president of United States Philippine Commission.
1901—First civil governor of the Philippine Islands.
1902—Visited Rome, conferred with the vatican and arranged for United States to purchase Roman Catholic lands in the Philippine Islands.
1903—Appointed Secretary of War by President Roosevelt.
1906—Appointed temporary governor of Cuba.
1906-1913—President of the Red Cross Association.
1908—Elected twenty-seventh President of the United States.
1912—Renominated for President. Defeated by Woodrow Wilson.
1913—Kent professor of law at Yale. President of the American Bar Association.
1914—First president of the American Academy of Jurisprudence.
1918—Appointed member of the National War-Labor Conference Board.
1921—Appointed Chief Justice of the United States.

Plain Truths for Workers

By CHARLES M. SCHWAB

NEVER before was the need for products so great, never before was such valuable producing machinery and facility available, never before was there so much that needed to be done. Nature has been exceedingly kind, and Nature is calling us above all things to work with her to rebuild a distracted world.

Germany has gone back to work as has no other nation in Europe. Her working people are economizing, sacrificing, and throwing themselves into real production.

Believing as I do that the strength and prosperity of a nation depend upon the efficiency of its labor, I had something of a shock in contemplating this thought:

Is it possible that after having won the war, we of the allied nations, with everything in our hands, will allow Germany to win the peace through the efforts of her labor?

Germany can, to-day, put a ton of steel in England at a price $20 a ton cheaper than what it costs England to make it. Germany is, to-day, selling pneumatic tools in Detroit where formerly we made such machinery and shipped it to Germany to sell there cheaper than she could make it.

The difference is solely a matter of labor costs.

Railroad costs must come down, and it is in the interests of national prosperity that our government, acting through the Railroad Labor Board and every other agency, shall reduce railroad wages and bring costs down to a living point.

Insofar as our people in America are prepared to go to work at reasonable wages, insofar as we are prepared quickly to abandon the artificial extravagances of the war, will we lay the foundations for a new prosperity such as we have never enjoyed before.

◆ ◆ ◆

A man who does not have a higher vision of life after reading your editorials should be dead. —K. C. Hayes, Pennsylvania.

$1000.00 Prize Story Contest

THE NEW SUCCESS wants to add to its inspirational features the best *fiction* stories obtainable, and in order to stimulate the interest of well-known authors, as well as to encourage new writers to send us their manuscripts, the editors offer $1000.00 in cash prizes, which will be awarded in addition to the regular rates paid for all stories accepted.

In order to compete in this prize contest, the stories submitted should be between 3000 and 8000 words in length, and *must be stories of success* won in the face of great odds, of accomplishment in some line of endeavor, of the solution of some business, advertising, sales or administrative problem, of a successful romance or adventure, of the successful solution of some personal problem. The kind of story we want is one that will fire the reader with sufficient enthusiasm to emulate the example of the hero or heroine.

$500.00 will be awarded to the author of the story that is judged to be the best one submitted, and $100.00 will be awarded to the authors of each of the five next best stories.

This contest will close December 31, 1921, and the prize-winning stories will be announced in our March, 1922, issue, published February 20, 1922. All prizes will be paid on or before that time.

All manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and return postage must be enclosed if the authors desire unaccepted manuscripts returned at the end of the contest.

More than one story may be submitted by one author.

The NEW SUCCESS MAGAZINE will purchase the first American serial rights only.

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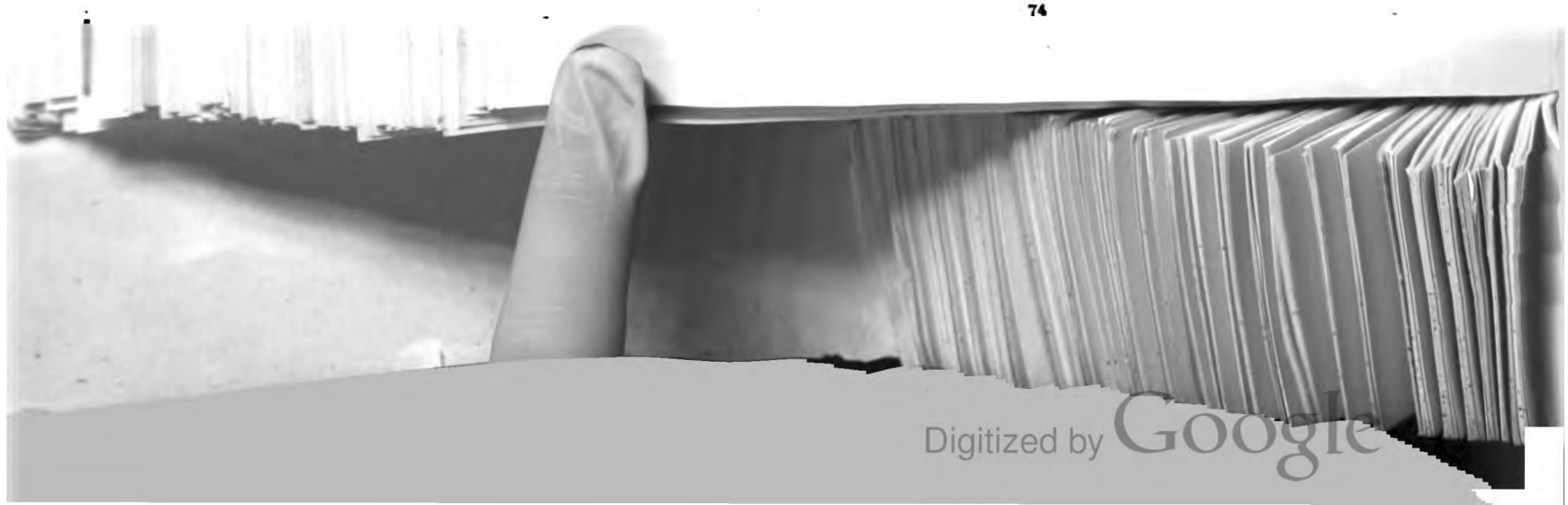


CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT OF

HENRY IRVING DODGE'S

Powerful Novel Attacking the Bolshevist Curse

Sam Hodge, American

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES F. JAEGER

What happened in the preceding chapters:

THE manufacturing town of Rosedale had been run for years by one man, Sam Hodge, politician, but American to the core. He had recently been elected mayor, much to the disgust of Walter Hichens, a wealthy young idealist who, three years before, had shown his disapproval of the boss-ridden town by moving his plant ten miles away where he established a model city and called it Harmony. On every available occasion he gave vent to his hatred of Hodge by exploiting, through the medium of his newspaper, his contempt of the way in which Rosedale was managed, which seemingly had no effect on Hodge, who went about his affairs serenely indifferent. His only comment was this: If Hichens were a fool, he had the courage of his convictions. Having reason to believe that the seed of bolshevism was being sown in Rosedale, Hodge begins his campaign against its growth in the community. His one hope is to kill it through organization, and, with this idea in mind, he sets about to obtain the coöperation of the various churches and newspapers. Meanwhile, in Chicago, Casparillo J. Tode, chief instigator of bolshevism, is planning with one of his subordinates, Sandowski, to send him to Rosedale to take charge of a newspaper there. Establishing himself in rooms over Kerrigan's saloon, Sandowski, with able assistants, lays his underground system in the name of bolshevism. However, Sam Hodge has not been idle. His first attack comes as a great surprise. He believes in the power of ridicule; he offers a prize of $100 for the best cartoon ridiculing bolshevism; he forms a "laughing committee." The workingmen respond enthusiastically. Tode plays his last card and, in doing so, walks into the trap laid for him by Hodge's men whom he believed to be his followers. They throw him out of town. It is then that he turns to Hichens and his town, Harmony. He is welcomed by Hichens, who believes that Hodge was afraid of Tode's doctrine of liberty. For the safety of the country, Hodge calls on Hichens and warns him against Tode. but his warnings are resented, and Tode begins his campaign in his new field.

CHAPTER X

WITHIN a half hour of its appearance on the streets, Tode received the expected summons from Hichens. Tode was nervous, but defiant. He went immediately to his employer's office. He noticed that the elegant Harvard man was trying hard not to allow his feelings to betray him into a scene.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hichens," said Tode calmly.

Hichens ignored the salutation. "Tode," he demanded, holding up the *Star*, "what does this mean?"

"Just what it says, my dear Mr. Hichens," said Tode, smiling impudently. The time for obsequious fencing was past.

"You've broken your agreement."

Tode threw his hands apart. "Only a scrap of paper, Mr. Hichens. You know that." Then, with a short laugh: "By the way, there wasn't even a scrap of paper."

"Tode, my eyes have been opened. I'm onto your curves now."

"Good. That will save explanations then."

The impudence of the man who had caught him napping, who had curried favor with him in order to betray him, enraged Hichens, but he kept his tongue well in check. "I might call you a low-down, treasonable skunk, Tode, but that would be too mild. You're a bolshevist—that's what you are, a bolshevist!"

Such a characterization was not pleasing to the ears of the man who had recently come into power, who had always flattered himself that he was a personable fellow. "Very well, I am a bolshevist, Mr. Hichens. What are you going to do about it?" Hichens was silent and Tode fumed on: "Why shouldn't I be a bolshevist? The world's gone mad on the subject. Why shouldn't I take advantage of it? Somebody will. You merchants take advantage of public sentiment, so do your politicians. Why shouldn't I?"

"That's true bolshevistic reasoning," Hichens sneered. "Sophistry—nothing but sophistry, Tode. The time's come for a show-down. No beating about the bush. I want you to put your cards on the table—face up."

Tode was calm now. "As you say, Mr. Hichens, the time has come for a show-down."

Tode looked around, crossed to the door, turned the knob very softly, then jerked it open. Satisfied that no eavesdropper had been planted there, he

closed the door and turned again to Hichens. "There are times, Mr. Hichens, when it's necessary to do things in an underhand way. There are times when it pays to be frank. I will put my cards on the table; but it's just to show you the kind of a proposition you're up against, just to make you realize how futile it'll be for you to oppose me."

The inconceivable effrontery of the man made Hichens gasp. But he pulled himself together. "Then all your talk about your love for the people is simply a bluff, Tode? You plan to exploit them for your own ends? Is that it?"

"Yes," growled Tode. "What of it?"

Hichens's anger was somewhat modified by his amazement. "By jingo, but you've got your nerve with you, Tode."

"You may think it mad of me to talk the way I'm going to talk. But it's not. There's a method in it. I want to save time." Tode made a sweeping gesture. "There are my cards on the table, face up. I'll read them for you. To begin with, you, Walter Hichens, are the one great obstacle to our success here in Harmony."

Tode's audacity touched Hichens's sense of humor. "By jingo! I believe you are mad, Tode. But let's talk it over. It'll be a new experience for me, at any rate."

"I trust you'll realize the value of it, Mr. Hichens."

Hichens paused, then: "So you're going to make bolshevists of us here in Harmony, Tode. How do you think you'll accomplish it? Is there anything in bolshevism to appeal to the American that he should fall for such a thing?"

Tode laughed. "Nothing in *it*, Mr. Hichens, but in *him*. There's a little bit of the bolshevist in every human breast. In your own, for instance. You call it impetuosity, independence. Same thing—rebellion. You rebelled against the order of things in Rosedale and came over here."

Clearly this was sophistry; but, for the moment, Hichens could not formulate a dignified answer. "But—but," he stammered, "you put my great scheme on the same plane with your nasty, disreputable proposition that you call a movement?"

"The more of a failure a man is—the more of a failure owing to his own fault—the more of a bolshevist he is," Tode went on. He tapped the table with his forefinger. "There are plenty of that kind in America, Mr. Hichens. So all we have to do is to promise the near-tramp, the lazy man, the malcontent, the world-owes-me-a-living kind, the utterly selfish, the utterly incompetent—and all the rest of the white scum—promise those fellows easy work and good pay. It doesn't take imagination to see such fellows falling into our net, Mr. Hichens."

"I understand," said Hichens. "But those fellows aren't all the people. Your one cry is: 'The people—the people!' It's never the State or the Nation unless you talk destruction. What do you mean by the people?"

"My mob of fools. I call them my mob because they're such sheep, so tractable." Tode paused, then: "For years I've been studying how to manage the mob. And it isn't my ability I count on to handle them either. It's their stupidity."

Hichens's sociological interest was aroused. "How do you handle them, Tode?"

Tode shrugged his shoulders. "Simple enough. If you want to interest a hungry man, talk about food. These fellows are hungering and lusting. We tell them that bolshevism means the gratification of their hunger and their lust. One thing they believe—and we don't go out of our way to disabuse them—and that is that the existing order of things oppresses them. We teach them that they must begin by overthrowing it, even if it ends in chaos. For even chaos would be preferable."

"But your reasoning is all wrong, Tode."

"*Reasoning?*" Tode laughed. "You are forgetting that I have a crowd of idiots to deal with. It isn't a matter of the speaker; but the audience, I tell you. We must get an unquestioning one if we 'want to put one over on 'em,' as you Americans say. I've only to advertise a 'people's meeting' and I can put any old braying jackass up to speak and they'll applaud him to the echo. Why, Mr. Hichens? Because he always tells them what they're eager to hear. Now, what do they want to hear? What does such a mob want? Above all things, they don't want work. They don't want liberty—what you call liberty—because they don't believe in that kind of liberty. They want license. They want blood. They want to indulge in wine, women—your wine, your women. They want riot. It's the hell in them that demands expression in their own way."

"Our wine—our women, eh? And are you fool enough, Tode, to think you can put your rotten idea of nationalizing women into effect here in America?"

"Don't you suppose we know enough to put the soft pedal on that part of our scheme here in America—till the right time comes, Mr. Hichens?"

"Ha!" Hichens burst out. "Ha! Ha! And do you think the right time will ever come here in America? What about the old New England traditions? What about the Catholic church? What about the sacred family relations of the Jews?"

"We're not dealing with those fellows, Mr. Hichens."

Hichens chuckled. "But you'll find those fellows'll be dealing with you, Mr. Tode." For some moments the young millionaire eyed Casparillo J. Tode keenly, then: "Your explanation doesn't hold water. I think you're bluffing. Come, now, Tode, how much?"

"It's a matter of simple arithmetic, Mr. Hichens. You've got a great deal more money than all these people put together. It would be simpler to make one transaction."

"I see," said Hichens. "It's what I thought. I've got your number, Tode." For the first time in his life, the elegant Hichens really saw red. He jumped up, roaring: "Now, you get out of here, you yellow, low-down skunk! Get out of here before I knock your block off! Get out and do your damnedest with your mob. I'm ready for you!"

CHAPTER XI

NO sooner had Tode gone than Hichens went direct to the office of the *Morning Clarion*. He was closeted for an hour with Phillips, relating in

minute detail the interview he'd had with Tode. "Phillips," said he, as he rose to go, "I want you to give it to these bolshevists; handle them without gloves; give the public the plain, unvarnished truth. I don't expect to defeat Tode's nomination by the People's Party he's organized, because he'll pack the convention with his own men. But I have little fear of his election, once my people know the facts. For, believe me, Phillips, if there's any one thing I *do* know, it's my own people."

Next morning, the *Clarion* bore the flaming headlines across its front page: "TODE CONFESSES!" followed by the sub-caption: "Casparillo J. Tode Shows His Hand, Betrays His Real Purpose in Coming to Harmony." The text was as follows:

"Yesterday afternoon, Casparillo J. Tode made a most shameless, a most impudent confession. Tode was called to the office of Walter Hichens to explain the publication of an editorial in the *Star*, entitled 'Capital versus Labor,' said editorial being in contravention of Tode's most sacred arrangement with Mr. Hichens. It was understood when Tode acquired the *Star* that his editorial policy should be the harmonizing of capital and labor.

"When asked to explain the editorial, Tode confessed that he was in Harmony for the purpose of promoting bolshevism. We believed we would be free from this plague, that no discord could creep in, because of Mr. Hichens' just and generous attitude towards his employees and all other people of Harmony. But Tode came here in distress, appealing to Mr. Hichens, who generously befriended him, and proceeded to betray his benefactor.

"No sooner had Tode betrayed his real purpose to Mr. Hichens, than he was summarily dismissed from that gentleman's employ. And we notify the public that Mr. Hichens is in no wise responsible for any of Tode's acts. The purpose of this exposure is to warn the public against Casparillo J. Tode and against the danger of bolshevism in Harmony. Bolshevism is a fearful menace, a danger that cannot be overestimated. Big industrial concerns are trembling before it. If it succeeds in gaining the ascendancy over law and order, what will become of our great industrial institutions? Should they go down before it, what will become of labor?"

The good citizens of Harmony read the article in the *Clarion* with wonder. It was a bolt from the blue.

"By jiminy," said Mike Hennessey to Sol Levinski, "but ain't that a ripper?"

"Ah," said Levinski, "didn't I tell you, Mike, that bolshevism was the right thing? Don't that show it? Would a giant like Hichens start out to attack us unless he were afraid of us? And why is he afriad of us? Because we're goin' to compel him to do justice to the people."

A little, whiskered rat of a man, Sam Powdowski, who sat cross-legged all day on his tailor's bench, experienced a new sensation when he saw Phillips's editorial. In the old country, Powdowski had always been afraid of his own shadow, had a habit of looking over his shoulder and trembling at any unusual sound. Everything in his makeup had been subordinated to fear. When he came to America, this little beggar on horseback began to get back some human courage. Bolshevism came along and Powdowski adopted it. At first he talked it in a timorous, tentative way. One day, Sam Higgins squelched him with vigorous profanity and he cautiously kept his ideas to himself. But when the *Clarion*, the mouthpiece of the great Hichens, confessed that the capitalists feared the bolshevists, Powdowski swelled with importance. "At last," he boasted to his wife, "at last we have come into our own. They fear us, these capitalists do. I will talk and I will act."

That day, *The Evening Star* appeared two hours earlier than usual. It was clear that Sandowski had prepared for any eventuality. He followed up the flaring headlines: "HICHENS, ABOUT TO BE EXPOSED FOR WHAT HE REALLY IS, TAKES TIME BY THE FORELOCK. ATTACKS FOR THE PURPOSE OF DISARMING, with:

"Mr. Hichens has ridiculously overreached himself, but all dishonest men will hang themselves if you give them rope enough. It is hardly necessary for the editor of the *Star* to point out how preposterous is Hichens' statement that C. J. Tode would go to him, the head of a dishonest intrigue—as we shall show later—and put ammunition into his hands. The whole concoction is as absurd as it is awkward. Casparillo J. Tode finds it inconsistent with his dignity even to deny—and so dignify and give weight to—so preposterous a statement as that contained in the *Morning Clarion*. Enough said.

"By the way, what does Hichens mean by his frightened confession that big concerns are apprehensive? Why should big concerns be apprehensive? Because their secret infamy is about to be revealed by Casparillo J. Tode, the workingman's friend. That's why. Because they are to be pilloried, branded, forced into the flaming light of truth which will reveal every secret nook and cranny of their rotten character."

"Well?" said Sol Levinsky to Mike Hennessey. "Didn't I tell you?"

Mike scratched his head.

"Don't it show Tode's right when he comes out and calls the great Hichens a liar?"

"Wal," said Mike, "you're right to this extent; Mr. Tode has the courage of his convictions, annyhow."

The same evening, Tode's packed convention of the People's Party nominated him for mayor of Harmony, to run against Jack Lewis, the Hichens candidate.

Mike Hennessey, one of the delegates of the People's Party at the convention, returned home to Bridget, a bit the worse for wear but happy. "Sure, Bridget," he cried, "it's wonderful things we be doin' now-a-days."

Bridget, who had sized Mike up with a knowing eye as soon as he came in, turned her face to the wall and grunted.

Not discouraged, Mike went on. "It's wonderful things we've been doin', I tell ye, Bridget, me an' the rest of 'em. We've been emancipatin' men, we have."

"What?" cried Bridget, sitting up in bed. "What's that?"

"Settin' men free."

"You'd better be lookin' out that you ain't set free from your job, Mike Hennessey, you, mixin' up in politics."

Mike laughed. "Huh! Insted of losin' our jobs, we're goin' ter git more money an' shorter hours. You see, Bridget, it's this way: Fellers like Hichens have got a lot of money that they made out of fellers like me that don't belong to 'em by rights an' that's comin' back to us."

"Oh, is it? I see, Mike Hennessey. An' where did ye get your money, but for fellers like Mr. Hichens? Sure, whin I first knew ye, weren't ye only a dirty ditch-digger at a dollar an' a half a day? An' didn't Mr. Walter's father take ye out of the muck an' give ye a chanct to learn a trade; an' now ye're makin sivin dollars a day? Whose brains was that, Mike Hennessey? Yours or Mr. Hichens—an' whose money was it? An' tell me this, Mike Hennessey, when ye've divvided up the money of the rich as ye talk of doin', then what's to become of your own that I've saved for ye? Remember one thing, Mike Hennessey, the money's in my name, an' this little house wid its chickens an' pigs—that you've always prayed fer an' nivver was able ter git till Mr. Walter give you the chanct—is in my name; an I'll be holdin' onto 'em for the childern so that they can git eddicated and not be dirty ditch-diggers like their very intelligint father that can't tell a gentleman from a Tode."

"But, I tell ye, we'll have shorter hours an' bigger pay, Bridget."

"An' who's to be givin' it to ye an' not to go broke himself?"

"Well," said Mike, "you women don't understand such things."

"An', thank God, we don't, Mike Hennessey. But I do understand that I've got a home an' somethin' in the bank an' you got a job at sivin dollars a day with the ghost walkin' every Saturday night, regular—an' you talkin' politics as if ye were one of them Tammany Hall millionaires."

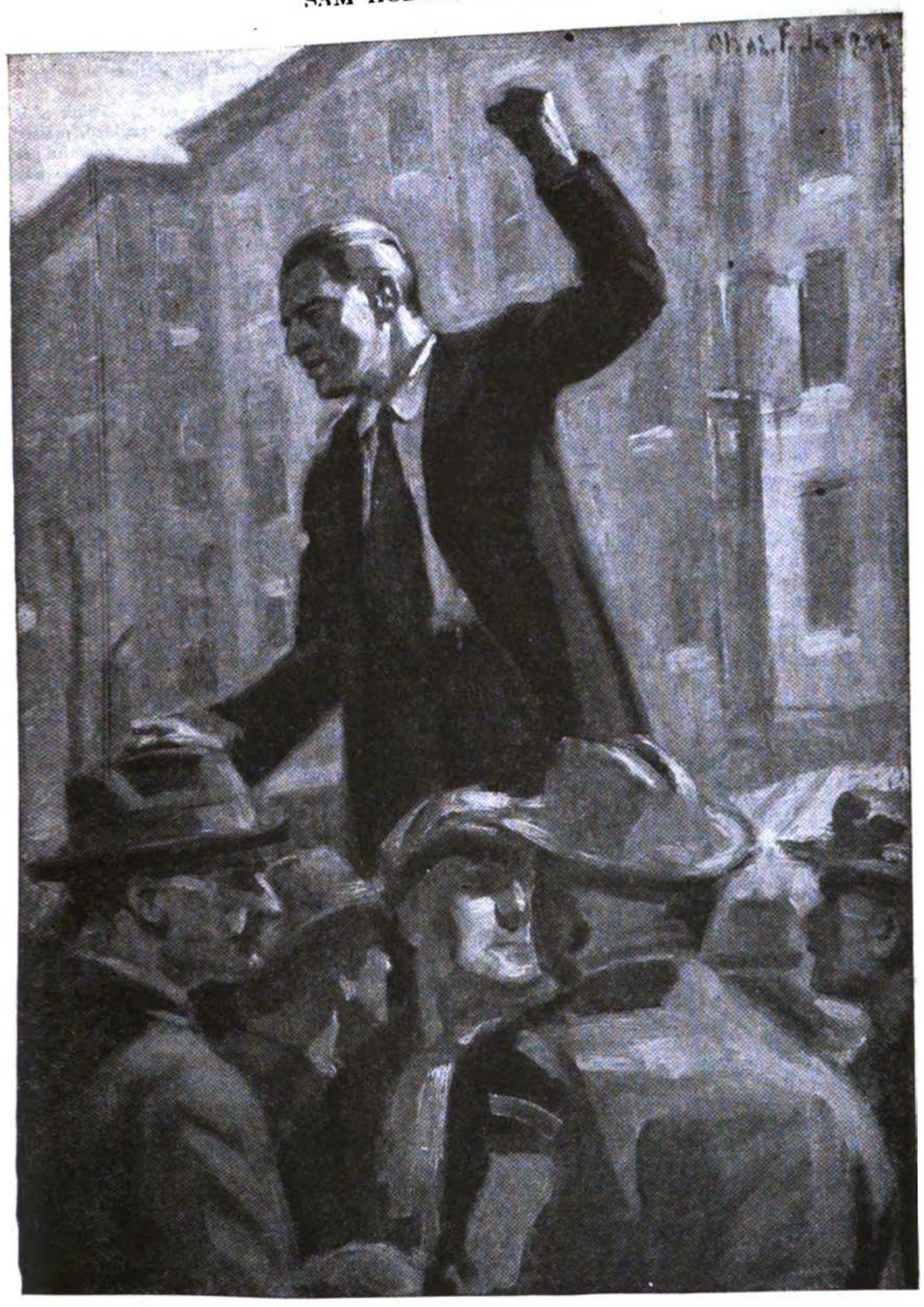
Next morning, the Rosedale *Herald* exploited the People's Party convention, in part, as follows:

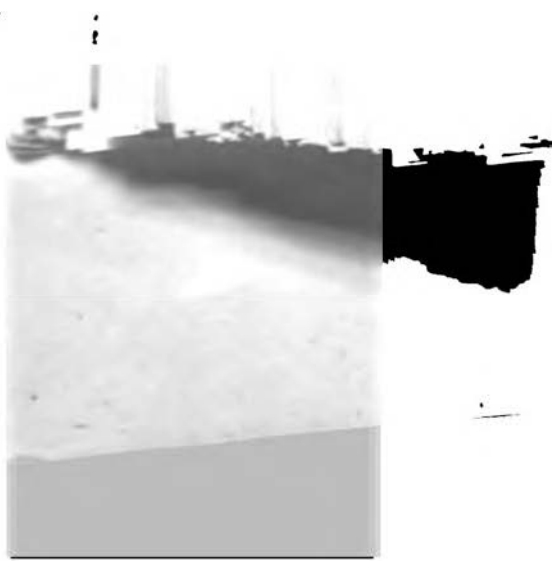
"Casparillo's party a great success. Among those present were the Lazy Larrys, and the Lustful Lorenzos, and the Idle Ikeys, and the Brainless Brotskys, and all the rest of the feeble-minded element of Harmony—the only ones to whom the movement appealed."

Widow Flannigan, one of Hichens' stanchest ad-

"Men and women, fellow Americans!" he shouted, "Bolshevism is an evil that you can stamp out only through organization. Organize your churches, organize your business men, organize the Hell's Half Acre of your town to fight it—but, best of all, organize the great American humor that you all have."

A low-browed, sinister tough at the edge of the crowd had been eyeing the speaker. At this point he yelled out: "Aw, what does a swell guy like you know about bolshevism, anyway."





berents, who had been much distressed by the apostasy of Mike Hennessey, brought the paper in for Bridget's edification. "Sure, you've the distinguished husband, Bridget Hennessey." And Bridget, forgetting to thank her kindly neighbor, turned upon the unoffending Mike.

"Look here, Mike Hennessey, what class do you come in? Are ye one of them Lorenzos they talk about? Tell me that?" Bridget's eyes flashed.

"I am not!" cried Mike.

"Are ye one of them Lazy Larrys?"

"I am not!"

Bridget skipped the other two classes. There was a note of exultation in her voice. "Then it's one of them feeble-minded ye are, Mike Hennessey, 'cause those are the only other ones mentioned as among those prisint at Mr. Casparillo's party."

The following day, the *Clarion* begged the people of Harmony not to get hysterical, to use their calm, sober judgment, to realize the impending danger to Harmony. Phillips reminded them editorially that it was a question of veracity. They must choose between the word of Walter Hichens, a man of unquestioned honor, and that of the word of a bolshevistic intruder, Casparillo J. Tode.

"Sure, Mike!" cried Bridget Hennessey, "look at that now. Would Mr. Hichens' paper dare call Tode that if it wasn't the truth? That'd be slander."

"It's hot stuff, all right, Bridget. But they talks about danger. Sure conditions'll have to be better, 'cause they can't be any worse."

Bridget's eyes flashed. "Don't be after takin' the words out of the dirty mouth of Sol Levinski, Mike Hennessey."

Sandowski with avidity seized the opportunity given him by the *Clarion:*

"*The Evening Star* thanks the *Morning Clarion* for the suggestion," he said editorially, "and points out that the people *are* choosing between the aristocrat, whom they don't know, and the man of the people, who has proven his fidelity to them by getting them jobs. It's all well enough to preach altruism to the people or to send smelling committees to nose out their private affairs and show up the iniquity of planting onions in their bath tubs or to advise trips to the seashore for the sake of the children, while the advisor keeps his pocket tightly buttoned. Such a man is Walter Hichens. But the man who gets the other man a job, puts actual hard cash into his pocket, is the friend of the workingman. And such a man is Casparillo J. Tode.

Then in italics: "*Remember, conditions must be better because they can't be worse. Remember, every man has a vote.*"

"Ain't it great!" cried Sol Levinsky to Mike Hennessey, "the way our Tode is handling this plutocrat?"

The next morning, the *Clarion* reminded the people of what Hichens had done for them. He had brought them away from Rosedale out from under the domination of Sam Hodge, the boss, who had denied them free speech.

Sandowski glanced at the Phillips's editorial in the *Clarion*, and chuckled. "Sam Hodge," he observed, "always Sam Hodge. They can't do anything without Sam Hodge. Wonderful fellow that."

"I hate him!" cried Tode.

Sandowski ignored Tode's words. "Think of it! Being in the papers all the time—scolded, praised, abused, quoted, all the time. What a wonderful personality." He chuckled. "I, too, must use Sam Hodge. I can't do without him."

For a few moments he scribbled assiduously, then chucked his copy across the desk to Tode with the comment: "My editorial for this afternoon:"

"We had been expecting Mr. Hichens to allude to his beneficences, because when a schemer fails of argument, he resorts to appeal. But even there he puts his foot in it worse than ever. It is a notorious fact that Walter Hichens built the town of Harmony, not to emancipate the people from the tyranny of Sam Hodge, but to spite Sam Hodge. The voice of the hypocrite is heard in the land. Hichens abuses Sam Hodge for ruthlessly suppressing free speech, which we allow, was most reprehensible. But as soon as Casparillo J. Tode, friend of the people, liberty lover, began in the *Star* to advocate the rights of the people as against the tyranny of capital, Hichens endeavored to shut him off. Tode wouldn't be shut off and now Hichens is attacking the stout advocate of free speech with all the resources that money and cunning command."

"By jingo!" Tode commented, "you've got me sized up all right, my good Sandowski.

Sandowski glanced at his employer and smiled humorously. He made no comment, but he thought: "Verily, this man is getting the swelled head."

Mike Hennessey read the Sandowski editorial to Bridget that afternoon. "Begorra, Bridget, don't that prove what I told you? Sure, everybody knows how Hichens hates Hodge, an' if that much of it's the truth, why isn't it all the truth, as Tode says?"

Bridget put her hands on her hips and regarded Mike curiously. "An' is that the way ye have of rasonin', Mike Hennessey? Sure, if ye put a drop of whisky in a glass of water would that make it all whisky?"

Mike banged the table with his fist. "Do you suppose a man like Tode'd dare to come here and do like he's done without havin' the truth back of him—him bein' a poor man, thank heaven for that?"

"An' how do you know Mr. Tode's a poor man, Mike Hennessey? Do you suppose a cunnin' feller like him would be after takin' into his confidence a man that was a dirty ditch-digger until Walter Hichens' father made a man of him? Sure, it's you that's the easy mark, Mike Hennessey."

CHAPTER XII

THE *Clarion*, next day, set forth the whole scheme of the establishment of Harmony with a minuteness of detail enough to convince anybody. Sandowski retorted editorially as follows:

"Walter Hichens' continued appeal to the gratitude of the people of Harmony would be pathetic if it were not so obviously ridiculous. To the uninitiated, his words are misleading. But Casparillo J. Tode,

(*Continued on page* 112)

You Can't Kill a Lion with a Slung Shot

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

A MAN should be as big as the job he tackles. He should be bigger, but never smaller. The business house that sends out a pigmy to put over a giant's proposition, because the pigmy costs less than the giant, invites disaster. Trying to save a few hundred dollars by sending a small man to put over a big deal has lost many a concern a profitable contract.

A pigmy cannot cope with a giant. A Lilliputian cannot do a bigger thing than himself. And a shrewd business man can very quickly measure up a pigmy or a Lilliputian. Either is covered all over with the earmarks of his size, the tags of his measurement, and the experienced man of affairs gauges a concern by the man who represents it.

Everywhere we see men falling down because they are not big enough for their jobs—not big enough, not sufficiently educated or trained, to measure up to their opportunities or emergencies.

They are trying to bring down lions with slung shots.

THE attention of the whole country was recently centered on the contestants for the heavy-weight pugilistic championship of the world—Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier. Dempsey won, not because of his superior skill in the art of boxing, but simply because of his stronger physique, his greater weight and height, backed up by the thoroughness of his preparation.

But suppose that, after the contract for the fight had been signed, Dempsey, conscious of his great natural strength, had said to himself: "I am sure I can whip that little Frenchman, Carpentier, without much preparation. I won't need to train very much; I can knock him out in a few rounds!" What chance do you think he would have had of winning? None at all. Even with his great natural advantage, the slightest let up in training might have cost him the prize. Dempsey knew this, and the price that he paid in preparation for the contest was something stupendous.

For many weeks, before the event, every day and every hour of the lives of both contestants was lived according to a rigid program. They were allowed to eat just so much, and only certain kinds of food, those which would build strength, nourish the muscles, and produce the ultimate of stamina and staying power. No sweets, no starches, no fats or rich gravies, nothing that would add a gram to their weight was permitted, no matter how their appetites might crave it. They had to exercise so much and regularly each day, and to keep away from all dissipation and indulgence of every sort. In fact, everything that was not calculated to help win the fight was religiously excluded from their daily routine. The training kept constantly in view the winning of the prize. This was the price they paid.

THINK what it would mean to the world if all young men were to prepare for their life's battle with the same care, the same painstaking thoroughness, the same intelligence, the same wise forethought that these two prize-fighters showed in their preparation for the international contest!

Of the ninety thousand spectators who witnessed the fight, probably none of the youths

and young men who were present took to themselves the lesson that was in it for them—that their own preparation for winning a prize in the great life-contest was infinitely more important to them than their preparation for the winning of the world championship in the ring was to Dempsey and Carpentier.

It is because we enter the ring only indifferently or half prepared that most of us fail to carry off the prizes that reward well-directed ambition. When a turning-point comes, and a great opportunity presents itself, the average young man is like a hunter who would go out to hunt big game with a sling and a few pebbles.

William Grotz, the artist, has caught the spirit of this idea. On our cover design, this month, he gives us a striking illustration of the position in which the young man finds himself who is not ready for his great opportunity. How futile, how ridiculous he looks, trying to bring down a lion with a slung shot! Opportunity has favored him! The big position, the big opening, has come to him; but he is not ready for it. He loses the great chance of a lifetime, because he is too lazy, too pleasure-loving, or too careless or indifferent of the future, to prepare for it.

IN studying young men in different professions and occupations, I am often reminded of what the government agent for the Alaska seal fisheries told me. He had left a Pacific Coast port with a ship and crew and men, and had gone over one thousand miles before discovering that he had forgotten to take on board shovels for the handling of salt, to be used in the curing of more than two millions of seal skins. He was obliged to return to port for the shovels, thus losing an enormous amount of time, to say nothing of the chagrin and mortification caused by his oversight.

How many young men start out on their life cruise without the most important item of their equipment—preparedness for the thing they are attempting to do. They do not know the principles underlying their business or profession, and are constantly returning for knowledge they should have taken aboard before they started. Without proper education, or training for their work, they are always at a disadvantage; whereas, if their mental machinery, at the very outset, had been put into a superb condition of efficiency they could have used all their energies in forging ahead.

Instead of that, in doing the work that comes along each day, they are obliged to go back and study their arithmetic, their geography, to post themselves on business fundamentals.

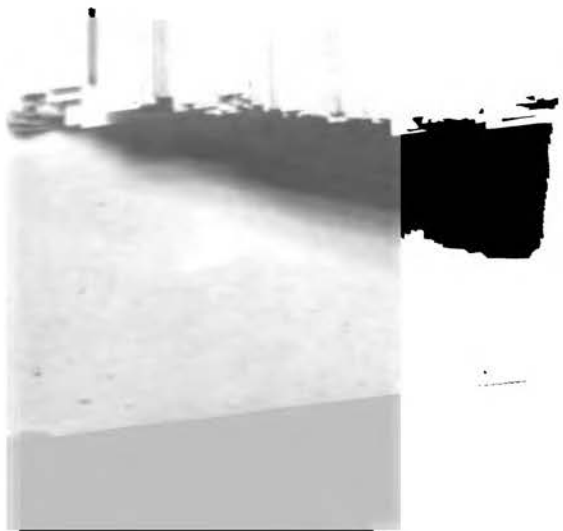
Millions of men who have the natural ability to do something infinitely better and to earn many times as much money, spend their lives working as day laborers on the streets, on railroads, on farms, in all sorts of places, where they get only very small wages. They never struggled to get an education, never learned to do anything in particular, and so they drifted into the only positions they could get without special preparation.

ABOUT ninety-nine in one hundred of those who whine about fate being against them, and claim that there is no chance for them, are simply incompetent. They are only half-prepared, or not at all, for the many chances that open up to those who are ready to utilize them. Their heads are filled with wrong notions. They think that the times are out of joint—that the fault is not with them. Yet young men apply for positions as bookkeepers who cannot write as well as many a twelve-year-old school boy. They cannot add up a simple column of figures correctly and make so many blunders in their work, that it would be easier to keep books than to keep track of their mistakes. Stenographers who cannot spell and know nothing about grammar or punctuation, who cannot write the simplest letter without the most glaring errors, expect to get high-class positions, and cannot understand why they don't get on faster. The perpetual clerk cannot see why he is not superintendent or foreman. He hasn't sense enough to see the difference between his own lack of knowledge, his ignorance of the business and the knowledge and expertness of his superior. And so it runs through most occupations.

There are tens of thousands of employees to-day who never can get above the lowest rank in their line simply because they never prepared for anything higher. They have not had a good general education, and have not been trained to become specialists in any line.

NOW, my friend, the men who get to the front, the men who win out in a large way in this world, pay the price for the thing their ambition calls for with superb preparation. They are not so foolish as to think they can bring down a lion with a slung shot. Their preparation for life's battle is, if possible, even more painstaking, more carefully planned, more religiously carried out, than was the preparation of Dempsey and Carpentier for the battle for the world's championship.

Prepare to win, or lose; there is no alternative. You'll never bring down a lion with a slung shot.



PART II OF

The Doubting Thomas

The story of a man who could not get out of a rut because he was afraid of failure

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I

"LOOK before you leap" was Thomas Douty's motto, but he spent so much time in looking that he never leaped. Instead, he went along in the same rut, year after year, fearing to venture in any new enterprise. Not even his wife's urgings could rouse him to carry out one of his many dreams. He was afraid of failure and so he clung to the security of his salaried position. The enthusiasm of his young daughter's admirer, Billy Drew, whose determination to succeed as a civil engineer made him anxious to work his way through college; the desire of his daughter to educate herself in art work; and the launching of a scheme by his friend Brown who is without a thought of failure, temporarily inspires Douty with a faith in his own ability. It does not last long, however, for, having read "Business Failures" in the newspaper, the old doubting thoughts arise again.

THAT night after Martha had gone to bed and the two were sitting on the veranda alone, Mrs. Douty turned to her husband. "Tom," she said with conviction, "I don't think we have any right to forbid Martha working her way through art school. It is true that she has talent and she is industrious. If she is born to be an artist and has the energy and will to perfect herself, it would be criminal for us to stand in her way. Since we cannot pay the bills, and she still wants this training enough to work for it herself, we would be criminals to forbid her doing it. Nordica encountered the same opposition on the part of her parents—and overcame all obstacles. Others have done it in every age. But, more than merely standing in her way, we have no right to poison her young enthusiasm with the haunting gloom of doubt."

"But, my dear, do you realize—I doubt if you do—" Thomas began.

"Thomas!" announced his wife, "if you use that word 'doubt,' again I'll begin to *doubt* your sanity—and *I'll* begin to *doubt* the brains I know you have in that foolish old head of yours. Stop it! Eliminate the word from your vocabulary and the practice from your habit. If you're ever going into business for yourself—do it now. Martha is willing to work for her education and I'm willing to work for my living and we can both do it. So you're taking no chance on making this plunge for yourself. I want you to do it—next week—next month—as soon as you can get your plans ready. If you don't, I'm going to take a position and make myself independent so that you cannot use Martha and me as the stone around your neck."

She was splendid in her enthusiasm; but her words, instead of inspiring Douty, made him ill-tempered. They cut him, too, because he knew his wife was right.

"I'll talk it over with Nicholas Craft," Thomas said after a time, controlling himself, and pondering as to just what he should do.

"Nicholas Craft!" Jane laughed. "Nicholas has sat in a chief clerk's chair for nearly forty years, and he'll sit there for forty more unless he dies or the chair breaks down under his shriveling bones! If you need to talk it over with any one, go to Chicago and talk to Samuel Pepper."

"That plunger!" scouted Thomas. "He'd advise a man to try crossing the Atlantic Ocean in a bird cage!"

"No one has ever tried it," Jane reminded him seriously, "so I'm not convinced that it isn't quite possible."

"Nonsense," Thomas said impatiently. "You'll be advising me to organize a company to cut the moon up into cakes of green cheese, next."

But his withering sarcasm did not in the least daunt his wife. "It would take vision to promote such a company," she replied. "Vision is absolutely essential to doing things—but vision must be combined with courage and common sense to produce results. And in your case, you know that your business aims have merit, that the plan can be successfully executed.

"Your only trouble is that you *doubt* your ability to do it yourself. If you keep on making excuses to yourself and thinking you can't do it—you *never will* do it!"

That night was sleepless for Douty. He realized that he was at the turning-point in his life. Whether the road led to success or to failure, he could not figure out; but he did realize that he had come to the crossroads, that his wife, his daughter, his employer, and even young Billy Drew, were all forcing him to make a decision—to take the plunge of which he had boasted for so many years.

So he compromised with himself, as was his wont. He resolved to go to Chicago and see Sam Pepper. That would satisfy Jane. Then he would talk with Nicholas Craft on his return. If the two advised him along similar lines, he would feel that he should take the step.

And, accordingly, the next morning, he phoned the office that he would not be in that day. He was rather startled at himself for doing so, but there was no alternative. And nine o'clock saw him on board the train that would land in Chicago by next noon. It was a risk—a big risk—he told himself; and the number of recent failures seemed alarmingly large.

With a sigh he tossed the paper aside and began to picture his own name in bold type at the head of one of those notices. It might be better to try something involving less risk, to wait for something else to turn up, and to be satisfied with his lot for the present, at least. Yes, that was surely it: satisfaction with his lot. And for the moment he forgot that for a man to be satisfied with his lot he must first secure that lot.

They were nearing Chicago. A number of the men about him were leaving their seats. One of them left a magazine on the red upholstery right at Douty's side. It was a publication he had often heard of but never had seen—a periodical devoted to business and personal articles of timely import and interest. He had heard that it boasted many successful men among its readers, that it was a favorite with ambitious young men and women, but he had never turned its covers before. Now he did so—through idle curiosity only.

The introductory article was by a man whose pictures he had often seen, but whose works he had never read: the president of a great educational institution, Willord Woodson. Its title startled Douty. It was "*Are You Your Own Handicap?*"

He smiled. Many men were, or, at least their habits were. He was well aware of that. But the opening paragraph jolted him even more than the caption had.

"Doubting Thomases never get anywhere," he read. And the words brought home to him that his wife had, in effect, if not in so many words, called him a "Doubting Thomas."

"Doubting, looking at things from the wrong angle, hesitating, taking a hopeless, depressed attitude and view of life—these are what lead to failure," the article went on. "The man who can suppress and overcome his doubts and turn them into decisions is halfway on the road to achievement. A man who is constantly skeptical about the result of a venture, who is uncertain as to the advisability of his acts, is doomed to failure. He will always be a weakling—a follower, never a leader. Doubt is the cause of more lost opportunities, more misery, more suicides than any other single individual fault. And doubt *is* a fault—a crime—a curse not equaled by any form of self-indulgence the world has ever known! Doubt has stunted the growth of more ambitions, shattered more splendid dreams, dulled and rendered impotent more fine intellects and kept more men in the rut than any vice known to medical science."

Thomas's eyes bulged as he turned to the next paragraph. It seemed to burn into his very soul, to point out from the page at him with a long, accusing finger.

"Thousands of employees, hopelessly following a beaten track, might have had their own enterprises, their own honors, motors, country homes, if they had only learned to conquer Doubt. When the great chance came—they stopped to ponder—doubted the propitiousness of the hour, or their own ability to cope with——"

But the train stopped in the great station and Thomas was on his feet. He slipped the magazine into his pocket, glanced at his watch, and made his way out to the platform, in a sort of daze. He was thinking—not thinking it over—but really wondering whether some strange trick of fate—of foreordained success—had not cast this precious article in his path at that very moment. But the old specter itself snickered in his ear—told him he was foolish—and reminded him that this trip itself was ill-advised, since he would take whatever advice Sam Pepper might give with a grain of salt.

BUT he got no advice from Sam Pepper. Arriving at that gentleman's office he saw a beehive of industry; smart, spruce, alert young men and women, all hurrying about their tasks with the evident appearance of making good at them.

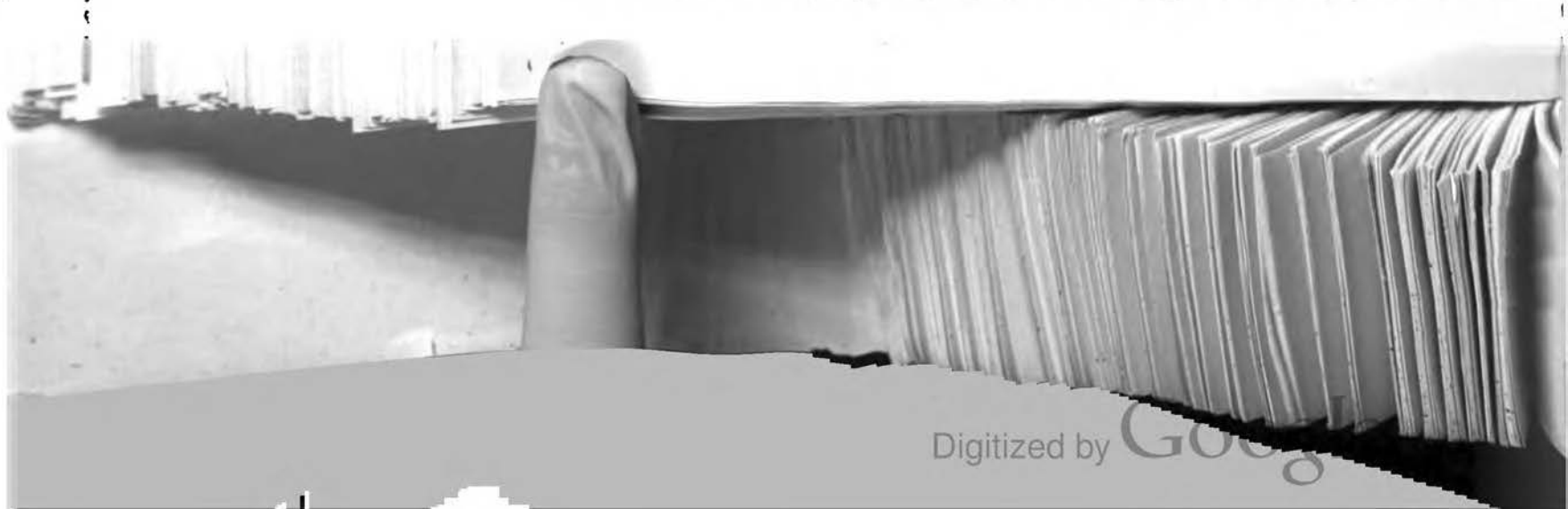
"Mr. Pepper is spending the week on a fishing trip," a keen-eyed girl told Douty. She smiled knowingly at the look of surprise which came over the caller's face. "Oh, Mr. Pepper believes that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—but you ought to see him play. He positively works at it. He goes after trout the way he'd go after a million-dollar contract, and he gets them both with equal facility. Sometimes he has poor luck; but he only laughs and says, 'Well, there are better fish in the stream than the one which got away! And then he'll smile and say, 'Experience is a good teacher—if you only profit by what she says.' Is there any message you'd like to leave, sir; or anything I can do for you?"

Douty shook his head. He recalled that he had exactly twenty vacations in the last twenty years—of two weeks duration each. He was a steady, hard-working employee. Pepper—the plunger—took a vacation twenty times a year, if he wished one, because he had earned the right to play as the result of his work, and, as the girl said, he made a business of playing just as he made practice of working. He owned a great business. He was successful, daring.

"I don't doubt he'll have a good time," Douty said to the girl as he left the office, and then bit his tongue as the hated word escaped his lips.

"*I* won't doubt it," the girl said pleasantly, yet earnestly. "I wouldn't doubt the success of anything Mr. Pepper undertakes—from taking a walk to organizing a billion-dollar corporation."

Douty seemed smothered with embarrassment. He felt the thrust keenly. Here was a girl who knew Pepper so well—who was so familiar with his indomitable will that she declined to doubt the outcome of any task to which he might set his hand. How different, Douty thought, his own situation. Others believed in him—urged him on—yet he doubted himself and his own capabilities. He thought he was beginning to see the light, the reason why he was still a plodding employee, although older than the successful Pepper. But the tragedy of it was that he



was not sure of himself even yet, that the doubt still stuck in the back of his brain.

He was pondering over the whole matter as he went down the elevator and, for the first time in many years, he began to reproach himself. Looking at his watch he saw that he could not make a train home for another hour, and decided to eat a bite of luncheon. With the true instinct of thrift, he sought a little white-tiled dining-place with broad arm-chairs. Selecting a few thin sandwiches and a glass of milk, he sat down to eat and think.

The crowd about him was noisy. Most of the patrons were young men: eager, earnest, bright-eyed young men who were busily chatting of their day's work and the prospects of their advancement. He also saw a few dignified men, well-dressed and well-groomed. Douty contrasted the two types: the boys with their lives and careers before them and the men with their careers half rounded out and quite evidently well launched on the road to fame and fortune. Then he thought of himself. He belonged in the latter group, and doubtless those who surrounded him imagined that he did.

But Douty knew that he did not—that within a very few years many of the younger element would be making as much if not more each year than he was being paid. It hurt—and it hurt still more when he began to realize that the fault involved was wholly his own. Yet, even with this visualization before his eyes, he started to argue with himself—to wonder and ponder over the advisability of the step about which he had come to town to consult with Pepper.

He recalled the days when he and Pepper had been schoolmates. While Douty had always been the keener student, the finer mathematician, the more polished writer of essays, Pepper had made a brilliant recitation record, while Douty had failed miserably to express his learning when called to do so on his feet. Pepper had also been the idol of the class, the leader in every innocent, mischievous prank—while Douty had been almost a hermit, liked by his comrades yet seldom asked by them to join in their little larks.

Diffidence, lack of confidence in himself—that had been the curse since boyhood—and he had never been able to overcome it. He realized it now, but he also felt powerless to change what seemed to be his inborn nature.

Subconsciously, he fished in his pocket for the magazine he had started to read on the incoming train. He was eating mechanically, but his eyes were glued upon the printed page. The article seemed to fascinate him. He felt as if it might have been written for him, as if his own individual mentor were advising him—just as he had hoped Pepper would do. And somehow he seemed to put more faith and credence in this printed message—intended to be read and profited by on the part of thousands—than he would have been inclined to put into Pepper's words, had he heard them.

The paragraph that came under his notice was not addressed directly to Thomas Douty, yet it struck him squarely between the eyes.

"Without vision," it read, "whole peoples have perished. Individuals without vision fail. Vision does not mean mere dreams—mere ambitions—it means the ability to see and to foresee. Without vision, faith shrivels, because only the immediate obstacles can be perceived. When vision is displaced because of lack of confidence, fear, anxiety, *doubt*——"

He stopped reading. "Am I to be pursued by that word '*doubt*' all my life?" he asked himself. The specter was perched upon his chair and was whispering that he would continue to sit there and be with Thomas wherever he might roam—when another spirit seemed to say, "Doubt will stay with you so long as you refuse to pal about with me. I am Confidence."

Thomas Douty carefully folded the magazine and tucked it under his arm. He wanted to stroll through the streets and think it all over. The events of the day had made him decide that he would go home and tell Jane he'd made up his mind to take the jump. Yet the thought of that cold plunge chilled his determination, while a little warm stream flowed in and soothed his ambition.

He had partially made up his mind to tell his wife that he would do the thing she had been urging for years. As he paid his check, at the cashier's desk, the pinched-face girl was saying, "I'll get a two dollar raise next Saturday."

DOUTY heard the girl and looked at the boy to whom she spoke. There was a light in both of their eyes that gave Douty another shock.

"Listen, kid," eagerly replied the boy, "the big boss has promised me a five-a-week raise and a bonus on sales, too!" I'm going to get 'em both!"

Douty walked out. He wandered through to Michigan Avenue, and in his daze was almost run over by the speeding traffic as he crossed to the lake-side of the Boulevard. Once there he gazed far out over the lake, which might have been the Atlantic Ocean from the point of view of a man who wishes he might swim an impassable river.

Tom Douty endeavored to stare across those broad uninviting waters. He wished he were in New York. He had never been there, but he had heard that marvelous fortunes had been made in the metropolis. Somehow he couldn't go back to Jane or to Martha and tell them he hadn't made good on the object of this trip. He knew he had not—and he was keenly aware of the fact that the end of this little journey would mark the high point—or the failing point—in his career.

Again he looked at his watch. He had barely time to make his way to the Grand Western station. Taxi-cabs were plentiful, but Douty could not see his way to take one.

And—as sometimes happens—fate steps in and makes men do things which are a part of the eternal scheme.

Through Monroe Street, Douty ran from the lake. He turned up State Street, and, with a pain in his side, paused before a church. On the bulletin board was this sign:

You may not believe what I say . . . But I believe it . . . And it won't hurt you who pass to listen to me. THE PASTOR.

Douty looked from the temporary sign in the frame of the church bulletin board, to the permanent bronze tablet affixed to the concrete wall of the newly erected edifice. In relief was engraved the name of Willard Woodson.

DOUTY'S eyes caught the name of the author whose article had so influenced his day in Chicago. He stared at it again, and then realized that the name on the bronze sign was that of the man whose impersonal advice had moved him so strangely. Once more he looked at his watch, found that he could make a later train, and resolved to step inside to listen to this lecture. He did so, joining others who were walking into the sacred building. He took an obscure seat, rather far to the rear, and waited for the appearance of the man who had made such an impression upon him.

Douty rather imagined that Willard Woodson would prove to be a solemn, forbidding, dictatorial, and most sanctimonious sort of person. But he was nothing of the sort. He was a tall, slender, upstanding type of man. He might have been a successful merchant or lawyer, or a keen-witted executive. And, although Douty did not know it, Woodson, was a composite of all these. He knew men—knew their failings—the means and the struggles through and by which men climbed to success. He was a Doctor of Failure, a Counsellor to Success.

The speaker started in to talk—*not* to lecture—but to give straight-from-the-shoulder suggestions to his assembled audience.

"As the sign outside says," Woodson began, "you may not believe what I say. I don't care whether or not you do. I have found that the principles I will put before you are true. If you wish to disprove them, pattern your course on the line of my talk and then come and tell me you haven't made good. Then I'll believe that you are right and I am wrong. But if there is one of you who has not succeeded—and who doubts the wisdom of my words—then I tell you that you have no right to contradict me. Theories are very interesting—but they prove nothing.

"I have been through the mill. My future looked as hopeless as any man's—and whether or not I have since succeeded is a matter of individual opinion. I believe that I have—and a man who thinks he has accomplished his purpose and is on the right track, is likely to keep on accomplishing it and to rise to still greater heights if he doesn't get a swelled head and grow lazy. As to myself, I got out of the rut, I have a comfortable home, and myself, my wife, and my children have the respect of the community. This much I have secured, and by dint of keeping at it I have persuaded many other men to get out of the rut and get into the running. That's the burden of my message to you."

Douty sat quietly in his place, drinking in every word. Mr. Woodson seemed to be a living inspiration to him, and the man himself was more inspiring than the article in the magazine he still held in his hand. Something seemed to tell him that listening to this talk was going to be more helpful than would have been the interview with Pepper.

"It all starts with your attitude toward yourself," Woodson was saying. "If you can't convince yourself, you can never hope to convince any one else. Nobody will believe your genuineness of mind unless it *is* genuine—unless you believe it so yourself. Your worst enemy is inside of you—not outside of you. It isn't like the enemy of which Shakespeare speaks, that a man puts into his mouth to steal his brains away—it's the lack of command of one's brains and the folly that naturally comes out of some mouths that does the damage. And, again, Shakespeare did not put the matter clearly when he said that the man who steals your purse steals trash, while your good name—filched—leaves you poor, indeed. That all depends upon how good you make that good name. It can be of greater or less value than your purse according to what you do to build it up. It may be that no man can have anything to say against you—but that isn't the point. It may be that, despite this fact, he is not able to say anything in favor of you. To be a nonentity—a neutral in the game of life—is almost worse than being utterly wrong."

Douty leaned forward and drank in every word. Wasn't *he* a nonentity—a neutral in the game of life? Woodson was talking to him face to face, swinging sledge-hammer blows of common sense. He voiced no wonderfully beautiful sentiments. He shot out truths which hurt—which spurred men on to action—and made his audience so sore at itself that it wanted to get up and get into action without delay.

"When you make up your mind or feel that you'd like to do something, take a mental survey of yourself and see if you have the necessary mental and physical equipment," the speaker continued. "Bricks can't be made without straw. And it is equally true that a career can't be successfully molded without brains, character, ability, honesty, and industry. An overwhelming ambition to get there is the spark-plug of success. See that you have enough straw—then go make your bricks—and keep on piling them up until you have a pedestal high enough on which to pose. If you get the pedestal high enough you won't want to stand about posing on it; you'll get out and put up another one just to keep from getting bored with life.

"But bear this in mind, whatever you do. If you have no confidence in yourself, if you hesitate to take the plunge—don't do it! If you haven't the confidence, you admit to yourself that your dreams are greater than your waking energies. Don't start anything until you are solid on the idea of going through with it no matter what discouragements you may face. And never give up until you have proven beyond the shadow of doubt that you *have* tackled a bridge-builder's job when you *should* have been doing a bricklayer's work. Take your own measure and stand by it—and get full value out of every inch of your measure. If you find you are cast in the wrong rôle—assign yourself to the right one."

He talked on for twenty minutes more; then he ceased abruptly and, with a pleasant nod and a smile, hurriedly left the platform. Douty arose and made his way out to the street. He felt that he was

a different man. Woodson had measured him and had convinced him that he belonged not with the bricklayers, but with the bridge-builders. And he resolved then and there to start construction on the bridge that should carry him and his loved ones across the River of Doubt.

On the train home, he burned other bridges behind him. There were several men he knew, sitting in the club. One was the president of the local bank in his home town. To their astonished ears he told his decision. "I'm going in business for myself," was the announcement and immediately he felt hearty hands shaking his.

"Good work, Tom," the banker said. "I've always wondered why you didn't—especially since I know something of those plans of yours. If you need the bank, the bank will stand back of you, for I know your ideas are sound and that you are not a reckless plunger. Drop in and talk things over with me."

When Douty ascended the veranda steps and saw Jane and Martha sitting there, his face wreathed itself in smiles. His wife arose and kissed him, and as she did so he saw a look of elation in her eyes. "Pepper told you to make the break, didn't he?" she asked.

"No!" snapped Douty. "He's off vacationing somewhere, and I've no time to wait for his advice. I've decided to go ahead!"

Jane looked squarely at him for a moment, then something very like tears came into her loving eyes. "Thank God, Tom," she said feelingly. "Thank God, you've found yourself at last!"

Douty was silent for a moment, then he told her the story. "I would never have done it of my own accord, and I don't think that Pepper could have sold me on the idea. But this article and the talk I heard, turned the trick. I feel like a race horse eager for the signal to start. I feel ten years younger—like a young Samson going out after the Goliath of discouragement."

THAT night, he wrote a letter to his employer offering his resignation—and he posted it before he retired. The next morning, when he arrived at the office, the big boss surprised him.

"Douty," said Mr. Brown, "I'm tickled to death over that letter of yours—"

Douty felt chagrined. Evidently his resignation was welcome.

"Now don't look at me like that," Brown went on reading the other's thoughts. "I'm sorry to lose you. You're a valuable man; but you can readily be a still more valuable one—to yourself. That's just what you need—your own business and the will to make it go. You'll do it. I know you'll make more money than I can afford to pay you, and I'm not going to make you an increased offer to stay here because I'll welcome clean-cut, honest competition such as you'll give us, and I honestly believe you'll be better off on your own. Go to it, and all the luck in the world go with you!"

Douty returned his hearty handclasp and a new joy came into his heart. He felt like a slave who had thrown the shackles from him. He was a new man. He had found himself—before it was too late—and while he still had the courage and strength to dare and to do.

"I appreciate your kind wishes," he said modestly. "I've been thinking of the matter for a long, long time."

"I know you have," Brown said, "and I've been wondering why you didn't make the break. I heard about your plans from a friend in whom you'd confided, and—"

"You mean someone betrayed my confidence?" Douty asked, cut to the quick.

"Betrayed nothing!" snapped Brown. "He told it to me and asked me why I didn't give you a chance to put the thing into execution here—why I didn't take you into partnership and let you make something of yourself."

DOUTY gasped. "I don't quite understand," he muttered.

"Well, then I'll tell you, Tom Douty. I told that man that if you hadn't the nerve to resign and go to this idea with all the ability I know you have, that there probably wasn't much in it. I didn't intend to hold the bag and let you play crazy schemes in which you lacked sufficient confidence to stake your welfare and your future. If a man cannot so thoroughly believe in a plan of that sort that he is willing to go to it for all he is worth—no matter what it may cost—he can't hope to put it over. Now that you've made the break—that you've put aside a life-long job and are going into the thing with real ambition—I know you'll build a beautiful business for yourself."

"That's just what my wife said," Tom Douty remarked somewhat sheepishly. "She's been at me to do it for years."

"Then she is responsible for your descision."

"No," admitted Douty, "the truth of the matter is it all resulted from my reading a magazine article and hearing a talk by a man named Woodson—"

"Willard Woodson!" exclaimed Brown. "That man's the greatest little spur to ambition on this old footstool. I read everything he turns out, and every now and then I run into Chicago and have a little chat with him—"

"You mean to say you know him?" asked Douty.

"Of course, I know him. Every worth-while business man knows Willard Woodson. That's how he gets his straight-from-the-shoulder data. He works with us, helping us to make men worth while to us and to themselves. He isn't a preacher—he's a molder of character, a surveyor of careers, a human danger-signal and a bright lighthouse for those who are fighting through stormy waters to the port of success. If *he* got you going, you're going *good;* and if you stick close to the Willard Woodson chart, you'll go a long way in life, Tom Douty."

"One day," Tom Douty mused pleasurably, on his way to the bank to see its president, "I'll give Doc Woodson material for a new article and a new chapter in a book. It will be entitled 'Curing Doubting Thomas.' And I rather feel, it may hold some inspiration to a lot of poor misguided plodders like the man I used to be."

THE END

Think It Over!

OVER 25,000 divorce cases are now pending in Paris, an increase of 100 per cent in the past few years.

* *

There are less than 50,000 idle men in France. There are over 5,000,000 idle men in the United States.

* *

If you intend to make a tour of the world, traveling first class, do not forget that it will cost you from $17 to $26 a day for expenses. This is twice as much as it used to cost.

* *

A lady meeting a returning soldier with an armless sleeve, said to him, "I see you lost your arm in the war."

"No," replied the soldier. "I didn't lose it—I gave it."

* *

We Americans are spending, yearly, approximately $13,000,000,000 for luxuries, recreation, moving-pictures and other amusements, and personal finery—according to federal tax receipts. Battleships are being built with the tax on motion-picture films, sporting goods, face powder, cosmetics and other beautifiers.

* *

More than two-thirds of the public school children of New York City, it is said, are in poor physical condition. From the examination of 100,000 (out of 600,000 registered) the Department of Health has estimated that 31 per cent, 186,000, have defective vision, 108,000 have enlarged tonsils and 60,000 suffer from adenoids. These disabilities are largely due to mal-nutrition, bad air, and unhygienic surroundings.

* *

A silent gun that will shoot four-ton explosive gas-bombs, two or three hundred miles, at a velocity of one to five miles a second is being developed by Miller Reese Hutchinson, Hudson Maxim and their associates. In a demonstration, a steel bullet three inches long and a half inch in diameter was shot through a three-quarter-inch steel plate at a velocity of one mile a second. The demonstration was absolutely silent, the only sound being the impact of the bullet as it bored through the plate.

Use Good English

WHATEVER we learn we should know *correctly;* for, unless our knowledge be correct, we lose half of its usefulness.

It is amusing to observe the broad line of demarcation between genteel bad grammar and that of uneducated people. An ignorant person uses adjectives instead of adverbs, and says, "This letter is written shocking;" a genteel bungler uses adverbs instead of adjectives, as "This letter looks shockingly." Which performs the act of looking, the written page or the speaker? To say that a thing looks, when we look at it, is an idiom peculiar to our language, and means not that the thing actually looks, but only appears. A thing cannot appear beautifully, but it may appear beautiful. Hence it is improper to say, "The moon looks beautifully," The flowers smell sweetly," "This dress looks badly." There are some idioms which you would better avoid if they sound awkward to you; but if you feel obliged to use them, do so correctly.

IN the first place, uniform pronounciation is necessary, if people would understand one another. A man asked a country storekeeper if he kept onions, and received a reply in the negative. He had hardly left the shop when the proprietor said to one of the loungers standing by, "D'ye suppose the 'tarnal fool wanted ineyuns?"

Don't say, "You *are mistaken;*" that means, "You are not understood;" say, "You *mistake.*"

Don't add one more to the already large list of those who say, "Not *as* I know." "Not *that* I know," is correct.

"I cannot see but *what* you are right;" but, in telling you so, I should say, "but *that* you are right."

Don't say, "They *conversed together.*" It would be impossible to converse *alone.* In words like this, *con* means *together* or *with.*

Don't say, "I *had rather* have you go." Say, *would rather;* and, if you are uncertain which word to use, leave out the "rather," and see which word makes better sense; as "I had—have you go;" "I would—have you go."

A LANDLORD once said to a tenant, "Neighbor, I shall raise your rent." "Thank you kindly, for I have given up all hope of being able to raise it myself," was the reply.

"Frank was there *among the rest.*" This declares an impossibility. "The rest," signifies *in addition to* Frank. He could not, therefore, be *among* them, as he was not of them, but was *with the rest.*

The following examples illustrate how easily an intended meaning can be changed by a wrong selection or arrangement of words or phrases:

"The man was digging a well with a Roman nose."

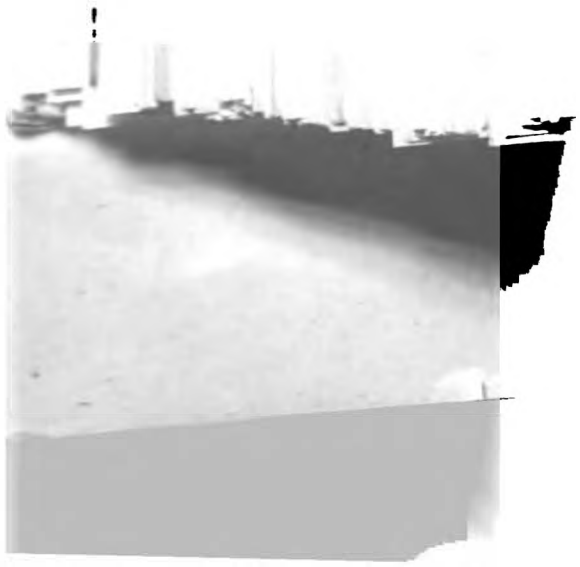
"Wanted, a young man to take care of some horses of a religious turn of mind."

"He obtained a situation of great profit at the beginning of his career."

"These verses were written by a young man who has long lain in the grave for his own amusement."

"A public dinner was given to the inhabitants of roast beef and plum pudding."

(To be continued)



How I increased my salary more than 300%

by Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning $25,000 and $50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from $25 to $75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than $75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near $75 a week, either!

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 7398 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X in the list below:

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ BUSINESS MANAGEM'T
☐ Electric Lighting & Railways	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Railroad Positions
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Private Secretary
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Business Correspondent
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Stenographer & Typist
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Certified Public Accountant
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ PLUMBING & HEATING	☐ Mathematics
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Spanish
☐ Pharmacy	☐ BANKING ☐ Teacher

Name.....

7-1-21

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

LAUGH WITH US!

THE author had just slipped into the village bookstore and bought a copy of his own book.

Of course the bookseller didn't know him.

"And how is this volume selling?" he asked.

"It's the only book we've sold this month," the old bookseller replied.

"Why, then that makes it the leading one of the six best sellers," he joyously remarked and briskly went his way.

◆ ◆ ◆

"WHERE are you going with that building?" yelled the station-master to Farmer Wheatsheaf.

"That's my new chicken coop that came by express, to-day," replied the farmer. "I'm carting it home."

"Hustle that back, quick!" replied the station-master. "You've made a mistake. That's our station."

◆ ◆ ◆

PROUD CITIZEN—So you've been visiting our schools, eh? Splendid, aren't they? Magnificent discipline, superb buildings, beautiful furnishings. By the way, I want to ask you what was the first thing that struck you on entering the boy's department?

VISITOR (*truthfully*)—A pea from a pea-shooter.

◆ ◆ ◆

A NEGRO employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Nat a-tall! I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

◆ ◆ ◆

MRS. BLIFFKINS met Mary Smith, whom she had recommended to a neighbor for a situation. "How are you getting on at your new place?" asked Mrs. Bliffkins.

"Very well, thank you," was the reply.

"I am glad to hear it," remarked Mrs. Bliffkins. "Your employer is a very nice lady, and you can not do too much for her."

"I don't mean to, ma'am," replied Mary.

DISGUSTED PROFESSOR—What did you come to college for, anyway? You are not studying.

BOBBY RAHRAH—Well, mother says it's to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Jim, to sow my wild oats; sister Helen, to get a chum for her to marry; and dad, to bankrupt the family.—*Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

YOUNG GAZIP—"There goes Mrs. Lastword. They say every cent her husband makes she puts on her back."

OLD FOGIE—"Poor fellow! He must have been out of work when that gown was made."—*Houston Post.*

◆ ◆ ◆

THE new doorkeeper at the local museum had evidently learned the rules by heart before taking over the job.

"Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door," he said to a visitor who was going straight through the turnstile.

"But I haven't any umbrella."

"Then you must go back and get one," was the stern reply. "No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door!"

◆ ◆ ◆

BEN—So your engagement to Eva is off. And I just thought she doted on you

LOU—Yes, she did. But her father proved to be an antidote.—*Kansas City Star.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"HOW much pay do I get?" asked the boy who applied for a job in the butcher shop.

"Three dollars a week. But what can you do in a butcher shop?"

"Anything."

"Can you dress chickens?"

"Not on three dollars a week."

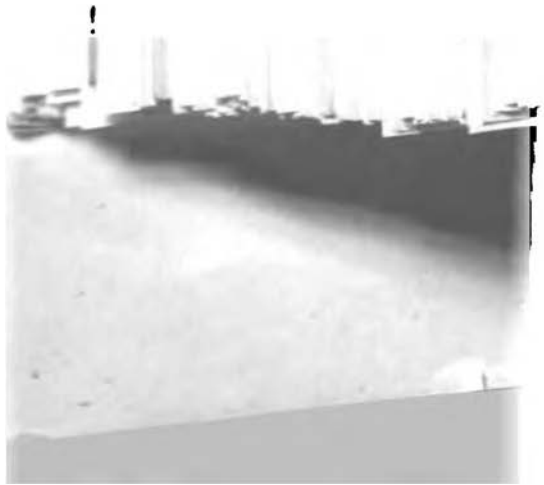
◆ ◆ ◆

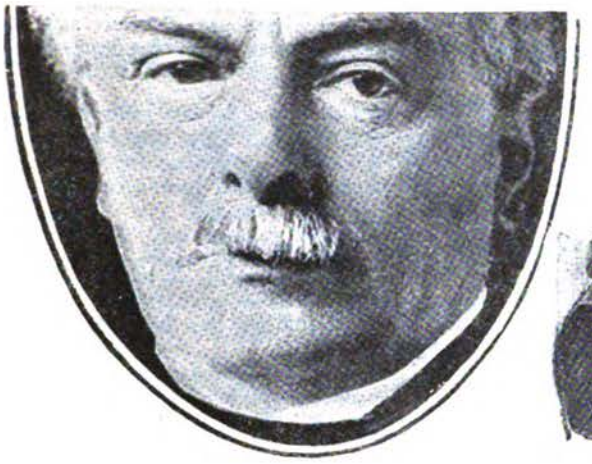
A BOY who left the farm to go to the city wrote a letter to his brother, telling of the joy of city life, in which he said:

"Thursday we auto'd out to the country club, where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there."

The brother on the farm wrote back:

"Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Med's and pokered till morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed until sundown. Then we suppered





The secret the shoemaker revealed to this boy is revealed to you by Dr. Eliot of Harvard in a free booklet. Send for it now.

The Old Shoemaker Who Advised David Lloyd George

YOU read a speech of David Lloyd George and you say:

"How did he learn to think so clearly and express himself with such power? What college did he attend?"

His college was the cobbler shop in a little village in Wales; his teachers were his uncle the cobbler—and a few really worth-while books.

It was those books, wisely selected for him and systematically read, that gave Lloyd George his start.

Think of this. *You have probably read more books than Lloyd George ever saw in his early years.* Yet your reading has given you only a smattering of knowledge; while his reading gave him the richest gift in the world—the power to think clearly and to express himself well.

WHY not decide to-day to stop wasting your reading hours? Why not say: "From now on I will read only the books that will build me into a more successful man or woman; the books that have proved their building power in other lives."

You can do it, if you will. You need not wander aimlessly among the 4,500,000 books that have been printed. Your reading problem has been solved; the solution is contained in a free booklet which every ambitious man and woman should own. It is called "Fifteen Minutes a Day" and tells the whole story of

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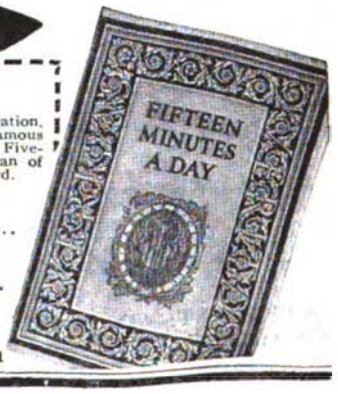

and then we piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock fived."—*Argonaut.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"AND now," said the monocled gentleman who had grubbed a match from the traffic cop, "I suppose you would like to know who I am."

"Sure."

"I am Sir T. Willy Rockinghorse, knight of the Bath, knight of the Garter, knight of the Double Eagle, and knight of the Golden Cross."

"And I," said the cop, "am James Murphy, to night, last night, to-morrow and every other night."

◆ ◆ ◆

CALLER—"Is Mrs. Jones at home?"

COOK-GENERAL—"She is, but she ain't 'ardly in a fit state to see anybody. She's just bin givin' me notice."—*Punch.*

◆ ◆ ◆

MOTHER—"Poor Jimmy is so unfortunate."

CALLER—"How's that?"

MOTHER—"During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had in college."—*Tar Baby.*

◆ ◆ ◆

MRS. EVE—"Does your husband remember the anniversary of your marriage?"

MRS. WYE—"Never; so I remind him of it in January and June and get two presents."—*Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

THE MISS:—"You say you're starving, and yet bread and cheese isn't good enough for you?"

THE MISERY:—"Well, yer see, lady—it happens ter be my birthday!"

◆ ◆ ◆

BALLPLAYER:—"Say, waiter, you seem very incompetent, slow, and disgusted. Don't you like your job?"

WAITER:—"How can I, sir, when I only make six dollars a week?"

BALLPLAYER: "Well, why don't you go to ball-playing and get five thousand dollars a season, as I do?"

WAITER:—"But I don't know how to play ball."

BALLPLAYER:—"That don't matter. You don't know how to wait on a table, either."

◆ ◆ ◆

"DID you buy that thirty-dollar hat you were raving over?"

"Yes."

"What did your husband think of it?"

"Why—er—he raved over it, too."

◆ ◆ ◆

"YOU told him to diet," said the young doctor's wife.

"Yes, I told him to eat only the very plainest food and very little of that."

"Do you think that will help him?"

"It will help him pay my bill."

◆ ◆ ◆

APPLICANT:—"I'm ready to begin at the bottom, sir."

NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR: "Well, what's your idea?"

"To start first with the leading editorials and gradually work myself up to the sporting page."—*Life.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A BUSINESS man advertised for an office boy. The next morning there were some fifty boys in line. He was about to begin examining the applicants when his stenographer handed him a card on which was scribbled:

"Don't do anything until you see me. I'm the last kid in line, but I'm telling you I'm there with the goods."

◆ ◆ ◆

A BELLBOY passed through the hall of the hotel, whistling loudly.

"Young man," said the manager sternly. "you know it's against the rules to whistle while on duty."

"I am not whistling, sir," replied the boy. "I'm paging Mrs. Jones's dog."

◆ ◆ ◆

"HELEN, I really cannot permit you to read novels on the Sabbath."

"But, grandma, this one is all right; it tells about a girl who was engaged to three clergymen all at once."—*Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A SCHOOLGIRL was required to write 200 words about a motor-car. She submitted the following:

"My uncle bought a motor-car. He was out riding in the country when it busted going up a hill. The other 180 words are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but I know you wouldn't want me to repeat them."—*Boston Transcript.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"YES," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the sick purchasing agent, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the sick man, faintly.

"Ninety-five dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the purchasing agent. "I have a better bid from the undertaker."

◆ ◆ ◆

AN old Southern planter met one of his former negroes whom he had not seen for a long time.

"Well, well!" said the planter. "What are you doing now, Uncle Amos?"

"I's a-preachin' of de gospel."

"What! You preaching?"

"Yassah, marster, I's a-preachin'."

"Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossuh. At de fust I use notes, but now I demands de cash."

◆ ◆ ◆

THE two men were adrift in an open boat and it looked bad for them. Finally one of them, frightened, began to pray:

"O Lord, I've broken most of Thy commandments. I've been a hard drinker, but if my life is spared now I'll promise Thee never again—"

"Wait a minute, Jack," said his friend. "Don't go too far. I think I see a sail."

How I Found the Surest Road to SUCCESS

How I doubled my Income in one year. I now make $600 to $1000 a month, after 8 years when $100 a month was my limit

By WALTER C. KNIGHT

I AM now thirty-three years old and well established in business. I made more progress last year *than during the previous ten years*, all because I realized and put to work for myself the fundamental secret of success. The very simplicity of this secret causes the average man or woman to overlook it.

I do not feel a bit boastful about the success I have made, for I am as confident of a tremendously greater success in the immediate future, as I am that the sun will rise to-morrow morning.

Like many other average boys, I went through grade school, high school and college, and was considered a bright student. Eleven years ago last Fall I went to work for the firm of which I am now an executive. I started in at $30 a month, and only after six months was my salary raised to $40 a month.

I had a keen desire and a pressing necessity to make good rapidly, yet my progress was slow. It seemed to me that every one of my friends got on faster than I did, though I refused to admit they had more brains or ability.

$100 a Month Was My Limit

I worked hard and in a few years brought my salary up to $100 a month. Then for the next four years I could not increase it, try as I would. The firm told me I was doing my work well, but said they could not afford to pay more for that class of work, and that I would have to prove myself worth more.

Then an incident gave me the first insight toward the great success principle I am now using. One of my fellow workers got a "grouch"; had the idea he was constantly being discriminated against, and that all the good opportunities were given to others. His work suffered terribly for several months. In fact, the firm was about ready to let him go when somehow he got hold of himself again.

Harry's experience, and the set-back it gave him, taught me a man should learn to work *with a winning spirit*, regardless of the obstacles before him. I began to put such a spirit into my work, and it did not take the president of the company long to notice it. Shortly after, he invited me to go to dinner with him one evening, and told me he had decided to give me a chance on the sales end of the business.

How I Got a Better Chance

To say I was surprised, is putting it mildly. At that time, he had far more confidence in me than I had in myself. I promised him I would work as hard as I could to justify his belief in me.

It was not long before the president began to receive favorable reports of my work from customers I was serving.

One day when my father was in our office, the president pleased him greatly by saying to him, "Your son certainly has given me one of the surprises of my life. When I put him on sales work a few months ago I had no idea he would make the progress he has made. He is doing this higher type of work with an ability I never suspected he possessed." *These results came because I had gotten just a glimpse of the whole truth I know now.*

During the next two years my income increased much more rapidly. Then early last year came the day I am now using as a reckoning date in my life.

The Red-Letter Day of My Life

It was the day I first learned about "The Science of Personal Success." From this training *I have grasped and applied to myself the fundamental secret of success.* "The Science of Personal Success" is a home-study course of absorbing interest. To any one who can read, it will teach a new and startling application of the success principles *which have always existed.* One person in a hundred has learned to use them and forges rapidly ahead, while the other ninety-nine enviously wonder why it is they don't get on better.

This training is the fundamental need of every man and woman, who desires to win a true and lasting success. It *discovers to yourself* and scientifically develops all the powers of your mind, your heart, your will, your body, and that intangible something called faith, into one well-rounded, evenly-balanced personality,—*the most powerful human force in existence.*

Please notice, I said *all* your powers. You may think you know what all your powers are, but the chances are 100 to 1 you do not. This is one of the amazing features of the course. As an example, I used to be like a carpenter trying to do fine cabinet work with a hammer and a saw. Now I have a full kit of tools, and *know how to use them.*

The things I used to regard as success in themselves, I now recognize as merely results of the true success which no one *can stop or take away from me,*—my scientific self-development.

Above all else I am realizing the wonderful power of *true* self-confidence that comes with the development of all one's powers into a winning, forceful personality. This is in no sense "bluff" or "nerve," but the convincing sureness of a man's faith in himself when he *knows his real ability.* Life for me is no longer a struggle; it is an opportunity. This personal miracle—I know of no better way to express it—lifts one above work where only small incomes can be earned, into the higher field where the possibilities are practically unlimited.

The results I can already show justify my faith. Last year I doubled my income. Also, I was taken into the firm; in fact, became one of five men who own the entire business. My earnings frequently run from $600 to $1000 a month, and I am only getting a start. In the years ahead, my success will be limited only by the extent to which I continue development of all my energies and powers towards a supreme personality.

I repeat what I said at the start: "I have found the *surest* road to success." For any one who will apply it, "The Science of Personal Success" cannot fail.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

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If you want to take the sure road to success, read this book, "Personality Supreme," which will promptly be sent upon request, free of charge. It describes in detail this fascinating home training "The Science of Personal Success," prepared by Dr. Stanley L. Krebs, A.M., Ph.D., who has an international reputation as an educator and *practical* psychologist. Through application of this course you can literally turn your spare moments into the gold mine of your life. This book really serves as an introductory lesson to the course. Sign and mail the coupon NOW, stating your occupation.

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Peter Cooper Hewitt

(*Continued from page 20*)

a fog it must take its chance in the landing place. It has to have a large amount of ground on which to land or from which to start. A helicopter not only finds its way down, but it can pick out its own landing place, and, in popular language, if it finds it is coming down on a bad spot, it rises again and makes another landing. I have such a helicopter. It is made—a fully-developed machine which has passed all its lifting tests. But how soon you will be able to take a ride on one, it is impossible to tell. A period of education must ensue before this type of machine will receive the financial support to become a commerical proposition. The more receptive people are to new ideas, the quicker the new ideas become useful to them.

"That is one of the things that differentiates an inventor from other men. He must always be absolutely receptive to new ideas. He cannot afford to have any of his own and to hang onto them. He must be devoid of all prejudice. I've spent twenty-three years working on a vacuum, and never once have I said, "It will do this or it won't do this, without adding, 'Watch it and see.'

"Receptiveness and enthusiasm are essentials—enthusiasm which extends to all work, not only your own. Few of us Americans, whether inventors or not, have a sufficient appreciation of the best interests their ancestors left them. Few of us have a sufficient appreciation of the riches about us. But a man like Edison illustrates both this extreme receptiveness and this extreme enthusiasm.

"Edison always helps. When he came over to see my helicopter, he put his mind, body and soul on my invention, not on his; for, in all likelihood, he has one. But for the time being he forgot that and tried to help me with mine, tried with all his power to help me to do the thing my way. Lord Kelvin is another man of the same type. When he is with you his interest is in helping you to do the thing in your way—not in his.

"The very lack of that receptivity and enthusiasm which Edison so well illustrates, is the reason for slow progress in the commercial use of inventions. People prefer their old habits: they are chary about new ones. They are afraid of venturing capital in untried things—perhaps rightly so. And yet, in the world of invention what is prohibitive in price one year becomes cheap the next.

"In 1890, aluminum was almost as expensive as gold. I had a prominent jeweler make me a cigarette case of it at a cost of one hundred dollars. Since then I have had one made by another jeweler which cost me seven dollars, and the material in the case was the same used in making kitchen pots and pans. From a very costly material, aluminum, in a little more than a decade, became a very cheap one.

"In 1902, some relatives of mine wanted an article to manufacture in order to keep busy an idle plant. I told them that, as an engineer, I considered the automobile offered them the best business proposition of which I knew. On their order, I designed a fifty horse-power automobile. It was a big modern car. I planned the machine on my drawing-board, made all the smaller drawings and sent them out. I never saw the machine in process of construction—but once. When it was ready, I was informed of it and I went down to Trenton, N. J., where the factory is situated. I found that most of the men who had worked on it had never seen an automobile. It looked all right. It was filled with gas and oil, and I stepped in and drove from Trenton to Princeton and back without mishap. There was nothing the matter with the automobile; but the men interested in the plant decided that it never would be a good commercial proposition—not my automobile particularly, but any automobile! This was said in 1904. I stated that I believed horses would practically vanish from the streets, that all heavy hauling would be done by trucks, that the automobile business offered great opportunities; but they only shook their heads.

" 'It will never happen,' they said. 'Why with heavy trucks the road would go to pieces and the people wouldn't stand for it.'

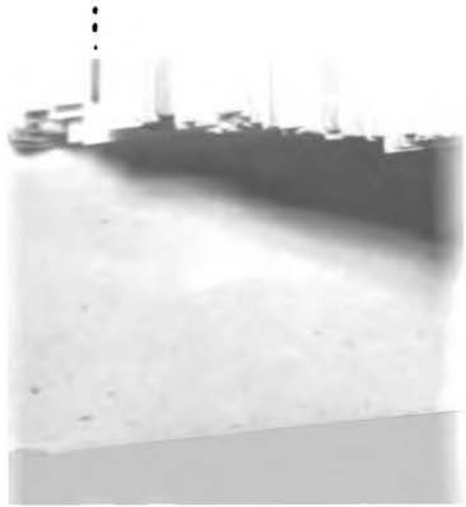
"It is just sixteen years later, and my prophecy has almost come true. I might venture similar prophecies to-day, but the time of their coming depends on the public. In the case of the automobile, a great personal public interest brought it quickly into use.

"IT has always been a mystery to me, as I believe it is to most of us how an inventor begins."

"Where do you find an idea?" I asked Mr. Hewitt. "And how do you know it is an idea when you find it? How can you start out to invent what does not exist."

"Well," said Mr. Hewitt, "I've been working twenty-three years with a vacuum, which means I've been working twenty-three years on nothing. That should answer your question. But, as a fact, we do not start out with what does not exist, but with what does exist. It is impossible to think of anything you do not know. Even your imagination works on the things known to you. To find new things, one works on a known line and examines the occurrences relating to it. He observes something, his imagination is stimulated, and, after a time, he finds a road to somewhere.

"It was in 1898 that I began to work on vacuums. Every hour in those twenty-three years counts. Hours count in all work, no matter what work. Constancy is the method. It is followed by most men who want to get somewhere. Work at anything you like—and stick to it. Hours count. Adverse action counts. Difficulties count. Obstructions count. Working toward an end is a good deal like climbing a many-branched tree. You start up the trunk and find a limb in your way—so much in your way that you climb out on the limb. The limb is an



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In thousands of city offices—in factories and mills, with railroad and steamship lines—in every class of business everywhere—there is always a high salaried job for the trained executive or the man who has made himself proficient in departmental management or administration.

Make yourself a specialized business expert and you can pick your own job—step quickly far up the line.

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Making your brains worth money in business is equivalent to having a large cash capital safely invested. A $5,000 salary is equivalent to 5% on an investment of $100,000. Higher salaries represent a corresponding increase in your brain capitalization. LaSalle training has already made brain capitalists of thousands of men who once were holding small pay jobs.

It advanced a freight checker at Seattle to the position of General Freight and Passenger Agent. It lifted one man from a bookkeeper's stool at $18 a week to a general auditor's desk and $7500 a year. It made a small town railroad employee a successful lawyer. It raised a clerk to an officership in his company. It has done similar things for thousands of other ambitious men.

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 & Co., Pennsylvania System, International Harvester Co., Armour & Co., Baltimore & Ohio R. R., etc.

Employers have come to realize that LaSalle training makes seasoned, efficient men—the kind of men who can make decisions based on accurate knowledge of correct principles and modern methods.

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obstruction—but you get out on it, get acquainted with it and see what you can see from it. It may be a more valuable view than that from the main trunk. Inventors—and other men—often arrive at a pay streak on a side track.

"To know an idea when you have one, requires what no education can give any one—common sense. I used to think education gave a man common sense. Now I know that education contributes to and cultivates common sense. A man deficient in mathematics could hardly be expected to be a great engineer.

"Mastery of mathematics is considered an absolute essential for an engineer, and is the language of his art. Yet I know an engineer who is deficient in mathematics but strong on common sense. He supplies his deficiencies by taking into his employ men who know mathematics. He does that part of the work which he can master and is one of the most competent engineers in existence.

"One of the most efficient architects I know, is a lawyer. He was trained as a lawyer, but he practises law only as his architecture demands it. He hires that part of the work done which involves technicalities, he does not practice, and he is very successful.

"Education for a particular line develops common sense which may be applied in almost any line. An able doctor may be an able artist. He has a trained mind—not trained only to be a doctor's mind, but trained to be used. Mentalities are very flexible; training in one line means training for the mind and is applicable to many others. A mind well trained is a mind trained to be used anywhere."

MR. HEWITT himself is an excellent example of this mental flexibility. An inventor, supposedly living in a world of his own, far removed from the everyday of our knowledge, he had theories of life, education, the relation of capital and labor and of the management of business which, in themselves, testify to a mind trained to be useful—anywhere. But he protests himself a poor business man, notwithstanding the fact that, from the first, he has made his laboratories pay.

"The very thing that makes a man an inventor," he said, "usually makes him a careless business man. Enthusiasm sidetracks him. I feel confident that I could carry on a business for someone else with success; but, in my own business, I may call myself careless. The laboratories have paid, that is true; but that is because they had to pay. No private fortune can finance scientific investigation for very long. I had to make them pay to do what I wanted to do, and so they have paid. The business end of my inventions, I entrust to other people; and this, in itself, involves the expenditure of large amounts of money in addition to that spent in long years of investigation.

"One of the inventor's bugbears is litigation. No sooner is an invention successful than the inventor finds how deficient his description of it was. To protect one's interests just to go on, involves the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars on account of not having described the invention from the standpoint of the gap, in which it proves most useful. To bear such expense one must be a success commercially. So it only remains to turn business man and go through with the litigation."

"What is it?" I asked Mr. Hewitt, "that makes a man like you go on? It cannot be money—you had that to begin with. Is it the thought of doing something for humanity, or is it joy in the work itself?"

"I don't believe it is either," said Mr. Hewitt. "You see,"—with that flash of humor which makes him so delightful—"I am not at all certain that humanity will choose to profit by anything I do, even after I have done it. And the work is not all joy. I have worked at all hours with but a small fund of physical strength.

"In fact I am wont to say that from January to June with me is one succession of colds. In my early days, despite my limitations, I have sat by a vacuum tube for thirty-six hours at a stretch, watching. You see this is work that cannot be delegated because the slightest variation may change results. The imperfect washing of a tube may cause the failure of the whole experiment, and personal observation is essential to success. One man has to do it all. No, the chief joy in the work for me, has been my friendship with inanimate things. They speak to me—they tell me long histories of drudgery in my effort to set them free."

I had one more question: "Why do you answer your telephone personally? It is such an unusual matter that I want to know."

"I do not always answer it," replied Mr. Hewitt. "There are times when no one can reach me, but usually I do answer it. Why? Because I must answer it in the end. Why relay the inquiry and reply through half a dozen people."

The practical simplicity of this reply, will, I think, dispel any estimate of Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt as a mere idealist.

The Wizard of America's Wonderland

How a twelve-dollar-a-week crippled draftsman opened up a new industrial era for the world.

By E. L. BACON

In SUCCESS for October

HOW TO MAKE $100 TO $300 A MONTH RIGHT AT HOME

How you can turn your spare time into cash and build up an independent, profitable business of your own

By Willard Osborne

ONE time when the minister came to break bread at the farm home of Brother Milo Jones, Milo thought the good man was probably "fed up" on chicken, so he gave him some of Mrs. Jones' home-made sausage.

The sausage made such a gastronomic hit with the pastor that Mrs. Jones gave him a liberal supply to take home to his wife.

And that's what started the Jones family on the pleasant road to fame and fortune.

The pastor's friends, the Jones' friends and everyone else who tasted that sausage said it tasted like more. And they insisted on having more; with the result that Milo and his wife were soon spending all of their spare time in the kitchen making sausage to supply the demand.

This demand soon outgrew the kitchen facilities. Then it outgrew the entire farm. Now the business occupies one of the largest and finest factories of its kind and Jones' Dairy Farm Sausage is found in the best homes, hotels and clubs in this country; bringing a higher price than any other similar product.

Most Businesses Start Small

The experience of the Jones' is not exceptional. Many big businesses were started right at home, on the proverbial shoe string.

Mary Elizabeth who has achieved fame and fortune in the candy business made her first batch of sweets in the home kitchen and sold it among her friends.

Dollars on the Run

Charles E. Hires started his root-beer as a side-line when he was in the drug business.

W. H. Conant whose "Bluine" made him rich, started in a small way with a few boy and girl agents.

Alfred C. Gilbert started making toys as a hobby, and last year his sales amounted to two million dollars.

E. J. Shaylor, a traveling salesman, spent his spare time raising peonies. Now he is an expert in that line, has a big business and has received as high as $100.00 for a single bulb of one of his choice varieties.

One of the country's successful real estate men started during his spare time, without capital or experience, and built up a million-dollar business in less than five years.

In fact, the pages of business history are dotted thickly with examples of ambitious people who, starting without capital or experience, have turned their spare time to such good account that they soon built up profitable, independent businesses, and are now living on the sunny side of Easy street.

What You Can Do

You, too, can turn your spare time to profitable account. Time is money. And we all have an equal share of it. What are you doing with your share? Are you wasting several precious hours a day that you could use in starting and developing a money-making business of your own?

If you are, stop it right now! Make up your mind—today—that from now on you will use your spare time intelligently and profitably—turning your *idle* hours into *golden* hours—for your spare time properly used can easily mean to you the difference between *success* and *failure*.

The best way to start is to get and follow the *Independence Spare-Time Business Plans*, which are filled with practical money-making ideas—the real secrets of business success.

137 Ways to Make Money

The *Independence Spare-Time Business Plans* are for men, women, boys and girls who want to make money by turning their idle hours to profitable account.

They contain 137 successful business plans, any one of which you can adopt, for making money right at home, during your spare time.

Put Your Idle Hours to Work

And in addition to this big collection of carefully-gathered business ideas, the plans also contain the fundamental business principles that make it easy for you to start right—avoiding the common mistakes—the snags and pitfalls—that you would otherwise run up against. Each one of us has some talent, hobby, knowledge, ability, experience or equipment we can turn into cash. And the *Independence Business Plans* show just how to do it, for they contain such a varied assortment of money-making opportunities that every taste and ability is provided for.

No matter *who* you are, *where* you are, what your age, your sex or present occupation, you should lose no time in getting and examining a set of the *Independence Spare-Time Business Plans* thereby learning for yourself their amazing dollar-and-cents value, and how they will enable you to increase your income by turning your idle hours into cash.

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Send no money now. Just fill in and mail the coupon (or copy it in a letter) and we will send you for free examination a complete set of the *Independence Spare-Time Business Plans*, in eight pocket-size booklets. Then after you see with your own eyes their great money-making importance to you, send only $3 in full payment; otherwise remail plans any time within 5 days and you will owe nothing.

Send coupon at once if you want your set at the special introductory price of $3. It costs nothing to investigate, and the mailing of this coupon may be the very thing that is going to revolutionize your business career, and start you on the right road to financial success. AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, INC., Dept. 843, 1133 Broadway, New York.

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Seeing Heaven

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

MANY wonder where heaven really is. They think they cannot see it in this life; that only in the life beyond the grave will it be revealed to them. But heaven is right here, all about us, and if we had eyes to see, it would be revealed to us every day in innumerable ways.

We get a glimpse of heaven in the sweet, innocent face of a child who has never known sin.

We get a glimpse of heaven in the unselfish love of a mother, which follows her erring son through the depths of sin and disgrace, follows him to the prison, to the gallows, or the electric chair.

We get a glimpse of heaven in the devotion of a dog, which dies of starvation on its master's grave, rather than leave it.

We get a glimpse of heaven in every act of unselfish kindness and unselfish service; in divine devotion to duty; in heroic loyalty to principle.

We get glimpses of heaven in a great variety of ways in nature. On a glorious summer day, who can fail to see it in the grass, in the flowers, in the trees, in the limitless blue sky, in the glorious sunshine that transforms and energizes everything it touches?

Nor can we open our ears, can we listen anywhere in nature without hearing the voices of heaven—music that man cannot reproduce; the singing of birds, the purling of brooks, the soughing of the wind, the rustling of the grass, the buzzing of insects—all the myriad sounds that make up the great chorus of nature.

THE moving spirit, the intelligence back of all natural phenomena, back of all creation, that which shines through the flowers, the plants, the grass, the trees, the sunset, through every created thing, through all beauty, through all goodness—that is the great Spirit which makes heaven everywhere. What a pity that we are so blind to it all, so unappreciative of it, when it should put us into ecstasies! Everything in nature should open our eyes with amazement at the marvelousness of it all. Life should be a perpetual joy instead of a drudgery, a grind, as it is with so many of us.

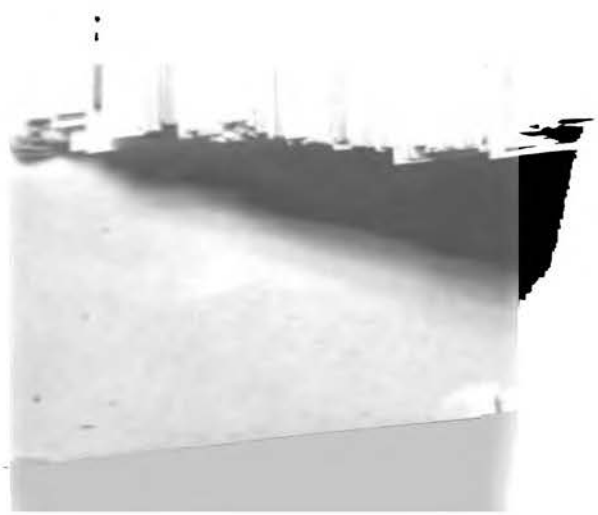
If your mind is right, my friend, you can't open your eyes without seeing heaven, because heaven is everywhere. You are in it now; that is, you would be if you could see it. Heaven is invisible to many of us because of our mental incapacity. We can't see its beauties, we can't see its virtues because of our lack of spiritual perception.

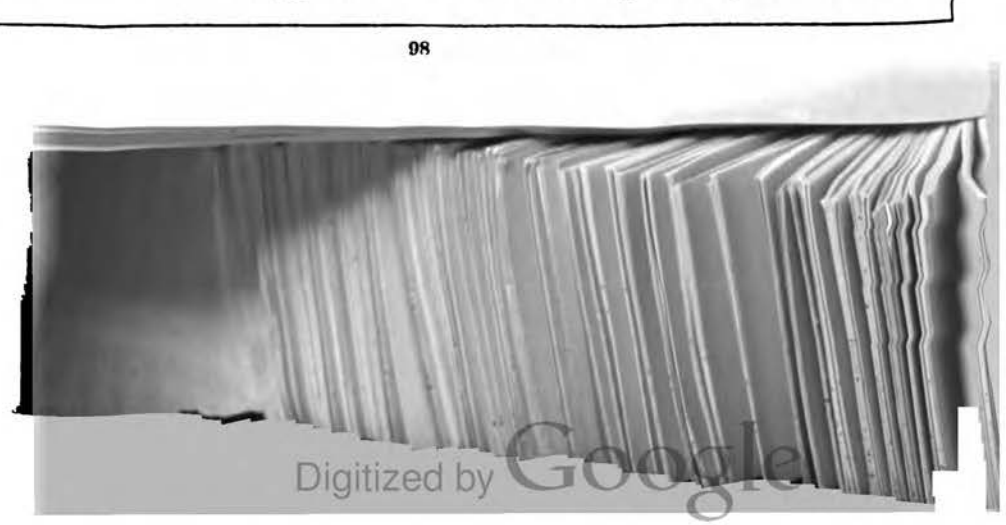
People who have cultivated their finer senses are living in heaven here and now right along. Occasionally they step into the other place when they quarrel, lose their temper, or their poise, but they get back again. No matter how dull our perceptions, we are all headed toward the ideal heaven. It is just a question of educating the brute out of ourselves, eliminating ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, from our nature. Just think how we shut heaven out of our vision through selfishness alone; through a greedy, grasping disposition!

ALL of us see glimpses enough of heaven right here to convince us of its reality, of the marvelousness of it all, a marvelousness too great to comprehend in our present state. I get glimpses of heaven on all sides; but I realize they are only glimpses, because the films are not yet removed from my spiritual eyes. Every time I do wrong I pull a shade, as it were, over them, so that I cannot see even as well as I did before. On the other hand, every abnormality I educate out of my nature removes a bit of the film off my spiritual eyes and gives me a little better glimpse of heaven. Things are not so foggy as they were.

Sometime, somewhere, when my education is completed, the scales will fall off my eyes and I shall really see heaven as it is; and then I shall find that I have been living in it all the time and didn't know it.

SUCCESS in life consists in doing, each of us, what only we can do. When this is accomplished, sacrificing nothing of the elements of decency or kindness, retaining the love and respect of friends and gaining the gratitude of many a man whom we have helped by the way, then men reach the end of life with a supreme satisfaction of having done their duty. There have been doubts expressed in modern times as to whether life is worth living or not, but such doubts are never heard from the lips of men who have tried to be helpful to others as well as themselves in the struggle for existence.—*Dr. James J. Walsh.*





Give Me Five Days to Prove I Can Give You a Winning Personality

At my expense examine these amazing yet simple secrets that will give you a commanding personality, win you hosts of friends and materially assist in business and social success

By Arthur Gould

THERE are no strings to this offer. I mean just what I say. You may be the one out of one hundred who I can't convince, or the five out of every hundred who refuse to be convinced. If so, the five day test costs you nothing. It is purely up to you. To any man or woman, any one over eighteen years old, I ask only for the opportunity of placing in your hands the secret of quickly acquiring a winning and dominating personality. Then for five days, you keep this material, read it, study it, and then return it to me or keep it. That's fair enough, isn't it? I show you, satisfy you, before you pay but a trifle of what this secret will bring you back quickly.

And here's a startling fact for you to think over. *A fact*, not a fancy. Half those who are struggling along, just making ends meet, have only the lack of personality to blame for their life of drudgery. Many of them are trained men and women, but they fail to *convince others* because they are devoid of personal magnetism—personality. If you can't convince others in business, how, tell me, can you succeed? You must be seen, noticed, looked up to. Lacking a strong personality, how can you attract that attention so necessary to your success, business or social?

The man or woman who has mastered the secret of acquiring a magnetic, dominating personality, does not have to take a seat in the background. They attract attention and *draw people to them*. Their friends or business associates may not know why, but they attract them as the light attracts a moth. There is something irresistible to that mysterious, yet easily acquired quality of personality.

Extracts from letters

"The day I sent for the lessons was a lucky day for me."

"Felt the first lesson alone was worth many times the price of the entire course."

"A lot of my success I attribute to your lessons on developing personality."

PERSONALITY—The Secret of Popularity

If Mary Pickford didn't have a winning personality, do you think she would be so immensely popular? It isn't merely a pretty face that enables a girl to get into the movies. *Directors look for personality first.* There are thousands of good looking men who can't get into the movies, capable actors. They lack personality, and it is their own fault. Go to a social gathering and one or two men and women dominate the crowd. Every one seeks their company, values their friendship. Others are barely noticed. Why? You know as well as I do, it isn't their looks but personality that draws others to them. Yet this personality can be yours as though by a touch of magic.

Send Me Your Name

I have shown thousands of men and women how to develop their personalities, and thereby win business and social success. Let me send you the same material I sent to them. See for yourself at my expense.

Why Personality Governs Your Success

Did you ever see a bank president who lacked personality? I can't think of one, and doubt if you can. Above all things a bank president knows the cash value of a good personality, *and develops his own.* He must to inspire confidence, to make people feel at ease in leaving their money under his management. You see the point, don't you? *They develop their personality* to inspire confidence, to attract and hold confidence. And it's the same the length and breadth of business. Without personality you are badly handicapped—with it half the battle is won.

Send No Money—Only the Coupon

Let me mail you the secret of developing a magnetic personality, ten complete lessons in handy form. It can easily mean the turning point in your career, as it has for thousands. Don't send money. Just fill in and mail the coupon. Keep the ten lessons for five days. Read them. Apply some of the simple instructions. If you do not clearly see wherein you can benefit, then mail the lessons back. You will be out nothing. If you feel as thousands have done, that by practicing what these lessons teach you, you can develop your personality, and I say YOU CAN—then send me only $5.00 and there is nothing else to pay. You risk nothing by sending the coupon. *You can lose heavily by not sending.*

ARTHUR GOULD

Dept. 4, Masonic Temple, 223 West Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

FIVE DAY EXAMINATION COUPON

ARTHUR GOULD
Dept. 4, Masonic Temple, 223 West Erie St.
Chicago, Ill.

You may send me your ten lessons on developing a "Winning Personality" at your risk. I agree to remit $5.00 or mail the ten lessons back to you in five days.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

The Best Little Tip

(*Continued from page 25*)

Five hundred dollars, Fred, is a lot of money at a time like this."

Frederick Briscoe was raised out of himself at the birth of his son. For two weeks he went about on air, and when he called at the hospital to sit with Gertrude, he displayed so much boyish joy, such pride, such love for the little morsel at her side, that she felt more than ever certain that he would never again risk money on bets and tips. He would talk about them, yes, but he would not subject his son to the hardships that might arise in the event of an unsuccessful speculation.

Yet she was wrong. Hardly had she returned home, than he approached her upon the subject.

"Honey," he said, "I've got a chance to multiply our capital ten times! I've got a tip such as I never had before. Biggest thing that ever came my way. If I invest a thousand dollars, I'll have——"

Gertrude Briscoe's eyes opened wide with disbelief.

"You're not starting again, Fred?" she cried. "You don't want to go and take a chance on the few dollars that we've got——"

"But I'm not taking a chance! I'm just telling you. This isn't taking a chance. It's a sure thing. As easy as pie. And it can't go wrong. Why, this stock'll jump to a hundred to-morrow morning. I can buy it, to-day, at twenty odd——"

"Fred! Fred! Please don't! It took so long to save this bit, and it was so—so awfully hard. I denied myself so many——"

"Well? That's what I'm trying to prevent in the future. Can't you see, if I make this money now you can take things easy? We'll buy a house and—Listen, Gert. You know me. When I say a thing's sure, it's sure! I've got a system that can't go wrong!"

"But Fred, I don't care for us to make money that way. Other people get along——"

"Get along! Get along!" he returned scornfully. "That's all they do. Just—get—along—on crutches. Live from hand to mouth. I'm trying to save you from that sort of life. With this money—why, Gert! We can buy a house—cash—right out! You can rent one floor and take money in all your life. Can't you see what I'm trying to do for you? I can go on slaving all my life this way and it would take twenty-years to save the money I can make on this tip. Where's your sense, Gert?"

"I don't know. I don't know, Fred. Maybe I haven't any sense. But I'd rather— Something seems to tell me, Fred, that we'll lose what little we have."

"And I've got a hunch that we're going to make a pile! I stand on my hunches, Gert! You know that! They've never failed me yet! I've got a hunch that we're going to be rich! I'm telling you, Gert, old girl! And I know! Dominion Smelting is going to electrify the market! I've got the tip!"

But Dominion Smelting dropped quietly out of existence the next morning, carrying in its vortex the pitiful thousand dollars of the Briscoes.

Gertrude Briscoe received the news with outward calm.

"Perhaps," she told herself, "it was for the best. Maybe he needed this lesson. It may be worth the thousand dollars to our happiness, just to show him that his ideas are wrong. He won't forget so soon. Perhaps this one streak of hard luck will do more than all my pleadings."

So she hoped, and for a while it seemed as if she were right. Frederick Briscoe worked with a greater zeal than ever. Weekly his commissions became larger and larger, and, once more, Gertrude began building up a line of figures in her bank book. Once more there was the same round of scrimping and denying. Only now it was harder. The baby needed things—things that couldn't be overlooked.

Three months after their disastrous adventure, however, Frederick Briscoe threw a packet of bills on the table.

"There you are!" he announced. "A little money that I picked up."

"Not—not—" began Gertrude.

"Yep. Heard of a little tip to-day. I knew you were too scared to be approached, so I touched a friend of mine for a hundred. Four hours later I returned his loan, and now—we're three hundred to the good."

His wife made no move to take the bills.

"What's the matter? Think it's tainted or something? Don't be a——"

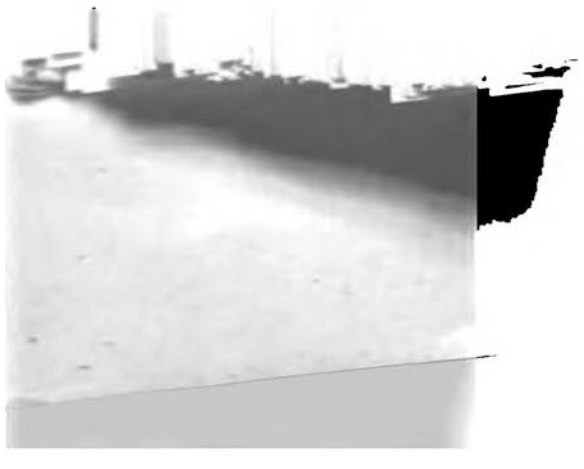
"It's not that. Only——"

"Aw! Be a sport! What if I did go wrong once? A man can't be right all the time. I just made a bit of a miscalculation the other time and—Gert, why won't you get to see things my way? The big mucky mucks do this thing all the time. Sometimes they lose. Somethimes they win. And when they win, they clean up! Here we've been saving three months. What did you put away? An odd two hundred, didn't you? Well? In two hours I made more than I could save in another three months. It's so simple I could— You're not a sport, Gert. I always said that. You don't know how to take a chance on the flip of a coin. That's the thing, Gert, old girl! Taking a chance! That's the way fortunes are made."

"And lost, too," added Gertrude Briscoe.

Agh! There you go again. Gloom, gloom, gloom. Can't you smile? Is that all the thanks a fellow gets for trying to retrieve his losses? Gert——"

"I'm sorry, dear. It's just that sometimes when I get to thinking about other people who *are* successful and who do get on from the smallest beginnings, I can't help believing that the old way is the best way. People *have* become rich without taking chances, playing tips, and such things. In a race between a tortoise and a hare, the tortoise always wins in the end. Fortunes that come quick, go quick. *Simply* because the men who make them haven't had to sweat for every penny that's made their fortune. Somehow, it seems to me, that there is no such thing



Live and Grow Young

AND

Realize Your Ambitions

How many times have you asked yourself "How can I realize my ambitions—how can I make my life bigger, fuller, more successful and happier?"

The most romantic—the most fascinating thing in the world is the realization of YOUR OWN ambitions—making your own dreams come true.

Stop a moment and think—

Arthur Edward Stilwell is a living exemplification of the teachings contained in his book, "Live and Grow Young." He has built more miles of railroads and founded more towns and cities than any man now living. Through his entire life he has practiced successfully what his book teaches. He is qualified to show the way to a higher, bigger life for he himself has learned the way. His success is a measure of his ability to show the way to others.

How do people get what they want?
How can you train yourself to get what YOU want?
How can you make the most of yourself?

Think of those rare moments in life when the breath of inspiration comes to you—when you see yourself as you KNOW YOU WANT TO BE, when you see the things you can do; when forces too deep for expression take possession of you—and you glimpse the glorious future that is rightly yours.

Do you want more happiness—a broader success—better health—longer life? It is within YOUR power to have all of these things. And if you will to have them—intelligently and constructively—no power can keep them from you. The things you desire will be attracted by this power within you.

This power is not a thing to be acquired. You already have it. But you must understand it. You must control it. You must use it. Develop this power. Go *forward* and carry the world before you.

And what is YOUR world that you are to conquer? Whether it be a world filled with success, of happiness, or of longer life, it is a LIVING world. It is made up of living elements. It will respond to your desires as you use the marvelous power within you.

Live and Grow Young
A Plan of Living

There is a plan of living by which you can develop and direct this power; generate courage, confidence, enthusiasm, initiative, poise, vitality and wisdom. This plan you can control for yourself, Health, Confidence, Individuality and your own constructive growth.

The plan destroys melancholy, distrust, depression and weakness. In place of these it develops radiant happiness, confidence, optimism and strength. By following this wonderful man you increase your capacity, strengthen your will power and enable yourself to realize your ambitions.

This plan is contained in a new book

LIVE AND GROW YOUNG
BY
ARTHUR EDWARD STILWELL

This book has attracted wide-spread attention among the scientists, religious leaders and the general reading public. It is not merely the exposition of a theory. In contains a concrete plan. It teaches how to understand and control the inner mental and spiritual forces which are ever at work supporting and rebuilding the body and mind. It is practical and fascinating. It is at once reverent, forceful and persuasive, and the logic in its pages will aid all who read it to lure from each day and year greater peace, health and happiness.

If you are seeking a higher life—a broader outlook—you may find the way in this book. It will furnish inspiration which will put you in harmony with the best in life and enable you to make it your own.

The book will be sent to you at your request and you may pay the postman when it is delivered. The price is only $2.00, but many who have read it say it is the most important thing that has come into their lives.

The plan is so simple that a child may put into practice its lessons. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity. Fill out the coupon and get it into the mail today.

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New York

Kindly send me a copy of Mr. Stilwell's new book "Live and Grow Young." I will pay the postman $2.00 plus postage when he delivers the book.

Name .....

Address .....

as a hunch in *real* wealth—*real* success. It seems to be more or less a sure thing, an absolute reward of earnest work. Just think, Fred, if you gave some of that thought which you give to your hunches and your tips, to your work, wouldn't you have far better returns?"

"Yes," he returned sarcastically. "I'd probably get a five-dollar raise. Or, maybe, they'd break their hearts and make it ten. *That's* nothing to work for, Gert. By the time I could take things easy I'd be ready for the grave. I'm out to make my pile while I'm young. And I want to enjoy it while I'm young. Gert, you should have married a desk hound, or a schoolmaster. They live and die in the harness without ever kicking over the traces. But me—I'm out for the best there is, and that's none too good!"

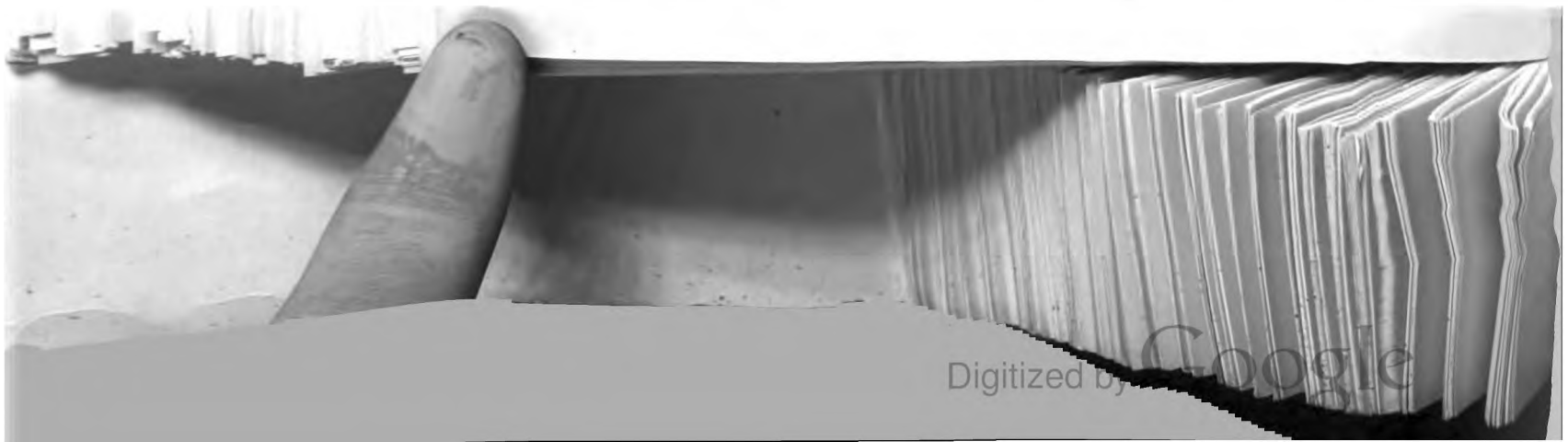
Three times within the next few months, Frederick Briscoe indulged in little fliers in stocks; and three times he threw out upon the dining-room table a shower of greenbacks. Gertrude had stopped remonstrating. She merely picked up the bills and as soon as she could, carried them to the bank. Sometimes the thought flashed across her mind that he was trying to make good their loss in Dominion Smelting, but when his returns passed the thousand mark and mounted toward fifteen hundred, she knew that her hope had been false.

One night he arrived with a friend whom he introduced to Gertrude as, "My pal, Mr. Murray Gilbert. Gert, Murray here, has perfected an invention for a punctureless tire. It's the biggest thing that ever struck this burg. A tire that can't puncture! Think of that, Gert! Why every automobile owner in the country will be one of our customers. We went around to-day and rounded up ten of the finest prospects—men who are ready to invest any sum up to a hundred thou, on our say-so. But first we've got to get an office and a few other adjuncts. That's what Murray and I are going to plan to-night."

Evidently Mr. Murray Gilbert had no other capital but his invention, for it was Frederick Briscoe's money that paid the rent for an office, purchased ostentatious furniture of the solid-mahogany type, and secured the services of a typist. Stationery, too, embossed and impressively headed with the new name of the firm—The Puncture Proof Tire Company—came out of the nest egg that Gertrude Briscoe had so scrupulously mothered.

For eight weeks the new company prospered. Hundreds of letters poured out of the office, but few came in. Two high-salaried solicitors were sent out to interest and inveigle stockholders. Brilliantly colored booklets, pamphlets, and folders were printed and sent broadcast. Night after night, Frederick Briscoe sat up and composed letters purported to have punch, clinch, and power. In those days, Gertrude Briscoe came to realize that her husband had an unbounded capacity for work, and something told her that if his power were only directed in the proper channel he would prove and reveal an unusual efficiency.

With all its nursing, The Puncture Proof Tire Company folded up its wings and passed to a natural



NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active and sensitive nerves, as it indicates the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

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 was published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.**

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctór to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE. Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 195, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion that two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

death. Ostensibly the reason given for its unhappy end was the decision that the world was not yet ready for so radical a change. Also, there were too many interests concerned in the manufacture of the ordinary, puncturable tire to allow such a new invention to get on the market. Mainly and truthfully, however, The Puncture Proof Tire Company closed its doors for the simple reason that Frederick Briscoe's bank account had reached its last fifty dollars.

Gertrude Briscoe had seen the end coming right along, and when her husband announced the failure of the enterprise, she turned a set face to him—a face that had matured strangely, a face that had become characterized by firm lips and a pair of determined blue eyes. She was no longer the soft little bride who had whimperingly denied on her honeymoon that she had no faith in him. Two years of married life, two years of building up a bank account, seeing it wiped out with a single sweep, and then starting bravely over again, had brought out in her a certain strength, a certain purpose which Frederick Briscoe sensed for the first time when he bluntly told her of the demise of The Puncture Proof Tire Company.

"Fred," she stated, "I'm not going to argue with you any more. If you can't see for yourself that your whole idea of success is wrong, altogether wrong; if you can't understand that big things grow from little things; that it's one penny added to another that makes a dollar finally; that you've got to lay brick upon brick to make a structure, and that you can't make the roof if you haven't built the stairs to climb to it, then there's something altogether and radically wrong with you. I'm sick to death of saving, and saving, and saving only to see what I've put away, almost with blood, just thrown away on a chance. Every successful man that you can point out to me has gotten where he is by steady, hard work. That's the way this country was built, Fred, by workers and work—not by hunches and tips. I'm not going to start saving all over——"

He interrupted her abruptly.

"You won't have to," he announced. "I'll make good every cent that I lost in this venture. I made good on the last. You know that! And I still maintain that this was a good thing. If I'd had a little more money to carry us through a few months more, it would have panned out all right. You're not a sport, Gert. That's the trouble with you. A man's got to be a game loser as well as a game winner. That's what I am. If I win, all right. If I lose—where there's life there's hope. I'll be luckier the next time."

He stopped, but he met with no denial from his wife.

"And I still maintain," he continued, "that my idea's the right one. Why the men I've met these last few weeks I couldn't come near with a ten-foot pole, before. That alone is worth the loss. I've mingled with the big bulls. I'm on to their system so sure that I'll never go wrong. Gert, old girl, we'll be rich yet, despite what you say. It's a good thing this family has at least one game sport in it!"

This time, a month went by before Frederick Briscoe landed another job. In the interval the fifty dollars in the bank dwindled to a meager five, and Gertrude's engagement ring had found its way into a pawnshop to raise money for the rent. Yet, it must be said to Fred Briscoe's credit that once he landed his new post he rapidly redeemed the ring, and gave Gertrude sufficient money, each week, to start a bank account that would boast nothing less than twenty-five dollars each remittance.

But Gertrude Briscoe stuck to her decision. She made no trips to the bank. Weekly, she took what she needed for the household upkeep and returned the balance to her husband. Nor did she ask what he did with it. If he wanted to put it into the bank—all right, he could. If he felt like spending it—all right again.

The latter was what Frederick Briscoe did. Somehow, going to the bank to deposit a weekly sum wasn't in his line. He meant to, yet he found it inconvenient. It needed a special trip. Moreover, it seemed to him undignified to deposit such a small sum as twenty-five dollars. Now, if it were five hundred or so— Wherefore he stuffed the bills into his wallet and spent them whenever he saw a knick-knack that met with his favor.

Another two months passed and he had nothing to show for his labor. During that time many a good tip, as he believed it, came to his ear, but he had to let the opportunity slip for lack of funds. It was then he began to realize that the accumulation of even so little an account as five hundred dollars was no mean feat. No wonder Gertrude had been so unwilling to take chances.

Finally, through sheer dint of will-power he did manage to get together a sparse hundred dollars. He had the loose bills exchanged for a single hundred which he carried about with him. Once or twice he managed to flaunt it before his wife's eyes with a sort of nonchalant carelessness, as if it were a small matter and he had many more like it.

Yet that nonchalance fled from him when he reached into his wallet, one evening, to find it gone. For the first time in his life, a feeling akin to panic seized him. He retraced his steps to the office; he went through the waste-paper basket; he trotted back to the restaurant where he had lunched that day; he called up every man he had spoken to during the course of his business hours. But it was useless. The bill was gone.

He did not stop to analyze why he should feel so acutely the loss of the money. His one concern, after he was face to face with the hopelessness of his search, was to get home and tell Gertrude about it. She would understand just how he felt about it. Perhaps she would——

But he was doomed never to have her grieve over his loss. For it was a haggard, trembling Gertrude who met his entrance—a Gertrude who ran to him feverishly, sobbing.

"Fred! Oh! I tried to get you on the phone for the last two hours. They said you'd gone home at the office. Sonny—sonny's—I don't know how it happened, but he must have wandered out into the hall. And—the f-first thing I knew he—he slipped down and—they wouldn't let me stay at the *hospital*

any more. And—and I don't know what they're doing to him. They put him in a free ward. I said you'd go back and pay for a pr—private— And he'll need two pri—private n-nurses. Oh! Fred! Fred! What——"

In the next two hours, Frederick Briscoe learned something that he had not suspected. Like a frenzied man he rushed about from acquaintance to acquaintance, trying to borrow money. Yet the lesson of the value of an ample reserve fund in the bank to use in time of need, was merely incidental to the greater truth he stumbled upon. He got the money; but he got it grudgingly, with the sort of attitude that plainly said, "Well, here's where I kiss another ten-spot good-by."

His friends didn't trust him. Totally unaware of it himself, his reputation had traveled far. He was regarded as unreliable, profligate.

"How come, Briscoe?" one of the men he approached demanded. "How come you should ask for such a measly sum as ten dollars? Now, what could you want with a poor ten bucks? You who deal in thousands and—what's the matter? Got another tip? Oh, well. You can only sting me once. I suppose you've got to have your fling."

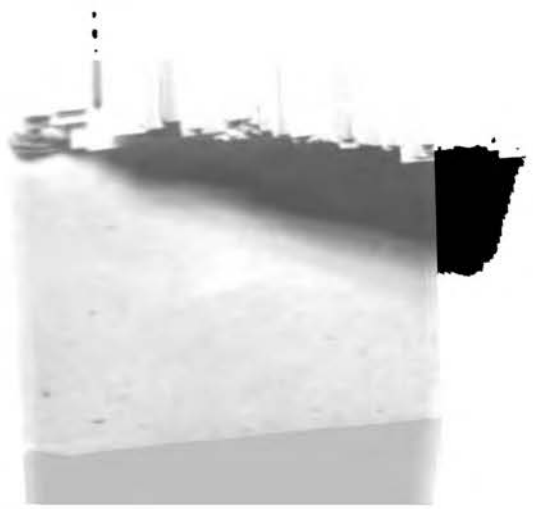
Frederick Briscoe wanted to throw that ten dollars back into the man's face, but he knew he could not stand upon his pride now. Again and again, as he went the rounds, the same accusation hit him between the eyes. His story of hunches, his constant reiteration of tips, his oft-repeated philosophy about dealing with the big fish had gained an unsuspected circulation.

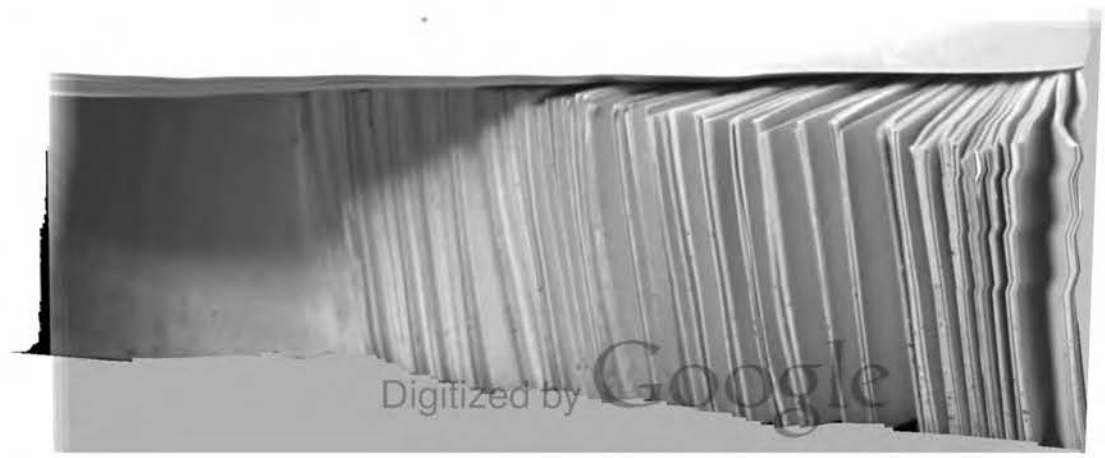
"Why don't you go around to your rich friends, Fred?" he was asked. "What's the matter? Ashamed to ask for anything under a million? Think it'll lower your dignity with them? All the same, I can see where our mealsy little dollars'll stand you in good stead now. Funny how you fellows who dabble in millions are always falling back upon the plain fellows who are proud to boast just a nice, tidy little bank-account. Mighty funny."

Somehow or other, Frederick Briscoe got through that night and the harrowing week that followed, during which he watched his son struggle with death and listened to the moanings of his wife, as she cried over and over again, "He's the only thing I've got to live for! The only thing! If he dies, I want to die, too. Oh! My baby! My—my baby!"

Sonny pulled through; but in the weeks that marked his convalescence, Frederick Briscoe grew more and more silent. It took two months to clear himself of debts; and though he was approached more than once with a sure tip—in some cases a tip that, if he had followed it, would have enabled him to pay back the money he had borrowed immediately, somehow he preferred to take the longer course.

In the long evenings that he began to spend at home with Gertrude, she momentarily expected him to announce in his old, well-known manner: "Well, Gert, old girl, I've got a little tip that'll land us in Easy Street in a jiffy!" When night followed night and he still maintained his new-found silence, failing to mention the matter of hunches, of tips, of chances, of





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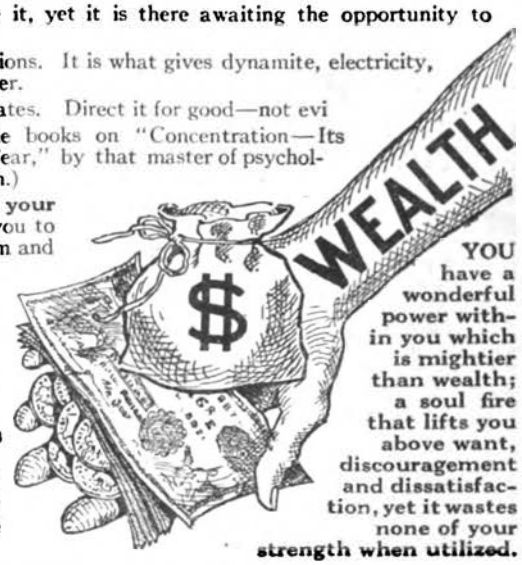

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Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eyestrain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Le vis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.

game sports, she became a little uneasy. It was bad enough when he yielded to his weakness openly, but the thought that he might be indulging his belief secretly, created in her a feeling of dread. She knew there was always a chance for the open tippler, the fellow who drank publicly, but she knew too, the utter hopelessness of helping the man who drank and tippled in the privacy of his room.

And then, suddenly, one night, looking up from a thin book he had been intently studying at the little desk where he liked to work, he said: "Gert! I've got the best little tip that——"

Gertrude Briscoe's heart sank. She closed her eyes and clenched her hands where they lay in her lap.

"I've got the best little tip that ever came my way! Gert, old girl, we're going to be rich! Absolutely rich! Look at that, will you?"

She opened her eyes and looked at the open page of the book he held in front of her. Down one side ran a waggly, straggly column of five's!

"Fred!" cried Gertrude Briscoe. "Oh! Oh, Fred!" To her each pitiful little five meant more than a column of five hundreds. Fred Briscoe had discovered the best little tip!

◆ ◆ ◆

Mother

MOTHER, I am here a-thinkin';
Jest a-feelin' sort o' blue,
Half discouraged; heart's a-sinkin',
Like a heart will sometimes do.
Luck has sort o' been agin me,
Though I've bravely hit the line,
To revive the hope that's in me,
I'm forgettin', mother mine.

I have put my woes behind me,
An' I'm back there in your arms,
Snugglin' where the world can't find me,
With its worries an' alarms;
You're a-sayin': "There, now, sonny!
It's all right, dear, never mind!"
Life's as sweet agin as honey,
It's no more a tough old grind.

Mother, I must quit my dreamin'
An' get busy, after while,
But this little bit of seemin'
That I see your lovin' smile,
Will bring back the punch your gave me,
In life's game I'll kick a goal;
You, in mem'ry dear, can save me,
I'll be master of my soul.—*Exchange.*

When "Jim" Davis, President Harding's Secretary of Labor, was eleven years old, he had a dream. That dream has come true in "Mooseheart," one of the most successful homes for orphans in the United States.

A story of strong human interest, by Ellida Murphy.

In SUCCESS for October

Prolonging Youth after Middle Life

By CHARLOTTE C. WEST, M. D.

THE greatest savants of every period have made a study of old age. Elie Metchnikoff, the famous Russian bacteriologist, thought he found the antidote in the Bulgarian lactic-acid bacillus. Latter-day investigators pin their faith on the ductless glands. A fuller knowledge of these remarkable little organs has only come to us within recent years. Perhaps the most thoroughly investigated is the thyroid gland, situated in the throat, just below the "Adam's Apple;" insufficient development of which is responsible for many cases of retarding of mental and physical development. Such conditions as congenital dwarfism, mental insufficiency and allied states, improve as if by magic on administration of thyroid extract.

When the thyroid gland is normally active, the body is more likely to retain its youthful contour far into advanced life, instead of being overburdened with superfluous weight, the result of imperfect metabolism, as is the rule after maturity is reached. This accounts for the astonishing effect of thyroid extract in cases of obesity that yield to no other form of treatment.

THE pituitary body, another ductless gland that we know something about, is situated in the cranium. It also regulates growth but interference with its function produces an abnormal lengthening of the bones. In some cases it produces a disease called *acromegoly* in which there is an increase in the size and shape of some of the structures of the body with a gradual diminution of the vital powers.

A new era in the interesting question of longevity is dawning with a more concrete conception of the functions of the ductless glands. Many conditions—among them premature senility, the origin of which has been obscure—are being cleared up, not only in the treatment, but in the prevention of those affections classed among the diseases of old age.

For instance, arterio-sclerosis or hardening of the arteries, a condition exceedingly common in males, has been artificially produced in rabbits by the administration of a product secreted by one of the hitherto mysterious ductless glands.

The small bean-shaped organs, "adrenals," have a marked influence upon the skin. There is a rare disease of these glands in which a white person resembles an Indian. In even slight changes of the adrenals, the skin loses its hue of youth and health, becoming dark, "bilious," and pigmented. Degeneracy of the thyroid gland also affects the skin and its appendages—the hair and nails. Exhaustion of this gland results in all the evidences of premature decay.

The ductless glands are the regulators of the body. Since they are inter-related, depending upon each other for the maintenance of the vital forces, it is plain that what affects one will influence the others.

We have long known that the main element in thyroid secretion is *iodine*. One way in which to enhance the action of the gland after passing into middle life, and so prolonging youth, is by feeding the

You Can, But Will You?

A New Book By Dr. Marden

ANY new book from the pen of Dr. Orison Swett Marden scarcely seems to demand more than an announcement of title to be assured of a wide following. And each succeeding book hits the nail squarely on the head with the precision of a hammer blow.

The present volume is no exception. The title itself is a challenge, and each chapter is no less direct and vigorous. The book is a call to action, a constant incentive to the man of ambition to assert himself. Back of it all is the preachment that one's powers are God-given, and practically limitless if used intelligently. To quote: "Most of us are dwarfs of the men and women we might be. We are doing the work of pigmies, because we never draw upon that inner force which would make us giants."

The chapter headings themselves are sufficient to convince any reader that this new volume contains much food for thought. There are seventeen chapters, 348 pages in the book. The chapter headings follow:

"The Magic Mirror," "The New Philosophy of Life," "Connection with the Power that Creates," "The New Idea of God," "You Can, But Will You?" "Have You the Alley Cat Consciousness?" "How Do You Stand with Yourself?" The New Philosophy in Business," "What Are You Thinking Into the Little Cell Minds of Your Body?" "Facing Life the Right Way," "Have You an Efficient Brain?" "Camouflaging Our Troubles," "Winning Out in Middle Life," "How to Realize Your Ambition," "The Web of Fate," "The Open Door," and "Do You Carry Victory in Your Face?"

YOU CAN, BUT WILL YOU? can be secured in connection with a year's subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS, Marden's Magazine, for only $3.50 (in foreign countries, $4.50). You will want Dr. Marden's Magazine in connection with his book if you are not already a subscriber, and if you are a subscriber you may wish to give the magazine as a present to some friend. The book alone sells for $2.00, postpaid.

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Building Bigger Business

(*Continued from page* 31)

thought or idea in the mind for any length of time, but it can be acquired by practice. Generally, however, results will come within a few days. But do not get discouraged if you do not realize your expectation at first. Keep right on concentrating and working, and you will eventually achieve victory."

"Has practical psychology, as you are teaching it, anything to do with religion?"

"Nothing whatever. It is purely a scientific matter, just as much as the study of electricity, plant life, or any other force of nature."

"Have you been able to set the boundaries to the subconscious mind?"

"No, I have not," she continued, speaking slowly, as if weighing her words carefully, "for I feel that I have but touched the outer shores of a great unknown continent. I have tried many experiments in company with other students of this subject, and we have discovered things that cannot be given to the public yet. It seems to me," she added; "I say, 'it seems to me' because I am not able to demonstrate it, that the subconscious mind is either the storehouse of all knowledge or else it has direct contact with the great storehouse of universal knowledge. My hope is that practical psychology will yet find a way to make that knowledge available to all mankind."

"But for the present, what do you regard as the chief benefit to be derived from a study of the subconscious?"

"In addition to the individual benefits, I would say that it is doing much to enrich the common life. Just think what it means for individuals to feel that they are much bigger and far more capable than they have ever suspected themselves of being? Self-respect and self-confidence increase amazingly with that realization. The urge toward self-expression grows in strength, and manifests itself in an increase of efficiency. And then we look upon others with different eyes. We do not think of physical appearance quite so much, for we have given the latent possibilities of mind and soul a higher place in our esteem. Rich and poor, ignorant and educated, foreign and native born, white and black and yellow, the powers of the subconscious are the heritage of them all."

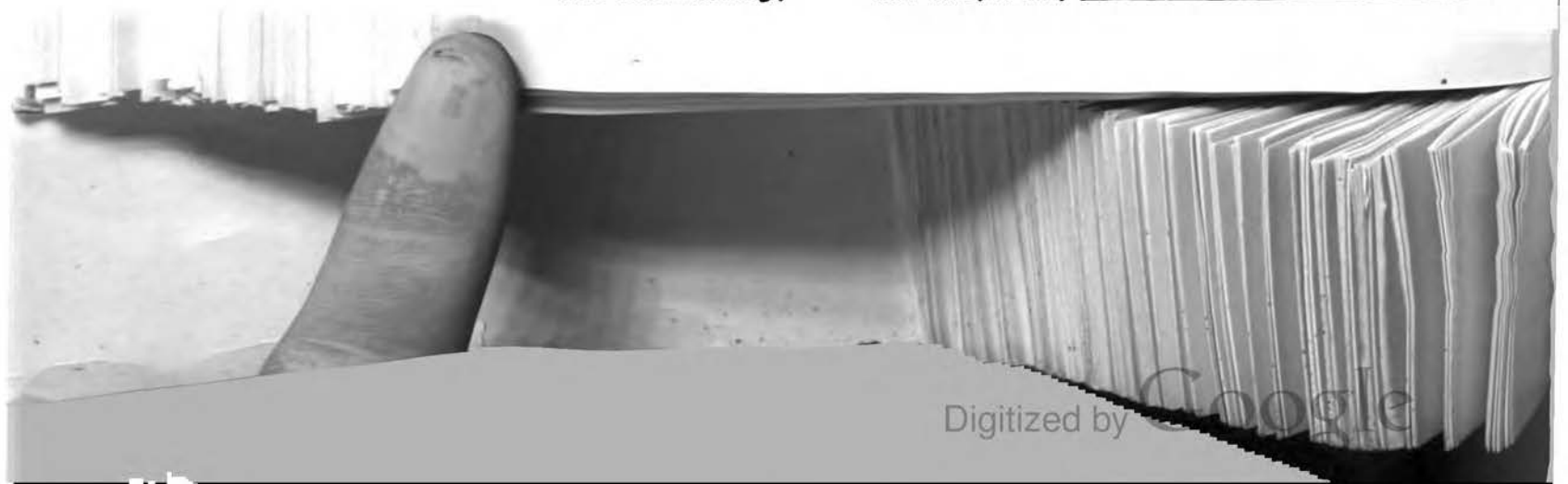
He wanted to run things without consulting his senior partner. That is only natural. But the thing he failed to reckon with makes

Back Numbers

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

A story of unusual charm

In SUCCESS for October



system largely upon such foods as contain iodine, also by taking minute doses of iodine daily.

The French were the first to throw light upon the extraordinary rôle played by the ductless glands as rejuvenators. Implantation of the interstitial glands for purposes of regeneration, is not new. It was tried on animals in England over 150 years ago. With a more extended knowledge as to the nature of the secretions yielded by the interstitial glands, we will probably be able to administer it, as we now do iodine or thyroid extract, and so maintain the integrity of all the vital forces far beyond three score years and ten.

◆ ◆ ◆

Haven't Got Time

OPPORTUNITY tapped at a door
With a chance for the brother within;
He rapped till his fingers were sore,
And muttered: "Come on, let me in.
Here is something I know you can do,
Here's a hill that you can climb."
But the brother inside, very quickly replied:
"Old fellow, I haven't got time."

Opportunity wandered along
In search of a man who would rise.
He said to the indolent throng:
"Here's a chance for the fellow who tries."
But each of them said with a smile,
"I wish I could do it, but I'm
Very busy, to-day, and I'm sorry to say
That I really haven't got time."

At last Opportunity came
To a man who was burdened with cares,
And said: "I now offer the same
Opportunity that has been theirs.
Here's a duty that ought to be done.
It's a chance if you've got time to take it."
Said the man with a grin: "Come along, pass it in!
I'll either find time or I'll make it."

Of all the excuses there are
By which this old world is accursed,
This "haven't got time" is by far
The poorest, the feeblest, the worst.
A delusion it is, and a snare;
If the habit is yours, you should shake it,
For if you want to do what is offered to you
You'll find time to do it, or make it.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

◆ ◆ ◆

A little less haste in our decisions, a little less of the court-martial in our judgments, a little less do-or-die, a little more do-and-live. The world has been made a safe place to live in. Let's act as if we felt safe.—*Batten's Wedge.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"There ain't never been nothin' in dis world yet," said Sambo, the negro philosopher, "which ain't got something in it to keep it from being as bad as what it looks like it is."

Sam Hodge, American

(*Continued from page* 80)

the defender of the rights of the people against the encroachment of the special interests, thus sheds the fierce, withering light of truth on the motive that prompted the Hichens scheme.

"Hichens got a lot of land cheap. He put up houses and into the general envelope of tricks—like a fakir at a fair—he chucked first a cow and then a pig, to lure the Irish. Then he chucked in a handful of chickens and a bunch of garden tools as a bait to the Italians—all for a mere bagatelle of one small cash installment. Hichens knew the poor suckers would bite. And they did. And after they had made their first payment, they kept on making payments, swallowing the hook deeper and deeper, so they wouldn't lose what they'd already paid in. That's the way Hichens hooked them fast. He's been playing them both ways, getting a big profit out of his land, and anchoring them here. Your scheme is ingenious, Mr. Hichens, but it doesn't stand the white light of truth."

Then the customary paragraph in italics: "*Remember, things must be better because they can't be any worse. Remember, every man has a vote.*"

"But," protested Phil White, machinist, to his neighbor, Danny Grier, carpenter, who showed him the Sandowski editorial, "remember you have a little home and a cow and a pig and some chickens. Be careful what you do."

"Bribery, all bribery. Didn't you hear Sol Levinsky say so, an' now it's in the paper? Haven't you any brains, White? This man Hichens is wicked. He wants to own us as they do in Russia."

"My eyes are opened," said William Todd, joining the pair. "I always suspected Hichens was a hypocrite. The editor of the *Star's* a brave feller an' an honest feller. That's why he dares to tell us how Hichens, with all the cleverness of the devil—brought us here from Rosedale, where we were independent, and anchored us down here with a little home, half paid for, so we wouldn't dare strike for bigger pay an' shorter hours. We're slaves—that's what we are! Slaves!"

"Listen, Bridget Hennessey," said Mike, that evening. "Walter Hichens moved to Harmony an' gave his men a chance to buy homes. You'll agree with me in that?"

"Sure, he did that same," said Bridget.

"But, listen how Tode gives the snap away." Mike slapped the paper with the back of his hand. "Hichens's wicked motive really was to make slaves of us. Sure, that's what Sol Levinski always said. It's me that was asleep all the time."

Bridget laughed. "An' did ye just wake up to the fact that ye were asleep, Mike Hennessey? Do you call it makin' slaves of us ter give the childern fresh air of heaven and big yards to play in, ter give us a cow an' chickens an' a pig that I've ben prayin' fer iver sinct I left the old country, an' which you never could buy 'cause you'd never saved up the price fer drinkin' beer an' whisky—which you don't drink here 'cause ye can't get it, an' you're too tired at night to take that bum trolley car to Hells Half Acre over in Rosedale? Sure, you better go to sleep again an' be a sensible man like ye were before ye woke up."

Next morning, the *Clarion* came out with great headlines: "WALTER HICHENS OFFERS TO BUY BACK AT COST EVERY BIT OF PROPERTY HE SOLD TO THE PEOPLE OF HARMONY."

Sandowski retorted editorially: "Of course Mr. Hichens will buy back at cost property that has increased in value. But don't let him trick you. Hold onto your little homes that Hichens would cheat you out of. Remember, he's a smarter financier than any of you. Doesn't that magnificent mansion of his, built by the sweat and blood of the people, prove it?"

And it certainly *did* prove it.

"Ain't things come to a pretty pass?" said Jake Worth to Finnegan, fellow bricklayer, "when the great Walter Hichens that we all trusted even to bringin' our families over here, wants to cheat us out of our homes?"

Finnegan shook his head dolefully. "I wouldn't a' believed it of him."

The *Clarion* warned the people that if they threw down Hichens and supported Tode conditions in Harmony would be something unheard of, that property values would go to the devil and they'd lose what they had already invested in their homes.

In the afternoon, Sandowski reminded the people that this was only an attempt made by Hichens to frighten them into selling their property. As for conditions being something unheard of, what could be worse than the abject slavery Hichens would impose on them?

And then: "*Remember, conditions must be better because they can't be any worse. Remember, every man has a vote.*"

"Ain't that a corker?" said Amos Hinkle, stableman, prime logician, addressing Austin Barnes, assistant stableman, also prime logician, pointing to the editorial. "Ain't it simply unanswerable?"

"Eh?"

"Don't it follow that because conditions can't be any worse, they must be better? If you're at the bottom of the wheel, you can't be any worse, can you? So, if the wheel moves at all, you must go up."

"Yes, but how do you know they can't be any worse?"

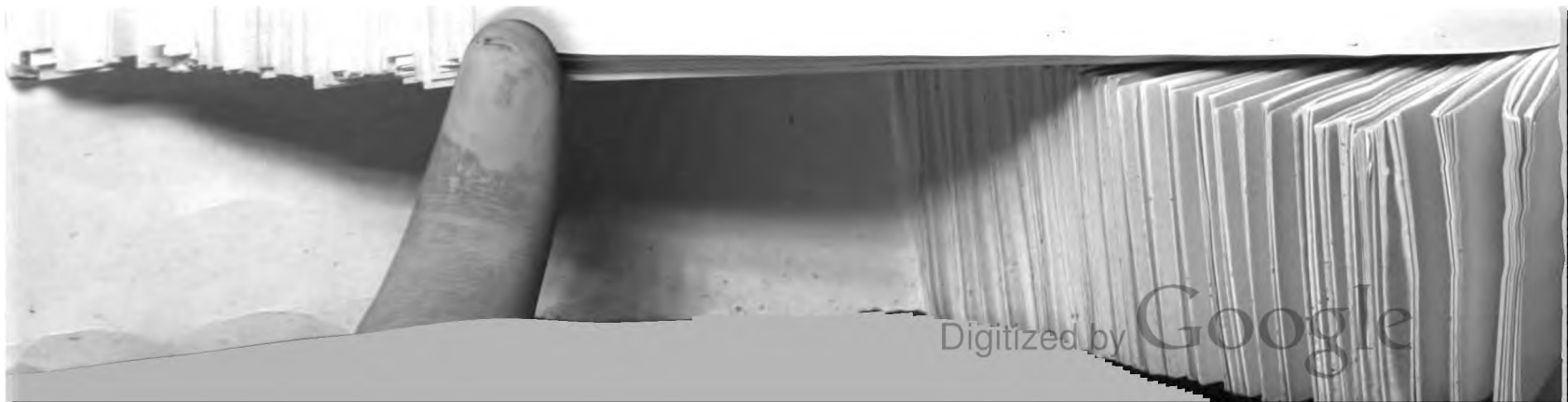
"That's a fool question. 'Cause if they're as bad as they can be, how *can* they be any worse?"

"I guess you're right, Amos." Austin scratched his head. "But it don't seem —"

"*What* don't seem? Say, Austin, are you for the people or are you for Hichens an' money?"

And of such stuff are bolshevists made.

The *Clarion* fired its next gun as follows: "We depend on the honesty and common sense of the people to decide between Casparillo J. Tode, who was chucked out of Rosedale because he was too corrupt even for Sam Hodge to stand, and Jack Lewis, a man of unquestioned integrity, an ideal mayor, educated



in the civic affairs of Harmony; above all, a man who came from the people."

Sandowski, ever on the alert for "openings," retorted: "Jack Lewis did come from the people, but where is he now? The career of Lewis furnishes a wonderful example of how the rich use every Machiavellian device to corrupt the people, even the promise of social preferment. Any man in Harmony may, if he takes the trouble to stand on the corner of Chestnut Street and Avenue A any afternoon at four o'clock, witness the inspiring spectacle of our patriotic mayor riding with his patron and master, Walter Hichens—hobnobbing with the rich. Enough said. Verily, how Lewis has been exalted above the people. He is permitted to talk with Hichens. How many of the people have ever done that? We challenge any working man of Harmony to say that he has had more than a half a dozen words with this plutocrat, who rides in his car while Casparillo J. Tode goes among his fellows on foot.

"*Remember, conditions must be better because they can't be worse. Remember, every man has a vote.*"

Tode slapped his editor on the shoulder gratefully. "By jingo, my good Sandowski! but that class-hatred stuff of yours is working all right. You can feel it seething under the surface of the whole community. There were fully a hundred people on the corner, to-day, to witness your 'inspiring spectacle.'" Tode laughed. "I took your hint, Sandowski. I took pains to be there on foot when Hichens and Lewis passed. It had its effect."

"I'm sick of all this disgusting controversy," growled Hichens to Phillips. "Hereafter, I wish you'd just do nothing but harp on the danger of bolshevism."

So, every morning, the *Clarion* printed: "Beware of bolshevism!" Nothing else.

And, every afternoon, the *Star* put in equally glaring headlines, "Why does capital fear bolshevism?"

The soap-box orators of Harmony, the Mecca of free speech, took their cue from the *Star* and ridiculed Hichensf' ceble attempts to sidestep the white light of truth that Tode was throwing on him. They shouted the slogans: "Conditions must be better because they can't be any worse!" "Lewis came from the people, where is he now?" "Why did Hichens drive the soldier boys from Harmony?" "Remember, every man has a vote!" and urged the people to vote for Tode and what he stood for—bigger wages and shorter hours. As Tode had reminded Hichens, these fellows weren't concerned by the fact that they were short on logic, because they were only telling their audiences what their audiences were eager to hear.

And so the campaign proceeded from day to day and from week to week.

"Well," said Jack Lewis to Hichens the day before election: "I guess we're beaten. We've made a good fight. We couldn't have done any better, I'm satisfied of that; but I'm afraid we're beaten. I've talked with a lot of men. Their faith in us has been undermined by these vicious fellows."

Hichens paced the floor. "I can't believe it, Jack. Do you really think so?" Then, with deep disgust: "Fools, ungrateful fools! And as for these strangers

I have taken in and cared for, a generation of vipers."

Next day, Casparillo J. Tode was elected mayor of Harmony by an overwhelming majority.

CHAPTER XIII

THE period following the inauguration of Casparillo J. Tode as mayor, was epochal—even in the brief career of Harmony. Bolshevism, with all its benevolent, liberty-loving, freedom-granting, rights-of-man protecting promises was in the saddle. The people's future rested with themselves wholly. There was no one to say them nay. Their schools were to be run in their own way. They could use them for their own purposes without let or hindrance. Money was to flow into their coffers without effort on their part. Tode's administration meant the realization of shorter hours and bigger pay. The age of remunerative idleness had come. In a word, the millenium was at hand.

Casparillo J. Tode sat in the City Hall, triumphant, and received congratulations. But Mr. Tode was not entirely easy in his mind. He puffed his stogie and reflected. He realized that his position was none too secure, even if he had been put in by an overwhelming vote; that his tenure of office would not be long. Nor would it die a natural death, he apprehended. For Casparillo J. Tode, remember, lived on confusion. Confusion was his stock in trade. It was the only condition under which it was possible to do indiscriminate grafting.

Clearly, it was Casparillo Tode's business to create confusion and then avail of it. Confusion led to demoralization and terror; and while these lasted, he was secure. But, like Sam Hodge, Tode realized that neither confusion nor terror would last, that order would inevitably come from the one, that courage would inevitably come from the other. Through the agency of confusion, Tode had made himself mayor of Harmony, had put the golden apple within his reach. But he must keep the waters of confusion boiling until he had had a chance to pluck the apple. He must not give the people a chance to think. Otherwise, the spirit of Sam Hodge—Tode rubbed his eyes to exorcise the ghost of Hodge that was ever before him—would manifest itself through some man in Harmony and put the people wise before he, Tode, could pluck the fruits of victory.

"Damn Sam Hodge!" Tode grunted. "He won't let me alone even now."

But while Tode depended on confusion for his grafting, he himself was systematic. He was a scientific, a thinking grafter. Obviously, the thing to do was to go for the big fellows first—while the grafting was good.

The day after his inauguration, Casparillo J. Tode called on Walter Hichens. Tode stated his business with the directness of a highwayman. "You see how things have come out, Mr. Hichens."

Hichens nodded.

"Very good. I'm willing to forgive and forget."

"How much?" snapped Hichens.

Tode named his sum. It was steep. Hichens demurred.

"I warned you you'd have to settle."

"What's your threat if I don't, Tode?"

"You'll shut up shop."

It was an alternative that Hichens had apprehended. First, and above all, the idea of abandoning the people he had brought there was insufferable to the loyal, egotistical gentleman. Then there was the humiliation of admitting to the world that his idealistic dreams had been a failure, and so discouraging others from attempting the big things that he'd attempted. To his credit, the realization of impending financial disaster didn't impress him. For Hichens was, above all, an idealist. This fellow Tode had the reins of government in his hands—had things cinched for two years. Presently Hichens said: "If I pay you this money, where does it go?"

Tode smiled. "It will be devoted to the people, Mr. Hichens."

"But, tell me—this will be final? You will take care of me absolutely?"

"Absolutely," said Tode. "A gentleman's agreement, Mr. Hichens."

So Hichens paid the money—in bills.

Three days later, a dark-visaged little man called on Hichens and sent in a somewhat pretentious card: "Johann Wurth, President, Board of Aldermen."

"Ah, yes," said Hichens, "glad to see you, Wurth."

The little man eyed the capitalist suspiciously. "I shall make known my wants at once," he said abruptly.

"Do so," said the aristocratic idealist.

"The people—" began the little man.

Hichens instantly realized the impending "touch." "The mayor's already been to see me," he broke in.

"The mayor? He is an ignoramus. He can only speak for his own department."

"What's your threat, my little man?"

Wurth grinned viciously. "The people want shorter hours and bigger pay. It rests with the Board of Aldermen to pass an ordinance in their behalf."

Hichens thrust his thumbs in his armholes and paced up and down. "If I pay you a certain amount of money you will let the matter drop, my little man?"

The little man nodded.

"Now, as a bargainer, let me see. Which would be cheaper—to accede to your demand or tell you to go to the devil? If I don't pay, you'll stir up strife, eh?"

The little man smiled.

"You speak for your whole Board of Aldermen, of course?"

The little man nodded eagerly, his fingers itching.

"How much?"

The little man smiled again. "A thousand dollars."

Hichens crossed to the safe and took out a roll of bills. "I'll give you a hundred dollars."

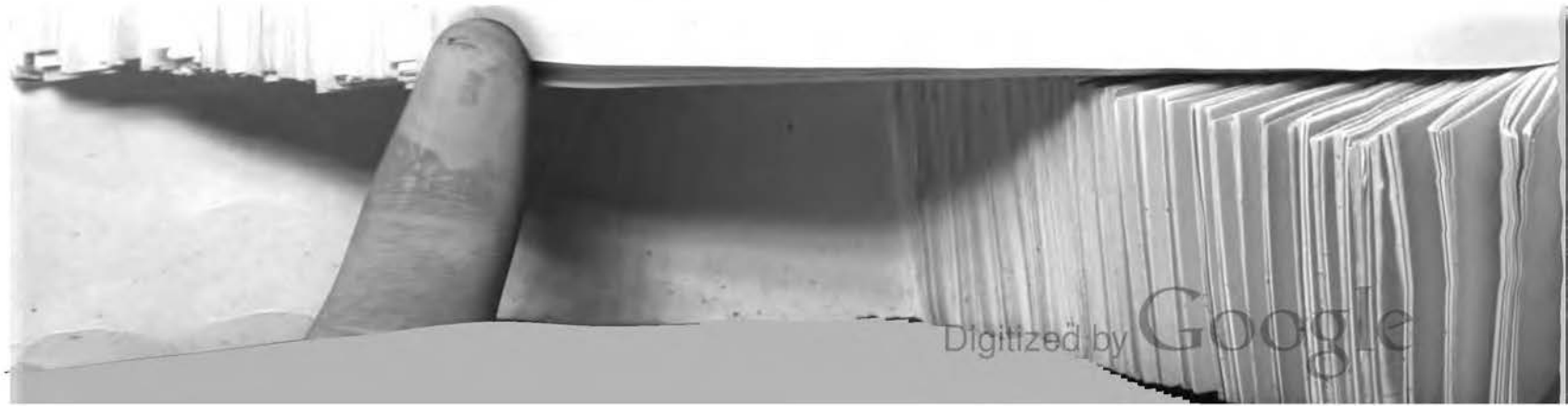
The little man drew himself up. "You insult me, sir. Remember, I'm a gentleman."

"I did not forget that. Take it or let it alone."

The little man saw Hichens meant it. He grinned ingratiatingly. "Can't you make it a hundred and fifty, Mr. Hichens?"

Hichens shook his head. "A hundred's all I care to risk on you." Then, as the little man stretched out his hand for the money: "I have your word, as a gentleman, that you will protect me?"

"Absolutely. Good day."



A few days after Johann Wurth's visit to Hichens and his guarantee, the shorter hours and bigger-pay ordinance was passed by the Board of Aldermen. Hichens sent for Wurth. "How about it?" he asked, when that gentleman arrived. "How about your guarantee?"

The little man was arrogant. "You capitalists always like to hold us to our bargains, but you never keep your promises to us. The shoe is on the other foot now."

Hichens searched his mind for any unfulfilled promise of his, but could find none. Bah! what was the use. "I have to thank you for one thing, my little man," he chuckled, "I saved nine hundred dollars on you anyway."

When Hichens received an order from Tode that he must grant shorter hours and bigger pay as per new ordinance entitled: "An Act to Provide for the Welfare of the People," he advised the mayor of his lawyer's instructions as to the power of the Board of Aldermen. Tode then caused it to be proclaimed that Hichens was defying the will of the people as expressed through their representatives, thus shifting the odium to the shoulders of the young idealist.

Then the Board of Aldermen discovered a spur leading from the main line of the railroad, across an unused and untraveled area, to the Hichens works. Clearly, this was a public menace. When the attempted "touch" was made, Hichens referred Johann Wurth to the railroad people. But the superintendent of the railroad, who had heard of the election of the People's Party, promptly notified the Board of Aldermen that they might go to the devil, that if they didn't behave he'd cut Harmony out altogether—wouldn't stop any trains there.

Next, the Commissioner of Public Works insisted on new paving in front of Hichens's works—for the good of the people—although no trucks but Hichens's own ever came there. And Hichens, who had now become a full-fledged corruptionist—for the good of those who had remained loyal to him—paid up.

Hichens had learned from his experience with Tode that these men didn't even pretend to keep faith, that any guarantee they gave wasn't worth the breath it took to make it. But, what was more important, he had learned through his experience with Johann Wurth that these bolshevists were as white-livered as they were impudent. He could bargain with them. So he never offered more than a tenth of their absurd demands.

Next, the Commissioner of Buildings insisted on new lighting and other safety devices in the Hichens works—for, you know, the people must be protected—to be supplied by a contractor whom he designated. And Hichens paid up.

Hichens had no more than settled with this fellow than a dissolute hostler, whom Tode had appointed sanitary inspector, gave orders that a large amount of new sewage be taken up—for the good of the people—an operation which would mean a frightful loss to Hichens. The touch was a big one, and Hichens demurred. But Tode was behind the hostler. So the Board of Health threatened to prosecute Hichens for maintaining a nuisance—for the protection of the people. And Hichens paid up.

A few days later, another official of the Bolshevist government appeared. There must be a certain kind of sewer connections with all the houses in Harmony—for the good of the people. Hichens knew that this was unnecessary, and said so. The next day, however, the Board of Aldermen ordained that the new method should supersede the old one. And Hichens paid up.

Hichens soon learned that, in each case, he could quite as adequately and vastly more economically safeguard the interests of the people by crossing the officials' palms with silver than by installing new safety and sanitary devices.

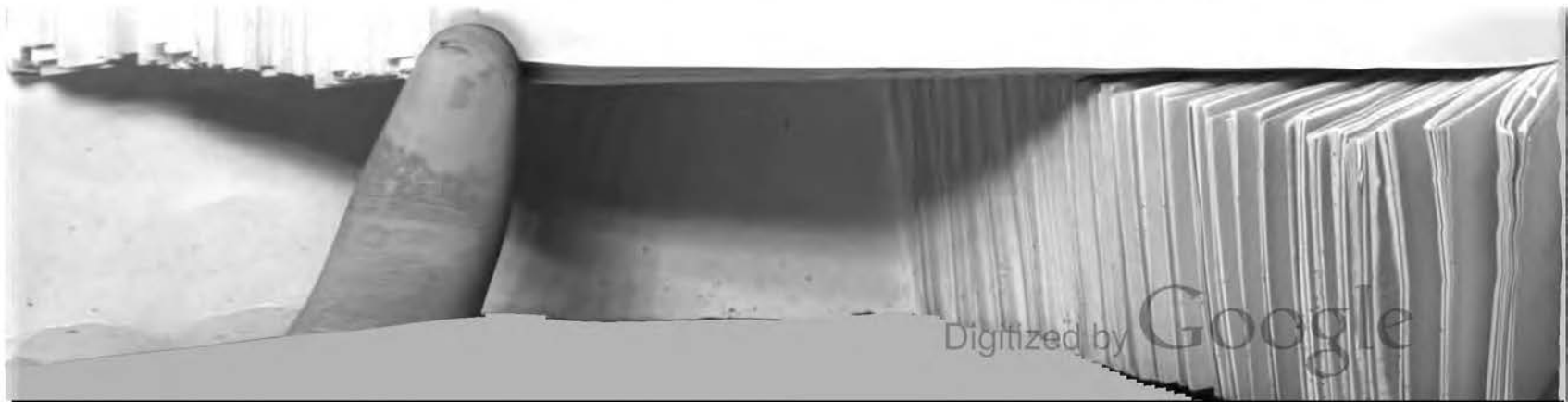
As Hichens became more and more of a bargainer, more and more reluctant a "giver-up," Tode became wary. "I think we'll let him alone for a while," he said to Blatsky. He paused. "Our method has been too direct. We'll get him through the men in the works. Just pass the word. Meanwhile, I'll attend to some business elsewhere."

Tode now directed his attention to the public utilities as, next to Hichens, most available for plucking. Pursuant to his laudable scheme, Tode succeeded in extracting a very considerable roll from the exchequer of the street-car company by promise of protection against labor trouble. A few days later, under a new pretext, he assayed another "touch." The president of the company demurred. Tode immediately ordered a strike on all the cars and, at the same time, with true bolshevistic logic, agitated for lower fares. The Board of Aldermen, under promise of a share of any new spoils that might be extracted, passed the ordinance. The superintendent of the company, a stout, red-headed man, promptly told them to go to the devil. The ordinance was then enforced. The street-car company now ran fewer cars. Tode called the bluff—as he thought—compelling the company to run its regular number of cars.

The result was, the company went broke and didn't run any cars at all. And not only were the company's employees thrown out of their jobs, but all other working people had to walk to and from their places of employment.

Tode next blackmailed the local gas company. When the president of this concern refused to be bled further, the mayor pursued the same tactics that he did with the street-car company. For a time, the gas company struggled along under the handicap, then gave up and the town was plunged in darkness.

No sooner had the big interests shown signs of exhaustion than Tode organized his campaign for the promotion of vice. He sold "privileges" to all kinds of disreputable resorts. Next to the "big interests," these places yielded the best pickings, and, therefore, were Tode's especially undivided graft. Nor did Tode keep faith with a single purchaser. Mowry paid a big price for the privilege of establishing a particularly vicious dance-hall at the corner of Avenue B and Duquesne Street. Tode signed a scrap of paper to the effect that there should be no opposition within a radius of six blocks. The same afternoon, he granted Le Breck the right to run a similar dive on the opposite corner; and when Mowry protested, the



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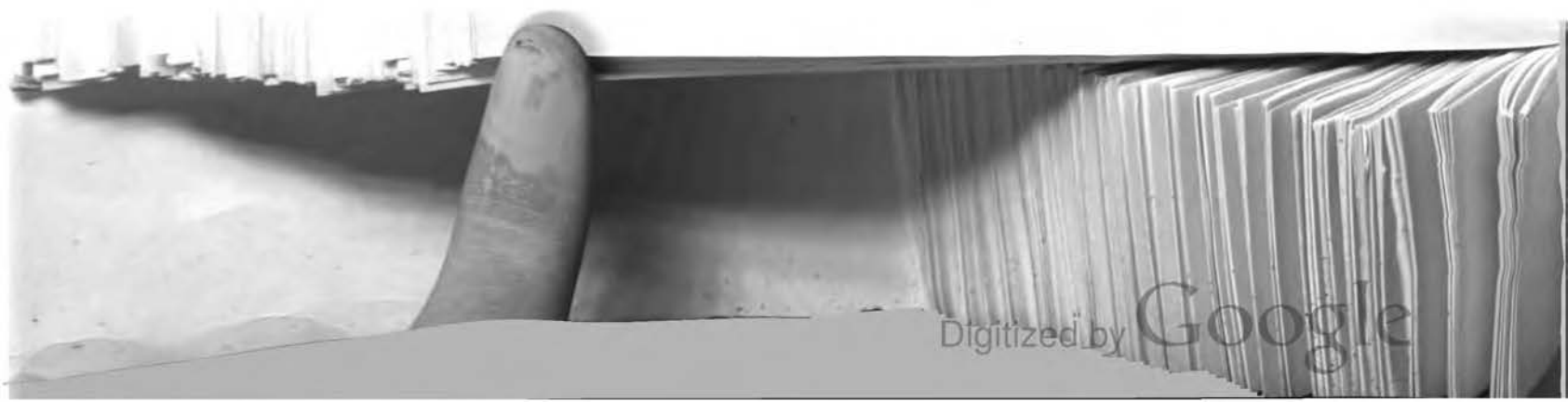

mayor laughed in his face and told him if he didn't shut up he'd run him out of town.

The news quickly got abroad that the lid was "clean off" in Harmony, and it was not long before all kinds of denizens of the underworld were heading in that direction. A great variety of disreputable places sprung up all over the town like toadstools over night. Personal liberty was now rampant. Men shouted lewd jests from curb to curb, in the hearing of decent women and children, a thing that would have incurred for them a clubbing during the Hichens regime. For Hichens, the mothers and fathers of families now bitterly recalled, had always been a believer in clean morals. Strange women—who had bought personal liberty from Tode—plied their trade openly, rubbing shoulders with girls in their early teens, daughters of respectable working men.

Mike Hennessey, after appealing in vain to Tode, went to Hichens and protested that a house of ill fame had been started right next door, and that ribald songs issued therefrom at all hours, greatly to the offence of Bridget and his family of growing daughters.

"Well, you fool," said Hichens, "you worked and voted for Tode, didn't you? Now go to Tode and see if you can pay a bigger price for protection than the estimable neighbor that you're complaining about. Don't come to me."

For obvious reasons, Tode at once proceeded to put his pre-election promises as to school improvements into effect. Incompetent teachers were installed, whose business it was immediately to throw out the Bible, and, in its place, teach bolshevism. The children were taught openly to scoff at the flag and the Constitution; and, in consequence, became imbued with the spirit of disloyalty and disorder. Under Tode's direction, the teachers started a correspondence course in bolshevism. This propaganda was radiated widely from Harmony, and proved the source of considerable revenue, half of which found its way into Tode's pockets. The men and women school teachers who had shouted their heads off and worked their legs off for Tode, were now compelled to hand over half their pay each month. Thus did bolshevism reward the faithful.

One apostate American, who had at least half a backbone, appealed to Tode to have American history restored in the schools—this was one of the first detrimentals to be cast out. But Tode laughed at him. "None of that mush. The bolshevist Bible for ours. We're in the saddle now and we're going to stay."

The man ran to Hichens. "We have no liberty any more in the schools. Our children must take this poison stuff they give them."

But Hichens simply said: "You're a blind fool. You've only yourself to blame. You've traded law for license and you'll find it the meanest, the most brutal kind of a tyrant."

Tode was no respecter of persons when it came to grafting. He worked on the principle that "many a mickle makes a muckle." When the "big fellows" gave out, he had gone after dirty money. And when there were no more applications for illicit privileges, he turned his attention to still smaller game; for Tode, be it understood, was determined to make the killing

Mark it on your mind!

On the 20th day of each month go to the nearest newsstand and say

"SUCCESS, plea-e!"

It will cost you only 25 cents

of his life. His policemen were instructed to graft on drunken men. The spoils were divided as follows: 25 per cent to the arresting officer, 25 per cent to the magistrate, 50 per cent to Tode.

Tode never divided his part of the graft with anybody in fact, only in promises. One thing he forgot—promises not backed by any show of performance or any money will react on the promiser. Or if he didn't forget it, greed was always at his elbow urging: "Give them promises, but no money—promises, but no money—the golden apple's for you, Tode—your brains, your energy, have brought it within your grasp—and, what's more, you'll need it in the near future."

Tode lacked the elements of a great leader. He was a monopolistic grafter. He was in a dishonest business. And for a man to prosper in such a business, he must be loyal to his colleagues—he depends more than any other on reciprocal loyalty. Great captains of industry realize that their success depends on other men, and that they must stimulate those other men by a big share in the profits. They may be greedy, but they're too wise to expect to get it all. Tode was greedy, but he was not wise. He not only wanted to get it all, but he actually tried to get it all and hold onto it. In brief, Tode was an organized genius. He had energy, he had ambition, he was fearless, but he lacked balance. His greed for money and power had destroyed his sense of proportion.

In addition to his "legitimate" and bigger kinds of grafting, Tode applied the cyanide process. No tailings, however minute, were allowed to escape. Nothing was too small for his contemptible machine workers to ignore. The bolshevist policemen and other official beggars on horseback, finding that Tode was denying them the big graft that he had promised, and being too white-livered to protest, turned their attention to harassing the small fry of the town. Small shopkeepers were blackmailed in a petty way. Any innocent misconduct on the part of a workingman's chickens or his goat or his pigs, or anything that was his, was made an excuse for petty fines.

Little Sam Powdowsky, the cross-legged tailor, who, for a brief period, had emerged from the terrorism of Russia into the sunlight of American freedom long enough to flap his wings and crow a bit, now, believing that he'd been fooled by an artificial light into premature exultation, that conditions in America were quite as hopeless as they were in Russia, hanged himself in the room back of his little shop, damning America as a fraud with his last breath.

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN the small fry of Harmony were bled to the point of extinction, Tode let loose a band of imported bolshevist thugs, who, aided by the darkness into which the town was plunged by the ruin of the local gas company, waylaid and blackjacked decent people out of what Tode had been unable to extract from them in a "legitimate" way.

Within a short time the good people of Harmony began to realize that the underground taxes they were compelled to pay through graft were ten times greater than the taxes of the Hichens regime. In addition, their nerves were ever on edge because of the irritation, the annoyance, to which they were constantly subjected. Persons who had been kindly before were ready to snap and snarl at their neighbors. Little things took on an absurd significance. Words dropped here and there were made the basis of family feuds. Mike and Pat and Hezekiah and Tony indulged in bitter recriminations, one twitting the other of his pre-election talk, damning him for what he had done to put Tode in office and play the whole town for a bunch of fools.

As the bolshevist rule continued with unabated violence and grafting, many decent persons appealed to Hichens to put back their homes—at least to refund the installments they had paid in. Hichens reminded them that things had so far gone to the devil that he would require all his resources to stem the tide and save the town. So, many, in disgust, sacrificed everything they'd paid on their homes and went back to Rosedale, only too willing to take longer hours and smaller pay to escape the terrible confusion prevailing in Harmony that had well nigh driven them mad.

Sam Hodge welcomed the returning prodigals with open arms and put them in good jobs.

"Why, Sam," Danny Meade protested, "I don't see why you let those fellers come back here."

"Why not, Danny? They're the best watch dogs we could possibly have. If any feller should come to Rosedale now and even peep bolshevism in their hearing, they'd hang him. Besides, they're good Americans now and they're old friends."

"I guess you're right, Sam."

So long as business was profitable, Hichens hoped he could stem the tide. Because of the wonderful system he had always maintained in his works he could compete with—even beat—his rivals. But now he found that his men, instigated by Tode, and permeated with the new spirit of getting all they could out of the hated capitalist without working for it, were not only loafing on him most unconscionably, but doing inferior work. Because of this, Hichens found he couldn't deliver the goods, either in quantity or quality. Strenuous complaints began to come in from big customers. Orders began to fall off heavily. The young idealist realized that he would have practically two years of this Tode regime of confusion and insatiable blackmail. There was no use trying to square things with a crowd that wouldn't stay put. It would be like pouring water into a bottomless hole. Hichens, through bribery, had largely reduced his resources. That was one end of the candle. Now the other end was beginning to burn, because of the conduct of the people in his works. He realized that he would fall hopelessly behind his competitors. So when Tode again approached him with the demand for shorter hours and bigger pay for the men, Hichens promptly told that amiable gentleman to go to the devil. "You and the rest of the grafters think my wealth is inexhaustible," he said. "I want to tell you that I'm almost broke. I'm so badly bent that another straw would break me."

Tode laughed. "That's a bluff, Mr. Hichens. I know better."

"*You*, above all others, ought to know it isn't a bluff, Tode." Hichens paced the floor with his hands in his pockets. Presently he swung toward the mayor. "Look here, Tode, I'm through with it all. I wash my hands of the whole thing. You and your crowd can take over the works and run things," he laughed, "in the interests of the people."

"Do you mean it?" cried Tode. "Do you really mean it?"

"Absolutely."

"Will you stay here and manage?"

"Not on your life. I've had enough. I'm going to clear out. I'm through with Harmony—and all the fools and all the grafters."

Without a word, Tode put on his hat and left.

Hichens immediately summoned his secretary. "Tell Briggs to pay everybody in the office three months' salary in lieu of notice. He has money enough for that."

"You mean they're discharged, Mr. Hichens?"

"They can do as they please. I'm leaving at once."

"Very good, sir."

Hichens went to a small private safe and took therefrom a roll of bills. He put on his hat, took his stick and gloves, paused a moment, looked about him, then went out and closed the door.

On leaving Hichens, Tode immediately called up Sandowski. That afternoon, the *Star* proclaimed, in glaring headlines: "WALTER HICHENS, THE CORNERSTONE OF AUTOCRACY, HAS CAPITULATED!" It went on to state that Tode, in behalf of the people, had again demanded better conditions in behalf of the men in the works. But Hichens had peremptorily refused. Then Tode—in behalf of the people—had compelled Hichens to turn over his works to the community at large. By such mendacity, Tode strove to stave off inevitable disaster to himself until he should make a greater clean-up and safe get-a-way.

The news created the greatest sensation in the history of Harmony. Tode, at last, had made good his pre-election promise to give the people their own—bigger pay, shorter hours, easier work, and everything else that he'd seen fit to chuck into the bag of tricks. There was a grand scramble for jobs of the preferred order. Such places were filled on the plan of first come, first served. When, in the grand rush, two reached a certain bench at the same time, the matter of superior qualification for the job was settled either by fist or by the tossing up of a coin.

Remember, jobs of the preferred order didn't mean the kind of jobs that furnished bigger pay, but easier work—slacker's jobs. For it was agreed that every man in the whole establishment should get the same pay as every other man. Catlin, the lazy, incompetent slacker, said: "Why should I work harder when I can get just as much as Pike, anyway?" And Pike, the competent, said: "What's the use? I can't get any more than this incompetent, Catlin, no matter how hard I work." So, Pike became a slacker.

But why dilate further as to the result of such an arrangement? It is too obvious.

So long as Tode remained in Harmony there was some kind of order—someone to appeal to. Disputes

were referred to him. But Tode, eager for a chance to corral all his resources and flee, was not devoting much attention to the running of the Hichens works. With a smile, he took every complaint under consideration, waved the complainant out, and turned again to the consultation of maps and time tables.

For a few days, the Hichens works continued to run apparently normally. Then occurred something the bolshevistic leaders had not foreseen. They ran up against capital—the real thing. Their raw material was exhausted. They tried to get more. But word of the troubles of Harmony had gone abroad. There was nothing doing. Spot cash was the word. And they had no cash. Then they tried to borrow. But the wise bankers, who, ever since Tode's election had been cautious, flatly said: "No. Nothing doing."

All sorts of strange and unlooked-for things began to happen in rapid succession, much to the consternation of the high-brow bolshevistic financiers and prophets, but something which the ordinary common-sense business man would have known to be inevitable. Owing to confusion, lack of stability of government, mob rule, and all the other bolshevistic bag of tricks, insurance companies either put rates to a prohibitive figure or peremptorily refused to write new business in Harmony. This was the first great warning blazoned in fiery letters to the wise-eyed ones. Moneyed men immediately said: "Why should we loan money on property which—at the touch of a match—might become non-existent over night?" Wholesalers said: "Why should we sell goods to people who can't borrow money from the banks?"

The result was that the Hichens works, after running just six days, shut down with a bang.

Saturday came and the ghost didn't walk. Then "Hell itself broke loose." Everybody rushed to the small tradesmen for goods on credit. But the small tradesmen, warned by the local banks, had seen the storm coming and put up their shutters. On the door of each shop in Harmony was a big card: "No credit." Then there was a general rush to the mayor's office. But Tode was gone. A doddering old porter, with uplifted hands, tried to stem the tide of infuriated men and women. "The mayor is not here," he said. "I don't know where he is. He left only a few minutes ago for his afternoon ride. And he hasn't come back. That's all I know."

Sandowski, looking across from his editorial windows and seeing the crowd, slipped softly down and crossed the street. Sandowski heard the old man's words. The ghost in the office of *The Evening Star* had not walked that day, either. Sandowski, the *visionaire*, the ex-university professor, said nothing. He re-crossed to his office, shut the door, and counted the change in his pocket. "Ninety-seven cents," he muttered. Sandowski unlocked his desk, took therefrom an automatic pistol, put on his hat, and quietly left the office, locking the door behind him.

Forty-eight hours later, a vast checker-board of cellar holes was all that was left of Harmony, for the torch had been applied in many places and the northwest wind blew strong. A quartette of tall chimneys and scattered masses of warped and entangled machinery marked the place where the great Hichens works had stood—the whole a true monument to the beneficence of bolshevism.

A fortnight later, in a marsh near the main road leading from Harmony and a short distance out, three adventurous boys—returning to Rosedale from an inspection of the Hichens ruins—discovered the body of a little man with a bullet hole in his temple. On his feet were mud-covered spats and near by was a little green hat, rain-washed and faded, but still looking for all the world like a frog's head. The great leather belt in which money had evidently been carried had been slashed open and rifled of its contents. There were no papers to identify the body. But in the waistcoat pocket was found a picture of Sam Hodge cut from the Rosedale *Herald*.

In the back room of a cigar-shop on an East Side street in New York, sat a group of low-browed, crooked gamblers around a table. One of their members had withdrawn and was seated in a shadowy corner at the rear of the room. From time to time, the players winked at one another and cast malignant, sneering glances at the little man in the corner. But the little man in the corner was oblivious. He calmly lighted a cigarette and chancing to think of something he put his thumb and finger in his pocket and drew therefrom a slip of paper. It was a picture of Sam Hodge, cut from the Rosedale *Herald* and pasted on a yellow sheet from a reporter's pad. With a contemptuous gesture the little man tossed the bit of paper from him. In an habitual way, he proceeded to go through all his pockets. A solitary nickle was the result of the search. The little man chucked it into the cuspidore. Then he turned in his chair, so as to hide his hip pocket from the men at the table, put his hand down, and felt there the hard shape of an automatic. Presently he pulled his hat over his eyes, got up, yawned with an affectation of indifference, passed out through the rear door and down two stone steps to the back yard.

Within sound of the pistol shot, on the corner of Second Avenue and Ninth Street, an automobile of the Flying Squadron was standing. A tall, elegant, young man with a decided Harvard stoop to his shoulders was declaiming passionately against bolshevism.

"Men and women, fellow Americans," he shouted, "bolshevism is an evil that you can stamp out only through organization. Organize your churches, organize your business men, organize the Hell's Half Acre of your town to fight it—but, best of all, organize the great American humor that you all have. Treat the white-livered little creatures like the scum they are—ridicule them—laugh them out of court. That'll fix them because these bolshevists have no more foundation for their theories than a house built on soap bubbles. Organize, I say, organize—first, last, and all the time—otherwise your efforts will be spread out thin and foolish like perfectly good water on a kitchen floor that isn't deep enough to drown a fly. Organize."

A low-browed, sinister tough at the edge of the crowd had been eyeing the speaker. At this point he yelled out: "Aw, what does a swell guy like you know about bolshevism, anyway!"

(THE END.)

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THIS is the most liberal and wonderful offer ever made. You can secure a $70.00 Columbia Bicycle absolutely free, if you are willing to work a few hours a day for a week introducing THE NEW SUCCESS MAGAZINE to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances.

The subscriptions must be obtained for one year at the regular yearly subscription price of $2.50. A two years' subscription at $5.00 counts as two subscriptions, a three years' subscription at $7.50 counts as three etc. Thirty-five subscriptions, yearly subscriptions will entitle you to one of these high grade $70.00 Columbia Bicycles, either boys' or girls' model. All transportation charges will be prepaid and your bicycle will be sent to you as quickly as possible after the receipt of the thirty-five subscriptions. Subscriptions should be sent in as fast as you take them. You don't need to wait until you have the entire number before sending them. Remit the amount required for the subscriptions together with the names and addresses of subscribers so that the magazine may be sent to them at once.

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In order to be counted toward one of these bicycles all subscriptions must be turned in between now and November 1st, 1921.

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Tools:	Block end tool bag with complete set of tools and nickled frame pump.
Guards:	Front and rear Semi-Drop Side with flat braces riveted to guards.
Price:	$70.00.

THE PASS-IT-ON CLUB

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

THE NEW SUCCESS will print the best of these, and thus pass on from one member of the Pass-It-On Club to another—and to all our readers—many things that will help them in some way. *But do not send in original poems.*

Address: THE PASS-IT-ON CLUB, THE NEW SUCCESS, 1133 Broadway, New York

A Woman's Prayer

(From J. A. Stamps, Texas.)

O, GOD, I ask thee not for shorter hours or higher wage: not for a larger house nor jewels rare, not idle ease. The privilege to vote does not my raving soul appease, and truly not for fame or fortune, Lord, pray. But give me a love, a husband's love, as pure and true and fine as I give him. Give me a man with body clean and innocent of wrong, as he requires that I should be. Give me a man so strong, that him I can respect and trust and love. That prayer is mine.—Easie Rock Dale.

To live in keeping with the above prayer should be the resolve of every man who intends to marry a virtuous woman. All men want virtuous wives but very few men are living a life that would naturally merit the love of a virtuous woman. I have contributed the above prayer in hopes that it will have the same impression on other young men as it has had on me.

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Out in the Fields

(From Charles M. Berkheimer, Los Angeles, California.)

THE little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees:
The fooling fears of what might happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
Among the new mown hay.
Among the hushing of the corn
Where the drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.—*Selected.*

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

A Creed

(From Carita E. Cutler, Worcester, Massachusetts.)

SAY to yourself every day, and mean it with all your heart:

I will become more than I am. I will achieve more and more every day because I know that I can. I will recognize only that which is good in myself—only that which is good in others; only that in all things and places that I know should live and grow. When adversity threatens I will be more determined than ever in my life to prove that I can turn all things to good account. When those whom I have trusted seem to fail me, I will have a thousand times more faith in the honor and nobleness of man. I will think only of that which has virtue and worth. I will wish only for that which can give freedom and truth. I will expect only that which can add to the welfare of the race. I will live to live more. I will speak to give encouragement, inspiration and joy. I will work to be of service to an ever-increasing number. And in every thought, word and action my ruling desire shall be to enrich, ennoble and beautify existence for all who come my way.—*Remington Notes.*

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Sweetest Things of Earth

(From Thelma Brown, Los Angeles, California.)

WHAT are the sweetest things of earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides a thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn;
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile, though they may weep;
A brother's cheer, a father's praise,
The minstrelsy of summer days;
A heart where never anger burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrongs overthrown; pains swift release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace;
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
An honest hand that needs no ward;
A life with right in true accord;
A hop-bud waxing into joy;
A happiness without alloy;
A mother's kiss, a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.
—*Emma L. Dowd.*

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Books are lighthouses erected on the great sea of time.

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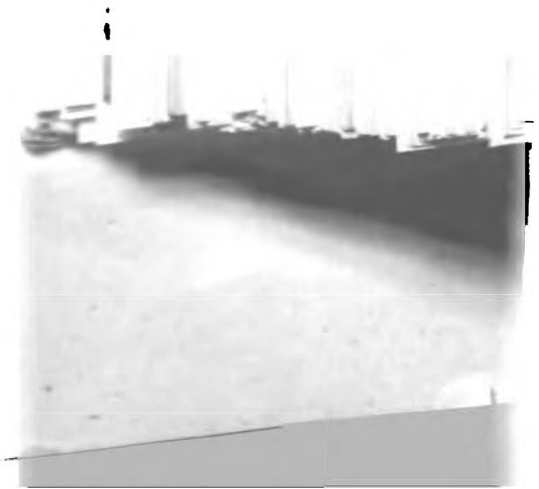
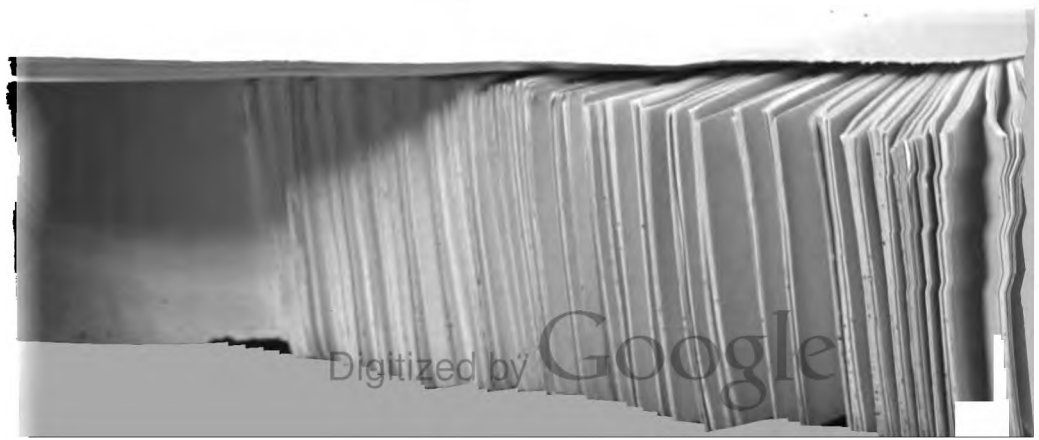
The victor is he who can go it alone.





How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder of
The Alsaker Way

QUICKLY! PERMANENTLY!

Without Drugs or Medicine of any Kind

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

THE majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome—and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration. When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a **victim to pneumonia or consumption.**

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"All who easily catch cold are in a catarrhal condition. Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which will in turn give rise to some other serious disease—as if catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

"Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted. Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-by and those creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the **cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds.** This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a commonsense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to **get well** and how to **keep well.** The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own house and **without the expenditure of an additional penny.** There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so **easy to understand** and so **simple to follow** that anyone, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

If you suffer from colds, coughs, or catarrh in any form, send only $3. to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 735, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this valuable instruction book. Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with the results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if you are not satisfied that you have made the best $3. investment you ever made—simply remail the book and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds **you can do so.** Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes no drugs or serums, sprays or salves. And it costs nothing to follow it, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called patent medicines that **do not cure,** soon eat a big hole in any man's income. Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.

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.

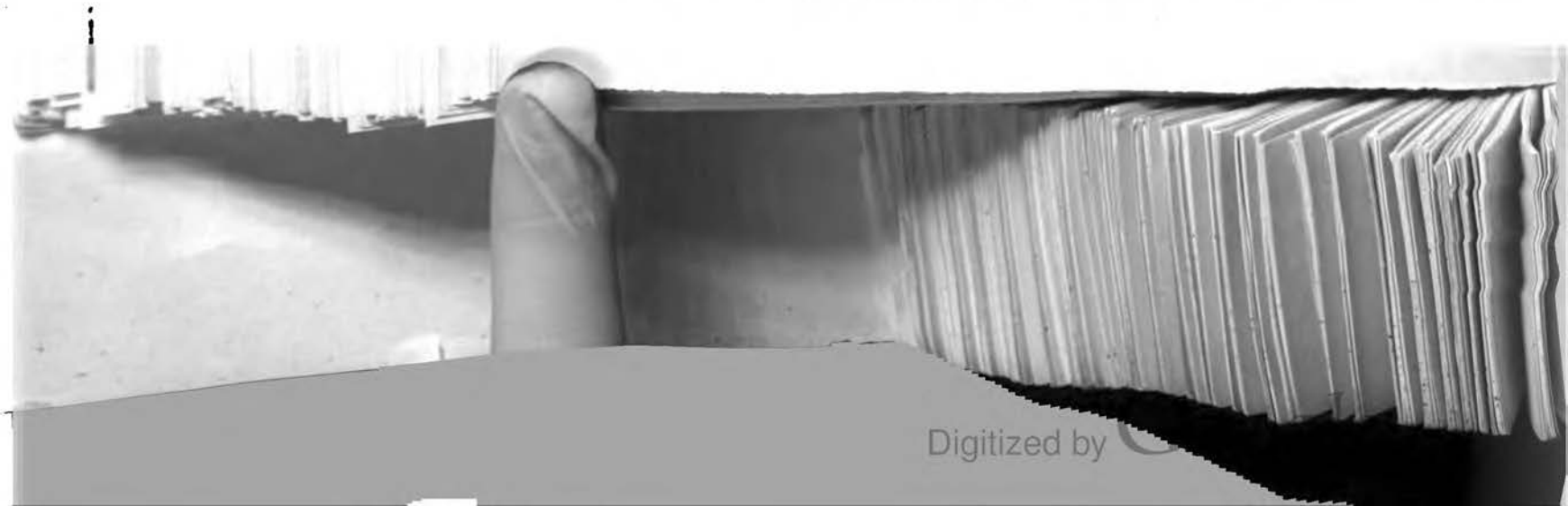
Early in the book there is a chapter on the importance of placing the right value on one's own services.

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.



What It Costs

WHAT one thing holds humans back more than any other one thing? What is man's most serious handicap and woman's stumbling block?

What one thing has cost you more friends and, without doubt, more money, than any other one thing?

Answer: *Anger!*

Anger comes in when reason goes out.

When you are wrong, you usually get wrathy. When you run into a rage, you lose all control of yourself and of others.

When a man is in a frenzy, he is more than foolish—he often is criminal.

Consequently, losing your head is sure to lead to some serious situation.

Getting angry means that you are suffering from a form of physical or mental weakness.

When your hands get cold, your face livid, your tongue dry and thick, the shock means that you have shortened your stay here on earth.—*The Silent Partner.*

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He Begs No More

"I GAVE a beggar from my little store
Of well earned gold;
He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again—
Still cold and hungry as before.

"I gave a thought, and through that
Thought of mine he found himself—
The man, supreme, divine!
Fed, clothed and crowned with
Blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more."

—*From the Persian.*

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Millions of Bibles

THE American Bible Society reports that after twenty-five years of work, which has cost several hundred thousand dollars, translators have completed the great Mandarin version of the Chinese Bible. The new version places the Bible at the disposal of more than 400,000,000, a greater number than that reached by any other transaction in history. —*Youth's Companion.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Do You Make These Mistakes in English?

Does your English reveal your lack of education or does it prove that you are a man or woman of culture and refinement? Are you handicapped in your speech and writing or does your command of English rise to meet every occasion and every situation? English is the one weapon you must use every day. Here is how you can improve it almost at once.

MANY people say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some people spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I," instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many people use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. Few people know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. And very few people use any but the most common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. An unusual command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your English is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

Wonderful New Invention

For the past five years Mr. Cody has been working almost day and night on the study of the problem, "How to make correct habits in speaking and writing stick in your mind." After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes in English which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than had previously been obtained by other pupils in two years!

Learn by Habit—Not by Rules

Under old methods, rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the mistakes you make.

SHERWIN CODY

One of the wonderful things about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery and work of copying have been ended by Mr. Cody. You concentrate always on your mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

Write for Free Book

A booklet explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable Course is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, pronunciation, or punctuation, if you cannot instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this book will prove a revelation to you.

A polished and effective command of the English language gives you not only the stamp of education, but it wins friends and impresses favorably those with whom you come in contact. Spare time study—15 minutes a day—in your own home will give you power of language that will be worth more than you can realize.

Write for this new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon or a letter, or even a postal card. You can never reach your greatest possibilities until you use correct English. Write to-day for the free booklet that tells about Mr. Cody's simple invention.

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